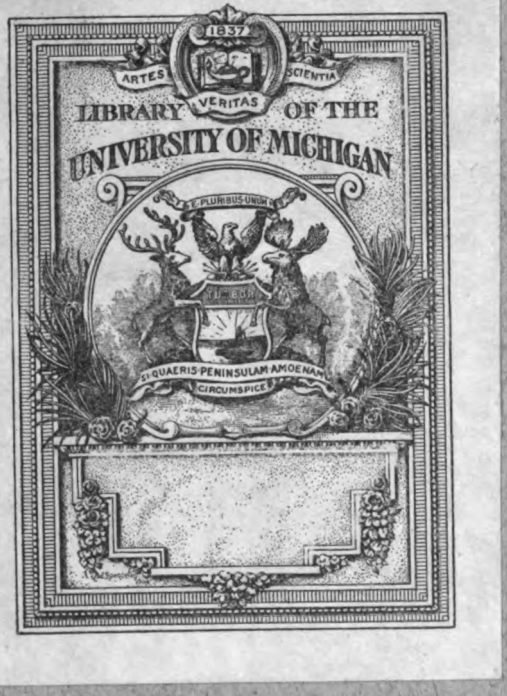
B 1,468,761


1837
ARTES
VERITAS
SCIENTIA
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
E PLURIBUS UNUM
SI QUAERIS PENINSULAM AMOENAM
CIRCUMSPICE

AP
4
.S89

AP
4
.38

THE STRAND MAGAZINE

JANUARY, 1902, TO JUNE, 1902

THE

STRAND MAGAZINE

An Illustrated Monthly

EDITED BY

GEORGE NEWNES

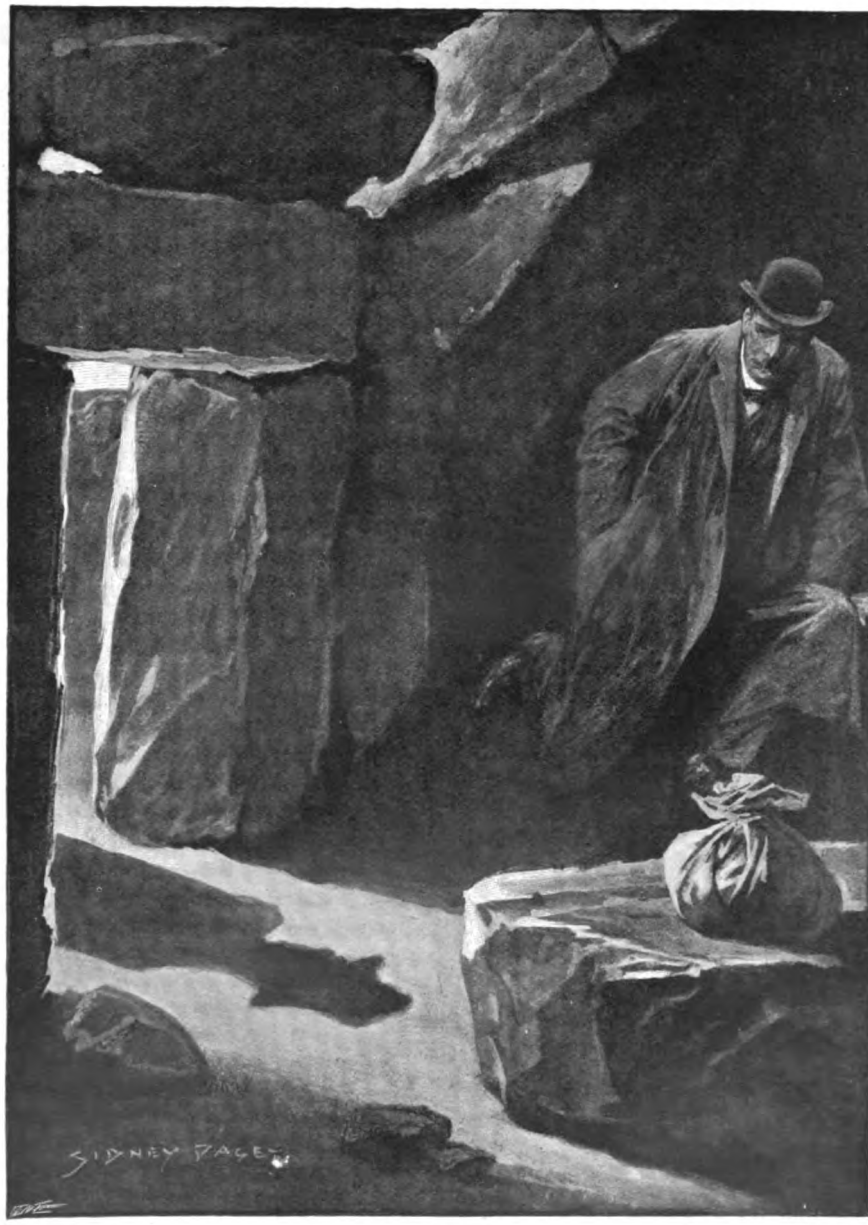
Vol. XXIII.

JANUARY TO JUNE

London:

GEORGE NEWNES, LTD., 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, & 12, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, AND EXETER STREET, STRAND

1902



THE SHADOW OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

(*See page* 15.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxiii. JANUARY, 1902. No. 133.

The Hound of the Baskervilles.

ANOTHER ADVENTURE OF

SHERLOCK HOLMES.

By CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER X.

EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF DR. WATSON.

O far I have been able to quote from the reports which I have forwarded during these early days to Sherlock Holmes. Now, however, I have arrived at a point in my narrative where I am compelled to abandon this method and to trust once more to my recollections, aided by the diary which I kept at the time. A few extracts from the latter will carry me on to those scenes which are indelibly fixed in every detail upon my memory. I proceed, then, from the morning which followed our abortive chase of the convict and our other strange experiences upon the moor.

October 16th.—A dull and foggy day, with a drizzle of rain. The house is banked in with rolling clouds, which rise now and then to show the dreary curves of the moor, with thin, silver veins upon the sides of the hills, and the distant boulders gleaming where the light strikes upon their wet faces. It is melancholy outside and in. The baronet is in a black reaction after the excitements of the night. I am conscious myself of a weight at my heart and a feeling of impending danger—ever-present danger, which is the more terrible because I am unable to define it.

And have I not cause for such a feeling? Consider the long sequence of incidents which have all pointed to some sinister influence which is at work around us. There is the death of the last occupant of the Hall, fulfilling so exactly the conditions of the family legend, and there is the repeated reports from peasants of the appearance of a strange creature upon the moor. Twice I have with my own ears heard the sound which resembled the distant baying of a hound. It is incredible, impossible, that it should really be outside the ordinary laws of Nature. A spectral hound which leaves material footmarks and fills the air with its howling is surely not to be thought of. Stapleton may fall in with such a superstition, and Mortimer also; but if I have one quality upon earth it is common sense, and nothing will persuade me to believe in such a thing. To do so would be to descend to the level of these poor peasants who are not content with a mere fiend dog, but must needs describe him with hell-fire shooting from his mouth and eyes. Holmes would not listen to such fancies, and I am his agent. But facts are facts, and I have twice heard this crying upon the moor. Suppose that there were really some huge hound loose upon it; that would go far to explain everything. But where could such a hound lie concealed, where did it get its food, where did it come from, how was it that no one saw it by day? It must be confessed that the natural explanation offers almost as many difficulties as the other. And always, apart from the hound, there was the fact of the human agency in London, the man in the cab, and the letter which warned Sir Henry against the moor. This at least was real, but it might have been the work of a protecting friend as easily as an enemy. Where was that friend or enemy now? Had he remained in London, or had he followed us down here? Could he—could he be the stranger whom I had seen upon the Tor?

It is true that I have had only the one glance at him, and yet there are some things to which I am ready to swear. He is no one whom I have seen down here, and I have now met all the neighbours. The

Copyright, 1901, by George Newnes, Limited.

figure was far taller than that of Stapleton, far thinner than that of Frankland. Barrymore it might possibly have been, but we had left him behind us, and I am certain that he could not have followed us. A stranger then is still dogging us, just as a stranger had dogged us in London. We have never shaken him off. If I could lay my hands upon that man, then at last we might find ourselves at the end of all our difficulties. To this one purpose I must now devote all my energies.

My first impulse was to tell Sir Henry all my plans. My second and wisest one is to play my own game and speak as little as possible to anyone. He is silent and distrait. His nerves have been strangely shaken by that sound upon the moor. I will say nothing to add to his anxieties, but I will take my own steps to attain my own end.

We had a small scene this morning after breakfast. Barrymore asked leave to speak with Sir Henry, and they were closeted in his study some little time. Sitting in the billiard-room I more than once heard the sound of voices raised, and I had a pretty good idea what the point was which was under discussion. After a time the baronet opened his door and called for me.

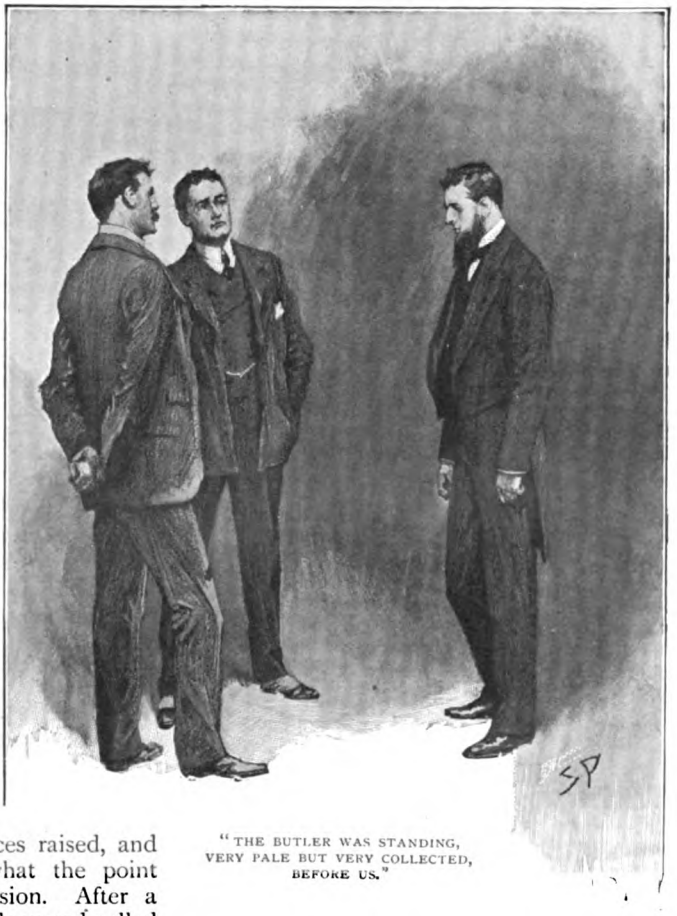
"Barrymore considers that he has a grievance," he said. "He thinks that it was unfair on our part to hunt his brother-in-law down when he, of his own free will, had told us the secret."

The butler was standing, very pale but very collected, before us.

"I may have spoken too warmly, sir," said he, "and if I have I am sure that I beg your pardon. At the same time, I was very much surprised when I heard you two gentlemen come back this morning and learned that you had been chasing Selden. The poor fellow has enough to fight against without my putting more upon his track."

"If you had told us of your own free will it would have been a different thing," said the baronet. "You only told us, or rather your wife only told us, when it was forced from you and you could not help yourself."

"I didn't think you would have taken



"THE BUTLER WAS STANDING, VERY PALE BUT VERY COLLECTED, BEFORE US."

advantage of it, Sir Henry — indeed I didn't."

"The man is a public danger. There are lonely houses scattered over the moor, and he is a fellow who would stick at nothing. You only want to get a glimpse of his face to see that. Look at Mr. Stapleton's house, for example, with no one but himself to defend it. There's no safety for anyone until he is under lock and key."

"He'll break into no house, sir. I give you my solemn word upon that. But he will never trouble anyone in this country again. I assure you, Sir Henry, that in a very few days the necessary arrangements will have been made and he will be on his way to South America. For God's sake, sir, I beg

of you not to let the police know that he is still on the moor. They have given up the chase there, and he can lie quiet until the ship is ready for him. You can't tell on him without getting my wife and me into trouble. I beg you, sir, to say nothing to the police."

"What do you say, Watson?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "If he were safely out of the country it would relieve the taxpayer of a burden."

"But how about the chance of his holding someone up before he goes?"

"He would not do anything so mad, sir. We have provided him with all that he can want. To commit a crime would be to show where he was hiding."

"That is true," said Sir Henry. "Well, Barrymore——"

"God bless you, sir, and thank you from my heart! It would have killed my poor wife had he been taken again."

"I guess we are aiding and abetting a felony, Watson? But, after what we have heard, I don't feel as if I could give the man up, so there is an end of it. All right, Barrymore, you can go."

With a few broken words of gratitude the man turned, but he hesitated and then came back.

"You've been so kind to us, sir, that I should like to do the best I can for you in return. I know something, Sir Henry, and perhaps I should have said it before, but it was long after the inquest that I found it out. I've never breathed a word about it yet to mortal man. It's about poor Sir Charles's death."

The baronet and I were both upon our feet. "Do you know how he died?"

"No, sir, I don't know that."

"What, then?"

"I know why he was at the gate at that hour. It was to meet a woman."

"To meet a woman! He?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the woman's name?"

"I can't give you the name, sir, but I can give you the initials. Her initials were L. L."

"How do you know this, Barrymore?"

"Well, Sir Henry, your uncle had a letter that morning. He had usually a great many letters, for he was a public man and well known for his kind heart, so that everyone who was in trouble was glad to turn to him. But that morning, as it chanced, there was only this one letter, so I took the more notice of it. It was from Coombe Tracey, and it was addressed in a woman's hand."

"Well?"

"Well, sir, I thought no more of the matter, and never would have done had it not been for my wife. Only a few weeks ago she was cleaning out Sir Charles's study— it had never been touched since his death— and she found the ashes of a burned letter in the back of the grate. The greater part of it was charred to pieces, but one little slip, the end of a page, hung together, and the writing could still be read, though it was grey on a black ground. It seemed to us to be a postscript at the end of the letter, and it said: 'Please, please, as you are a gentleman, burn this letter, and be at the gate by ten o'clock.' Beneath it were signed the initials L. L."

"Have you got that slip?"

"No, sir, it crumbled all to bits after we moved it."

"Had Sir Charles received any other letters in the same writing?"

"Well, sir, I took no particular notice of his letters. I should not have noticed this one only it happened to come alone."

"And you have no idea who L. L. is?"

"No, sir. No more than you have. But I expect if we could lay our hands upon that lady we should know more about Sir Charles's death."

"I cannot understand, Barrymore, how you came to conceal this important information."

"Well, sir, it was immediately after that our own trouble came to us. And then again, sir, we were both of us very fond of Sir Charles, as we well might be considering all that he has done for us. To rake this up couldn't help our poor master, and it's well to go carefully when there's a lady in the case. Even the best of us——"

"You thought it might injure his reputation?"

"Well, sir, I thought no good could come of it. But now you have been kind to us, and I feel as if it would be treating you unfairly not to tell you all that I know about the matter."

"Very good, Barrymore; you can go." When the butler had left us Sir Henry turned to me. "Well, Watson, what do you think of this new light?"

"It seems to leave the darkness rather blacker than before."

"So I think. But if we can only trace L. L. it should clear up the whole business. We have gained that much. We know that there is someone who has the facts if we can only find her. What do you think we should do?"

"Let Holmes know all about it at once. It will give him the clue for which he has been seeking. I am much mistaken if it does not bring him down."

I went at once to my room and drew up my report of the morning's conversation for Holmes. It was evident to me that he had been very busy of late, for the notes which I had from Baker Street were few and short, with no comments upon the information which I had supplied, and hardly any reference to my mission. No doubt his blackmailing case is absorbing all his faculties. And yet this new factor must surely arrest his attention and renew his interest. I wish that he were here.

October 17th.—All day to-day the rain poured down, rustling on the ivy and dripping from the eaves. I thought of the convict out upon the bleak, cold, shelterless moor. Poor fellow! Whatever his crimes, he has suffered something to atone for them. And then I thought of that other one—the face in the cab, the figure against the moon. Was he also out in that deluge—the unseen watcher, the man of darkness? In the evening I put on my waterproof and I walked far upon the sodden moor, full of dark imaginings, the rain beating upon my face and the wind whistling about my ears. God help those who wander into the Great Mire now, for even the firm uplands are becoming a morass. I found the black Tor upon which I had seen the solitary watcher, and from its craggy summit I looked out myself across the melancholy downs. Rain

"FROM ITS CRAGGY SUMMIT I LOOKED OUT MYSELF ACROSS THE MELANCHOLY DOWNS."

squalls drifted across their russet face, and the heavy, slate-coloured clouds hung low over the landscape, trailing in grey wreaths down the sides of the fantastic hills. In the distant hollow on the left, half hidden by the mist, the two thin towers of Baskerville Hall rose above the trees. They were the only signs of human life which I could see, save only those prehistoric huts which lay thickly upon the slopes of the hills. Nowhere was there any trace of that lonely man whom I had seen on the same spot two nights before.

As I walked back I was overtaken by Dr. Mortimer driving in his dog-cart over a rough moorland track, which led from the outlying farmhouse of Foulmire. He has been very attentive to us, and hardly a day has passed that he has not called at the Hall to see how we were getting on. He insisted upon my climbing into his dog-cart and he gave me a lift homewards. I found him much troubled over the disappearance of his little spaniel. It had wandered on to the moor and had never come back. I gave him such consolation as I might, but I thought of the pony on the Grimpen Mire, and I do not fancy that he will see his little dog again.

"By the way, Mortimer," said I, as we jolted along the rough road, "I suppose there are few people living within driving distance of this whom you do not know?"

"Hardly any, I think."

"Can you, then, tell me the name of any woman whose initials are L. L.?"

He thought for a few minutes.

"No," said he. "There are a few gipsies and labouring folk for whom I can't answer, but among the farmers or gentry there is no one whose initials are those. Wait a bit, though," he added, after a pause. "There is Laura Lyons—her initials are L. L.—but she lives in Coombe Tracey."

"Who is she?" I asked.

"She is Frankland's daughter."

"What? Old Frankland the crank?"

"Exactly. She married an artist named Lyons, who came sketching on the moor. He proved to be a blackguard and deserted her. The fault from what I hear may not have been entirely on one side. Her father refused to have anything to do with her, because she had married without his consent, and perhaps for one or two other reasons as well. So, between the old sinner and the young one the girl has had a pretty bad time."

"How does she live?"

"I fancy old Frankland allows her a pittance, but it cannot be more, for his own affairs are considerably involved. Whatever she may have deserved one could not allow her to go hopelessly to the bad. Her story got about, and several of the people here did something to enable her to earn an honest living. Stapleton did for one, and Sir Charles for another. I gave a trifle myself. It was to set her up in a typewriting business."

He wanted to know the object of my inquiries, but I managed to satisfy his curiosity without telling him too much, for there is no reason why we should take anyone into our confidence. To-morrow morning I shall find my way to Coombe Tracey, and if I can see this Mrs. Laura Lyons, of equivocal reputation, a long step will have been made towards clearing one incident in this chain of mysteries. I am certainly developing the wisdom of the serpent, for when Mortimer pressed his questions to an inconvenient extent I asked him casually to what type Frankland's skull belonged, and so heard nothing but craniology for the rest of our drive. I have not lived for years with Sherlock Holmes for nothing.

I have only one other incident to record upon this tempestuous and melancholy day. This was my conversation with Barrymore just now, which gives me one more strong card which I can play in due time.

Mortimer had stayed to dinner, and he and the baronet played écarté afterwards. The butler brought me my coffee into the library, and I took the chance to ask him a few questions.

"Well," said I, "has this precious relation of yours departed, or is he still lurking out yonder?"

"I don't know, sir. I hope to Heaven that he has gone, for he has brought nothing but trouble here! I've not heard of him since I left out food for him last, and that was three days ago."

"Did you see him then?"

"No, sir, but the food was gone when next I went that way."

"Then he was certainly there?"

"So you would think, sir, unless it was the other man who took it."

I sat with my coffee-cup half-way to my lips and stared at Barrymore.

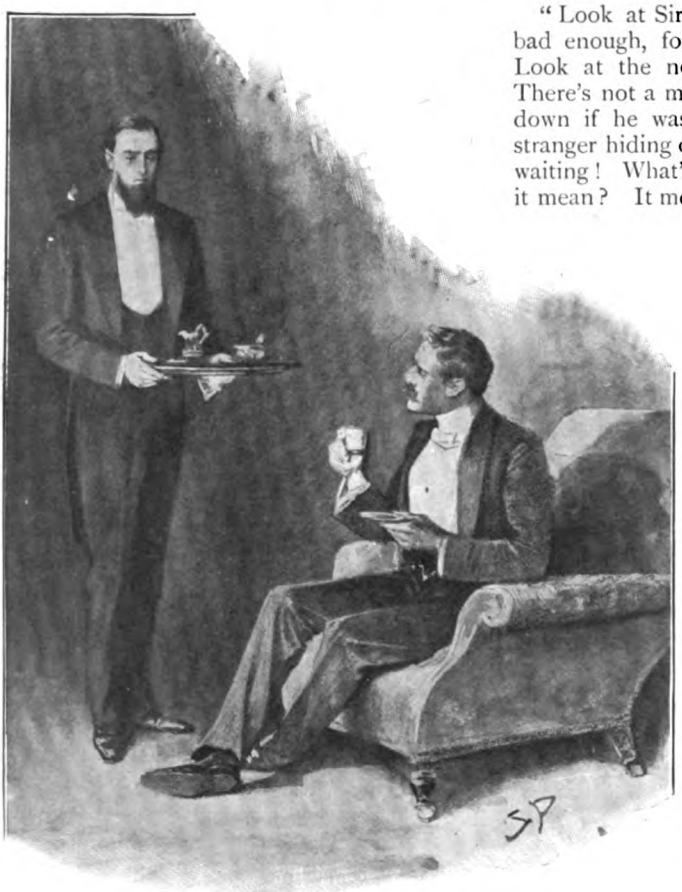
"You know that there is another man, then?"

"Yes, sir; there is another man upon the moor."

"Have you seen him?"

"No, sir."

"How do you know of him, then?"



"YOU KNOW THAT THERE IS ANOTHER MAN, THEN?"

"Selden told me of him, sir, a week ago or more. He's in hiding, too, but he's not a convict so far as I can make out. I don't like it, Dr. Watson—I tell you straight, sir, that I don't like it." He spoke with a sudden passion of earnestness.

"Now, listen to me, Barrymore! I have no interest in this matter but that of your master. I have come here with no object except to help him. Tell me, frankly, what it is that you don't like."

Barrymore hesitated for a moment, as if he regretted his outburst, or found it difficult to express his own feelings in words.

"It's all these goings-on, sir," he cried, at last, waving his hand towards the rain-lashed window which faced the moor. "There's foul play somewhere, and there's black villainy brewing, to that I'll swear! Very glad I should be, sir, to see Sir Henry on his way back to London again!"

"But what is it that alarms you?"

"Look at Sir Charles's death! That was bad enough, for all that the coroner said. Look at the noises on the moor at night. There's not a man would cross it after sundown if he was paid for it. Look at this stranger hiding out yonder, and watching and waiting! What's he waiting for? What does it mean? It means no good to anyone of the name of Baskerville, and very glad I shall be to be quit of it all on the day that Sir Henry's new servants are ready to take over the Hall."

"But about this stranger," said I. "Can you tell me anything about him? What did Selden say? Did he find out where he hid, or what he was doing?"

"He saw him once or twice, but he is a deep one, and gives nothing away. At first he thought that he was the police, but soon he found that he had some lay of his own. A kind of gentleman he was, as far as he could see, but what he was doing he could not make out."

"And where did he say that he lived?"

"Among the old houses on the hillside—the stone huts where the old folk used to live."

"But how about his food?"

"Selden found out that he has got a lad who works for him and brings him all he needs. I daresay he goes to Coombe Tracey for what he wants."

"Very good, Barrymore. We may talk further of this some other time." When the butler had gone I walked over to the black window, and I looked through a blurred pane at the driving clouds and at the tossing outline of the wind-swept trees. It is a wild night indoors, and what must it be in a stone hut upon the moor? What passion of hatred can it be which leads a man to lurk in such a place at such a time? And what deep and earnest purpose can he have which calls for such a trial? There, in that hut upon the moor, seems to lie the very centre of that problem which has vexed me so sorely. I swear that another day shall not have passed before I have done all that man can do to reach the heart of the mystery.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MAN ON THE TOR.

THE extract from my private diary which forms the last chapter has brought my narrative up to the 18th of October, a time when these strange events began to move swiftly towards their terrible conclusion. The incidents of the next few days are indelibly graven upon my recollection, and I can tell them without reference to the notes made at the time. I start, then, from the day which succeeded that upon which I had established two facts of great importance, the one that Mrs. Laura Lyons of Coombe Tracey had written to Sir Charles Baskerville and made an appointment with him at the very place and hour that he met his death, the other that the lurking man upon the moor was to be found among the stone huts upon the hillside. With these two facts in my possession I felt that either my intelligence or my courage must be deficient if I could not throw some further light upon these dark places.

I had no opportunity to tell the baronet what I had learned about Mrs. Lyons upon the evening before, for Dr. Mortimer remained with him at cards until it was very late. At breakfast, however, I informed him about my discovery, and asked him whether he would care to accompany me to Coombe Tracey. At first he was very eager to come, but on second thoughts it seemed to both of us that if I went alone the results might be better. The more formal we made the visit the less information we might obtain. I left Sir Henry behind, therefore, not without some prickings of conscience, and drove off upon my new quest.

When I reached Coombe Tracey I told Perkins to put up the horses, and I made inquiries for the lady whom I had come to interrogate. I had no difficulty in finding her rooms, which were central and well appointed. A maid showed me in without ceremony, and as I entered the sitting-room a lady, who was sitting before a Remington typewriter, sprang up with a pleasant smile of welcome. Her face fell, however, when she saw that I was a stranger, and she sat down again and asked me the object of my visit.

The first impression left by Mrs. Lyons was one of extreme beauty. Her eyes and hair were of the same rich hazel colour, and her cheeks, though considerably freckled, were flushed with the exquisite bloom of the brunette, the dainty pink which lurks at the heart of the sulphur rose. Admiration was, I repeat, the first impression. But the second was criticism. There was something subtly wrong with the face, some coarseness of expression, some hardness, perhaps, of eye, some looseness of lip which marred its perfect beauty. But these, of course, are afterthoughts. At the moment I was simply conscious that I was in the presence of a very handsome woman, and that she was asking me the reasons for my visit. I had not quite understood until that instant how delicate my mission was.

"I have the pleasure," said I, "of knowing your father."

It was a clumsy introduction, and the lady made me feel it.

"There is nothing in common between my father and me," she said. "I owe him nothing, and his friends are not mine. If it were not for the late Sir Charles Baskerville and some other kind hearts I might have starved for all that my father cared."

"It was about the late Sir Charles Baskerville that I have come here to see you."

The freckles started out on the lady's face.

"What can I tell you about him?" she asked, and her fingers played nervously over the stops of her typewriter.

"You knew him, did you not?"

"I have already said that I owe a great deal to his kindness. If I am able to support myself it is largely due to the interest which he took in my unhappy situation."

"Did you correspond with him?"

The lady looked quickly up, with an angry gleam in her hazel eyes.

"What is the object of these questions?" she asked, sharply.

"The object is to avoid a public scandal. It is better that I should ask them here than that the matter should pass outside our control."

She was silent and her face was very pale. At last she looked up with something reckless and defiant in her manner.

"Well, I'll answer," she said. "What are your questions?"

"Did you correspond with Sir Charles?"

"I certainly wrote to him once or twice to acknowledge his delicacy and his generosity."

"Have you the dates of those letters?"

"No."

"Have you ever met him?"

"Yes, once or twice, when he came into Coombe Tracey. He was a very retiring man, and he preferred to do good by stealth."

"But if you saw him so seldom and wrote so seldom, how did he know enough about your affairs to be able to help you, as you say that he has done?"

She met my difficulty with the utmost readiness.

"There were several gentlemen who knew my sad history and united to help me. One was Mr. Stapleton, a neighbour and intimate friend of Sir Charles. He was exceedingly kind, and it was through him that Sir Charles learned about my affairs."

I knew already that Sir Charles Baskerville had made Stapleton his almoner upon several occasions, so the lady's statement bore the impress of truth upon it.

"Did you ever write to Sir Charles asking him to meet you?" I continued.

The flush had faded in an instant, and a deathly face was before me. Her dry lips could not speak the "No" which I saw rather than heard.

"Surely your memory deceives you," said I. "I could even quote a passage of your letter. It ran, 'Please, please, as you are a gentleman, burn this letter, and be at the gate by ten o'clock.'"

I thought that she had fainted, but she recovered herself by a supreme effort.

"Is there no such thing as a gentleman?" she gasped.

"You do Sir Charles an injustice. He

"REALLY, SIR, THIS IS A VERY EXTRAORDINARY QUESTION."

Mrs. Lyons flushed with anger again.

"Really, sir, this is a very extraordinary question."

"I am sorry, madam, but I must repeat it."

"Then I answer—certainly not."

"Not on the very day of Sir Charles's death?"

did burn the letter. But sometimes a letter may be legible even when burned. You acknowledge now that you wrote it?"

"Yes, I did write it," she cried, pouring out her soul in a torrent of words. "I did write it. Why should I deny it? I have no reason to be ashamed of it. I wished him to help me. I believed that if I had an

interview I could gain his help, so I asked him to meet me."

"But why at such an hour?"

"Because I had only just learned that he was going to London next day and might be away for months. There were reasons why I could not get there earlier."

"But why a rendezvous in the garden instead of a visit to the house?"

"Do you think a woman could go alone at that hour to a bachelor's house?"

"Well, what happened when you did get there?"

"I never went."

"Mrs. Lyons!"

"No, I swear it to you on all I hold sacred. I never went. Something intervened to prevent my going."

"What was that?"

"That is a private matter. I cannot tell it."

"You acknowledge, then, that you made an appointment with Sir Charles at the very hour and place at which he met his death, but you deny that you kept the appointment?"

"That is the truth."

Again and again I cross-questioned her, but I could never get past that point.

"Mrs. Lyons," said I, as I rose from this long and inconclusive interview, "you are taking a very great responsibility and putting yourself in a very false position by not making an absolutely clean breast of all that you know. If I have to call in the aid of the police you will find how seriously you are compromised. If your position is innocent, why did you in the first instance deny having written to Sir Charles upon that date?"

"Because I feared that some false conclusion might be drawn from it, and that I might find myself involved in a scandal."

"And why were you so pressing that Sir Charles should destroy your letter?"

"If you have read the letter you will know."

"I did not say that I had read all the letter."

"You quoted some of it."

"I quoted the postscript. The letter had, as I said, been burned, and it was not all legible. I ask you once again why it was that you were so pressing that Sir Charles should destroy this letter which he received on the day of his death."

"The matter is a very private one."

"The more reason why you should avoid a public investigation."

"I will tell you, then. If you have heard anything of my unhappy history you will know that I made a rash marriage and had reason to regret it."

"I have heard so much."

"My life has been one incessant persecution from a husband whom I abhor. The law is upon his side, and every day I am faced by the possibility that he may force me to live with him. At the time that I wrote this letter to Sir Charles I had learned that there was a prospect of my regaining my freedom if certain expenses could be met. It meant everything to me—peace of mind, happiness, self-respect—everything. I knew Sir Charles's generosity, and I thought that if he heard the story from my own lips he would help me."

"Then how is it that you did not go?"

"Because I received help in the interval from another source."

"Why, then, did you not write to Sir Charles and explain this?"

"So I should have done had I not seen his death in the paper next morning."

The woman's story hung coherently together, and all my questions were unable to shake it. I could only check it by finding if she had, indeed, instituted divorce proceedings against her husband at or about the time of the tragedy.

It was unlikely that she would dare to say that she had not been to Baskerville Hall if she really had been, for a trap would be necessary to take her there, and could not have returned to Coombe Tracey until the early hours of the morning. Such an excursion could not be kept secret. The probability was, therefore, that she was telling the truth, or, at least, a part of the truth. I came away baffled and disheartened. Once again I had reached that dead wall which seemed to be built across every path by which I tried to get at the object of my mission. And yet the more I thought of the lady's face and of her manner the more I felt that something was being held back from me. Why should she turn so pale? Why should she fight against every admission until it was forced from her? Why should she have been so reticent at the time of the tragedy? Surely the explanation of all this could not be as innocent as she would have me believe. For the moment I could proceed no farther in that direction, but must turn back to that other clue which was to be sought for among the stone huts upon the moor.

And that was a most vague direction. I realized it as I drove back and noted how hill

after hill showed traces of the ancient people. Barrymore's only indication had been that the stranger lived in one of these abandoned huts, and many hundreds of them are scattered throughout the length and breadth of the moor. But I had my own experience for a guide, since it had shown me the man himself standing upon the summit of the Black Tor. That, then, should be the centre of my search. From there I should explore every hut upon the moor until I lighted upon the right one. If this man were inside it I should find out from his own lips, at the point of my revolver if necessary, who he was and why he had dogged us so long. He might slip away from us in the crowd of Regent Street, but it would puzzle him to do so upon the lonely moor. On the other hand, if I should find the hut and its tenant should not be within it I must remain there, however long the vigil, until he returned. Holmes had missed him in London. It would indeed be a triumph for me if I could run him to earth where my master had failed.

Luck had been against us again and again in this inquiry, but now at last it came to my aid. And the messenger of good fortune was none other than Mr. Frankland, who was standing, grey-whiskered and red-faced, outside the gate of his garden, which opened on to the high road along which I travelled.

"Good-day, Dr. Watson," cried he, with unwonted good humour, "you must really give your horses a rest, and come in to have a glass of wine and to congratulate me."

My feelings towards him were far from being friendly after what I had heard of his treatment of his daughter, but I was anxious to send Perkins and the wagonette home, and the opportunity was a good one. I alighted and sent a message to Sir Henry that I should walk over in time for dinner. Then I followed Frankland into his dining-room.

"It is a great day for me, sir—one of the red-letter days of my life," he cried, with many chuckles. "I have brought off a double event. I mean to teach them in these parts that law is law, and that there is a man here who does not fear to invoke it. I have established a right of way through the centre of old Middleton's park, slap across it, sir, within a hundred yards of his own front door. What do you think of that? We'll teach these magnates that they cannot ride rough-shod over the rights of the commoners, confound them! And I've closed the wood where the Fernworthy folk used to picnic. These infernal people seem to think that there are no rights of property, and that they can swarm where they like with their papers and their bottles. Both cases decided, Dr.

"'GOOD-DAY, DR. WATSON,' HE CRIED."

Watson, and both in my favour. I haven't had such a day since I had Sir John Morland for trespass, because he shot in his own warren."

"How on earth did you do that?"

"Look it up in the books, sir. It will repay reading—Frankland *v.* Morland, Court of Queen's Bench. It cost me £200, but I got my verdict."

"Did it do you any good?"

"None, sir, none. I am proud to say that I had no interest in the matter. I act entirely from a sense of public duty. I have no doubt, for example, that the Fernworthy people will burn me in effigy to-night. I told the police last time they did it that they should stop these disgraceful exhibitions. The county constabulary is in a scandalous state, sir, and it has not afforded me the protection to which I am entitled. The case of Frankland *v.* Regina will bring the matter before the attention of the public. I told them that they would have occasion to regret their treatment of me, and already my words have come true."

"How so?" I asked.

The old man put on a very knowing expression.

"Because I could tell them what they are dying to know; but nothing would induce me to help the rascals in any way."

I had been casting round for some excuse by which I could get away from his gossip, but now I began to wish to hear more of it. I had seen enough of the contrary nature of the old sinner to understand that any strong sign of interest would be the surest way to stop his confidences.

"Some poaching case, no doubt?" said I, with an indifferent manner.

"Ha, ha, my boy, a very much more important matter than that! What about the convict on the moor?"

I started. "You don't mean that you know where he is?" said I.

"I may not know exactly where he is, but I am quite sure that I could help the police to lay their hands on him. Has it never struck you that the way to catch that man was to find out where he got his food, and so trace it to him?"

He certainly seemed to be getting uncomfortably near the truth. "No doubt," said I; "but how do you know that he is anywhere upon the moor?"

"I know it because I have seen with my own eyes the messenger who takes him his food."

My heart sank for Barrymore. It was a serious thing to be in the power of this spiteful old busybody. But his next remark took a weight from my mind.

"You'll be surprised to hear that his food is taken to him by a child. I see him every day through my telescope upon the roof. He passes along the same path at the same hour, and to whom should he be going except to the convict?"

Here was luck indeed! And yet I suppressed all appearance of interest. A child! Barrymore had said that our unknown was supplied by a boy. It was on his track, and not upon the convict's, that Frankland had stumbled. If I could get his knowledge it might save me a long and weary hunt. But incredulity and indifference were evidently my strongest cards.

"I should say that it was much more likely that it was the son of one of the moorland shepherds taking out his father's dinner."

The least appearance of opposition struck fire out of the old autocrat. His eyes looked malignantly at me, and his grey whiskers bristled like those of an angry cat.

"Indeed, sir!" said he, pointing out over the wide-stretching moor. "Do you see that Black Tor over yonder? Well, do you see the low hill beyond with the thorn-bush upon it? It is the stoniest part of the whole moor. Is that a place where a shepherd would be likely to take his station? Your suggestion, sir, is a most absurd one."

I meekly answered that I had spoken without knowing all the facts. My submission pleased him and led him to further confidences.

"You may be sure, sir, that I have very good grounds before I come to an opinion. I have seen the boy again and again with his bundle. Every day, and sometimes twice a day, I have been able—but wait a moment, Dr. Watson. Do my eyes deceive me, or is there at the present moment something moving upon that hillside?"

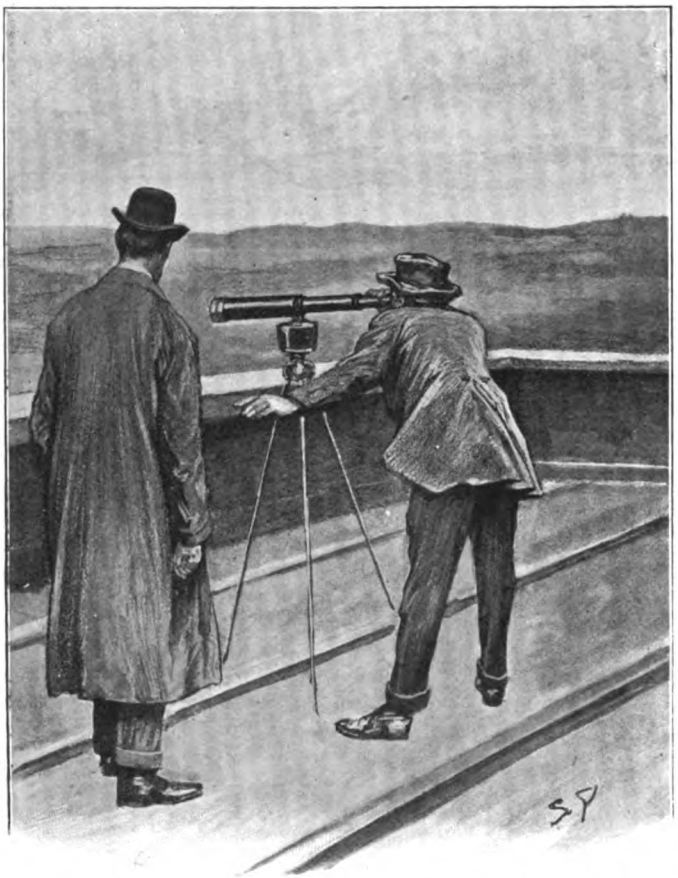
It was several miles off, but I could distinctly see a small dark dot against the dull green and grey.

"Come, sir, come!" cried Frankland, rushing upstairs. "You will see with your own eyes and judge for yourself."

The telescope, a formidable instrument mounted upon a tripod, stood upon the flat leads of the house. Frankland clapped his eye to it and gave a cry of satisfaction.

"Quick, Dr. Watson, quick, before he passes over the hill!"

There he was, sure enough, a small urchin with a little bundle upon his shoulder, toiling



"FRANKLAND CLAPPED HIS EYE TO IT AND GAVE A CRY OF SATISFACTION."

slowly up the hill. When he reached the crest I saw the ragged, uncouth figure outlined for an instant against the cold blue sky. He looked round him, with a furtive and stealthy air, as one who dreads pursuit. Then he vanished over the hill.

"Well! Am I right?"

"Certainly, there is a boy who seems to have some secret errand."

"And what the errand is even a county constable could guess. But not one word shall they have from me, and I bind you to secrecy also, Dr. Watson. Not a word! You understand?"

"Just as you wish."

"They have treated me shamefully—shamefully. When the facts come out in Frankland *v.* Regina I venture to think that a thrill of indignation will run through the country. Nothing would induce me to help the police in any way. For all they cared it might have been me, instead of my effigy, which these rascals burned at the stake. Surely you are not going! You will help me to empty the decanter in honour of this great occasion!"

But I resisted all his solicitations and succeeded in dissuading him from his announced intention of walking home with me. I kept the road as long as his eye was on me, and then I struck off across the moor and made for the stony hill over which the boy had disappeared. Everything was working in my favour, and I swore that it should not be through lack of energy or perseverance that I should miss the chance which Fortune had thrown in my way.

The sun was already sinking when I reached the summit of the hill, and the long slopes beneath me were all golden-green on one side and grey shadow on the other. A haze lay low upon the farthest sky-line, out of which jutted the fantastic shapes of Belliver and Vixen Tor. Over the wide expanse there was no sound and no movement. One great grey bird, a gull or curlew, soared aloft in the blue heaven. He and I seemed to be the only living things between the huge arch of the sky and the desert beneath it. The barren scene, the sense of loneliness, and the mystery and urgency of my task all struck a chill into my heart. The boy was nowhere to be seen. But down beneath me in a cleft of the hills there was a circle of the old stone huts, and in the middle of them there was one which retained sufficient roof to act as a screen against the weather. My heart leaped within me as I saw it. This must be the burrow where the stranger lurked. At last my foot was on the threshold of his hiding-place—his secret was within my grasp.

As I approached the hut, walking as warily as Stapleton would do when with poised net he drew near the settled butterfly, I satisfied myself that the place had indeed been used

as a habitation. A vague pathway among the boulders led to the dilapidated opening which served as a door. All was silent within. The unknown might be lurking there, or he might be prowling on the moor. My nerves tingled with the sense of adventure. Throwing aside my cigarette I closed my hand upon the butt of my revolver and, walking swiftly up to the door, I looked in. The place was empty.

But there were ample signs that I had not come upon a false scent. This was certainly where the man lived. Some blankets rolled in a waterproof lay upon that very stone slab upon which neolithic man had once slumbered. The ashes of a fire were heaped in a rude grate. Beside it lay some cooking utensils and a bucket half-full of water. A litter of empty tins showed that the place had been occupied for some time, and I saw, as my eyes became accustomed to the chequered light, a pannikin and a half-full bottle of spirits standing in the corner. In the middle of the hut a flat stone served the purpose of a table, and upon this stood a small cloth bundle—the same, no doubt, which I had seen through the telescope upon the shoulder of the boy. It contained a loaf of bread, a tinned tongue, and two tins of preserved peaches. As I set it down again, after having examined it, my heart leaped to see that beneath it there lay a sheet of paper with writing upon it. I raised it, and this was what I read, roughly scrawled in pencil:—

"Dr. Watson has gone to Coombe Tracey."

For a minute I stood there with the paper in my hands thinking out the meaning of this curt message. It was I, then, and not Sir Henry, who was being dogged by this secret man. He had not followed me himself, but he had set an agent—the boy, perhaps—upon my track, and this was his report. Possibly I had taken no step since I had been upon the moor which had not been observed and repeated. Always there was this feeling of an unseen force, a fine net drawn round us with infinite skill and delicacy, holding us so lightly that it was only at some supreme moment that one realized that one was indeed entangled in its meshes.

If there was one report there might be others, so I looked round the hut in search of them. There was no trace, however, of anything of the kind, nor could I discover any sign which might indicate the character or intentions of the man who lived in this singular place, save that he must be of Spartan habits, and cared little for the comforts of life. When I thought of the heavy rains and looked at the gaping roof I understood how strong and immutable must be the purpose which had kept him in that inhospitable abode. Was he our malignant enemy, or was he by chance our guardian angel? I swore that I would not leave the hut until I knew.

Outside the sun was sinking low and the west was blazing with scarlet and gold. Its reflection was shot back in ruddy patches by the distant pools which lay amid the Great Grimpen Mire. There were the two towers of Baskerville Hall, and there a distant blur of smoke which marked the village of Grimpen. Between the two, behind the hill, was the house of the Stapletons. All was sweet and mellow and peaceful in the golden evening light, and yet as I looked at them my soul shared none of the peace of Nature, but quivered at the vagueness and the terror of that interview which every instant was bringing nearer. With tingling nerves, but a fixed purpose, I sat in the dark recess of the hut and waited with sombre patience for the coming of its tenant.

And then at last I heard him. Far away came the sharp clink of a boot striking upon a stone. Then another and yet another, coming nearer and nearer. I shrank back into the darkest corner, and cocked the pistol in my pocket, determined not to discover myself until I had an opportunity of seeing something of the stranger. There was a long pause which showed that he had stopped. Then once more the footsteps approached and a shadow fell across the opening of the hut.

"It is a lovely evening, my dear Watson," said a well-known voice. "I really think that you will be more comfortable outside than in."

(*To be continued.*)

A King's Gallery of Beauty.

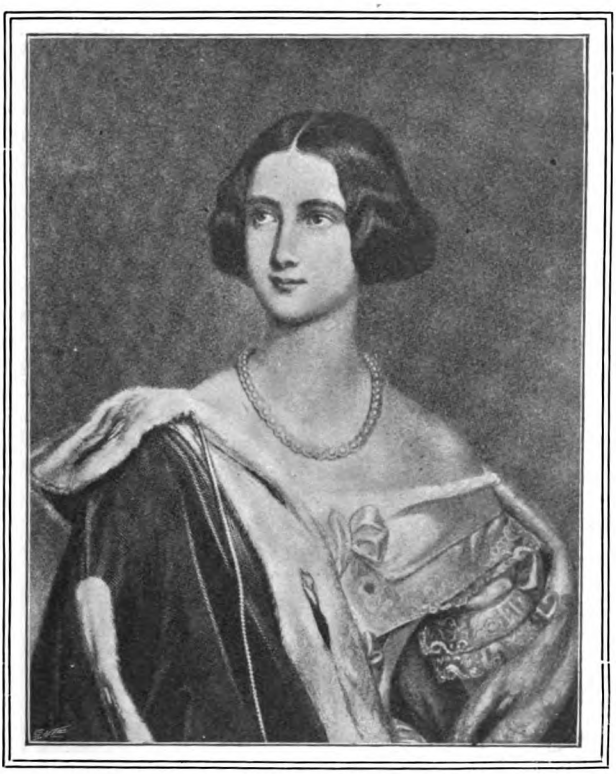
By S. K. Ludovic.

KING LUDWIG I. OF BAVARIA, who died in 1868, and to whom the renowned collection of the Gallery of Beauties at the Royal Castle at Munich is due, was a man of exquisite gifts. Being a great connoisseur, his influence was of the utmost importance on the development of art in Germany. One of his first acts when he came to the throne was to restore what was left, in the quaint old Bavarian towns, of moated walls, towers, and abbeys which French vandalism had so gravely injured in 1813. His greatest interest was centred in the study of history, and his love of art was the outcome of his thorough knowledge of the classics. By artists he was truly loved. They appreciated his fine understanding and his critical opinion even more than his kindness. Ludwig Schwanthaler, the celebrated pupil of Thorwaldsen, owes his whole career to King Ludwig's encouragement and help. It is said that Schwanthaler's figures above the portal of the "Walhalla" at Ratisbon are the finest sculptures since the antique. When Ludwig was Crown Prince he was much in the society of artists, and was often seen at the Café Greco, the chief place of meeting among the Munich painters. He was one of the gayest among them. In the new Pinakothek is a picture in which the artist-Prince is depicted sitting with his friends at a Weinkneipe and partaking of a hearty breakfast.

KING LUDWIG I. OF BAVARIA.

The collection of portraits of beautiful women was not suggested with a view to pay compliments to the bearers of great names, though it is to a great extent a highly aristocratic bevy of beauties which has been immortalized by the subtle brush of Joseph von Stieler, the Court painter. The King desired to collect these portraits independent of rank and position. During his lonely walks he succeeded in discovering many a subject for his collection. Wherever he saw a lovely woman's face he sent his faithful Stieler with a request for the necessary sittings to secure a portrait. No woman resisted such a compliment paid to her beauty, and thus it came about that in the same room with the portrait of Queen Marie of Bavaria we find one of a girl who served the foaming Bavarian beer to the guests at her father's inn. These two pictures are, perhaps, among the most beautiful of the collection; but individual taste has always more to do with the decision of the question of beauty than all the rules of art.

We will now proceed to reproduce, we believe for the first time in this country, a selection from the portraits in this unique gallery.



QUEEN MARIE OF BAVARIA.

QUEEN MARIE OF BAVARIA was a Prussian Princess and the wife of King Maximilian II., the son of Ludwig I. She was the mother of Ludwig II. and Otto I., the two young Bavarian Kings so sadly afflicted with insanity. Ludwig II. was of chief interest to the world through his great influence on the life of Wagner. During the sad years of 1870–71 she occupied herself most zealously with the comfort of the wounded. Every day during many weeks she went to the Odéon—a large building where the famous Court concerts take place—and helped the ladies of the town to sew garments and make bandages and lint for the wounded. From that time dates an amusing little anecdote, which goes to show that even Queens may sometimes say things which one would rather have left unsaid. One lady whose portrait was painted for the Gallery of Beauties about the same time as Queen Marie's also came to these charitable meetings. On being presented to the Queen the latter looked puzzled, as if trying to fix some recollection. Then she remembered and said, with one of her sweet smiles: "Are you not the beautiful Fräulein Vetterlein whose portrait is in the Gallery of Beauties?" The lady, much flattered, replied in the affirmative. The Queen, looking at her with an absent air, pensively remarked: "It is astonishing! One would hardly have believed it." No one knew whether she was ever aware of having expressed aloud her innermost thoughts about the elderly beauty. Possibly the little story was merely owing to the poor lady's former beauty having roused the jealousy of rivals.

ANNA KAULA.

ANNA KAULA, known in her family circle as Nannie or Nanette, was remarkable for her great beauty. She was a gentle, sweet woman, not very brilliant, and seemed hardly aware of her loveliness. Her father was a banker in Vienna, but it is believed that he left her no particular fortune. She and her sister were brought up in Munich by an aunt. She was seventeen years old when the King desired her portrait, and on becoming more widely known, as was always the case when a girl was beautiful enough to be painted for the celebrated collection, she had a great many suitors. She seemed not to care for marriage. At last, when her family believed that she had decided to remain single, she chose a man, much her senior, who could not offer her any worldly advantages and was in no way remarkable. "*L'amour, ou va-t-il se nicher!*"

LOLA MONTEZ.

To those who still remember the freaks and escapades of this strangely-fascinating woman her presence among the noble dames of the Royal House may seem to be, to say the least, a little strange. The younger generation, who may have but a dim idea as to who Lola Montez really was, may be interested in the following sketch of the career of that remarkable adventuress. Lola was born at Limerick, Ireland, in 1818, her mother being a Creole of notable beauty. After having passed the early years of her life in an English boarding-school at Bath, her beauty and vivacity of spirit attracted a young Anglo-Indian officer, Captain James, who married her and took her with him to the Far East. But Lola found Eastern life rather dull and, secretly leaving her husband, she embarked for Europe. Struggling poverty assailed the adventuress in London, and after a most chequered career as a street singer Lola went to Madrid. She obtained an engagement in the ballet at the Porte St. Martin Théâtre, in Paris, in 1839, but the director found himself bound to dismiss the irrepressible ballerina. We hear of her again in Berlin, where, mounted on a spirited thoroughbred, she assisted at some grand military manœuvres, at which the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Russia were present. The firing of the cannon frightened the animal, which bolted among the suite of the Emperor of Russia. A zealous policeman caught hold of the horse's head just in time to stop its mad flight, but, not content with having done his duty, he felt called upon to administer a rebuke to the fair rider. Immediately the hot-blooded Lola belaboured the astonished guardian of the law with such a shower of blows from her whip that he had to call for assistance. She escaped imprisonment on the plea of severe provocation, but had to leave Berlin. Paris, the scene of her former exploits, was of course her goal. Press and public received her with acclamation, and Pillet engaged her as *première danseuse* at the Opéra. Soon, however, the old spirit of recklessness broke loose, and when in a fit of daring she threw one of her satin slippers among the public she got hissed off the stage. She returned to Germany. Ludwig II. of Bavaria, meeting her apparently by chance at the house of a courtier, expressed a wish to see her dance a fandango. Completely fascinated by her feline grace and witty repartees, the Royal enthusiast presented her to his Court as "my best friend." She was made Baroness von Rosenthal and Countess Landsfeld. A pension of 20,000 florins and a magnificent villa gave suitable atmosphere to the newly-created titles. But when he proposed that Queen Therese should invest her with the dignity of a *Chanoinesse* of the Theresian Order all the King's Ministers sent in their resignations and were replaced by new ones chosen by Lola herself. The student corps Allemania saw in Lola a sort of goddess of liberty and espoused her cause. This led to such riots that all lectures at the University had to be suspended. Lola, with her usual dare-devil temperament, ventured to walk right through the excited street mob. She was greeted with hisses and groans, and only escaped violent treatment thanks to the

LOLA MONTEZ.

King's protection. He had seen from one of the windows of the Royal castle what happened, and leaving the assembled company came to Lola's rescue, leading her on his arm to a place of safety. Incensed by the violent manifestations of his hitherto faithful burghers the King ordered the University of Munich to be closed for one year. But this was the last straw: at first a mere riot, matters now assumed the proportions of a revolution to demand the expulsion of the foreign adventuress. At last the King yielded and a decree of expulsion was signed. Returning to England, she married an officer in the Guards—a Mr. Head, a gentleman of large fortune. The charge of bigamy brought forward by his family she dodged by giving bail for £1,000 and going to Spain. There she separated from her husband, and two years afterwards he was found drowned near Lisbon. The artist Mauclerc was said to

AMALIE VON SCHINTLING.

MAXIMILIANA BORZAGA.

have been her third husband, but he denied the charge. In America she married finally the editor of a San Francisco journal, only to separate from him again. She died in 1861 in New York, where "she led an exemplary life and died as a good Christian." The portrait of Lola Montez is supposed to be the best of the collection. After King Ludwig's death it was expelled from the gallery and put into the lumber-room of the New Pinakothek, whence Herr Eugen von Stieler, after an assiduous search for it, restored it to the gallery once more.

MAXIMILIANA BORZAGA came to Germany through King Otto I. of Greece. King Otto was King Ludwig I.'s second son, and during his lifetime a continual influx of Greeks took place into Munich, where they found sympathy and congenial surroundings.

AMALIE VON SCHINTLING belonged to an old aristocratic family, and was one of Queen Therese's ladies-in-waiting.

LADY JANE ERSKINE.

Lady Jane Erskine.

In all probability the portrait bearing the name of Lady Jane Erskine represents really the wife of Lord Edward Morris Erskine, C.B., who was Her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the King of the Hellenes from 1864 till 1872. She was married in 1817, and probably known to King Ludwig through the Grecian Court.

Cornelia Vetterlein

was a young girl of good family, and well brought up. Her parents lived in a neighbouring town, and one day when she went to Munich with her elderly maiden aunt the King saw her in the Ludwig-Strasse, where he often took his walks alone. It was then customary for ladies to stand still, lift their veils, and when the King passed to make a deep curtsy, which he always most politely acknowledged. It often happened that he addressed the people in the street, and some very original conversations sometimes took place. When he saw the pretty Fräulein Vetterlein he approached her: "Are you from Munich, my pretty child? You should not wear a veil. It is a pity." Whilst he spoke the elderly aunt was struggling hard with the flimsy net which covered her faded visage. The King turned to her and said, with his politest bow: "Pray do not trouble; such a veil is a good thing." History is silent about the friendly relations between aunt and niece after this little incident. But when Herr von Stieler appeared after a few days with the well-known request from the King, Cornelia's parents were by no means surprised. Ludwig I. sometimes came in during these sittings to give his opinion and to have a friendly chat with the artist and his subject, but if the chosen chaperon was more than usually plain he could not always conceal his outraged sense of beauty.

CORNELIA VETTERLEIN.

LADY ELLENBOROUGH.

There is nothing known about Ianthe, Lady Ellenborough, *née* Lady Digby. The peerage gives no such name, but it is possible that, through the carelessness of the officials, a wrong or misspelled name was put under the picture.

LADY ELLENBOROUGH.

HELENE SEDLMAYER.

It is interesting to observe the difference in the dress of Regina Daxenberger and Helene Sedlmayer. Both wear the pretty and becoming "Riegelhäubehen," but the dress of Regina is that of a fashionable lady of the time, whilst Helene wears the exact Bavarian national costume, which is unfortunately no longer seen in Munich. A German beer-house is hardly the soil for a flower of beauty and purity to grow. Nevertheless, Helene Sedlmayer, with her sweet, girlish face and the expression of a saint, grew up in her father's inn. Near the old Isaarthor in the "Thal," where Munich still preserves its mediæval aspect, in one of the small side-streets, was Helene's humble home. She helped in the house, which means that she worked like a servant-girl, and served beer to her father's guests in the evening. Every three years a quaint old custom, "the Schefflertanz," takes place in this part of the town. The butchers and coopers dance in quaint mediæval costume round the fountain in the "Thal"; this festivity lasts three days and provides much amusement and gaiety for the working classes. King Ludwig, who was wont to mix among his subjects and whose kind-heartedness rejoiced in seeing their mirth, was there in the midst of the crowd and saw the beautiful Helene craning her pretty neck to see what was going on round the fountain. He sent his aide-de-camp to find the pretty maid a better place of vantage and to

HELENE SEDLMAYER.

help her out of the crowd, and the next day her father was asked to let her go in her best finery to Stieler's studio, where she would be painted for the King's collection. At one of the sittings the King, according to his wont, dropped in and chatted with the painter and Helene. He soon found out that the poor little girl had a sweetheart, who was now going to give her up because he thought she would be too great a lady for him, as he was so poor. "Do you love him, little Helene? Would you not rather become a lady? I think I could find you a husband among my Court officials who would make you a lady. I might give you a little dowry, because you are not only a pretty but also a good girl." No consideration for her pose, no fear to incur the displeasure of the painter, could keep the girl back; she knelt at the King's feet and kissed his hand, with tears in her gazelle-like eyes: "Oh, would your Majesty let me marry Hans? I don't want anyone else." King Ludwig kept his promise, and sent his private secretary to Hans with the command to marry Helene as soon as the picture was finished. Hans did not want much persuasion, and on their wedding-day Ludwig I. sent the bride a handsome present and the deed which made Hans the proprietor of a lucrative little hostelry. The little hostelry soon changed into a well-kept hotel, through the careful management of the young couple and the interest which the Royal family bore them. Helene's son, a godchild of the King, has not remained in the humble rank of life of his parents. A scholar and a good soldier, he is now in the front rank among Bavarian officers.

REGINA DAXENBERGER.

Regina Daxenberger.

This beauty was also discovered by the King during one of his walks. She was the daughter of a rich Munich burgher and master coppersmith. The lovely Regina was born in 1811. She must have been about nineteen when her portrait was painted for the King's collection. Through this event she made the acquaintance of her future husband, who was King Ludwig's confidential secretary. Heinrich Fahrenbacher was nearly seventeen years older than his beautiful *fiancée*, but his splendid career and great intellectual gifts formed a fit equivalent to his wife's great beauty and fortune. The King loved children and young people, and would sometimes appear suddenly at some harmless little social gathering. Frau Regina Fahrenbacher often related to her grandchildren how gaily he played "blind-man's buff" with her and her friends. She was married in 1832, and became the mother of three sons and two daughters. Her children are all in good positions, and one of her brothers is still the proprietor of the now famous old business in Munich. Frau Fahrenbacher died in her native town at the age of seventy.

Julie Baroness von Krüdener

attracted much attention in her day, not only on account of her beauty and charm, but particularly through the great influence she exercised for some time over the Czar Alexander II. Books have been written about her, and Governments have been in terror of her influence. Hers was a restless, ardent nature whose whole life seemed to

pass in a storm of excitement. She was born in Riga, 1764, and died also in Russia in 1824. She came of a rich and distinguished family, and married, in 1783, Baron von Krüdener, who took her to Venice, where he was Russian Ambassador. About 1777 Julie's principal attraction lay in the fact that she was one of the richest heiresses of Livonia—for she was still an overgrown, undeveloped, silent girl, with a rather long nose and uncertain complexion, but with ample promises of future beauty in her large blue eyes and chestnut hair, and in her singularly well-shaped hands and arms. When sixteen she had many suitors, and at eighteen she married Baron Krüdener, who was twenty years her senior. The Baron was a clever diplomatist, a refined man of the world, but by no means a hero of romance. The brilliant young Ambassadress soon formed the centre of attraction. When Baron Krüdener became Russian Ambassador in Denmark she changed from a romantic girl into a brilliant society woman. Alexander de Stakieff, her husband's adjutant, killed himself for love of her. The remembrance of this romance in her own life inspired her to write the romance "Valérie." Under pretext of health considerations she went to France, and cultivated there the society of writers. In 1802 she became a widow; then she published "Valérie"—a book which is worth reading. She wrote several other novels with more or less success. Her veritable mission did not show itself until later. When her youth and beauty vanished her ardent heart turned to religion and to the good of her fellow-creatures. Her courage and her eloquence made her an apostle of her convictions. After some years of sojourn in Livonia, where she was noted for her benevolence, she thought herself called on to regenerate the world. She provoked persecution by preaching humanitarian and socialistic doctrines. After 1814 her tendencies turned to prophecy. She foretold that Napoleon would return from Elba and take the throne again. The success of this prediction made the Czar Alexander II., who was much addicted to religious exaltation, wish to see her. He received her in 1815, and was quite subjugated by her enthusiasm. He desired her to follow him to France. Installed at the Hotel Montchenu near the Palais d'Elysée, where he lived, she was for several months, so to speak, his prophetess. But the favour of the Czar began to decline. She went to Switzerland and there preached her socialistic doctrines. She had crowds of listeners, partly owing to her eloquence and partly to her liberality. She was expelled from Switzerland, and, being banished for three years from Russia, she died at Karasou Bazar, where she had gone for her health.

JULIE BARONESS VON KRÜDENER.

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT

By Winifred Graham.

I.

LORNA woke with a start and, springing out of bed, ran to her brother's room. She bent over the sleeping face, flushed and chubby on the pillow.

"Wake up!" she whispered, and her small fingers pulled at his curls. "Wake up, Jack!"

He stirred, rubbing his eyes.

Lorna skipped to the window and drew aside the blind; the bright morning light streamed into the room.

Jack collected his thoughts.

"It's New Year's Eve," he said.

"Oh! it's something better than that," cried Lorna, dancing about in her excitement. "It's Daddy's day! You surely hadn't forgotten?"

"Rather not!"

He was fully awake now and his eyes sparkled.

"Can you believe it?" said Lorna, perching herself on the foot of the bed and looking straight at Jack; "can you believe Daddy is really coming home to-day?"

"It seems as if we must be dreaming," Jack replied.

Both were silent for a moment, and a thoughtful expression crept over their faces. The six months Captain Hamilton had been away at the war appeared like a six years' absence to the two waiting children, who worshipped the ground he trod on. The very name of South Africa filled them with vague, uncontrollable fears. Jack drew a very crumpled piece of paper from under his pillow and smoothed it out tenderly on his knee, the telegram his father sent him from Southampton — last thing before starting. During all those weary months of separation the treasured telegram had never left Jack for a single moment.

"I don't know how we shall get through the morning," he said. "Daddy won't come till this afternoon. But we had better dress quickly now, because I want to talk to Bowler. We must meet Daddy in the dog-cart; he likes it so much better than the carriage."

Jack scrambled into his clothes and ran to the stables, singing and shouting as he skipped along. He could hardly feel the ground under his feet, so buoyant were his spirits.

"Bowler," he cried, seizing the fat, elderly coachman, "look! I've got a piece of ribbon to put on our whip to-day, red, white, and blue, for the Captain. And, oh! please meet him with Benedict, because, you know,

he loves Benedict more than any of the other horses, and, coming from so far, he'll like to see an old friend."

Bowler fell in with all the young master's wishes, for it was Bowler who had found six months ago a sobbing, tear-stained child huddled up at the back of the hay-loft, dazed with grief, and half dead from the violence of his emotions.

"You will be round at the door for us very early, won't you?" said Jack. "We should like to get to the station a long time before the train comes in. Lorna and I are both going—girls do look on things funnily, don't they, Bowler? Lorna says she shall 'insist'—yes, that was the word she used—insist on being dressed in all her best clothes. As if clothes mattered; but I ought to get my breakfast soon, the bell rang a long time ago. I suppose you know there is a mystery going on indoors?"

Bowler shook his head; his ignorance fairly staggered Jack.

"I ain't heard of nothing of the kind, sir," answered the stolid voice.

"Why, mother is preparing a New Year's surprise for Daddy and for us—we may not go into the West Wing. We can't think what it can be, because we have had our Christmas-tree, and we don't know of anything like that which might happen at New Year."

Bowler could throw no light upon the subject, so Jack, his heart beating faster at the thought of the wonderful day before him, fled back to the house, the wind ruffling his hair. He and Lorna talked a great deal about the mystery as they breakfasted together in the nursery.

"I hope it is something Daddy will like," Lorna said. "I don't mind for myself. Daddy alone will be quite New Year's treat enough for me."

She heaved a pensive little sigh, adding, proudly: "He has not seen my winter coat—the blue velvet one—with the ermine collar. Both the coat and hat are new since he went away, and the hat matches! I could not meet him in old clothes—on such a great day! Nurse says the tenants are going to hang flags out of their windows, and the village will be decorated. We must take our presents to the station with us, to give him at once; I expect he will like to get them directly."

She slipped off her chair and ran to a drawer; Jack followed. Together they opened it and peered in. Two small parcels tied with red ribbons fully satisfied the children's eager gaze.

"I'll put our presents on my velvet hat, so we can't forget!" said Lorna. "I expect mother's surprise for him will have cost a lot more money, but I daresay he'll like ours a little too."

"He will like ours very, very much," Jack assured her, confident of having made a wise choice.

II.

BOWLER declared afterwards he should never forget that drive to the station; it was all he could do to hold the children in the cart, and yet he enjoyed their hilarious excitement, listening amused to a torrent of innocent prattle.

"This telegram," said Jack, feeling in his pocket, "has always stayed in every suit I happened to be wearing since the day Daddy went away. Now it won't be wanted any more (but I never mean to part with it). Have you ever had a telegram that seemed to comfort you to hear it scrunch when you put your hands in your pockets?"

"I don't know that I have," replied Bowler. "Now I come to think of it, telegrams generally bring me bad news."

"Oh! poor Bowler," sighed Lorna—"like the telegram that came from the War Office to say Daddy was wounded! We didn't think then what good news it really was, because it is bringing him home, and he says he is not very ill—only a foot wound; and Daddy doesn't mind pain, because he is a soldier and has learnt to bear it very bravely."

Lorna peeped up so sweetly into Bowler's face that he was inclined to believe every word she said. She looked like a little princess with her hands in her big white muff and her dainty face and round blue eyes beaming at him.

"You see what we are taking Daddy," she continued, displaying the beribboned parcels. "We have each got him a little packet of chocolates; we think he must want that more than anything, because it has always been sent out to him. It was Jack's idea."

Bowler smiled—a smile that came near to a chuckle.

"Look, Lorna, look!" cried Jack, as they approached the village. "The big 'Welcome' is hanging up over the road, which only comes out for weddings; won't Daddy be pleased? Oh, I can see lots of people on the station all waiting for his train." The nearness of this longed-for joy seemed to get into the children's blood and sent them crazy—decorum went to the winds. Jack, hanging half out of the cart, produced from under the seat a large patriotic handker-

chief, which he waved to everyone he knew as they passed, shouting, "The Captain's coming—the Captain's coming in the train."

As the entire village appeared to be comprised of Jack's acquaintances this kept him well occupied till Bowler drew up, and the irresponsible little couple tumbled out, making a dash for the platform.

Bowler caught glimpses of them shaking hands with the station-master and porters, while joining in animated conversation with an

"BOWLER CAUGHT GLIMPSES OF THEM SHAKING HANDS WITH THE STATION-MASTER."

interested crowd. Jack had his torn and faded telegram out, which he showed to a sympathetic circle, while Lorna explained about the chocolate.

"Everyone seems to know it's Daddy's day!" she whispered to her brother; "isn't it nice of them not to have forgotten him, as he's been away such a very, very long time? Of course, we shouldn't forget, but that's different, because nobody could love him like we do!"

They thought the train would never come, and at last a certain breathless silence fell upon them, in strange contrast to their previous mood. Instinctively they stood hand in hand—Jack's fingers felt hot and feverish, despite the frosty bite in the clear winter air. Every nerve was strained to highest tension, as they stared down the blank line, hearts beating furiously under cosy garments.

Suddenly the flood-gates of their eager expectations opened wide. In the dim distance a thin curl of smoke heralded the coming train. Jack had his cap off and was waving at the engine long before he could see the familiar figure of the loved one leaning through the window.

As Captain Hamilton limped out he was greeted with the gifts simultaneously forced upon him.

"See, we've both got a present for you, Daddy!" they cried together, in breathless voices.

His merry laugh rang clear as of old. Then he caught the children in his arms. "How is mother?" he asked, kissing the upturned faces lovingly.

"Mother is quite well," replied Lorna, "but very busy to-day. I don't know if you will be allowed to go into the West

Wing, but we mustn't yet—not till the surprise is ready. She is settling something for New Year."

Jack eagerly untied the chocolate, as friends flocked round to shake Captain Hamilton's hand.

There was nothing for it but he must eat a piece at once out of each packet. The proceeding apparently created much amusement amongst the bystanders, who had already been favoured with a private view of the little packets, representing so much forethought on the part of the happy givers.

To the sound of ringing cheers Captain Hamilton drove away, Lorna nestling at his side and Jack standing up at the back of the cart with both arms round his father's neck. Even Bowler, usually so stolid and immovable of feature, caught the infection—his red face resembled a beaming sun! Benedict went like the wind; it was the merriest, maddest drive the countryside had ever witnessed.

Lorna imparted news in her innocent, childish fashion; she thought he must want to hear all they were going to do for the New Year.

"We begged mother to let us sit up to see the Old Year out—we've never done it before, and she promised we might."

"A splendid idea," said Captain Hamilton. Lorna fancied from his tone his thoughts had travelled elsewhere. So she kept quite still, but let her little velvet-clad shoulders lean heavily against his arm. He was not a bit changed, she told herself; just the same dear, sweet Daddy who had left them ages ago, the Daddy who always smiled, who appreciated their love. Jack's happiness kindled still in jubilant excitement, his blood coursed like quicksilver through his veins. Captain Hamilton fancied he could hear the beating of the boy's heart, as he retained his standing attitude, unable to tear his arms from that fond embrace.

As Benedict turned in at the drive, and the old house loomed before the traveller's eyes, a sigh of deep relief escaped him. He looked first at Lorna, then back at Jack, and though they could not tell what he was thinking, they guessed it must be something exquisitely tender. Perhaps it was the cold, but the children fancied they detected a moisture under Daddy's eyelashes. Such a bronzed, manly face could not, of course, be guilty of a tear.

The little people jumped down, bounding up the steps. Then they turned, and noticed, with a sense of shock, that Captain Hamilton alighted very slowly, the effort apparently causing him pain. He reached for his stick before entering the house.

"I was so excited at the station I never saw his limp," whispered Lorna.

"Nor I," answered Jack, in an undertone. Lorna bent down to touch the foot.

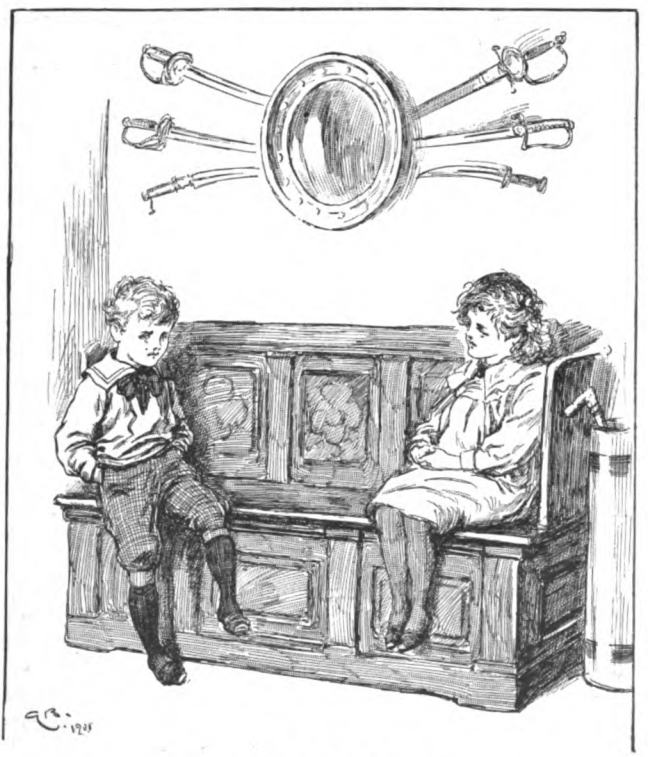
"Does it hurt, Daddy?" she asked, a little tremor in her voice.

"No, pet."

For the first time in her life Lorna did not quite believe him.

They watched him mount the stairs and turn towards the West Wing. "May we come, too?" they asked, hardly able to bear the thought of letting him out of their sight.

"No," he replied, in a very decided voice, which chilled their spirits by its unexpected solemnity. "Run away and play, but let it



"'IT'S VERY ODD,' SAID LORNA."

be quiet play. Mind, you are not to make any noise."

Lorna and Jack exchanged glances, as they nodded their heads in assent. Not to make any noise—not to make any noise when Daddy had come home and all the world should be ringing with the news! They walked away to a corner of the hall and sat down on an old oak seat.

"It's very odd," said Lorna, the corners of her mouth drooping. "I never thought mother would let Daddy come back without being at the door to meet him." Jack sighed deeply, and ran his fingers through his thick, curly hair.

"There is a funny hush about the house. Didn't you feel it, Lorna, directly you got inside? I would much rather give up the surprise for New Year. I thought we should all have such good times together on Daddy's day; it seems to have spoilt everything, mother stopping upstairs. I can't think how she could!" Jack spoke vehemently, and his little face grew red. A sudden painful reaction crept over him. Lorna looked as if she were going to cry.

Certainly Jack was right, the house felt strangely depressing. The absence of their pretty, bright-faced mother became more marked as time crept on; everybody appeared influenced by it, for the servants were flurried and talked in whispers, while even nurse neglected her charges. Lorna had to take off her own coat and hat and ask Jack to brush her hair. When they went down to look for Daddy they could not find him.

"It's a very disappointing evening," said Lorna, with a little sniffle.

"Let us sit on the stairs and wait for Daddy," said Jack, trying to conceal his feelings. "We won't talk."

They sat like two small images, staring through the big window, against which a hurrying snowstorm flung whirling atoms of feathery whiteness.

When at last Captain Hamilton came by he only just waited to pat them on the head, and hurried past looking terribly grave and anxious.

"You saw his face," whispered Jack. "What did you think of it?"

"I don't know, but it seemed to me a sad face, as if he were unhappy about something. He has been to the West Wing, and the surprise has not pleased him. Oh! Jack, what can we do for Daddy? It's dreadful he should come home and look like that! He only ate a very little of our chocolate and left the rest on the hall-table. I expect the chocolate disappointed him. He may have thought there was something inside he would have liked much better."

"Perhaps he wanted it to be tobacco," said Jack. "Mother sent out tobacco just as often as she sent chocolate, but we never thought of it, and I know there isn't any in the house. You may be sure that is making him unhappy! He is looking for just enough to fill one pipe, and can't find a bit. It's New Year's Eve, and—and we've given him the wrong present!"

Jack's voice broke as he made the sorrowful statement; he stood up as if bracing himself to a deed of heroism.

"Lorna," he said, "this can't go on! I must fetch him some tobacco from the village before the Old Year's out. Nurse knows we are sitting up; she won't miss us—she, too, is busy about the surprise."

Lorna glanced fearfully at the ever-thickening snowstorm. It was quite dark outside: a wild, terrible night. In the house were great fires, hot-water pipes ran through the walls, all was snug; King Frost and Queen Snow could find no entrance, but the world, the other side of the front door, was a place of chill desolation! Lorna clutched Jack's arm. "People are sometimes lost in the snow," she told him. "I shouldn't like anything to happen to you, Jack, even for Daddy's sake!"

"I don't mind the snow," he said, though his heart sank a little at the sight. "I shall be sure to find my way all right. Isn't it worth going out, to please Daddy? Why, Lorna, you know it is."

His eyes glowed with enthusiasm. Lorna caught the infection of his unselfish desire.

"I shall come, too," she said. "It's awful lonesome for one person to be out of doors in the dark; and if you got buried in the snow I should be there to scrape it away."

"Perhaps I ought not to take you, Lorna," he murmured.

"I'm coming," she replied, gathering her courage together and forcing a faint smile. "You are not taking me. I've got twopence upstairs. Will that be enough to pay for the tobacco?"

"I expect so. I'll owe you a penny; we must go shares. Isn't it wonderful I should just have thought what Daddy wanted? We will get our things on at once."

It was easy to talk of that long, lonely walk in the snow, with the hearth fire crackling within earshot and the warm light filling the house. The children had yet to realize the difference of being actually exposed to the

biting storm, with darkness all round them and wind-driven flakes blinding their eyes.

Unseen they opened the big front door and staggered out, fighting the elements breathlessly.

"I didn't think it would be so cold," Lorna confessed, clutching Jack's arm. "I can feel the snow tumbling into my boots; I seem to slip such a long way down at every step."

"That is only because you are so short," said Jack, cheerily. "It isn't so very deep, really."

He knew in his heart the night was dangerous, for the wind blew the snow into great drifts, and darkness hung over the earth like a pall. Lorna leaned so heavily upon him that he stumbled a good deal and had some difficulty in keeping to the path.

"It doesn't matter," he kept saying, half to himself. "It's for Daddy we are going."

"IT'S FOR DADDY WE ARE GOING."

The words had a marvellous effect upon Lorna's chilled spirits. No sacrifice for Daddy could be too great! So they battled on manfully, their faces cut by the wind and their little figures covered from head to foot in a thick coating of heavy whiteness.

On the verge of exhaustion they reached the village, and a gasp of horror escaped the boy.

"Lorna, the shop is shut!"

She leant against the wet door, thrusting both knuckles in her eyes.

Jack pulled them sharply down. "Don't cry," he said; "there must be some way of getting it. Look," pointing across the road, "at those lights in the Bull and Horn! A man is singing a song; lots of people are laughing. Come, Lorna, they are sure to sell tobacco there!"

"Oh! but I mustn't go into a public-house; mother wouldn't like it," said Lorna, drawing back.

"You can stay in the porch; I'll go and ask. Give me the twopence." A queer little figure came suddenly into the light of the Bull and Horn. At first the proprietor failed to recognise the youthful pilgrim under his weight of snow.

Jack put down the money on the counter, and looked up hopefully.

"Please," he said, "can you give me some tobacco for that? My Daddy has come home from South Africa, and we forgot about his perhaps wanting to smoke. We never thought of it till we saw him looking very sad. My sister is waiting on the doorstep, and she's rather damp, so perhaps you could oblige me with the tobacco quickly."

"Lor'!" murmured the proprietor, "it's the little master from the Manor, and the young lady outside such a night as this! Did anyone ever hear the like?"

A silence fell on the assembly. All eyes were turned to the small, weather-beaten wanderer.

"I should just think I could let you have some tobacco for the Captain!" continued the kindly voice; "the best my house affords, and long may he live to enjoy a pipe of peace!"

The landlord went to his own private drawer, and presented Jack with a goodly sized bundle, which set the boy's heart beating quickly with delight. All the terrors of the storm faded under the soothing influence of success.

Stoutly declining the offer of an escort home, Jack rejoined Lorna, finding her

"'LOR'!' MURMURED THE PROPRIETOR, 'IT'S THE LITTLE MASTER FROM THE MANOR.'"

seated on the doorstep, half asleep, in the snow. It took so much shaking to wake her, and she seemed so tired and numbed, that the long road ahead filled Jack with fresh pangs.

The path home led up-hill—a weary white journey, under starless skies. What matter the cold creeping into their systems; what matter the weariness and the pain, since between them they carried that precious parcel containing the whole love of two fond hearts?

The snow blew up from the ground into their faces. Jack found Lorna very heavy to pull along; it seemed an unending walk! Jack thought surely the morning would come before they reached the familiar old garden.

At last they saw the bright lights of home twinkling in the windows. A carriage stood in the drive; the front door was set open.

"Let us slip in and hide behind the big curtains," whispered Jack. "We don't want anyone to see us like this. I wonder who the visitor can be?" peering curiously into the hall. "Richard is helping him on with his coat—now's our chance!"

Well-skilled in the game of hide-and-seek, the truants reached the shelter of the window-curtains unobserved. A white-haired gentleman in a fur-coat passed out, and Richard fastened the door again.

III.

"ARE you ready, Lorna?" said a voice from the passage.

"Yes—come in, Jack."

The boy entered the nursery on tiptoe. Lorna in dry clothing stood before him, warm, smiling, contented in the firelight. "Got over the hot-ache?" he asked, touching her hands.

She nodded reassuringly. "See, I can move my fingers quite well now. What have you done, Jack?"

"I persuaded Richard to take our parcel to Daddy. Richard said he wouldn't at first, the Captain was in the West Wing, and must not be disturbed, but I got round him. The New Year will be here very soon, and we are to listen for the bells. Come downstairs and let us see if we can find Daddy."

Jack had changed into a white sailor suit he wore for parties. He felt sure the surprise would be ready with the New Year.

On their way to the hall they suddenly paused and peeped through the banisters. A thrill of excitement shook Lorna. She pinched Jack's arm violently.

There below stood the Captain, his whole manner changed, his face radiant, his eyes alight with a new joy, and in his hand the packet of tobacco they had risked so much to gain!

"We were right! we were right!" gasped Jack, and started running down the stairs.

"Oh! Daddy," he cried, "we guessed what you wanted, and we're so glad you are happy again!"

The Captain looked at their present, knowing nothing of the journey to the village, and, laughing light-heartedly, thanked them with much warmth and fervour for their kindly thought.

"It was the very thing I needed to cheer me up," he said, with a little twinkle, and, despite his lameness, he tossed Jack on to his shoulders.

"Will you take us to the West Wing now?" they asked, breathlessly.

"Yes, but you must still be very quiet."

As Lorna followed in wondering expectation she pictured the passing of the Old Year. She wished she could have shaken hands with him. It seemed sad he should be obliged to go out like a candle at bedtime, when she fancied perhaps he had a soul. The New Year, for sure, must be something very young and small, something you wanted to kiss and cuddle and make much of!

Captain Hamilton led the way to one of the many spare rooms in the West Wing.

"Look! he said. "This is a New Year's gift to me."

His voice had a strange, sweet note in it, which set the children's pulses beating faster. They stared in speechless surprise at a white berceaunette.

Lorna was the first to peep curiously between the muslin curtains.

"Why, Jack," she whispered, "there's the New Year inside!"

"'WHY, JACK,' SHE WHISPERED, 'THERE'S THE NEW YEAR INSIDE!'"

As she spoke the joyous pealing of bells rang out across the country. "Listen, they are ringing a welcome!" said the sun-bronzed warrior, bending over the cot to kiss the tiny atom of humanity.

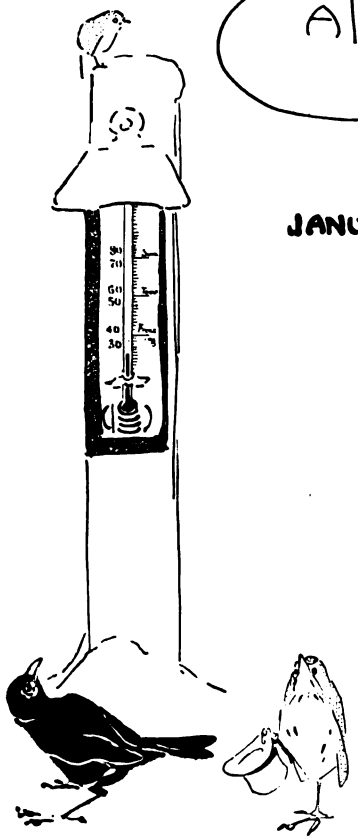
"The bells are chiming for us—for us!" gasped Jack, excitedly, "for we've got the New Year here in our house!"

"And the white-haired gentleman in the fur coat must have been the Old Year going out at the hall-door," replied Lorna, softly.

Captain Hamilton nodded and smiled. He would not for the world have disturbed the pretty idea.

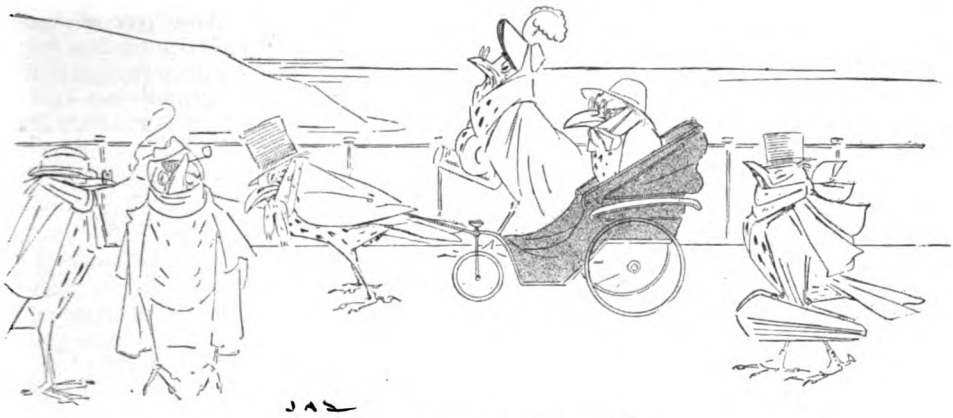
By E. D. Cuming
and J. A. Shepherd.

JANUARY



A FOOT of snow on the ground and 10deg. of frost. Wild birds are become tame birds: blackbirds, song-thrushes, starlings, chaffinches, tits, hedge-sparrows, and half-a-dozen more stand outside on the snow-bound lawn, mute applicants for outdoor relief. None of them speak; hungry they are and very cold, as you may see by the way they fluff out their feathers like overcoats, but they will not beg aloud. You might imagine that they were "on the rates" and ashamed of it, or had fear of the police regulations concerning beggars before them, so silent are they. A pied wagtail, smallest of our walking birds, swaggers about restlessly; many of his kind go abroad for the winter, and those that remain with us seem sorry they didn't go, too, in weather like this. Three or four rooks and jackdaws blot the snow in the background, making shallow pretence of being here merely out of curiosity. The robin, self-appointed spokesman of the crowd, is on the window-sill: there is no false shame about the robin, hungry or satisfied, and he taps on the window as impatiently as if he had ordered breakfast over-night and paid for it in advance. He won't trouble you to throw out crumbs for *him*, thanks; if you will just open the window he will come in and help himself from the table.

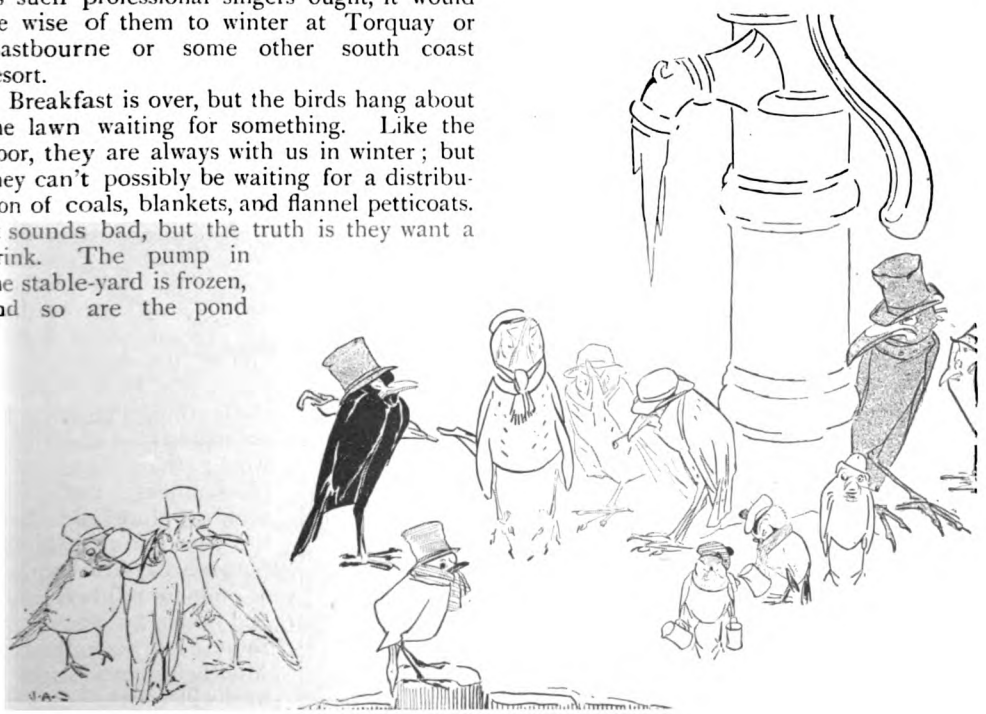
The curiosity of the rooks and jackdaws becomes uncontrollable when they see the other birds busy with the crumbs, and they stalk resolutely forward with the air of guests who haven't been asked, but feel sure the omission was an oversight. One song-thrush swallows his breakfast in rather more of a hurry than the rest, pounces on a big scrap a rook had his eye on, and flies away with it to the shrubbery, leaving the rook surprised and angry. The conduct of the thrush needs explanation: the fact is he and his wife fell into a mistake which is often made by birds who are guided by weather and not by the almanac. It was so mild up to Christmas that that pair of thrushes concluded winter had somehow slipped out of the calendar



"TAKING CARE OF THEIR THROATS."

altogether, so they nested, and there is the unfortunate thrush shivering on five eggs and wondering how in the snow-bound world she is going to provide for a family ten days hence. Probably the eggs will catch cold in the meantime; or, what is equally likely, the magpies, who love eggs for breakfast and are not particular about their being new-laid, will relieve the anxious parent of all responsibility. Some authorities believe that a proportion of the thrushes go south for the cold weather. If they take care of their throats, as such professional singers ought, it would be wise of them to winter at Torquay or Eastbourne or some other south coast resort.

Breakfast is over, but the birds hang about the lawn waiting for something. Like the poor, they are always with us in winter; but they can't possibly be waiting for a distribution of coals, blankets, and flannel petticoats. It sounds bad, but the truth is they want a drink. The pump in the stable-yard is frozen, and so are the pond and the horse-trough. A pan of water will make you as many friends as there are birds. And having slaked their thirst they disperse to go and sit in the sun as little boys cuddle down over a baker's grating. The wiser among the brethren seek the chimney-stacks. A barn owl one cold January night frightened a respectable family into fits by hooting down the chimney: it was so nice and warm, he thought it was a whiff of summer coming up from the dying



"THE PUMP IN THE STABLE-YARD IS FROZEN."

"A WHIFF OF SUMMER."

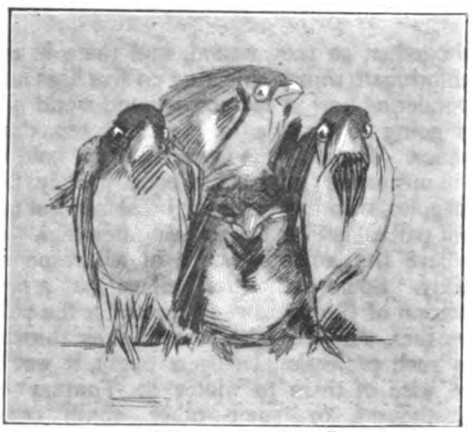
ashes below, and welcomed it after the manner of his kind.

The high bodily temperature of birds goes far to enable them to dispense with the extra clothes we chillier creatures wear in winter. A bird's temperature read by the human standard would suggest that the patient was in a dangerously high fever, for 104deg. to 108deg. is the avine normal — it varies in different species — but they suffer cruelly at night. It is cold work perching alone on one leg, so the birds make up sleeping parties: great tits have been seen hopping one after the other into a favourite bedroom, where they slept all together and kept one another warm. The sparrows go around about sunset and invite their friends to "come and stay the night" in the ivy against the kitchen chimney:—

On a very cold night it's a very good plan
To give "dinner and sleep" invitations
To friends, who at bedtime you put, if you can,
In judiciously picked situations.

With an intimate friend on each side and behind,
And a fourth on your back, if he'll stop.
It is snug in the middle, you're certain to find
It so warm that you sleep like a top.

The host's thoughtful arrangement for his own comfort is marred by the circumstance that each of his guests wants an inside place: whence the screaming and scolding you may hear after dark and the spectacle of abusive sparrows tumbling out of the ivy in bunches.



"DINNER AND SLEEP."

Other birds other methods—and manners too, in the social sense.

The sheep, in their well-fleeced persons, advertise "Good Beds," and the starlings, whose welcome labours to relieve the sheep of ticks promotes good feeling between them, are in the habit of roosting among the flock. Sometimes the bird wakes in the morning to find his feet entangled in his host's wool; then there is unpleasantness: the starling scolds volubly, declaring the sheep caught him on purpose. The sheep looks at him in mild reproach, and other sheep crowd round to see the fun. Moorhens and such shy fowl will seek shelter in a rabbit-hole when the

"COLD WORK!"

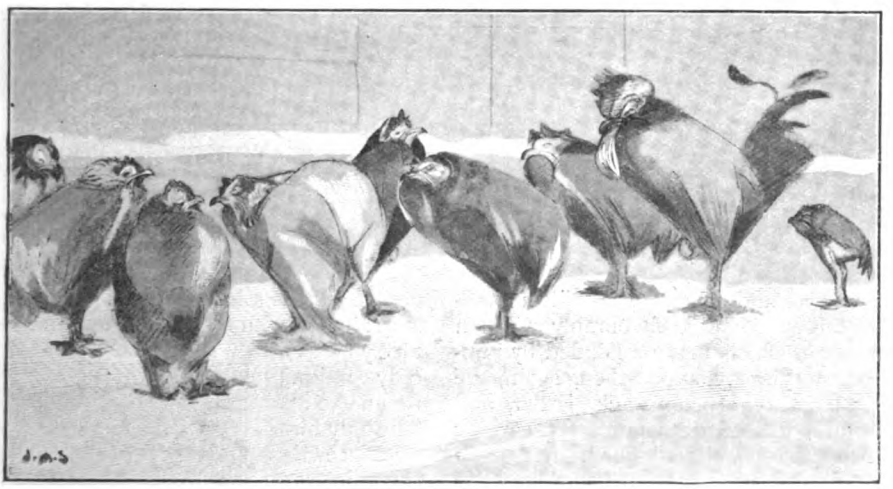
weather is very bad: they don't go right indoors and disturb the family; they step into the hall as it were and sit down quietly, as if they had come with a message and were waiting for the answer.

"THE SHEEP ADVERTISE 'GOOD BEDS.'"

The idle, melancholy hens gather in groups and comment in querulous undertones upon the weather. They are out on strike: give them warm food, and you shall have eggs; no warm food, no eggs. This is the established rule in the egg-producing industry, and must be upheld.

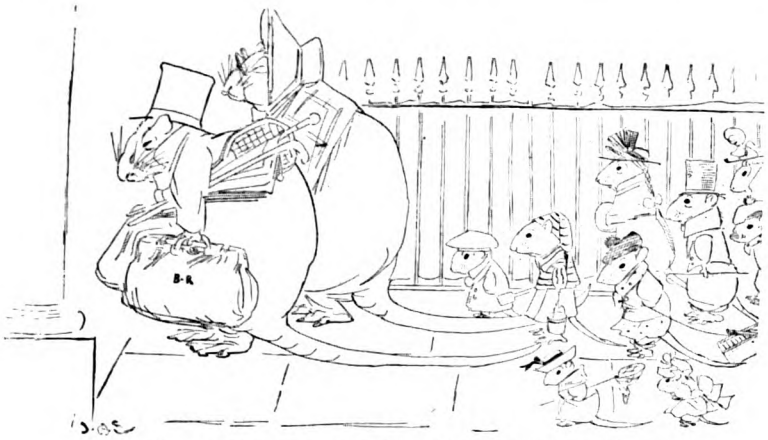
Happy the creatures whom Nature orders to bed for the whole winter. The common bats are sound asleep, hanging from the roof in the darkest corner of the loft or inside some hollow tree. On a fine, mild day the bat may come out for a bit, but there is nothing much for him to do if he does come out in winter, so he does not stay long abroad. The long-eared bat is thorough in his hibernation: he folds his vast ears, nearly as long as himself, back along his sides, gives his heart a rest, and becomes cold and torpid. So profound is his slumber that it takes him about a quarter of an hour to wake up properly.

The lizards, slow-worm, common snake, and viper are all abed underground. The snake and viper must find it hard to get to sleep as they can't shut their eyes, having no movable eyelids. That is where the slow-worm has the pull over them: he is more nearly related to the lizard family, and ability to shut his eyes and wink betrays the fact that he is highly connected, quite apart from his elementary limbs. The frogs are comfortably asleep in the mud at the bottom of the horse-pond, indifferent to the cold; the robust frog can withstand the most Arctic weather; he makes nothing of being frozen stiff for a few days; he thaws out again and smiles. Yes! hibernation has advantages:—



"EGGS IS HOFF."

You solve the weighty secret of avoiding winter ills,
The flights to the Riviera, the colds in chest and head,
The chilblains, bursting water-pipes, the waits, and Christmas bills,
By getting fat in autumn and just stepping into bed!



"MR. AND MRS. BROWN-RAT AND FAMILY COME TO TOWN."

The rat doesn't go to bed in winter; he is a highly civilized creature, the rat, and when the cold weather comes on shuts up his pleasant country-house in ditch, bank, or hedgerow to take up quarters in his town-house. Sewer and cellar are not ideal dwellings, but they compare favourably with an establishment which may be flooded by rain-water or blocked by snow; then, again, the near propinquity of corn-stack, larder, and store-room offers large facilities for earning that dishonest livelihood which has such charms for the rat. He takes pride in his profession as a thief, as witness the ingenuity with which he uses his tail to get the contents of an oil-bottle. The seasons make no difference to the mouse: winter and summer alike he pursues his joyous way, marrying and giving in marriage and rearing at your expense large families of children which you don't want.

There is little music in these days: the robin in mild weather perches on some naked bough, depresses his tail, and pipes up mournfully. The song of the robin is the song of the sorrowful, but there is no reason to suppose this bird is more harassed with care than his neighbours; on the contrary, pugnacity and impudence combined rarely suffer from want, and the robin has more than his share of both. The hedge-sparrow, who, by the way, is not a sparrow at all, sings also on a fine day, but feebly; the blackbird gets out his music on occasion, and the thrush practises now and again; so does the skylark towards the end of the month; but wind and rain, or a fall of snow, reminds them that the concert season is a long way off yet, and they stop singing with an abruptness that suggests they were only waiting for an excuse. The only bird who really sings in earnest at this season is the song-thrush's cousin, the missel-thrush: his spirits rise with the wind; when other birds, so to speak, are hurriedly put-

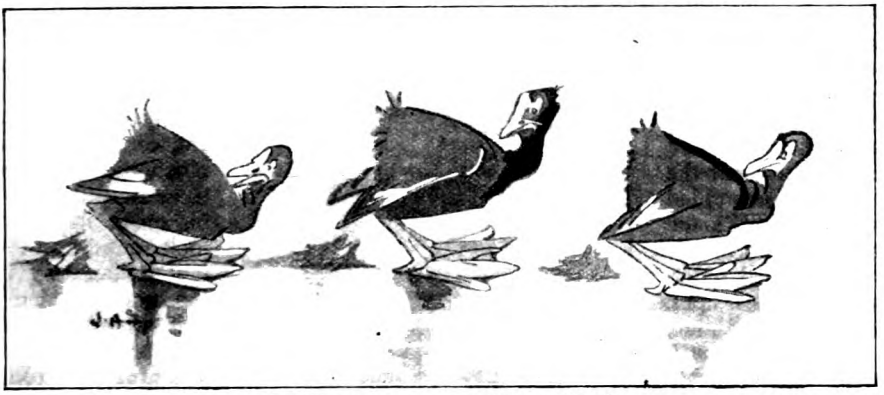
"NO MUSIC TO-DAY."

"THE MISSEL-THRUSH'S TURN."

ting up their umbrellas and winding mufflers round their throats and running under cover, the missel-thrush takes his stand on some high and exposed bough and sings with all the power of his voice, the howling wind as his accompaniment; no wonder they call him the storm-cock.

"THE OTTER IN TROUBLE."

on a stone rick-post discovered quite a number of new and original tumbles before he was released from the ice which his warm feet had melted and which froze again while he stood there. Sparrows and other small birds sitting still too long on iron gates, stones, or lumps of snow are trapped in the same way. An otter fishing one very cold day from the edge of the ice on the Irfon, in Wales, grew so absorbed in his sport, or in hopes of it, he never noticed that his tail was frozen fast to the ice—a misfortune which wrought that sportsman's undoing at the hands of a passing labourer. You would think that the coot could keep his apology for a tail out of such difficulties; but a flock of some two hundred once sat thinking on the ice, regardless of possible chilblains, till their tails froze to it, and when frightened into getting up every bird left his tail behind him. Less common is the curious fate which once cost numerous wood-pigeons their lives: they went to bed wet—a rash thing for anybody to do—and during



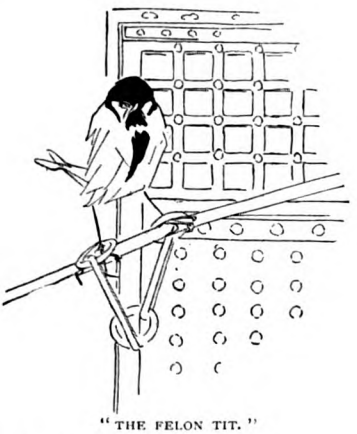
"THEY LEFT THEIR TAILS BEHIND THEM."

The winter for me! On the top of a tree,
While the north wind is playing at driving the sleet
So briskly and free. I should just like to see
The north wind who'd manage to whistle down me!
A fig for the spring! For a delicate thing
Like the blackcap or nightingale sunshine is meet;
But the bird who *can* sing and make echoes to ring,
Dons sou'-wester and oilskins and now has his fling.

He is the only professional vocalist who does not mind bad weather; all the others are very particular about the conditions under which they sing.

Incautious birds and beasts get into dangerous scrapes in severe weather. The snipe affecting marshy ground wakes to find himself frozen to the earth; a tumbler pigeon who perched

"WHAT A FOOT FOR A CHILBLAIN!"



"THE FELON TIT."

the night the rain gave way to hard frost, whereby when those unhappy wood-pigeons woke in the morning their wings were frozen over their tails, and they fell in a shower on the head of an astounded passer-by, who made the most of the opportunity. The inexperienced moorhen who ventures upon the ice apparently labours under the delusion that if he seek with haste he will find open water; he finds reason to regret that he never learned to skate. But in much worse case is the misguided heron who alights on smooth black ice under the impression that it is water; he offers an object-lesson in the unwisdom of trying to slide on stilts.

The sprightly great tit joins the other birds on the lawn at breakfast-time, but finds nothing to please him on the *menu* unless there be a scrap of fat. What he loves above all things is a bit of suet hung by a string to a bough, in which situation he is almost the only bird who can get at it. It speaks volumes for his digestion that he should be able to dine standing upside down. The carrion crow is the only bird who is likely to dispute the great tit's right to his meal. You may see him sometimes perch on a convenient branch puzzling over the problem.

"Look," says he to the tit, "at that beautiful bit
Of fat, where the humans have set it.
It is safe from the cat, but the trouble is that
I cannot make out how to get it."

Says the tit to the crow: "Why, there's nothing I know
So easy as getting at suet.
You just perch upside down, like a gymnast or clown;
The veriest nestling can do it."

Gymnastics are not in the crow's line at all, but he has brains: he is the cleverest of a clever family. Give him time and he will discover how to pull up the suet by the string with beak and claw. The engaging manners of the great tit mask a disreputable character. If the King's writ ran in the bird-world he would be indicted and hanged as murderer and cannibal. He kills smaller birds than himself in order to eat their brains; the wren is a frequent victim.

Gnats and other insects on fine days come out of the crannies where they have been hiding to play on the sunny side of the hedge. They don't put much life into the game, but one can hardly be surprised at that. Indoors, a weak-minded bluebottle, deceived by the warmth, comes out of his crack in the wall to look round and ascertain if it is time to get up for the summer. He is not half awake, and his bearing is so subdued and awkward that you hardly recognise in him the loud and joyful insect of July. He totters in his walk; his wings are dusty, and one is bent as if he had gone to sleep with it doubled under him. He blunders round the room and settles

"I'M NOT THE BLUEBOTTLE I WAS."

"THE BLUEBOTTLE IN SUMMER."

on your hand; rubs his head doubtfully; and, strolling off your knuckles, is surprised to find that he can't walk on air. After a while it dawns upon him that he must have made a mistake in getting up so soon, and he staggers across the carpet, wondering if he can possibly find his way back to bed. The spider appears, too, and practises throwing his web, but he seems rheumatic and uncertain of aim.

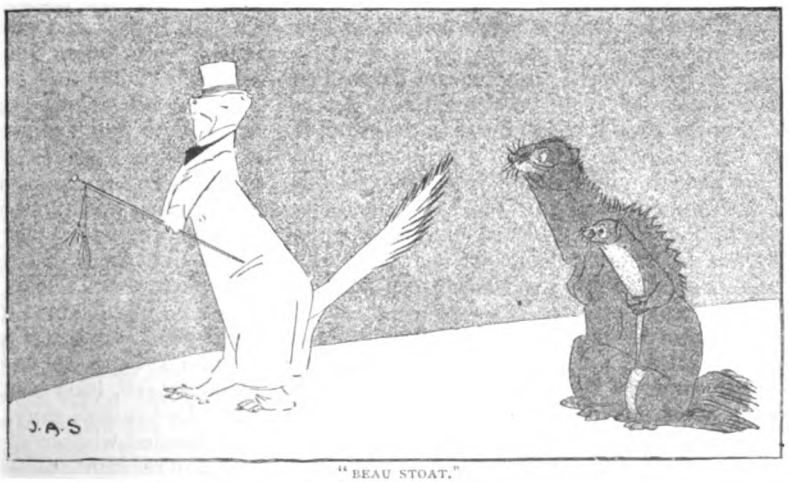
The lobster is in season now. The lobster's attractions on the table are great, but it is in its domestic capacity, as father, mother, or child, that the lobster best repays study. No crustacean is more carefully brought up by its mother than the young lobster, who is kept at home until he reaches months of discretion, under the eye of an affectionate parent. The angry eye of the paternal lobster, set as it is on a stalk, must, by the way, be an awful thing for his erring son to face; but these be matters pertaining to the future, as are the private affairs of the prawn, now also in season, and everywhere held in esteem—particularly in curry.

"WELL BROUGHT UP."

"TEN DEGREES OF FROST."

The fox ought to enjoy severe weather. Can't you imagine him scanning the "Hunting Appointments" in *The Field* and chuckling over the fact that this frost is going to cancel them all as it did last week? Hounds are in kennel and won't come out, except for road exercise; and if he likes he can go and drive the whole pack to frenzy by grinning at them through the bars. Then, too, he can spend the night out, as his habit is, without finding his front door "stopped" against him in the interests of hunting, when he comes home in the small hours. It is maddening to find the door locked at four in the morning.

The stoat is alert and active in winter; famine among birds means high carnival for him, and he and his cousins the marten weasel and polecat enjoy themselves and grow fat. The stoat must regard his cousins as poor relations: he changes his summer coat for a white one in winter, retaining only the black tip to his tail, while they wear the same clothes all the year round. It is not worth the stoat's while to make the change in the comparatively mild winter of the south of England, so he doesn't generally go to the expense; in the north he does it as a matter of course, even as do the mountain hare and the ptarmigan.



"BEAU STOAT."

The House Under the Sea.

By Max Pemberton.

CHAPTER V.

STRANGE SIGHTS ASHORE, AND WHAT WE SAW OF THEM.

OW, when Seth Barker cried out that a ship was ashore on the dangerous reefs to the northward of the main island, it is not necessary to tell you what we, a crew of British seamen, were called upon to do. The words were scarcely spoken before I had given the order, "Stand by the boats," and sent every man to his station. Excited the hands were, that I will not deny; excited and willing enough to tell you about it if you'd asked them; but no man among them opened his lips, and while they stood there, anxious and ready, I had my glass to my eye and tried to make out the steamer and what had befallen her. Nor was Mister Jacob behind me, but he and Peter Bligh at my side, we soon knew the truth and made up our minds about it.

"There's a ship on the reef, sure enough, and by the cut of her she's the *Santa Cruz* we spoke this afternoon," said Mister Jacob, and added, "a dangerous shore, sir, a dangerous shore."

"But full of kind-hearted people that fire their guns at poor shipwrecked mariners," put in Peter Bligh. I wouldn't believe him at first, but there was no denying it, awful truth that it was, when a few minutes had passed.

"Good heavens," cried I, "it can't be so, Peter, and yet that's a rifle's tongue, or I've lost my hearing."

Well, we all stood together and listened as men listen for some poor creature's death-cry, or the sounds which come in the stillness of the night to affright and unnerve us. Sure enough, you couldn't have counted ten before the report of guns was heard distinctly above the distant roar of breakers, while flashes of crimson light playing about the reef seemed to tell the whole story without another word from me.

"Those demons ashore are shooting the crew," cried I; "did man ever hear such bloody work? I'll have a reckoning for this, if it takes me twenty years. Lower away the boats, lads; I'm going to dance to that music."

They swung the two longboats out on the davits, and the port crew were in their seats, when Mister Jacob touched my arm and questioned my order, a thing I haven't known him do twice in ten years.

"Beg pardon, sir," said he, "but there's no boat that will help the *Santa Cruz* to-night."

"And why, Mister Jacob—why do you say that?"

"Because she's gone where neither you nor me wish to go yet awhile, Mister Begg."

I stood as though he had shot me, and clapping my glass to my eye I took another look towards the northern reef and the ship that was stranded there. But no ship was to be seen. She had disappeared in a twinkling; the sea had swallowed her up. And over the water, as an eerie wail, lasting and doleful, came the death-cries of those who perished with her.

"God rest their poor souls and punish them that sent them there," said Peter Bligh; but Mister Jacob was still full of his prudent talk.

"We're four miles out, and the moon will be gone in ten minutes, sir. You couldn't make the reef if you tried, and if you could, you'd find none living. This sea would best the biggest boat that ever a ship carried—it will blow harder in an hour, and what then? We've friends of our own to serve, and the door that Providence opens we've no right to shut. I say nothing against humanity, Captain Begg, but I wouldn't hunt the dead in the water when I could help the living ashore."

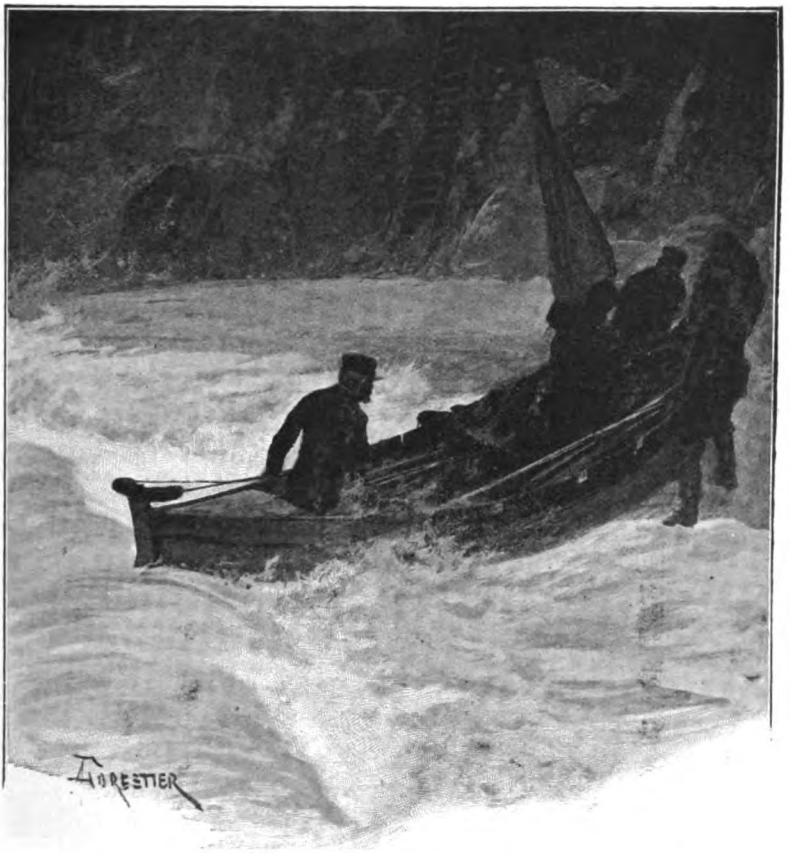
I saw his point in a moment, and had nothing to say against it. No small boat could have lived in the reefs about the northern end of the island with the sea that was running that night. If the demons who fired down upon the poor fellows of the *Santa Cruz* were still watching like vultures for human meat, like as not the main island would be free of them for us to go ashore as we pleased. A better opportunity might not be found for a score of months. I never blame myself, least of all now, when I know Ruth Bellenden's story, that I listened to the clear-headed wisdom of Anthony Jacob.

"You're right, as always, Mister Jacob.

I've no call to take these good fellows on a fool's errand. And it's going to blow hard, as you say. We'll take in one of the boats, and those that are for the shore will make haste to get aboard the other."

This I said to him, but to the men I put it in a few seaman's words.

"Lads," I said, "no boat that Southampton ever built could swim in yonder tide where it makes between the reefs. We'd like to help shipmates, but the chance is not ours. There's another little shipmate ashore there that needs our help pretty badly. I'm going in for her sake, and there's not a man of you that will not do his duty by the ship when I'm gone. Aye, you'll stand by Mister Jacob, lads, I may tell him that?"



"I HAVE ALWAYS ACCOUNTED IT MORE GOOD LUCK THAN GOOD SEAMANSHIP THAT BROUGHT US TO THE COVE AT LAST."

They gave me a rousing cheer, which was a pretty foolish thing to have done, and it took all my voice to silence them. Lucky for us, there was a cloud over the moon now, and darkness like a black vapour upon the sea. Not a lamp burned on the *Southern Cross;* not a cabin window but wasn't curtained. What glow came from her funnel was not more than a hazy red light over the waters; and when five of us (for we took Harry Doe to stand by ashore) stepped into the longboat, and set her head due west for the land, we lost the steamer in five minutes—and, God knows, we were never to see her again on the high seas or off.

Now, I have said that the wind had begun to blow fresh since sunset, and at two bells in the first watch, the time we left the ship, the sea ran high, and it was not over safe even in the longboat to be cruising for a shore we knew so little about. I have always accounted it more good luck than good seamanship that brought us to the cove at last, and set us all, wet but cheerful, on the dry, white sand about the ladder's foot. There was shelter in the bay both for man and ship, and when we'd dragged the longboat up on the beach we gave Harry Doe his orders and left him to his duty.

"If there's danger fire your gun," said I—"once, if you wish to call us; twice, if you think we should stand off. But you won't do that unless things are at the worst, and I'm hoping for the best, when you won't do it at all."

He answered, "Aye, aye," in a whisper which was like a bear's growl; and we four, Peter Bligh, Seth Barker, and the lad Dolly, besides myself, climbed the ladder like cats and stood at the cliff's head. To say that our hearts were in our mouths would not be strict truth, for I never feared any man

beast, or demon yet; and I wasn't going to begin that night—nor were the others more ready, that I will answer for them. But remembering the things we had seen on the reef, the words which Ruth Bellenden had spoken to me, and that which happened to the lad and myself last time we came ashore; remembering this, it's not to be wondered at that our hearts beat a bit quicker, and that our hands went now and again to the pistols we carried. For, just think of it—there we were at nine o'clock of a dark night, in a thick wood, with the trees making ghosts about us, and the path as narrow as a ship's plank, and no knowledge of who walked the woods with us nor any true reckoning of what was to follow down below. What man wouldn't have held his tongue at such a time, or argued with himself that it might end badly, and he never see the sun again? Not Jasper Begg, as I bear witness. Not he, by all that's truthful.

Now, I put myself at the head of our fellows and, the better to find the track, I went down on my hands and my knees like a four-footed thing, and signalling to those behind with a bosun's whistle, I led them well enough through the wood to the wicker-basket bridge; and would have gone on from there straight down to the house but for something which happened at the clearing of the thicket, just as I stood up to bid the men go over. Startling it was, to be sure, and enough to give any man a turn; nor did I wonder that Peter Bligh should have cried out as he did when first he clapped eyes upon it.

"Holy Mother of Music," says he, "'tis the angels singing, or I'm a dirty nigger!"

"Hold your tongue," says I, in a whisper; "are you afraid of two young women, then?"

"Of three," says he, "which being odd is lucky. When my poor father——"

"Confound your father," says I; "hold your tongue and wait."

He lay low at this, and the rest of us gaped, open-mouthed, as though we were staring at a fairy-book. There, before us, coming down from the black rocks above, leaping from step to step of the stone, were three young girls; but, aye, the queerest sort that ever tantalized a man with their prettiness. You may well ask, the night being inky dark, how we managed to see them at all; but let me tell you that they carried good resin torches in their hands, and the wild light, all gold and crimson against the rocks, shone as bright as a ship's flare and as far. Never have I seen such a thing, I say, and never shall. There were the three of them, like young deer on a bleak hillside, singing and laughing and leaping down, and, what's more, speaking to each other in an odd lingo, with here a word of French and there a word of German, and after that something that was beyond me and foreign to my understanding.

"God be good to me—saw man ever such a sight? And the dress of 'em, the dress of 'em," whispers Peter Bligh. But I clapped my hand upon his mouth and stopped him that time.

"The dress is all right," said I; "what I'm wondering is how three of that sort came in such a place as this. And well born too, well born, or I don't know the meaning of the term!"

They were pretty creatures, and their dress was like the rest of them. Short skirts all looped and frilled with flowers, toggery above cut out of some white skin, with caps to match and their hair falling in big romping curls about it—they were for all the world like the dancers you see at a stage play and just as active. And to hear their voices, sweet and musical, floating from ravine to ravine like a choir singing in a place of echoes, aye, that was something you might not soon forget. But what they were doing in such a place, or how they came there, the Lord above alone knew, and not a plain seaman like Jasper Begg.

"What are they saying, Peter—what do you make of it?" I asked him, under my breath.

"'Tis the French lingo," says he, foolish-like, "and if it's not that, 'tis the German—leastwise no Christian man that I know of could distinguish between 'em."

"Peter," says I, "that's what you learn in the asylum. 'Tis no more the French lingo than your own. Why, hearken to it."

Well, he listened, and soon we heard a pretty echo from the valley, for they'd gone down toward the gardens now; and one word repeated often had as nice a touch of music as I remember hearing. It was just this: "Rosamunda—munda—munda," and you can't think how fresh the young voice sounded in that lonely place, or what a chill it gave a man when he remembered the demons over at the reef and what they'd done to the crew of the *Santa Cruz*. As far as that goes, I do believe to this day that our fellows believed they'd seen nothing more nor less than an apparition out of the black rocks above them,

"THEY WERE FOR ALL THE WORLD LIKE THE DANCERS YOU SEE AT A STAGE PLAY."

and it wasn't until I'd spoken to them in good honest English that I got them to go on again.

"Flesh or spirit, that's not a lot to whiten a man's gills," cried I; "why, thunder, Peter Bligh, you're big enough to put 'em all in your pocket, and soft enough they'd lie when they got there. Do you mean to tell me," said I, "that four hale and strong men are to be frightened out of their wits by three pretty girls?—and you a religious man, too, Peter! Why, I'm ashamed of you, that I am, lads, right down ashamed of you!"

They plucked up at this, and Peter he made haste to excuse himself.

"If they was Christian men with knives in their hands," says he, "I'd put up a bit of a prayer, and trust to the Lord to shoot 'em; but them three's agen all reason, at this time of night in such a lone place."

"Go on with you, Peter," chimes in Dolly Venn; "three ripping little girls, and don't I wish they'd ask me in to tea! Why, look, they're down by the house now, and somebody with them, though whether it's a man or a woman I really don't pretend to say."

"I'm derned if I don't think it's a lion," says Seth Barker, asking my pardon for the liberty.

We all stood still at this, for we were on the hillside just above the house now, and down on the fair grass-way below us we espied the three little girls with their torches still burning, and they as deep in talk with a stranger as a man might have been with his own mother. A more remarkable human being than the one these little ladies had happened upon I don't look to see again the world around. Man or lion—God forgive me if I know what to call him. He'd hair enough, shaggy hair curling about his shoulders, to have stuffed a feather bed. His dress was half man's, half woman's. He'd a tattered petticoat about his legs, a seaman's blouse for his body, and a lady's shawl above that upon his shoulders—his legs were bare as a barked tree, and what boots he had should have been in the rag-shop. What was more wonderful still was to see the manner of the young ladies towards him—for I shall always call them that—they petted him and fondled him, and one put a mock crown of roses on his head. Then, with that pretty song of theirs, "Rosamunda—munda—munda," they

all ran off together toward the northern shore and left us in the darkness, as surprised a party of men as you'll readily meet with.

"Well," says Peter Bligh, and he was the first among us to speak, "yon's a nice shipmate to speak on a quiet road. So help me thunder, but I wouldn't pass round the tin for him in a beauty show, no, not much! Did ye see the hair of him, captain—did ye see the hair?"

"And the girls kissing him as though he were Apollo," cries Dolly Venn, who, I don't doubt, would have done the kissing willingly himself. But I hushed their talk, and without more ado I went straight down to Ruth Bellenden's house. All the strange things we'd seen and heard, the uncanny sights, the firing on the reef, the wild man ashore, the little girls from the hills—all these, I say, began to tell me my mistress's story as a written book might never have done. "She's need of me," I said, "sore need; and by God's help I'll bring her out of this place before to-morrow's sun."

For how should I know what long days must pass before I was to leave Ken's Island again?

CHAPTER VI.

JASPER BEGG MEETS HIS OLD MISTRESS, AND IS WATCHED.

I HAD made up my mind to take every due precaution before going up to the house where my mistress lived; and with caution in my head I left Seth Barker, the carpenter, a little way up on the hill path, while I set Peter Bligh at the gate of the garden, and posted Dolly Venn round at the northern side, where the men who had looted the *Santa Cruz* might be looked for with any others that I had no knowledge of. When this was done, and they understood that they were to fire a gun if the need arose, I opened the wicket-gate and crept up the grass path for all the world like an ill-visaged fellow who had no true business there. Not a sound could I hear in all that place; not a dog barked, nor a human voice spoke. Even the wind came fitful and gusty about the sheltered house, and so quiet was it between the squalls that my own footfall almost could scare me. For, you see, a whisper spoken at the wrong time might have undone all—a clumsy step have cost us more than a man cared to think. We were but four, and, for all I knew, there might have been four hundred on Ken's Island. You don't wonder, therefore, if I asked myself at times whether to-morrow's sun would find us living, or what our misfortune might spell for one I had come so far to serve.

It was very dark in the garden, as I have told you, but two of the windows in the house were lighted up and two golden rings of light thrown out upon the soft grass I trod. I stood a long time debating which window to knock upon—for it was a fearful lottery, I must say—and when I'd turned it over and over in my head, and now made out that it was this window and now plumped for the other, I took up a pebble at last and cast it upon the pane nearest to the door—for that seemed to me the more likely room, and I'd nothing else but common sense to guide me. You may judge of my feelings when no notice was taken of my signal except by a dog, which began to yap like a pup and to make such a scare that I thought every window and every door must be opened that very instant and as many men out on top of me. I said, surely, that it was all up with Jasper Begg that journey; but odd to to tell it, the dog gave over at last, and no one showed himself, neither was there any whistle from my company; and I was just making ready to throw another stone when the second light was turned out all of a sudden and, the long window being opened, Ruth Bellenden—or, to be more correct, Madame Czerny—herself came out into the garden, and stood looking round about as though she knew that I was there and had been waiting for me. When at last she saw me she didn't speak or make any sign, but going about to the house again she held the window open for me, and I passed into the dark room with her, and there held her hand in mine, I do believe as though I would never let it go again.

"Jasper," says she, in a whisper that was pretty as the south wind in springtime; "Jasper Begg! How could it be anyone else? Oh, we must light a candle, Jasper Begg," says she, "or we shall lose ourselves in the dark."

"Miss Ruth," said I, "light or dark, I'm here according to my orders, and the ship's here, and as I said to you before the yellow boy to-day, we're waiting for our mistress to go aboard."

She had her back to me when I said this, and was busy enough drawing the curtains and lighting the lamp again. The light showed me that she wore a rich black gown with fluffy stuff over it, and a bit of a sparkle in the way of diamonds like a band across her parted hair. The face was deceiving,

now lighted up by one of the old smiles, now hard set as one who had suffered much for her years. But there was nothing over-womanish in her talk, and we two thrashed it out there just the same as if Ken's Island wasn't full of demons, and the lives of me and my men worth what a spin of the coin might buy them at.

"You mustn't call me Miss Ruth," says she, when she turned from the lamp and tidied up her writing on the table; "of course you know that, Jasper Begg. And you at my wedding, too—is it really not more than twelve long months ago?"

A sigh passed her lips, such a sigh as tells a woman's story better than all the books; and in that moment the new look came upon her face, the look I had seen when the yellow man changed words with her in the morning.

"It's thirteen months three weeks since you went up with Mr. Czerny to the cathedral at Nice," was my next word; "the days go slow on this out-of-the-way shore, I'll be bound—until our friends come, Miss Ruth, until we're sure they haven't forgotten us."

I had a meaning in this, and be sure she took it. Not that she answered me out and away as I wished; for she put on the pretty air of wife and mistress who wouldn't tell any of her husband's secrets.

"Why, yes," she said, very slowly, "the days are long and the nights longer, and, of course, my husband is much away from here."

I nodded my head and drew the chair she'd offered me close to the table. On her part she was looking at the clock as though she wished that the hands of it might stand still. I read it that we hadn't much time to lose, and what we had was no time for fair words.

"Miss Ruth," says I, without more parley, "from what I've seen to-night I don't doubt that any honest man would be glad to get as far as he could from Ken's Island and its people. You'll pardon what a plain seaman is going to say, and count him none the less a friend for saying it. When you left money in the banker's hands to commission a ship and bring her to this port, your words to me were, 'I may have need of you.' Miss Ruth, you have need of me—I should be no more than a fool if I couldn't see that. You have sore need of me, lady, and if you won't say so for yourself, I take leave to say it for you."

She raised a hand as though she would not hear me—but I was on a clear course now, and I held to it in spite of her.

"Yes," I said, "you've need of your friends to-night, and it's a lucky wind that brought them to this shore. What has passed, Miss Ruth, in these months you speak of, it's not for me to ask or inquire. I have eyes in my head, and they show me what I would give my fortune not to see. You're unhappy here—you're not treated well."

"HER LITTLE HEAD WENT DOWN ON THE TABLE AND SHE BEGAN TO SOB."

I waited for her to speak; but not a word would she say. White she was, as a flower from her own garden, and once or twice she shivered as though the cold had struck her. I was just going on to speak again, when what should happen but that her little head went down on the table and she began to sob as though her heart would break.

"Oh, Jasper Begg, how I have suffered, how I have suffered!" said she, between her sobs; and what could I do, what could any man do who would kiss the ground a woman walks upon but has no right or title to? Why, hold his tongue, of course, though it hurt him cruelly to do any such thing.

"Miss Ruth," said I, very foolish, "please don't think of that now. I'm here to help you, the ship's here, we're waiting for you to go aboard."

She dried her tears and tried to look up at me with a smile.

"Oh, I'm just a child, just a child again, Jasper," cries she; "a year ago I thought myself a woman, but that's all passed. And I shall never go away on your ship, Jasper Begg—never, never. I shall die on Ken's Island as so many have died."

I stood up at this and pointed to the clock.

"Little friend," I said, "if you'll put a cloak about your shoulders and leave this house with me I'll have you safe aboard the *Southern Cross* in twenty minutes by that clock, as God is my witness."

It was no boast—for that I could have done as any seaman knows; and you may well imagine that I stood as a man struck dumb when I had her answer.

"Why, yes," she said, "you could put me on board your boat, Captain Jasper, if every step I took was not watched; if every crag had not its sentinel; if there were not a hundred to say 'Go back—go back to your home.' Oh, how can you know, how can you guess the things I fear and dread in this awful place? You, perhaps, because the ship is waiting will be allowed to return to it again. But I, never, never again to my life's end."

A terrible look crossed her face as she said this, and with one swift movement she opened a drawer in the locker where she did her writing, and took from it a little book which she thrust, like a packet, into my hands.

"Read," she said, with startling earnestness, "read that when you are at sea again. I never thought that any other eyes but mine would see it; but you, Jasper, you shall read it. It will tell you what I myself could never tell. Read it as you sail away from here, and then say how you will come back to help the woman who needs your help so sorely."

I thrust the book into my pocket, but was not to be put off like that.

"Read it I will, every line," said I; "but you don't suppose that Jasper Begg is about to sail away and leave you in this plight, Miss Ruth! He'd be a pretty sort of Englishman to do that, and it's not in his constitution, I do assure you!"

She laughed at my earnestness, but recollecting how we stood and what had befallen since sunset, she would hear no more of it.

"You don't understand; oh, you don't understand!" she cried, very earnestly. "There's danger here, danger even now while you and I are talking. Those who have gone out to the wreck will be coming home again; they must not find you in this house, Jasper Begg, must not, must not! For my sake, go as you came. Tell all that thought of me how I thank them. Some day, perhaps, you will learn how to help me. I am grateful to you, Jasper—you know that I am grateful."

She held out both her hands to me, and they lay in mine, and I was trying to speak a real word from my heart to her when there came a low, shrill whistle from the garden-gate, and I knew that Peter Bligh had seen something and was calling me.

"Miss Ruth," says I, "that's old Peter Bligh and his danger signal. There'll be someone about, or he wouldn't do it."

Well, she never said a word. I saw a shadow cross her face, and believed she was about to faint. Nor will anyone be surprised at that when I say that the door behind us had been opened while we talked, and there stood Kess Denton, the yellow man, watching us like a hound that would bite presently.

CHAPTER VII.

IN WHICH HELP COMES FROM THE LAST QUARTER WE HAD EXPECTED IT.

Now, no sooner did I see the yellow man than my mind was fully made up, and I determined what harbour to make for. "If you're there, my lad," said I to myself, "the others are not far behind you. You've seen me come in, and it's your intention to prevent me going out again. To be caught like a rat in a trap won't serve Ruth Bellenden, and it won't serve me. I'm for the open, Kess Denton," said I, "and no long while about it, either."

This I said, but I didn't mean to play the startled kitten, and without any token of surprise or such-like I turned round to Miss Ruth and gave her "good evening."

"I'm sorry you're not coming aboard, Madame Czerny," says I; "we weigh in an hour, and it will be a month or more before I call in again. But you sha'n't wait long for the news if I can help it; and as for your brother, Mr. Kenrick, I'll trust to hear from him at 'Frisco and to tell you what he thinks on my return. Good-night, madam," said I, "and the best of health and prosperity."

I held out my hand, and she shook it like one who didn't know what she was doing. The yellow man came a step nearer and said, "Halloa, my hearty." I nodded my head to him and he put his hand on my shoulder. Poor fool, he thought I was a child, perhaps, and to be treated as one; but I'd learnt a thing or two about taking care of myself in Japan, and you couldn't have counted two before I had his arm twisted under mine, and he gave a yell they must have heard up in the hills.

"I WRENCHED THE PISTOL FROM HIS GRASP."

"If you cry out like that you'll ruin your beautiful voice," said I; "hasn't anyone ever asked you to sing hymns in a choir? Well, I'm surprised. Good-night, my boy; I shall be coming back for your picture before many days have passed."

Upon this I stepped toward the door, and thought that I had done with him; but no sooner was I out in the garden than something went singing by my ear, and upon that a second dose with two reports that echoed in the hills like rolling thunder. No written music was necessary to tell me what sort of a tune that was, and I swung round on my heel and gripped the man by the throat almost before the echoes of the shot had died away.

"Kess Denton," said I, "if you will have it, you shall!" and with that I wrenched the pistol from his grasp and struck him a blow over the head that sent him down without a word.

"One," said I, to myself, "one that helped to make little Ruth Bellenden suffer"; and with that I set off running and never looked to the right of me or to the left until I saw Peter Bligh at the gate and heard his honest voice.

"Is it you—is it you yourself, Mr. Begg? Thank God for that!" cries he, and it was no longer in a whisper; "there's men in the hills, and Seth Barker whistling fit to crack his lips. Is the young lady coming aboard, sir? No?—well I'm not surprised neither, though this shore do seem a queerish sort of place——"

I cut him short, and Dolly Venn running round from his place in the garden I asked him for his news. The thing now was to find a road to the sea. What could be done for Ruth Bellenden that night was over and passed. Our chance lay on the deck of the *Southern Cross*, and after that at 'Frisco.

"What have you seen, Dolly Venn? Be

quick, lad, for we can't linger," was my question to him so soon as he was within hail, and for his answer he pointed to the trees which bordered the garden on the eastward side.

"The wood is full of armed men, sir. Two of them nearly trod upon me while I was lying there. They carry rifles, and seem to be Germans—I couldn't be sure of that, sir."

"Germans or chimpanzees, we're going by them this night. Where's Seth Barker—why doesn't he come down? Does he think we can pass by the hill-road?—the wooden block! Call him, one of you."

They were about to do this when Seth Barker himself came panting down the hill-path, and, what was more remarkable, he carried an uncouth sort of bludgeon in his hand. I could see he'd had a bit of a rough and tumble on the way, but that wasn't the time for particulars.

"Come aboard, sir," says he, breathing heavy; "the gangway's blocked, but I give one of 'em a bit of a knock with his own shillelagh, and that's all right."

"Is there any more up there?" I asked, quickly.

"May be a dozen, may be more. They're up on the heights looking for you to go up, captain."

"Aye," said I, "pleasant company, no doubt. Well, we must strike eastward somehow, lads, and the sooner the better. We'll hold to the valley a bit and see where that leads us. Do you, Seth Barker, keep that bit of a shillelagh ready, and, if anyone asks you a question, don't you wait to answer it."

Now, I had resolved to try and get down to the sea by the valley road and, once upon the shore, to signal Harry Doe, if possible; and, if not him, then the ship herself as a last resource. Any road seemed to me better than this trap of a house with armed men all about it and a pistol bullet ready for any stranger that lingered. "Aboard the ship," said I, "we'll show them a clean pair of heels to 'Frisco and, after that, ask the American Government what it can do for Ruth Bellenden and for her husband." We were four against a hundred, perhaps, and desperate men against us. If we got out of the scrape with our skins we should be as lucky a lot as ever sailed the Northern Pacific Ocean. But should we—could we? Why, it was a thousand to one against it!

I said this when we plunged into the wood; and yet I will bear witness that I got more excitement than anything else out of that venture, and I don't believe the others got less. There we were, the four of us, trampling through the brushwood, crushing down the bushes, now lying low, now up a-running—and not a man that wouldn't have gone through it twice for Ruth Bellenden's sake. If so be that the night was to cost us our lives, well, crying wouldn't help it—and those that were against us were flesh and blood, all said and done, and no spirits to scare a man. To that I set it down that we went on headlong and desperate. As for the thicket itself, it was full of men—I could see their figures between the trees; and we must have passed twenty of them in the darkness before one came out plump on our path and cried out to us to halt.

"Hold, hold," shouts he; "is it you, Bob Williams?"

"It's Bob Williams, right enough," says I, and with that I gave him one between the eyes and down he went like a felled ox. The man who was with him, stumbling up against Seth Barker, had a touch of the shillelagh which was like a rock falling upon a fly. He just gave one shuddering groan and fell backwards, clutching the branches. Little Dolly Venn laughed aloud in his excitement; and Peter Bligh gave a real Irish "hurrugh"; but the darkness had swallowed it all up in a minute, and we were on again, heading for the shore like those that run a race for their very lives.

"Do you see any road, Peter Bligh?" asked I, for my breath was coming short now; "do you see any road, man?"

"The deuce a one, sir, and me weighing fourteen stone!"

"You'll weigh less when we get down, Peter."

"And drink more, the saints be praised!"

"Was that a rifle-shot or a stone from the hills?" I asked them a moment later. Dolly Venn answered me this time.

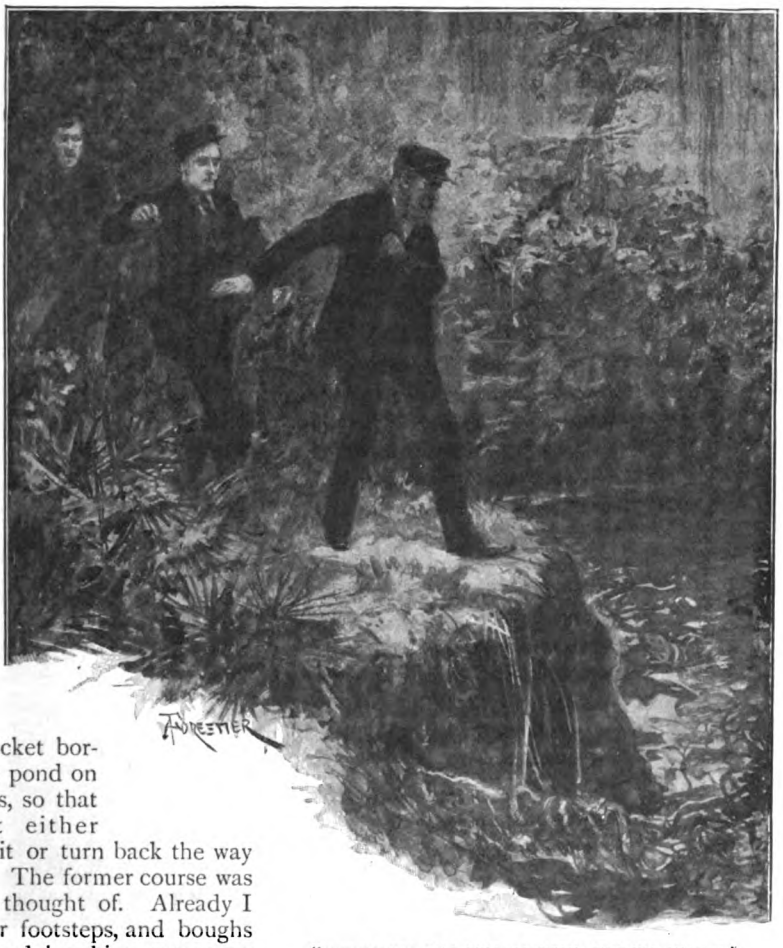
"A rifle-shot, captain. They'll be shooting one another, then—it's ripping, ripping!"

"Look out, lad, or it'll be dripping!" cried I; "don't you see there's water ahead?"

I cried the warning to him and stood stock-still upon the borders of as black a pool as I remember to have seen in any country. The road had carried us to the foot of the hills, almost to the chasm which the wicker-bridge spanned; and we could make out that same bridge far above us like a black rope in the twilight. The water itself was covered with some clinging plants, and full of ugly, winding snakes

which caused the whole pool to shine with a kind of uncanny light; while an overpowering odour, deadly and stifling, steamed up from it, and threatened to choke a man. What was worse than this was a close thicket bordering the pond on three sides, so that we must either swim for it or turn back the way we came. The former course was not to be thought of. Already I could hear footsteps, and boughs snapping and breaking not many yards from where we stood. To cross the pond might have struck the bravest man alive with terror. I'd have sooner forfeited my life time over than have touched one of those slimy snakes I could see wriggling over the leaves to the bottom of the still water. What else to do I had no more notion than the dead. "It's the end, Jasper Begg," said I to myself, "the end of you and your venture." But of Ruth Bellenden I wouldn't think. How could I, when I knew the folks that were abroad on Ken's Island?

I will just ask any traveller to stand with me where I stood that night and to say if these words are overmuch for the plight, or if I have spoken of it with moderation. A night as black as ink, mind you; my company in the heart of a wood with big teak trees all round us, and cliffs on our right towering up to the sky like mountains.



"THE WATER WAS FULL OF UGLY, WINDING SNAKES."

Before us a pool of inky water, all worming with odd lights and lines of blue fire, like flakes of phosphorus on a bath, and alive with the hissing of hundreds of snakes. Upon our left hand a scrubby thicket and a marsh beneath it, I make sure; Czerny's demons, who had shot the poor folks on the *Santa Cruz*, at our heels, and we but four against the lot of them. Would any man, I ask, have believed that he could walk into such a trap and get out of it unharmed? If so, it wasn't Jasper Begg, nor Peter Bligh, nor little Dolly Venn, nor Seth Barker with the bludgeon in his hand. They'd as good as given it up when we came to the pool and

stood there like hunting men that have lost all hope.

"Done, by all that's holy!" says Peter Bligh, drawing back from the pond as from some horrid pit. "Snakes I have seen, nateral and unnateral, but them yonder give me the creeps——"

"Creeps or no creeps, the others will be up here in five minutes, and what are you going to do then, Peter Bligh, what then?" asks I, for as I'm a living man I didn't know which way to turn from it.

Seth Barker was the one that answered me.

"I'm going to knock some nails in, by your leave," says he, and with that he stood very still and bade us listen. The whole wood was full of the sound of "halloaing" now. Far and wide I heard question and answer, and a lingering yodle such as the Swiss boys make on the mountains. It couldn't be many minutes, I said, before the first man was out on our trail, and there I was right, for one of them came leaping out of the wood straight into Peter Bligh's arms before I'd spoken another word. Poor fellow—it was the last good-night for him in this world—for Peter passes him on, so to speak, and he went headlong into the pond without anyone knowing how he got there. A more awful end I hope I may never hear of, and yet, God knows, he brought it on himself. As for Peter Bligh, the shock set him sobbing like a woman. It was all my work to get him on again.

"No fault of ours," said I; "we're here for a woman's sake, and if there's man's work to do, we'll do it, lads. Take my advice and you'll turn straight back and run for it. Better a tap on the head than a cry in yonder pool."

They replied fearsomely—the strain was telling upon them badly. That much I learnt from their husky voices and the way they kept close to me, as though I could protect them. Seth Barker, especially, big man that he was, began to mutter to himself in the wildest manner possible, while little Dolly burst into whistling from time to time in a way that made me crazy.

"That's right, lad," cried I, "tell them you're here, and ask after the health of their women-folk. You've done with this world, I see, and made it straight for the next. If you've a match in your pocket, strike it to keep up their spirits."

Well, he stopped short, and I was ashamed of myself a minute after for speaking so to a mere lad whose life was before him and who'd every right to be afraid.

"Come," said I, more kindly, "keep close to me, Dolly, and if you don't know where I am, why, put out your hand and touch me. I've been in worse scrapes than this, my boy, and I'll lead you out of it somehow. After all, we've the ship over yonder, and Mister Jacob isn't done with yet. Keep up your heart, then, and put your best leg forward."

Now, this was spoken to put courage into him—not that I believed what I said, but because he and the others counted upon me, and my own feelings had to go under somehow. For the matter of that, it looked all Lombard Street to a China orange against us when we took the woodland path again, and so I believe it would have been but for something which came upon us like a thunder-flash, and which Peter Bligh was the first to call our attention to.

"Is it fireflies or lanterns?" cries he all at once, bringing out the words like a pump might have done; "yonder on the hill-side, shipmates—is it fireflies or lanterns?"

I stood to look, and while I stood Seth Barker named the thing.

"It's lanterns," cries he; "lanterns, sure and certain, captain."

"And the three ripping little girls carrying them," puts in Dolly Venn.

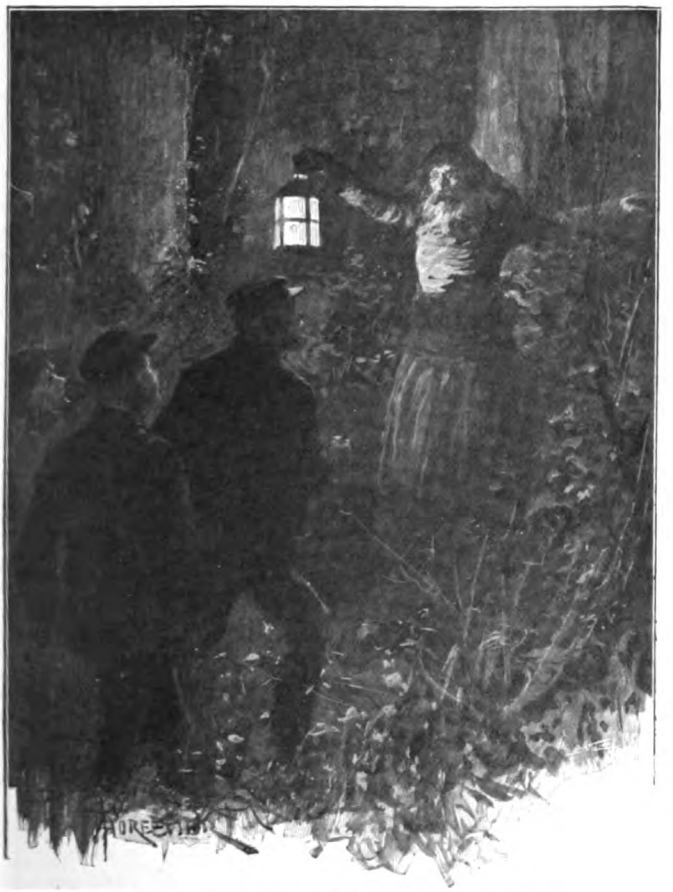
"'Tis no woman ever born that would hunt down four poor sailor-men," cries Peter Bligh.

"To say nothing of the he-lion they was a-fondling of," from Seth Barker.

"Lads," said I, in my turn, "this is the unlooked for, and I, for one, don't mean to pass it by. I'm going to ask those young ladies for a short road to the hills—and not lose any time about it either."

They all said "Aye, aye," and we ran forward together. The halloaing in the wood was closing in about us now; you could hear voices wherever you turned an ear. As for the lanterns, they darted from bush to bush like glow-worms on a summer's night, so that I made certain they would dodge us after all. My heart was low down enough, be sure of it, when I lost view of those guiding stars altogether, and found myself face to face with the last figure I might have asked for if you'd given me the choice of a hundred.

For what should happen but that the weird being whom Seth Barker had called the "he-lion," the old fellow in petticoats, whom the little girls made such a fuss of, he, I say, appeared of a sudden right in the path before us, and, holding up a lantern warningly, he hailed us with a word which told us that he was our friend—the very last I would have named for that in all the island.



"'JASPER BEGG,' CRIED HE, 'FOLLOW CLAIR-DE-LUNE.'"

"Jasper Begg," cried he, in a voice that I'd have known for a Frenchman's anywhere, "follow Clair-de-Lune—follow—follow!"

He turned to the bushes behind him, and, seeming to dive between them, we found him when we followed flat on his stomach, the lantern out, and he running like a dog up a winding path before him. He was leading us to the heights, and when I looked up to the great bare peaks and steeple-like rocks, up-standing black and gloomy under the starry sky, I began to believe that this wild man was right and that in the hills our safety lay.

But of that we had yet to learn, and for all we knew to the contrary it might have been a trap.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BIRD'S NEST IN THE HILLS.

THERE had been a great sound of "halloaing" and firing in the woods when we raced through them for our lives; but it was all still and cold on the mountain-side, and you could hear even a stone falling or the drip of water as it oozed from the black rocks to the silent pools below. What light there was came down through the craggy gorge, and it was not until we had climbed up and up for a good half-hour or more that we began to hear the sea-breeze whistling among the higher peaks like wild music which the spirits might have made. As for the path itself, it was oftentimes but a ledge against the wall of some sheer height, and none, I think, but seamen could have followed it, surely. Even I remembered where I was, and feared to look down sometimes; but danger bridges many a perilous road, and what with the silence and the fresh breezes and the thought that we might live through the night, after all, I believe I could have hugged the wild old man who led us upward so unflinchingly.

I say that he went on unflinchingly, and surely no goat could have climbed quicker than he did. Now standing over an abyss which made you silly to look down into; now pulling himself up by bush or branch; at other times scrambling over loose shale as though he had neither hands nor knees to cut, he might well have scared the coolest who had met him without warning on such a road. As for the four men he had saved from the fiends in the thickets below, I don't believe there was one of them who didn't trust him from the first. The sea is a sure school for knowing men and their humours. If this old Frenchman chose to put a petticoat about his legs, and to wear a lion's mane down his back, we liked him all the better for that. What we had seen of the young girls' behaviour toward him made up for that which we did not know about him. He must have had a tender place somewhere in his heart, or three young women wouldn't fondle him like a dog. Like a ship out of the night had he crossed our path; and his port must be our port, since

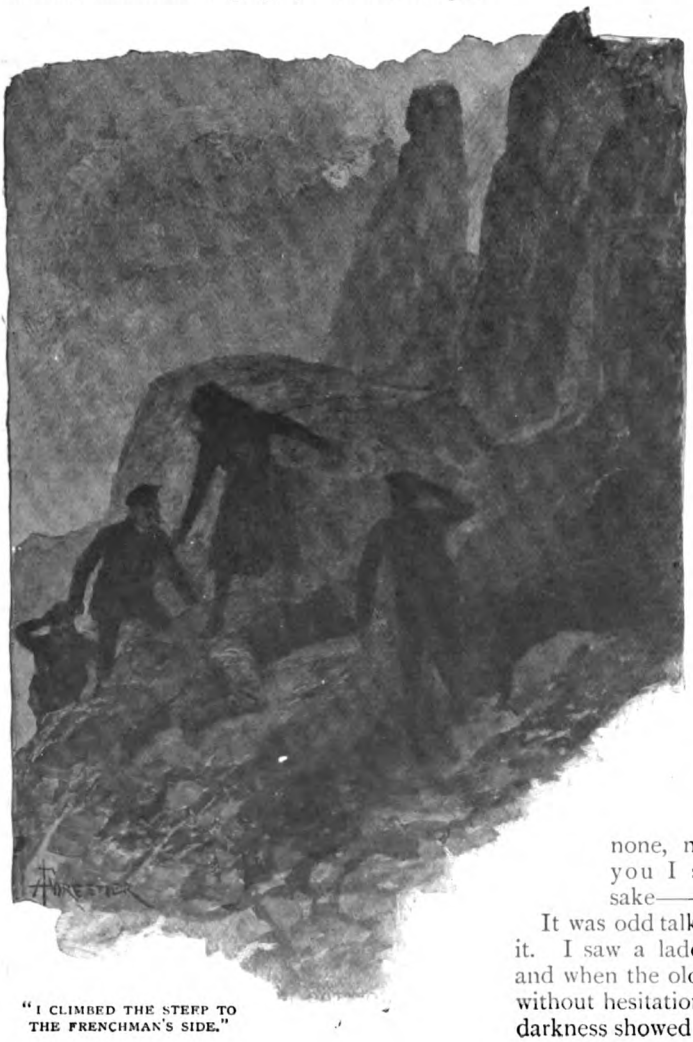
we knew no other. That's why, I say, we followed him over the dangerous road like children follow a master. He was leading us to some good haven—I had no doubt of it. The thing that remained to tell was, had we the strength and the breath to reach it?

You may imagine that it was no light thing to run such a race as we had run, and to be asked to climb a mountain on the top of it. For my part, I was so dead tired that every step up the hill-side was like a knife in my side; and as for Peter Bligh, I wonder he didn't go rolling down to the rocks, so hard did he breathe and so heavy he was. But men will do wonders to save their necks, and that is how it is that we went up and still up, through the black ravine, to the blue peaks above. Aye, a fearsome place we had come to now, with terrible gorges, and wild shapes of rocks, like dead men's faces leering out of the darkness. The wind howled with a human voice, the desolation of all the earth seemed here. And yet the old man must push on—up, up, as though he would touch the very sky.

"The Lord be good to me," cried Peter Bligh, at last; "I can go no farther if it's a million a mile! Oh, Mister Begg, for the love of Heaven, clap a rope about the wild man's legs."

I pushed him on over a sloping peak of shale, and told him to hold his tongue.

"Will you lie in the pool, then? Where's your courage, man? Another hundred yards and you shall stop to breathe. There's the old lion himself waiting for us, and a big bill of thanks he has against us, to be sure."



"I CLIMBED THE STEEP TO THE FRENCHMAN'S SIDE."

I said no more, but climbed the steep to the Frenchman's side, and found him waiting on the bank of that which seemed to be a great cup-like hole, black and bottomless, and the last place you'd have picked for a camp on all the hillside. Dolly Venn was already there, and Seth Barker, lying on the stones and panting like a great dog. Old Clair-de-Lune alone was fresh and ready, and able in his broken English to tell us what he wished.

"Messieurs," he said, "speak not long but go down. I myself am shipmate too. Ah, messieurs, you do wise to follow me. Down there no dog bark. I show you the ladder, and all be well. To-morrow you speak your ship—go home. For me, never again—I die here with the children, messieurs; none shall come for old Clair-de-Lune, none, never at no time—but you, you I save for the shipmates' sake——"

It was odd talk, but no time to argue about it. I saw a ladder thrust up out of the pit, and when the old man went down I followed without hesitation. A lantern lighted in the darkness showed me a hollow nest 20ft. deep,

perhaps, and carpeted over with big brown leaves and rugs spread out, and in one corner that which was not unlike a bed. Moreover, there was a little stove in the place and upon one side an awning stretched against the rain, while cooking pots and pans and other little things made it plain at a glance that this was the man's own refuge in the mountains, and that here, at least, some part of his life was spent. No further witness to his honesty could be asked for. He had brought us to his own home. It was time to speak of thanks.

"What you've done for us neither me nor mine will ever forget," said I, warmly. "Here's a seaman's hand and a seaman's thanks. Should the day come when we can do a like turn to you, be sure I'll be glad to hear of it; and if it came that you had the mind to go aboard with us—aye, and the young ladies, too—why, you'll find no one more willing than Jasper Begg."

We shook hands, and he set the lantern down upon the floor. Peter Bligh was lying on his back now, crying to a calendar of saints to help him; Seth Barker breathed like a winded horse; little Dolly Venn stood against the wall of the pit with his head upon his arm, like a runner after a race; the old Frenchman drew the ladder down and made all snug as a ship is made for the night.

"No one come here," he said, "no one find the way. You sleep, and to-morrow you signal ship to go down where I show. For me and mine, not so. This is my home; I am stranger in my own country. No one remember Clair-de-Lune. Twelve years I live here—five times I sleep the dreadful sleep which the island make—five times I live where others die. Why go home, messieurs, if you not have any? I not go; but you, you hasten because of the sleep."

We all pricked up our ears at this curious saying, and Dolly Venn, he out with a question before I could—indeed, he spoke the French tongue very prettily, and for about five minutes the two of them went at it hammer and tongs like two old women at charing.

"What does he mean by sleep-time, lad? Why shouldn't a man sleep on Ken's Island? What nonsense will he talk next?"

I'd forgotten that the old man spoke English too, but he turned upon me quickly to remind me of the fact.

"No nonsense, monsieur, as many a one has found—no nonsense at all, but very dreadful thing. Three, four time by the year it come; three, four time it go. All men sleep if they not go away – you sleep if you not go away. Ah, the good God send you to the ship before that day."

He did his best to put it clearly, but he might as well have talked Chinese. Dolly, who understood his lingo, made a brave attempt, but did not get much farther.

"He says that this island is called by the Japanese the Island of Sleep. Two or three times every year there comes up from the marshes a poisonous fog which sends you into a trance from which you don't recover, sometimes for months. It can't be true, sir, and yet that's what he says."

"True or untrue, Dolly," said I, in a low voice, "we'll not give it the chance. It's a fairy tale, of course, though it doesn't sound very pretty when you hear it."

"Nor is that music any more to my liking," exclaimed Peter Bligh, at this point, meaning that we should listen to a couple of gun-shots fired, not in the woods far down below us, but somewhere, as it seemed, on the sea-beach we had failed to make.

"That would be Harry Doe warning us," cried I.

"And meaning that it was dangerous for us to go down."

"He'll have put off and saved the long-boat, anyway. We'll hail him at dawn, and see where the ship is."

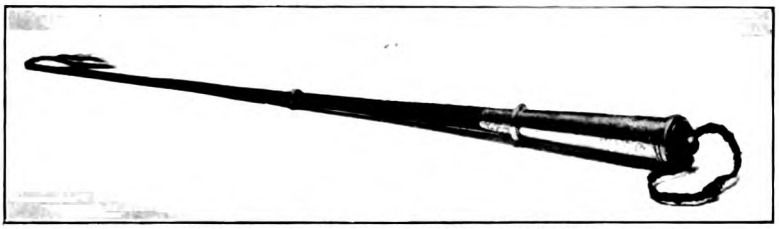
They heard me in silence. The tempest roaring in the peaks above that weird, wild place, our knowledge of the men on the island below, the old Frenchman's strange talk—no wonder that our eyes were wide open and sleep far from them. Dawn, indeed, we waited for as those who are passing through the terrible night. I think sometimes that, if we had known what was in store for us, we should have prayed to God that we might not see the day.

(To be continued.)

Sporting and Athletic Trophies.

By Hugh B. Philpott.

THE gentle art of "pot-hunting" is held in somewhat low esteem among sportsmen and athletes of the better sort. And rightly so; for nothing—except the spirit of gambling—is so inimical to the best interests of sport. I say nothing against those who openly and avowedly make some form of sport a means of livelihood; but whenever among amateurs the prize is the first consideration, it is a sure sign that the healthiest and most vital elements have departed from their sport. The ambition, however, to possess some tangible object as a symbol and memento of a sporting victory is a perfectly legitimate thing, and the interest we take in these trophies is as healthy in its way as the interest in a collection of war medals or of tattered flags.



THE NEWMARKET WHIP—THE OLDEST SPORTING TROPHY IN EXISTENCE.
From a Photo. by Henry Irving, Bromley.

Athletic trophies are as old as athletic contests. The victors at the Olympic games were rewarded with a garland of wild olive, and this was valued as one of the highest distinctions a man could obtain. Modern custom favours something more durable; but still the idea survives—and long may it remain, for it is one of the life principles of genuine sport—that the prize should be regarded, not as payment for the effort put forth, but as a certificate of achievement or a memorial of a worthy contest.

Speaking generally, then, a collection of sporting and athletic trophies is interesting by reason of what the trophies represent rather than of what they are. Here and there one may demand attention on account of its exceptional beauty, or curious form, or intrinsic value; but, as a rule, it is as the silent memorials of sporting or athletic contests that they interest us; and obviously the gorgeous and glittering cup that has only just been presented for competition must yield in interest to the much humbler-looking trophy that can speak of a long succession of exciting contests.

THE NEWMARKET CUP.
From a Photo. by Henry Irving, Bromley.

The interest of antiquity belongs emphatically to the two most famous racing trophies, the Newmarket Whip and the Newmarket Cup. The Whip is undoubtedly the most ancient sporting trophy in existence. So old is it that we have no record of its foundation, nor of its history for the first hundred years of its existence. On the handle, however, is a silver plate bearing a coat-of-arms which has been identified as that of Lord Dacre, who was created Earl of Sussex in 1674. Probably, therefore, Lord Dacre was the donor of the Whip, and it is quite likely that among the spectators of the earliest contests for its possession would be his sacred and sportive Majesty, King Charles II. The first race for the whip of which the *Racing Calendar* contains any mention took place in 1764, when the trophy was won by the Duke of Cumberland's Dumpling. Shortly

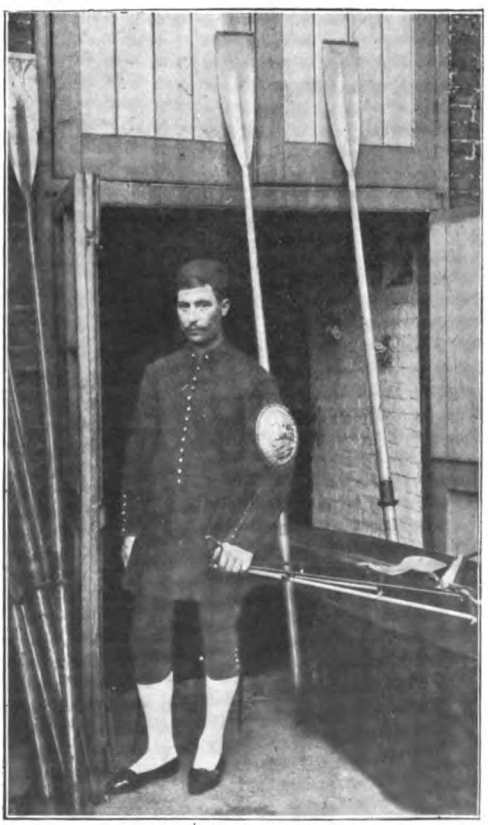
WEST NORFOLK HUNT STEEPLECHASE CUP—PRESENTED BY HIS MAJESTY THE KING.
From a] [Photo.

after this time the sporting world was excited by the doings of an extraordinary horse named Eclipse. Our ancestors had a pleasant, easy way of recording sporting events in round numbers, knocking off odd seconds and stretching seven furlongs into a mile, so that we are not obliged to believe—what the records of its performances would imply—that never before or since was there a horse that could compare with Eclipse. There is no doubt, however, that he was by far the best horse of his day, and it was a happy thought on the part of someone—very likely the Duke of Cumberland himself—to perpetuate the fame of this admirable animal by attaching a lock of hair from his tail to the handle of the Newmarket Whip, where it remains until this day.

Of the origin of the Newmarket Cup a more precise account can be given. It was purchased in 1768 by subscription amongst members of the Jockey Club and of the Jockey Club Rooms at Newmarket. It is a handsome cup, and, apart from the interest of its history, would be valuable as a good specimen of eighteenth century silversmiths' work. A condition attaching to both these ancient trophies is that they may not leave this country. In each case the holder keeps the trophy until it is challenged for. The Cup has only been the occasion of eight races during the whole period of its existence, but the challengers for the Whip have been more numerous. The Cup is at present held by Lord Durham and the Whip by Sir Ernest Cassel.

From the very old we turn to the very new. The West Norfolk Hunt Club's steeplechasing cup is an example in the style known as *l'art nouveau*, and has been carried out by Messrs. Mappin Brothers. It was presented to the Club by His Majesty the King in April last, and is specially interesting as being the first public presentation made by His Majesty since his accession.

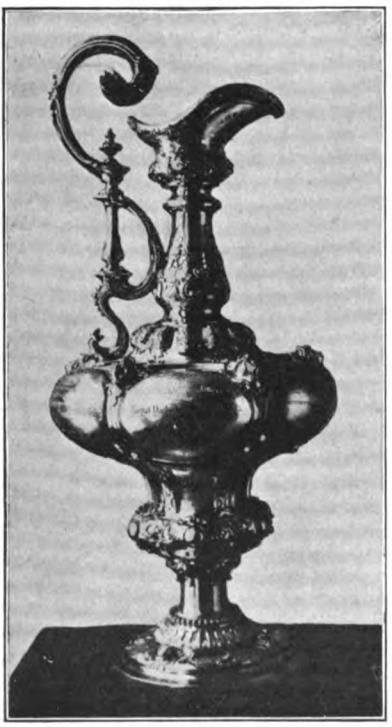
The oldest trophy that has been competed for year after year without intermission is to be found in the domain of aquatic sport. This is Doggett's Coat and Badge, which was instituted by one Thomas Doggett, an actor, in the year 1716, and has been competed for every 1st of August—unless that day happened to be Sunday, when the race was held on the following day—down to the present time. The "coat" is, in fact, a complete uniform of the style in vogue among watermen in Doggett's day, and the "badge" is of silver and is worn on the arm; it bears an impression of a wild horse—the coat of arms of the House of Hanover—and an inscription.



DOGGETT'S COAT AND BADGE.
From a Photo. by Henry Irving, Bromley.

What, it may be asked, had an actor to do with watermen, or the House of Hanover with either? The connection is closer than might at first sight appear. In Doggett's time, and long before, the Thames watermen were a very numerous and important class. The Thames was in those days much more generally used as a highway for passengers, and the waterman discharged most of the functions of the modern "cabby." A large portion of his business consisted in conveying passengers to and from the riverside theatres, and it is not surprising that Doggett and many another actor regarded the watermen, who brought them their audiences, as their very good friends.

The demise of Queen Anne is one of the few events in English history with which everyone is familiar, but not everyone, perhaps, fully realizes the significance of that event. One result of it was that the House of Hanover, in the person of George I., ascended the throne of England, much to the gratification of Thomas Doggett, who was a keen politician. To signalize the auspicious event, and at the same time do the watermen a friendly turn, Doggett offered a substantial prize for competition amongst them. "This being the day," ran his proclamation, which was set up on London Bridge on August 1st, 1716, "of His Majesty's happy accession to the Throne, there will be given by Mr. Doggett an orange-coloured livery with a badge representing Liberty, to be rowed for by six watermen that are out of their time within the year past. They are to row from London Bridge to Chelsea. It will be continued annually on the same day for ever." These conditions of the competition are still faithfully adhered to, and the Fishmongers' Company, who have the management of the race, still announce it as "in memory of the accession of the family of his present Majesty to the Throne of Great Britain."



THE AMERICA CUP.
From a Photo. by West & Son, Southsea.

Interesting though the race for Doggett's Coat and Badge is from an historical point of view, it excites but little public attention nowadays. Undoubtedly the factor which more than any other arouses popular interest in athletic contests is the presence of foreign competitors. Several of our great sporting contests have become international events, and where this is the case there is never any lack of popular interest. Thousands who concern themselves very little with athletic contests in a general way—business and professional men who declare they have something more important to do than trouble about sports, ladies who don't know whether a mile ought to be run in three minutes or in ten—all find themselves, on the occasion of an international contest, drawn into the vortex of popular excitement and fervently hoping for the victory of the Englishman, the English team, or the English boat.

When Sir Thomas Lipton set out on his gallant though unsuccessful attempt to "lift"—as the current phrase has it—the America Cup we all felt that he and Captain Sycamore and his gallant crew were as really the representatives of England—though in quite a friendly and sporting sense—as if they had been an army going to fight our battles. And whatever the degree of our ignorance about yachting matters, we did not fail to scan eagerly the long cablegrams reporting all the details of the famous struggle. Never, it may safely be said, in the whole history of sport has such widespread interest been taken in a sporting contest. Everybody felt a personal interest in the result, from His Majesty the King, who visited the *Shamrock* before she left these shores, down to the little Board school boy who wrote the following essay on the race: "Sir Thomas Lipton who has a shop in Angel Lane and another at Forest Gate is going to try and win the cup with his yot, it is called the *Shamrock*, and is painted

green. If Sir Thomas Lipton wins I shall ask mother to buy her grocery off him all except jam."

But apart from the international aspect of the affair there were in truth many other features about this race well calculated to

CUP FOR YACHTING DESIGNED BY THE GERMAN EMPEROR.
From a Photo.

strike the imagination and rouse sympathetic interest. It was exactly fifty years since the cup, first given by an English yachting club, had been carried across the Atlantic by the yacht *America*, and all attempts to win it back had hitherto failed. The competing yachts were beyond question the finest examples of scientific yacht building the world had seen. The contestants were prepared, in Sir Thomas Lipton's phrase, "to shovel on the £5 notes" if, by so doing, they could add ever so little to the speed of their crafts. It has been calculated that the attempt to win this £100 silver cup has cost Sir Thomas Lipton £100,000, and that the Americans have had to expend £150,000 in order to retain it. It was, in truth, a case of Greek meeting Greek. Another thing which aroused popular sympathy was the friendly and sportsmanlike spirit which prevailed, in happy contrast with the wretched bickerings that marred a former contest for the cup. The attitude of Sir Thomas Lipton throughout the whole of the contest was in accord with his first letter of challenge sent in 1899, in which he wrote: "I have too high an opinion of our American cousins to seek to make any terms; what they may propose I shall accept as generous measure of our rights." It is pleasant to know that this friendly spirit was fully reciprocated by the other side. What wonder, then, that the two great sport-loving nations of the world watched the great struggle with sympathetic and admiring eyes? Another specially interesting yachting trophy is the cup which was presented by the German Emperor to commemorate the Diamond Jubilee of Queen

THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP—THE CHIEF CONTEST AT HENLEY REGATTA.
From a Photo. by Henry Irving, Bromley.

Victoria. The cup was designed by the Emperor himself.

The international element also appeared last year in the contest for the Grand Challenge Cup, the principal race at Henley Regatta. There are those who hold that the presence of foreign crews at Henley is to be deprecated, as tending to alter the character which Henley has so long held as the favourite meeting-place for British rowing men and a delightful social function into the bargain. Our crews, it is said, will have to train more seriously and to devote their whole attention to one race in order to hold their own against the best foreign crews. In short, they will have to make more of a business of what has hitherto been a pleasant recreation. Others hold that it is more sportsmanlike to welcome competition from any quarter, and look to the presence of foreign crews to raise the standard of British oarsmanship. Whichever of these views be the more reasonable, there can be no doubt that the great event of last year's Henley Regatta was the exciting struggle in the final for the Grand Challenge Cup between our premier rowing club, Leander, and the crew from Pennsylvania University. After a keenly contested struggle, which aroused immense interest among the large crowd of spectators, many of whom were Americans, Leander won by a good length, thus retaining the fine challenge cup which they have won several times before.

There was quite an invasion of American athletes last summer, and if they had been successful in all the contests in which they took part the number of notable trophies remaining in this country would have been considerably reduced. Not only at Henley Regatta, but at the Tennis Championship meetings at Wimbledon and at the Amateur Athletic Association Championships at Huddersfield our American cousins were very much to the fore. At the last-named meeting they carried off the challenge cups for the 100 yards, the 120 yards hurdles, and the high jump, with the championship title for those events. In the pole jump the American representative, J. K. Baxter, tied with his opponent, and would probably have won outright had he not omitted to provide himself with a jumping-pole. As the English champion, in a very churlish and unsportsmanlike spirit, declined to lend his pole, Baxter had to improvise one from a flag-pole on the ground. In the quarter-mile the American champion was defeated, and in the longer distances the Americans did not even challenge our men. In the race for the mile championship—won by F. G. Cockshott, of Cambridge University — it is interesting to note that a Frenchman finished third.

From a Photo. by] THE TENNIS AND CROQUET CHAMPIONSHIPS. *[Messrs. Elkington.*

In the lawn-tennis world the American visitors, Messrs. J. D. Davis and H. Ward, made a bold bid for the championship cups. They succeeded in defeating all their opponents until they came to the final round, when they were matched against the English champion pair, Messrs. R. F. Doherty and H. L. Doherty. The game was keenly contested, and some fine play was seen on both sides; but in the end the Englishmen won by three sets to one, and the names of the Brothers Doherty were engraved for the fifth year in succession on the doubles championship cup.

THE ONE MILE AMATEUR RUNNING CHAMPIONSHIP.
Form a Photo. by G. Fox, Huddersfield.

The net result, then, of the American invasion, so far as the sports of the past year are concerned, is that the Yankees have beaten us in yachting, sprinting, and jumping, but we have held our own in long-distance running, in rowing, and and in lawn-tennis, though not until we had fallen back on our last lines of defence — to wit, the Leander Club and the Brothers Doherty. These are not results which make for national complacency, for, although we may fairly pride ourselves still on being the premier athletic people of the world, recent events have shown that our sportsmen and athletes will have their work cut out during the next few years if we are not to see the America Cup and the sprinting and jumping championship cups followed across the Atlantic by a procession of our most highly-cherished trophies.

THE ENGLISH ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL CUP.
From a Photo. by J. Pettingall, Chingford.

Apart from those events which have an international character, there is no doubt that the most interesting event of the year to the majority of the sport-loving public is the final match for the English Association Football Cup. Last season the excitement attending this contest was greater than it has ever been before; indeed, it may be doubted whether any sporting contest, except the race for the America Cup, has ever in this country caused so much interest. The fact that the first match resulted in a draw and had to be re-played tended to enhance the excitement, and for Londoners there was a special element of interest in the speculation whether the cup would or would not, after its long wandering in the North, return to the Metropolis. The victory of the Tottenham Hotspurs settled that question, for a year at any rate, to the complete satisfaction of Metropolitan football devotees.

There is another football trophy that deserves a place in our collection, because it was given, and is annually competed for, in the sacred cause of charity. The Dewar Shield, as it is called, was presented by Mr. T. R. Dewar, M.P., as a perpetual trophy to be competed for by amateur and professional football teams, the

THE DEWAR FOOTBALL SHIELD—PROCEEDS GO TO LONDON CHARITIES.
From a Photo.

proceeds of the matches to be devoted entirely to charities. The matches are played at the Crystal Palace, and Metropolitan charities receive the greatest benefit from them, but a certain portion of the proceeds is given to hospitals, etc., in the district from which the visiting team comes.

While public interest in football has been decidedly increasing of late years, the interest in cycle races has quite as decidedly been decreasing. One reason for this is the practice, which has become prevalent, of refusing to take the lead, so that races have often degenerated into a leisurely procession with a desperate spurt at the end. There is still, however, some good sport to be seen on the cycle-track, and there is no lack of trophies to be competed for. The highest honour obtainable in amateur cycling is the possession of one of the National Cyclists' Union's championship medals. The mile championship, held this year by C. Pease, of Dublin, is generally regarded as the "blue riband" of the cycling track.

Of the more elaborate trophies none is more

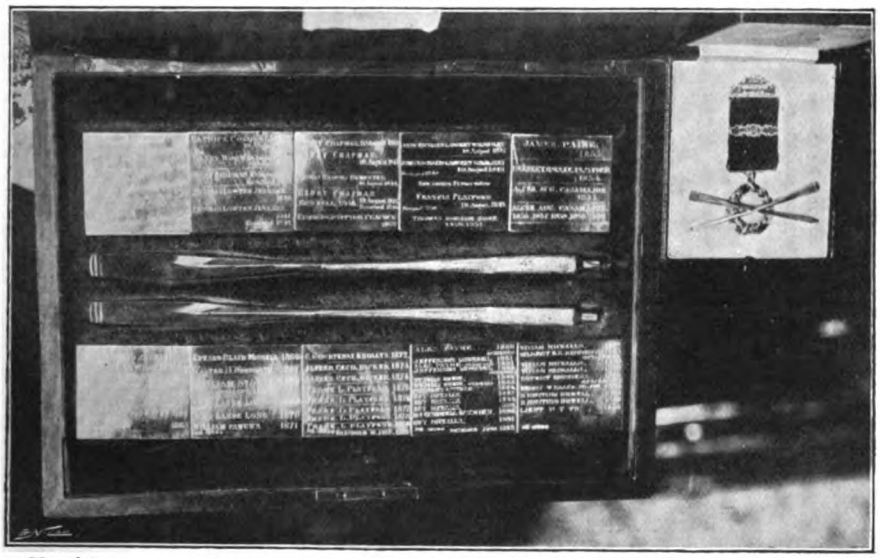
THE DIBBLE SHIELD—A FAMOUS CYCLING TROPHY.
From a Photo. by R. W. Thomas.

interesting than the Dibble Shield, formerly known as the Anchor Shield, which perpetuates the name of a very good friend of thousands of cyclists, the late Mrs. Dibble, of the picturesque old Anchor Inn at Ripley. Mrs. Dibble gave the shield in 1886 for competition at the Southern Cyclists' Camp. When the Camp ceased to be held the shield was returned, after the donor's death, to the Misses Dibble, by whom it was presented to the London County Club, and it is now held as a challenge trophy by the winner of the twelve hours' path race held annually at Herne Hill.

One sometimes wonders, in looking at a collection of sporting trophies, that the designers have shown so little inventiveness

CYCLING CHAMPIONSHIP MEDAL—THE "BLUE RIBAND" OF THE CYCLING TRACK.
From a Photo. by G. W. Austen, Highbury.

and resource in giving them a distinctive character. The same stereotyped forms reappear again and again, and often there is little to suggest the nature of the sport for which the trophy is awarded. Such a criticism certainly cannot be urged against the Wingfield Sculls, the trophy that carries



From a Photo. by] THE WINGFIELD SCULLS—AMATEUR SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP. *[B. F. Hunt, Windsor.*

with it the title of Amateur Sculling Champion of the Thames. This trophy takes the very appropriate form of a pair of silver sculls, about 9in. long, placed in a box adorned with silver plates on which the names of the winners are engraved. These names include those of most of the greatest amateur scullers of the past seventy years, and to be numbered amongst them is an honour indeed. There is also a smaller pair of crossed sculls fastened with a laurel wreath and a clasp, on which the word "champion" is engraved.

"PEWTER POTS"—AWARDED IN OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE COLLEGE BOATRACES—AN OLD CUSTOM.
From a Photo. by G. W. Austen, Highbury.

The trophy is held this year by that fine oarsman, H. T. Blackstaffe, who won it with the greatest ease by twelve lengths. A very different sort of race was the fierce struggle for the Wingfields in 1898, when Blackstaffe was just beaten by B. H. Howell. The race was one of the keenest ever seen on the Thames; so desperate were the efforts put forth by each of the competitors that they both stopped, completely rowed out, some fifty yards from the winning-post, and the boats simply drifted over the line. Howell managed to get in one last stroke which gave him the victory. Both men were lifted out of their boats thoroughly exhausted.

Some of the most interesting of trophies are those awarded in the College boat-races at Oxford and Cambridge. True to that genuine amateur spirit of which the great Universities have always been the foremost exponents, the spirit which "counts the game above the prize," the custom begun in some remote past (no one quite knows how long ago) of awarding pewter pots as prizes has been continued down to the present day. Every member of the winning crew gets a pot, which, of course, is of very little intrinsic value, and he has to get it engraved at his own expense.

The most noteworthy point about the trophies of the Amateur Swimming Association is that a large proportion of them are

A.S.A. 500 YARDS' SWIMMING CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.
From a Photo. by Lafayette.

held, and have been for several years, by one great swimmer, J. A. Jarvis. A few years ago J. H. Tyers was enjoying a similar run of almost uniform success. The 500 yards championship cup, which we illustrate, is notable from the fact that it was in this race that the spell of Tyers's invincibility was broken by J. H. Derbyshire. This cup was presented to the Amateur Swimming Association in 1896 by the secretary of the Association, Mr. George Pragnell. All the challenge prizes of the A.S.A., it is worthy of note, are perpetual trophies, the Association holding that it is contrary to the true amateur spirit for a trophy of great intrinsic value to be won outright.

CUP AWARDED TO LONDON CLUBS FOR ATHLETIC PRE-EMINENCE.
From a Photo. by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

Quite unique in character is the fine trophy presented by Sir Reginald Hanson for "athletic pre-eminence." The cup is competed for by clubs affiliated with the City of London Athletic and Swimming Associations, which practically means all the clubs connected with the great business houses in the City. The "pre-eminence" is determined by a series of inter-club contests in cricket, football, swimming, life-saving, athletics, and tennis. The first team in each class of sport scores one point, the second two, and so on. Obviously, therefore, the club with the lowest total, taking all the competitions together, is the best all-round club. This distinction has belonged for the past three years to the Ravensbourne Club, which is connected

NATIONAL PHYSICAL RECREATION SOCIETY'S SHIELD FOR CHAMPION GYMNASTIC TEAM.
From a Photo.

"DAILY CHRONICLE" SHIELD—PRESENTED TO LONDON SCHOOLS.
From a Photo. by A. W. Wilson & Co., Stoke Newington.

with the great house of Cook, Son, and Co., in St. Paul's Churchyard.

In the gymnastic world the chief prize is a large silver shield valued at 200 guineas, which is presented by the National Physical Recreation Society. The shield is competed for by teams of eight gymnasts, and the competitions are so arranged that each member of the team must exhibit a high degree of all-round excellence.

There are no better sportsmen than the boys in our public schools, and there is no pleasanter sight to those who value and would perpetuate the best elements in our British sports than (say) the Stamford Bridge ground when one of the schools has taken possession of it for its annual sports, or a public swimming bath when the London Schools Swimming Association is holding a competition.

THE ASHBEE CUP FOR BEST BOY SWIMMER UNDER 15.
From a Photo. by A. W. Wilson & Co., Stoke Newington.

The association just named does an admirable work in encouraging swimming and life-saving drill in elementary schools, and its trophies deserve notice, if for no other reason, on account of their genuine artistic merit. The shield presented by the proprietors of the *Daily Chronicle*, and awarded to the school which shows the greatest success in the teaching of swimming, was designed by Mr. Walter Crane. The Ashbee Cup, awarded to the best boy-swimmer under fifteen, and the Fabian Shield, awarded to the team of boys which shows the greatest proficiency in life-saving drill, have both been designed by Mr. C. R. Ashbee, and are admirable examples of what athletic trophies should be. Artistically they are immeasurably superior to many of the more costly and pretentious trophies.

Beauty and appropriateness, rather than a high intrinsic value, are the qualities to be sought in an athletic trophy, whether it be for a schoolboy or for the greatest athlete in the world.

THE FABIAN SHIELD FOR LIFE-SAVING DRILL IN SCHOOLS.
From a Photo. by A. W. Wilson & Co., Stoke Newington.

By Robert Barr.

NO fast train stopped at Stumpville, so Tom Fenton changed cars at Tenstrike City and took the slow local which followed the express. When at last he reached Stumpville he stood on the planks which formed the railway platform and looked about him with a sinking of the heart. Here was a come-down for a young man who had been telegraph operator in a large city, holding one of the best positions in a numerous company of light-fingered gentlemen manipulating the electric keys. Stumpville presented an unattractive appearance. The chief building, some distance from the depôt, was an unpainted two-story board structure whose signboard bore the high-sounding title, "The Star of Empire Hotel," which had evidently taken its way this far westward. To the left of the tavern stood a big saw-mill, whose sides were open to the winds of heaven and whose roof was composed of sawn slabs with the bark on. Up from this roof rose a tall iron smoke-stack. All down the side-track leading from the single line of railway to the mill huge square piles of sweet-smelling lumber had been built, and several flat cars were being laden with the boards. From the mill itself came the ripping roar of a great circular saw tearing its way through a log, and this deep bass note was accompanied by the shriller scream of a vicious little edging-saw trimming the planks. Grouped around mill and hotel lay a rude assemblage of shanties, each shanty seemingly made from the refuse of the saw-mill: shaky, knot-filled boards and shaggy slabs with the bark on.

To the east the flat lands had been denuded of pine timber, and hideous stumps showed where the trees had stood. To the west the primeval forest still seemed intact, except where the railway made a bee-line through it, straight as an arrow's flight, extending so far that the trees seemed to come together as young shrubs at the distant end. Down this level canyon with its dark green sides of tall timber the despised local was rapidly lessening, and its departure gave Tom a sudden pang of loneliness which he would not have believed possible when he boarded the train two hours before in bustling Tenstrike City. "Call you this backing of your friends? A plague on such backing!" said Falstaff to Prince Hal, and, reversing the Shakespearean saying, so thought Tom Fenton. He had backed his friends, and Stumpville was the result. Practically all telegraphic America had gone out on strike. The young man had never believed in the possibility of success, but when his comrades quitted their work he quitted with them. He was the last to go out and was the last in attempting a

return. His employers, illogical enough, resented his action more than they did that of the loud-mouthed demagogues who had led the telegraphers into a hopeless contest. Tom found his place taken and himself out of employment. The friends he had backed found their situations again—he had the privilege of looking for a new one. Railroading and telegraphing were the only things he knew, and the fact that he had been one of the army of strikers proved less efficient as a recommendation than a line or two written by a train-dispatcher who had last given him employment. The line or two from the train-dispatcher he did not possess; the fact that he had been one of the strikers he could not deny; so it was five months before he was offered the mean situation of operator at Stumpville, on the newly-opened branch of the C. K. & G. His resources were at an end, and he had been very glad to accept the position tendered him; but now, face to face with the reality, he could not help contrasting it with the berth he had lost. However, he possessed the grit typical of the young American, and with one final sigh for opportunity forfeited, he set his teeth with determination and resolved to do the best he could at the foot of the ladder once more.

The station-master, who seemed to be switchman, yardman, and everything else, had kicked a clutch out from the iron-toothed wheel to the west of the platform, which caused a momentary rattle of chains and the uplifting of the red arm of a signal behind the departing train. He now approached the lone passenger with a friendly expression of inquiry on his face.

"My name is Fenton," said the young man, before the other had time to address him. "I'm the new operator."

"All right," growled the station-master. "My name's Sam Sloan, and I do pretty much everything that's required round this shanty except telegraphing. Jim Mason has been working the keys here this while back, and I guess he'll be mighty glad to slope. He says he's been expecting you these last two or three days. He's got a raise, has Jim, and he's going to Tenstrike City. He says he's had enough of the excitement of Stumpville to last him all his life, and I think he's just yearning to give us the shake."

"I don't blame him," said Fenton, with a momentary lack of diplomacy. The station-master shrugged his shoulders, laughing good-naturedly, and his reply had a touch of that optimism with which every citizen regards his own town no matter how backward it may appear to a stranger's eye.

"Oh, well, I guess there's worse outfits than Stumpville. Two years ago there wasn't a house in the place, and last week they staked out a planing-mill, and they're talking of puttin' up a new hotel."

"You are going ahead," commented Tom.

"You bet your life," said Sam Sloan, complacently. "Come on in and I'll introduce you to Jim, then you can take over the ticker."

Jim departed, joyously, on the returning local that evening, and Tom found himself master of a plasterless room of pine-boards with a little window projecting out over the platform, which gave him a view up and down the line when he stood within it. The telegraph instrument was on a bench near this window, and there was one wooden chair beside it. The door opening from the waiting-room was ornamented by a big card labelled, "No Admittance," to which injunction no one in the locality paid the slightest heed. Against the wall was a ticket-case, the product of some city cabinet shop, whose polished walnut was in striking contrast to the rough pine that surrounded it. Between the telegraph office and the waiting-room was cut, breast high, a rounded opening which had a little shelf at the bottom, and through this aperture it was part of Tom's duty to sell tickets to any inquirer twice a day: in the morning when the local went west and in the evening when it returned east.

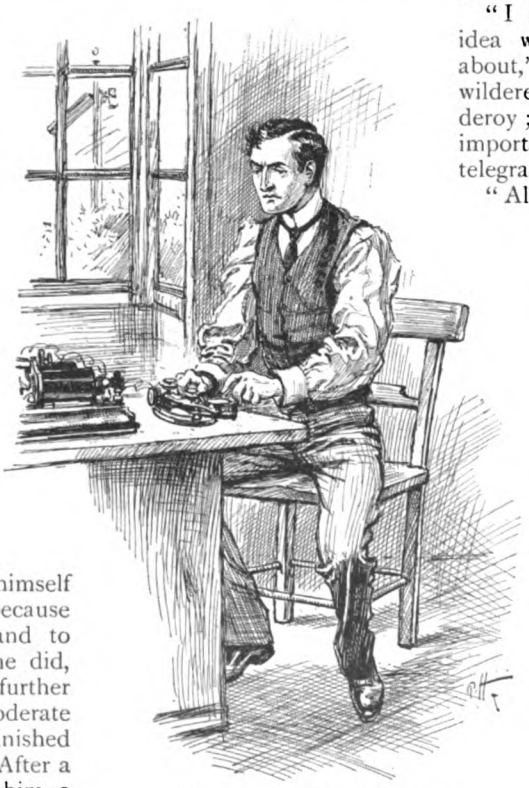
Fenton took over Jim's abandoned room in The Star of Empire Hotel, and found the fare in that place of entertainment not nearly so bad as he had expected. The pumpkin-pie was particularly good and the doughnuts a lesson to Delmonico's.

Tom settled down to his work, and he soon found that the task required of him was anything but a severe one. Stumpville was an unimportant station, and the amount of telegraphing to be done there at any time was not extensive, so a man was more apt to die of *ennui* than overwork at that post. Luckily he had brought some books with him, and by-and-by made an arrangement with the conductor of the local whereby he received a morning paper each day, and this sheet kept him from imagining that all the world was standing still just because he was.

Sam, the man-of-all-work of the station, was a good-natured employé, who spent most of his time at the bar-room of the Star, except when the locals came or there were

some cars of lumber to be attached to an eastern-bound freight. Tom always knew where to find him in case of emergency, but emergencies never happened.

As the bar-room had no attractions for Tom he got more and more into the habit of spending nearly all his time in the telegraph office, coming there even on Sundays when there was nothing to do; liking the place for its quietness and freedom from interruption. Now and then he gave himself some quiet amusement and a little practice in his own line of business by sending messages along the line at the rate of speed to which he had formerly been accustomed. On these occasions he was pleased to find there was not a man on the branch who could take his messages. He was delighted once, when answering an inquiry from the train-dispatcher's office at Tenstrike, to find that even the city operator had to break in on him three times during his discourse and beg him to go slower. On the third interruption Tom surmised that the train-dispatcher himself took off the message, because he got a curt command to "Go ahead," which he did, and there was no further appeal for a more moderate pace until he had finished what he had to say. After a pause there came to him a message almost as fast as the one he had sent in.



"I WAS MERELY SENDING ALONG MY COMPLIMENTS."

"Say, young fellow, are you qualifying as the demon operator of this line? You must remember you are only a branch, and although we have some express trains going over the rails you have all the time there is during the rest of the day. Don't throw us into a fever so far away from a doctor."

"Thanks," replied Tom, over the wires. "I am glad to know there is at least one man in Tenstrike who knows how to handle a key."

Fenton was pleased with this incident. "There," he said to himself, "they'll know at head-quarters where to get a good operator if they want one, and in order to keep my hand in, I think I'll wake up my next-door neighbour." So he began rattling on the machine the letters "Cy—Cy," which was the call for Corderoy, seventeen miles farther west, and presumably still deeper in the woods than Stumpville. When the call was answered he poured forth a stream of chattering letters calculated to make the hair of the other operator stand on end. In a moment or two there came the expected break:—

"I haven't the remotest idea what you are talking about," remarked the bewildered operator at Corderoy; "but if it's anything important, I beg you to telegraph slowly."

"All right," replied Fenton, "that was merely my fancy speed. I practise it now and then so that people along the line won't fall into the idea that Stumpville is a slow place. I was merely sending along my compliments and asking you what sort of a settlement Corderoy is."

"Oh, you're the new man at Stumpville, are you? I heard there was going to be a change. How do you like it?"

"Not very well; still, it isn't as bad as it looked when I came here the other day. How about Corderoy? Have you a saw-mill there or any modern improvements?"

"No, we are just a little neck of the woods. Four or five shanties and a blacksmith shop for the lumbermen."

"What, haven't you even a tavern?"

"No."

"Oh, we're away ahead of you. I'm boarding at The Star of Empire Hotel. Where do you stay?"

"In one of the shanties, of course. Did you think I camped out?"

"I didn't know. That's why I asked."

After a few moments' pause Corderoy inquired:—

"Was that real telegraphing you were doing a moment ago, or were you only trying to shatter the instrument?"

"Couldn't you tell it was real?"

"No. You frightened the life out of me. I thought there was a disaster of some kind impending, or that the lightning had struck the wires."

"Well, Corderoy, you are farther in the woods than I thought. Listen to this. I'll repeat it again and again and see if you can make head or tail of it."

The key flew up and down for a few seconds, then paused.

"How's that, umpire?" he said.

"I couldn't make you out. You were saying what——"

"I was asking, what's your name? Give me an introduction."

"Jack Moran. What's yours?"

"Tom Fenton."

"Well, Tom Fenton, how is it that so good an operator is cooped up in a place like Stumpville? Drink?"

"No; strike. I went out on that strike six months ago and didn't get in again; that's all."

"Let me condole with you. Had you a good situation before?"

"First-rate, but didn't know enough to hang on to it."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-three. How old are you?"

"Oh, if you're only twenty-three, then the world's before you. I shouldn't get discouraged if I were you."

"I'm not. I've just been shaking up the train-dispatcher's office, and they broke in on me three times."

"Good. You'll make those people in the city have some respect for this backwoods settlement."

"That was my intention. But you haven't answered my question, which was—how old are you?"

"Me? Oh, I'm only seventeen."

"Good gracious! Do they put a kid like you in such an important position as Corderoy?"

"Now you are sneering, Mr. Thomas. Corderoy, of course, is only a kind of section-house, with a long switch where we side-track freight trains. There isn't much doing here."

"How do you pass your time?"

"Oh, just grin and bear it, that's all."

"Say, I can send you along some books if you would like to read, and I can give you a newspaper the day after."

"Thanks. I'll be very much obliged."

"I say, Jack, seeing you're a youngster, will you take some good advice?"

"Send it along, and if I don't like it I'll return it."

"All right. You ought to brush up your telegraphing a little. You are pretty slow, you know."

"Yes, I know I am. Will you send over the wire something at a good speed now and then, so that I may practise?"

"I shall be delighted. You see, now's your time to pitch in and learn; then, when you get the offer of a better situation, you are ready for it."

"Thank you ever so much."

This ended their first conversation, for a freight train came in, but they had many another. Tom grew to be very fond of his western neighbour, who seemed so anxious to learn. There was a downy innocence about the youth that pleased the elder man, and under instruction the boy became a creditable operator. Fenton invited Jack to come and have dinner with him some day when he could get away, but the westerner never seemed able to quit his post, for, of course, there was no one who could act as substitute. Fenton sent him books and the newspaper, which were gratefully received, and told him story after story of the town and all its fascinations. "I must brighten up the kid's intellect," he said to himself; and indeed the kid proved an apt pupil. He had an alert sense of humour and keenly appreciated the good things that were sent over the wire to him. This companionship between two persons who had never seen each other made a dull life more interesting for both of them, and Tom saw with pleasure that Jack's telegraphic style was improving greatly by the practice he was getting.

One Sunday, however, an unexpected incident occurred which, as the novelists say, changed the tenor of Tom Fenton's life for him. Sunday was a drowsy, lazy day in Stumpville, with nothing going on, and Tom was spending it as usual in his telegraph-room, seated on the wooden chair tilted back against the wall, with his feet elevated to the bench on which the silent instrument rested. A text-book on electricity had been thrown aside, and Tom was absorbed in a ten-cent novel. The door, slightly ajar, was quietly

pushed open, and the young man, glancing up, was amazed to see standing in the vacancy a strikingly handsome young woman, dressed in the dainty fashion that betokened the city.

"I beg your pardon," she said, hesitatingly.

Tom's feet came down to the floor with a crash, and he arose in some confusion.

"THE YOUNG MAN, GLANCING UP, WAS AMAZED TO SEE STANDING IN THE VACANCY A STRIKINGLY HANDSOME YOUNG WOMAN."

"I wanted to know," she continued, "when there is a train for Tenstrike?"

"For Tenstrike? Bless my soul, there's no train until to-morrow evening!"

The girl made what seemed to be a gesture of despair.

"Till to-morrow evening," she echoed. "Is there no way of getting to the city before then?"

"Not unless you walk along the track," said Tom.

"Aren't there any freight trains that would take a passenger who was in a hurry?"

The young man shook his head.

"Sunday's a day off on the branch," he explained. "We have rarely any Sunday freights except in the autumn when the wheat is moving."

The young lady was evidently troubled at this lack of enterprise on the part of the branch, and her smooth brow wrinkled in perplexity. "If I walked down the line to Ross," she said at last, "could I get a train there? Ross is the next point east, is it not?"

"Yes, but you would be no better off there. There is nothing from Ross going east which you could take before to-morrow evening. So you see there is no help for it but to wait where you are, Miss——"

He hesitated at the word "Miss," and looked up inquiringly with a semi-smile hovering about the corners of his lips. The girl blushed very prettily, then said:—

"Miss De Forest is my name."

"A good name for this locality," rejoined Tom, easily.

"Oh, but I don't live in this locality," replied the girl, drawing herself up with some touch of scorn in her tone for the neighbourhood, which her auditor so sympathized with that he did not resent it.

"I knew you didn't," he answered, hastily. "Will you come in and sit down, Miss De Forest?" and seeing she was in some doubt about accepting the invitation, he continued: "If you knew how lonesome it was for a person to live here, who sees nobody he cares to speak to from one week's end to another, you would have compassion, and, by the way, my name is Fenton. I shall be glad if you will consider us formally introduced."

The girl smiled, made no objection, and took the chair he offered her.

"Are you the station-master here?" she asked.

"Oh, occasionally. I'm telegraph operator always; ticket-seller when anyone wants to buy; signalman and switch-tender in an emergency; and general Pooh-Bah of the woods."

"It must keep you busy," she ventured.

"No; it doesn't. Really the situation

sometimes fills me with despair, Miss De Forest. I dare not leave this machine for fear something important might come over the wire, and yet nothing important ever does come. I see no one but a lot of ignorant freight-train brakemen and the conductor of the local twice a day. Then society is varied by communion with the mill-hands at meal-times. It seems rather hopeless to a man who has been accustomed to the bustle and importance of a city office. If it wasn't for Jack Moran I don't know what I would do."

"Oh! Who is Jack Moran?"

"He is the operator at the next station farther west. He is only a boy, but an awful nice fellow, and I've kind of taken him under my wing, teaching him rapid telegraphy. He is getting on splendidly, and will be one of the best operators on the line before long."

"Always excepting yourself, I suppose?" said Miss De Forest, looking up archly at him as he sat on the telegraph-table, swinging his foot to and fro, gazing down with much interest at her.

"Yes, always excepting myself," replied Tom, with honest confidence. "If I ever get again into as good a position as I held before I'm going to have Jack as my assistant."

"Perhaps that is why he is so industrious," said the young woman.

"Oh, no, there's nothing self-seeking about Jack. Besides, he has no notion of my intention. I am not going to put ideas into the youngster's head that I may not be able to fulfil."

"He is a lucky boy," said the girl, musingly, "to have such a good friend and never suspect it. What sort of a looking fellow is he?"

"I have never seen him."

"Then how did you two get acquainted?"

"Oh, over the wires. We chatter to each other when the line isn't working on official business, which is most of the time."

Tom's visitor proved deeply interested in telegraphing, and he explained the workings of the instrument, the grounding of wires, the care of batteries, and other electrical particulars. Never had teaching been such an absorbing, fascinating pursuit before. At last the girl jumped up in a panic.

"I must be going," she said.

Fenton looked at his watch and saw how time had fled.

"I'll tell you what you must do, Miss De Forest," he said; "you're coming with me to the hotel for dinner."

"Oh no, no, no," cried the girl, visibly terrified by the proposal.

"Why, yes, you are. It's all right. It looks rough on the outside, but I tell you the cook's pie is worth coming to Stumpville to get a slice of. I'm afraid our dried pumpkin is all gone and the fresh fruit hasn't come into season yet, but we are promised to-day a strawberry shortcake that will be a dream of delight. You must come."

"I really couldn't think of it. I have no desire to meet your employés of the saw-mill."

"That's so," said Tom, taken aback. "Still, though they're rough chaps, they're a good lot. I'll tell you what we'll do. You stay here and I'll go over to the hotel and bring a meal for us both, and we'll enjoy it here in comfort and alone."

The girl was about to protest when he continued, impetuously enamoured of his new scheme:—

"You see, the folks with whom you are staying think you are gone; in fact, I am amazed that there is anyone in Stumpville who doesn't know there are no trains from here on Sunday. Where are you staying, by the way?"

Either this question or the proposal to lunch together had so perturbed Miss de Forest that she answered hastily, and rather inconsequently:—

"But what if someone should come here when you were gone?"

"Oh, there is no danger of that," cried Tom. "No one ever comes here."

"You are sure it won't be too much trouble?" she asked, breathlessly.

"Trouble? No trouble at all—a delight. Then that's settled," he added, hurriedly, fearing she might change her mind. "What will you drink, tea or milk?"

"Milk, if you please."

Next instant he was gone. The young woman moved quickly to the window and looked up and down the track with alarm in her eyes as if she contemplated flight. Then she went to the door, but stopped on the threshold; with some effort recovered her composure and sat down again.

Presently the amateur waiter came in jubilantly with a broad tray carrying all the components of a substantial meal. They had a jolly lunch together, and at the end of it she rose and said that now she must surely go.

"Well, if you must, you must," he murmured, with a sigh. "I'll walk down town with you, if I may."

She stood opposite him and held out her hand, with an appealing look in her liquid black eyes.

"I wish you wouldn't," she pleaded. "You have been very kind to a stranger, so please do not embarrass me by coming with me. I'd much rather you wouldn't."

He was holding her hand and said, with a trace of disappointment in his tone:—

"I shall do exactly what you wish, but I will see you to-morrow when you go east on the local."

"You will see me when I go east on the local," she repeated after him.

"Won't you give me your address?" he pleaded.

"I'll give it to you to-morrow; and if I forget it then I will send it to you. Good-bye, and many, many thanks!"

She was gone, and the day seemed to darken with her departure. He made a motion to follow her, but arrested himself and sat down in the wooden chair.

"SHE SPED AWAY TOWARD THE DECLINING SUN."

The girl walked hurriedly through the village until she was out of sight of the station, then she turned eastward into the forest. After tramping for two miles or more with a directness which showed an intimate acquaintance with the wood she came upon the railway at a point where a light hand-car had been lifted from the track. She took a wooden lever that lay on the car and with an expertness that would have amazed her new acquaintance she prised the wheels on to the rail. She pushed the car towards the west, sprang on board, and sped away toward the declining sun, working the walking beam with all the skill of an old railway hand. As she approached the long switch of Corderoy she stopped, unlocked it, and side-tracked her little car. She went direct into the telegraph office, perched herself on the stool there, placed her capable hand on the key, and rattled forth the letters, "St—St—St—St," the call for Stumpville.

Tom quickly answered.

"Is that you, Jack? I was trying to call you up a while ago. What are you doing there on Sunday?"

"Oh, I just happened in. I thought you might be there and thought I would call you up. I have nothing at all to say except to wish you good-day."

"Oh, but I have heaps to tell," answered Tom. "I beg to inform you, Jack, that I have had a visit from an angel. Imagine the existence of a girl in the universe who thought trains left Stumpville on Sunday! However, it was very lucky for me, and we've had the most charming conversation, which, now that it is ended, makes this place seem duller than ever. She was the prettiest girl I ever saw."

"Really. How was she dressed?"

"Dressed! What a question for a kid like you to ask! What do you know about dress? I don't remember how she was dressed, but the effect was stunning. Dressed? Why she looked like a girl from Paris."

"What is her name?"

"Miss De Forest. A rattling fine girl. How in the world she ever drifted to this abandoned spot I don't know. She is going east to-morrow on the local. I shall merely

exist until the local comes in. I hope it will be two hours late, and that she will be here an hour too soon."

"Did you fascinate her, Tom?"

"See here, kid, that's not the way for an infant to talk. You don't understand anything about these things. Wait till your time comes, and then you won't try to say cynical things. Be a good boy, and some time a nice girl will come to see you; or, what's the same thing, you'll go to see her."

"Where does she live? In Tenstrike?"

"I don't know yet, but I'll find out to-morrow. I rather think she does, and if that is so I'm going to move heaven and earth and the railway company to get promoted to Tenstrike. I flatter myself the young lady won't object to seeing me there."

"Tom, don't get conceited."

"Kid, don't be impertinent. If Miss De Forest comes early to-morrow I'll be conceited in spite of all you can say. If she comes just in the nick of time I'll be in despair, and so will ask for whatever consolation you can give."

"All right, Tom; I'll stand by you, whatever happens. Remember, if the girl ignores you, you have me to fall back upon."

"ALL RIGHT, TOM; I'LL STAND BY YOU, WHATEVER HAPPENS."

"That's very comforting, Jack, but it doesn't quite make up, you know."

The young woman laughed at this answer as it was ticked off to her.

"Oh, doesn't it?" she said to herself, and then bade good-bye to Stumpville.

When the local came in next evening Tom tried to hold it on one pretence or another, looking down the sandy street, but no Miss De Forest comforted his anxious eyes, and from that day on she disappeared as completely from his cognizance as if she had been a spirit of the forest. In vain he made inquiry. No one in Stumpville had ever seen anyone resembling her. He put an advertisement in the Tenstrike morning paper: "Will the young lady who called upon the telegrapher kindly send him her address?" But this stood for a week unnoticed; Tom rubbing his eyes and wondering if he had fallen asleep that Sunday and dreamt it all. Then happened a series of events which had an important bearing on his future, and almost drove the remembrance of the lady of mystery from his mind.

No. 6, the west-bound express, sped through Stumpville each day about noon. At some siding to the west, whose situation was determined by the train-dispatcher, based upon a mathematical calculation depending upon the lateness of either or both trains, the express passed No. 11, a fast freight going east. One day the problem was complicated by the intervention of a special, presumably carrying some of the officers over the road, and, as usual, in a great hurry. The express was late, and the fast freight ridiculously on time. Hazily Fenton gathered from the chattering of the instrument that the special was to run ahead of the express, but that no one of the three trains was to stop at Stumpville, so the young man paid but little attention to the message not intended for him.

Presently the nervous call, "St—St—St—St," woke him from his reverie and he sprang to the instrument. There was something insistent in the sharp click of the sounder. The message that hurriedly followed was sufficiently amazing, and he knew by the rapidity of it, if for no other reason, that it was Jack Moran who was telegraphing.

"Stop everything east and west of Stumpville. Set the signals at once and return instanter."

"Sloan!" shouted the young man, making the station ring with his stentorian call. "Set the signals against east and west."

But there was no reply. Sloan was not within hearing, so Fenton himself ran out on the platform, saw at a glance that the line was open both ways, and kicked away the clutches that allowed the semaphores to swing out over the line in each direction a prohibitive red arm. He calmed down as he saw no trains in sight and returned to the telegraph-office. The call for his station was vibrating impatiently in the air. He checked the chatter and listened.

"Telegraph instantly to Ross and tell them to hold No. 6 until you release her. Use the train-dispatcher's signature."

"Hold on, Jack," replied Fenton. "I can't do *that*, you know. I'm not running the line."

"In God's name," came the appeal, "do as I tell you at once. I will explain later. Every moment is vital. There will be a smash if you delay."

Now, for an ordinary operator to make Ross or anyone else think that a train-dispatcher was communicating with him when he wasn't, is an offence in railway circles that is unforgivable. Forgery outside that circle is of little matter compared with what Fenton at once set himself to do. He ordered the express stopped at Ross, and used the cabalistic letters which signified that the order came from the train-dispatcher, then he turned to Corderoy for explanation, rattling out his knowledge of the crime he had committed.

"Why didn't you telegraph to Ross yourself?" he asked Moran.

"You have a firm touch on the key, and I haven't," was the answer. "There would have been inquiries, and then it would have been too late. Here is what has happened. The train-dispatcher ordered me to hold 11 until the special passes. No. 11 had just gone out of the station as the message began to come. I knew that the special had left Ross, so I told you to hold both trains at Stumpville, but the special thinks it has a clear right-of-way, and No. 6 is to follow it. If your telegram wasn't in time to stop No. 6 at Ross you must look out she does not telescope the special at Stumpville. There is just one more thing I want to say. I want you to take the responsibility of everything that has been done, as if you did it yourself."

"That's rather a large order," said Fenton. "You cause me to break every rule of the road, and then calmly ask me to take all responsibility."

"I beg you to do it," pleaded Corderoy. "You see, I'm only seventeen; you are a grown man and accustomed to the railroad business."

"All right, Jack, don't worry. I'll stand the brunt of it. If the lay-out is as you say, they can't make very much fuss, unless about the train-dispatcher's signature, but I'll stand the racket." Tom said to himself, as he turned away, "I got bounced once before for sticking by my comrades, and if it happens again, well, Stumpville won't be a big loss."

There was now little time for meditation. Away to the east an angry engine was swearing. The short toot, toot said as plainly as words:—

"What the dickens are you stopping us here for? Do you know who we are?"

Fenton strode out to the platform and saw dimly in the distance to the west the fast freight coming on, while the special, slowed down, was breaking all regulations by passing the eastern semaphore, very cautiously, however, and approaching the station for an explanation. This was exactly what Fenton wanted, for the still standing signal would arrest the express if she had passed Ross before his telegram reached there. Sloan came puffing up from the tavern, having heard the indignant whistle of the special, and therefore knew that something was wrong.

"Here, you confirmed loafer!" cried Fenton. "Get a move on you. Open the upper switch and side-track No. 11."

"All right, Mr. Fenton," said the culprit, as he trotted down the track toward the west.

The short special came cautiously up alongside the platform, and a stout man with red face and white side-whiskers, and no very pleased expression on his countenance, stepped off.

"Who is in charge here?" he demanded.

"I am, sir."

"Why have you stopped this special?"

"That's the reason, sir," said Fenton, waving his hand towards the approaching freight. "The order to side-track No. 11 at Corderoy arrived too late. I therefore had to stop you until I could side-track No. 11. You won't be delayed two minutes, sir."

"Oh," said the stout gentleman, as he glanced toward the west, where he saw the fast freight swing in like a serpent to the

switch. The situation needed no explaining to a railway man.

"I also took the liberty of telegraphing to Ross, and I used the train-dispatcher's code-word."

"The deuce you did," growled the stout man, glancing keenly at him.

"Yes, sir; I had to hold No. 6 at Ross, or there was a danger of her telescoping your car."

"Couldn't you have done that without pretending to be the train-dispatcher?"

"COULDN T YOU HAVE DONE THAT WITHOUT PRETENDING TO BE THE TRAIN-DISPATCHER?"

"I could, sir, but it would have been a risk, and there was no time to lose."

"What's your name?"

"Thomas Fenton."

"You have a good deal of confidence in yourself for a backwoodsman."

"I was not always in the backwoods, sir; I was in the train-dispatcher's office on one of the Vanderbilt lines. You have a clear right-of-way now, sir."

"All right. I hope you haven't smashed anything somewhere else."

"I hope not, sir."

"Good-day."

The stout man mounted his car without a word of either thanks or censure, and the special sped to the west. Fenton released No. 6, holding No. 11 on the side-track until the express had passed.

Three days later Jim Mason swung off the morning local. He glanced around at Stumpville with an expression of unmodified disgust, and he greeted Fenton with boisterous familiarity.

"Here's a couple of letters for you, old man. I believe there's a chin-chin ahead of you at the governor's office, so I don't envy you; but keep a stiff upper lip, and get back here as quick as you can, for I have to take your place meanwhile, and I tell you I don't want to be held up at Stumpville any longer than is necessary."

One letter was from the general manager, who curtly ordered Fenton to report at the head office, Tenstrike City, next day at ten o'clock. The other note was marked private, and Fenton saw with amazement that it was from the train-dispatcher, who asked Tom to call on him that evening as soon as he reached the city, and say nothing to anybody in the interval. Fenton saw at once that the train-dispatcher was trembling for his position, and he expected an appeal from that official because it must have been through his neglect that the tangle of the three trains had arisen. This reasonable surmise, however, proved utterly erroneous. He found the train-dispatcher an alert, capable man, who received him with abrupt good nature.

"I know all the details of this matter," he said, "and I thought I would give you a point or two before you see the old man. You imagine, I suppose, that I was to blame for the tardy dispatch to Corderoy? That is not the case. It was the fault of my assistant, who was on duty at the time. My position has been made very difficult by the fact that my assistant is the old man's nephew. Everybody in the general offices knows that the nephew isn't worth his salt except the old man, and I guess this has shaken him up a

bit, because he has removed his nephew to the accountant's department, so he won't smash anything but figures. That leaves the office of assistant vacant, and, at the moment, I haven't anybody that I care to put into the place. Now, you're the man I call the demon telegrapher. Have you had any experience in train office work?"

"Yes, I was assistant to Galloway."

"You don't tell me! How did you come to quit?"

"The strike."

"Ah, I see. Well, I'm to meet the old man to-night, and I'll ask him to let you come on as assistant. He's a rather crusty old gentleman, but a first-rate railway man, except where his nephew is concerned. Now, I want to give you a word or two of advice. Don't drop a hint about the mistake, or who caused it, or anything of that kind. Just hold to it that you were resolved to save the special and the express, and that you *did* save them."

Fenton knew, of course, that by "the old man" the train-dispatcher referred to the general manager, and he asked if that was the gentleman who was in the special.

"Yes. He was taking a turn over the road, and he had his wife and two daughters with him, so he didn't want a wreck. You've got things all your own way if you work it right and keep your temper."

"I'll try," said Tom, "for I'm tired of Stumpville."

Next morning's interview was brief and to the point.

"Well, young man," said the general manager, "I suppose you've discussed this affair with various friends? What conclusion have you come to?"

"I have no friends, sir, along this line."

"But I understand you operators communicate with each other over the wires. Have you told them up and down how near we came to having an accident?"

"No, sir."

"Didn't you telegraph to Ross and apologize for using the train-dispatcher's signal?"

"No, sir. I owed whatever explanation there was to be made to you or to the train-dispatcher, and to no one else."

"Quite right," said the old man. "I like to meet a person now and then who can keep his mouth shut. Spencer tells me you have been in Galloway's office. Is that true?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you understand the work?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. Report at once to Spencer, and I think he'll have no difficulty in finding a place for you."

"Thank you, sir."

"I may add that no disaster occurred through your quite unwarranted use of Spencer's signature."

"I am very glad to hear it, sir."

"Good-day," snapped the general manager, and Fenton went to find Spencer.

Fenton's first pleasure after the conclusive interview with the train-dispatcher was to write a long letter to Jack Moran. He detailed all that had taken place, then said: "So you see, Jack, I am in a position that by rights belongs to you. If you understood the work of this office as I do I would at once tell the whole truth and have you put here in my place; but, even if I were deposed now, you are not qualified to accept the position if it were offered you. So here's what I'm going to do. I shall fit in here and make friends. I don't want to ask any favours of Mr. Spencer until I show him I'm a person to be trusted; then I shall tell him the progress you have made in telegraphing in the past two months, and I shall ask him to give you the best place he has vacant in the office."

To this he received a somewhat unexpected answer: "I implore you not to do anything in the line of getting me a situation in the city," wrote Jack, "where, even if you succeeded in getting me promotion, I would not accept it. I am perfectly contented where I am and refuse to be removed. This is why I asked you to take the responsibility of my order. I knew that if there was any sense at head-quarters the saving of these two trains would lead to your promotion, and, strange as it may seem to you, promotion is the one thing I wish to avoid, and I suppose I am the only operator on the line of whom that can be said. My attitude, however, will be easy to understand when I tell you that my father, who lives at Corderoy, owns about a thousand acres of pine-timbered land in this district, which we expect some day will be valuable. The work here is not difficult, and I live at home and help him. So, you see, I have no wish to move, and I beg of you not to speak on my behalf to the train-dispatcher, or to anyone else. If I change my mind I will write to you."

So it came about that the first favour Fenton asked from Spencer was a day off, getting which, he boarded the local in the morning with a pass in his pocket for

Corderoy and return. He wanted to see Jack anyway, and expected very speedily to show the foolish young fellow that the real way to help his father was to come to town on a much better salary than he was getting.

As he stepped off at the platform of Corderoy he could scarcely resist a shout as he recognised, standing in the doorway, the young woman who had so mysteriously disappeared from his view at Stumpville that never-to-be-forgotten Sunday. She saw him at the same moment and instantly whipped out of sight.

"Oh, you don't do that a second time," cried Tom, springing forward.

The waiting-room was empty, but the door of the telegraph-office had closed with a bang, so Tom precipitated himself against it and it gave way before his impetuosity.

The girl he had so long sought in vain stood with her back against the telegraph table, facing him resolutely but with flaming cheeks.

"Why, Miss De Forest," he said, "what are you doing in Corderoy?"

"Why shouldn't I be here? This is my home," gasped the girl.

"Your home? I thought you lived in Tenstrike!"

"I never said so."

"Do you mean to tell me that you—that you—you are Jack Moran?"

"Jacqueline De Forest Moran, if you will have the whole name, Mr. Fenton," said the girl, with a nervous little laugh. "It seems rather an imposing title for such a place as this, doesn't it? So my friends all call me Jack. You see," she exclaimed, breathlessly, "we are of French extraction, and that perhaps accounts for it, as well as for my boldness in daring to visit you uninvited."

"Well, now I'm visiting you uninvited, and I can tell you, Miss Jack, I'm very glad I came. Won't you say you're not sorry?"

"I certainly wanted to see you again. You understand now," she continued, hurriedly, "why it was of no use to speak to the train-dispatcher about me. You selfish men don't allow girls to have a good situation in your city offices."

"Oh, I don't know about that," said Tom, slowly. "I'm glad, though, I didn't speak to Mr. Spencer, because I'm going to offer you a situation myself. You heard what I said, Jacqueline? I told you when you visited me that I was resolved to have Jack Moran for my assistant. If I was fixed in that purpose then, I am ten times more so now. Are you resolved never to leave Corderoy, Jacqueline?"

The girl turned her burning face away from him, her fingers nervously agitating the key, and quite unconsciously repeating the call: "St—St—St."

"It depends altogether on who sends the message—Tom," she said, at last.

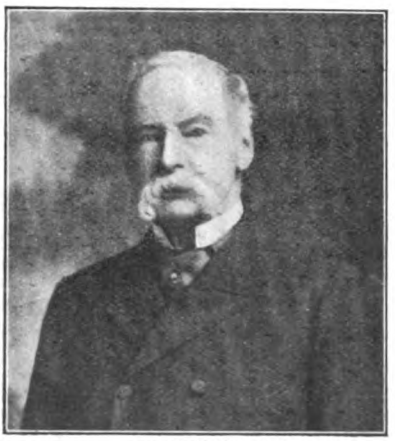
"'IT DEPENDS ALTOGETHER ON WHO SENDS THE MESSAGE—TOM,' SHE SAID, AT LAST."

Our Graphic Humorists.

THEIR FUNNIEST PICTURES AS CHOSEN BY THEMSELVES.

By Frederick Dolman.

IT is related of Sir John Tenniel that when in his early manhood he was offered a place on the staff of *Punch* his first feeling was one of indignation. "Do they suppose there is anything funny about me?" he is said to have inquired of his nearest and dearest friends. On second thoughts, however, the artist, whose aspirations were for classic painting, saw that the work for *Punch* had its serious dignity; and now at the close of his long career Sir John Tenniel must feel that his early ambition has been by no means altogether frustrated. Has he not on innumerable occasions given to the cartoon the classic power of national feeling expressed in lines of severe accuracy and restraint?



SIR JOHN TENNIEL.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

At the same time, the sequel has shown that Mark Lemon, the then Editor of *Punch*, must have known young Tenniel better than he knew himself. In a graphic humorist no technical ability can take the place of a sense of humour, and in that meaning there must have been "something funny" about the artist chosen to succeed the celebrated Richard Doyle. Sir John Tenniel has always denied that he was a caricaturist, but he confesses to a very keen sense of humour, and to a belief that his drawings are sometimes really funny. The words of this confession suggest an interesting question as to the relationship between the artist's and his public's sense of humour. With this question upon my lips I have been making a round of calls upon our leading graphic humorists, asking each artist to mention his most successful effort, as it seems to him, for reproduction in The Strand Magazine.

I first saw Sir John Tenniel himself at his Maida Vale house, in a room which, it is of significance to note, is adorned by engravings from the works of Van Dyck, Rubens, Reynolds, and other of the great masters. In answering my question Sir John consulted a volume of his cartoons recently issued from the office of *Punch*. This volume of selections covers the whole period of his connection with the paper, beginning with the opening of the Great Exhibition on May Day, 1851, and ending with "Time's Appeal" on New Year's Day, 1901—Sir John's last *Punch* cartoon.

Sir John went through the volume in a way which surprised me when I remembered that he was a man of eighty-one who many years ago had lost the sight of an eye as the result of a fencing accident; only once or twice did he ask for my assistance with the smaller print.

The cartoon which appears in these pages as the choice of its author was the result, it will be observed, of one of Sir John's rare digressions from the world of *la haute politique*. What it was which led him from his usual path he did not seem to remember — perhaps it was the too-sonorous voice of a passing costermonger, perhaps the activity of the L.C.C. in a less difficult region than that of street noises. Be that as it may, the cartoon in its comic spirit had two competitors in the sphere of Imperial statesmanship. One of these was the memorable "Mosé in Egetto," which appeared in December, 1875, about the time when Lord Beaconsfield had bought for this country the Khedive's shares in the Suez Canal Company. Lord Beaconsfield is drawn standing

OUR MASTERS' MASTERS.—NEWSPAPER HAWKER: "Shout away, Bill! We're safe enough as long as we votes 'Progressive'!!"

By permission of the] BY SIR JOHN TENNIEL. [*Proprietors of "Punch."*

on the Egyptian desert, with his finger at the side of his nose, looking at the Sphinx, on whose features there is a delightfully expressive wink. In the second cartoon, which was published in August, 1878, after the Berlin Conference, we have Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury dancing a "*pas de deux*," from "the Scène de Triomphe in the Grand Anglo-Turkish Ballet d'Action." But without much hesitation Sir John rejects both these efforts of his sense of humour in favour of "Our Masters' Masters."

Mr. Harry Furniss had the greatest possible difficulty in complying with my request. This arose, of course, from the fact that for more than twenty years his pencil has been as versatile in its humour as it has been prolific. Mr. Furniss made a calculation of the number of his contributions to *Punch* during his twelve years' membership of its staff, and it ran into several thousands, and since then he has made innumerable drawings for *Lika Joko*, the *New Budget*, *Fair Game*, and other periodicals, alive and extinct.

I spent an hour or so with Mr. Furniss one evening in his studio at Regent's Park, observing, but not assisting in — I was very careful about that—the process of selection. We were surrounded by volumes of these publications, as well as by not a few of the originals, and, if prolonged, the task was an entertaining one—at any rate for me. Mr. Furniss's first choice was rather in favour of a caricature of Gladstone, which had indirectly received high praise from Mr. John Morley. Then it leaned for a few moments to a memorable *Punch* picture on the subject of Sir William Harcourt; it was entitled "Harcourts All," and was suggested by a speech of Lord Randolph Churchill, who had banteringly alluded to the possibility of the House of Lords consisting entirely of Sir William Harcourts.

"But the drawing of the picture is so bad," Mr. Furniss protested, as I laughed over the humour of its idea. "It was done rather in a hurry, I remember, at Felixstowe, where I was recuperating. Lucy wired the subject down to me there, and the picture was done in the midst of a match at golf."

Mrs. Furniss, Miss Furniss, and even Master Furniss were called into council. Miss Furniss, who is herself an art student at Heatherley's, strongly urged the claims of one of her father's "Swelled Heads" series, the original drawing of which had been given to her as a birthday present, and it certainly embodied, I thought, one of the artist's funniest conceptions. But Mr. Furniss was not to be "rushed" by the young lady's enthusiasm.

Quite suddenly, when we were all reduced to despair, Mr. Furniss had his inspiration.

"Other artists," he exclaimed, "may think fit to choose one of their most elaborate cartoons. But for my part, I will stand or fall in your STRAND MAGAZINE article by my little 'Black Beetle.'"

Mr. Furniss's "Black Beetle" was famous in the pages of *Punch* during a considerable

part of his connection with the paper, making its first appearance in "The Essence of Parliament" on March 19th, 1881.

MR. HARRY FURNISS.
From a Photo. by See & Epler, New York.

"One day," said the caricaturist in explaining the birth of the creature, "I watched Captain Gosset, the Serjeant-at-Arms, from the Press Gallery walk up the floor of the House in Court dress, his knee-breeches showing off his rather bandy legs, elbows akimbo, and curious gait; his back view at once suggested the beetle, and as 'The Black Beetle' he became known."

THE BLACK BEETLE.—BY MR. HARRY FURNISS.
By permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."

It was said that the caricature gave great offence to the official, but Mr. Furniss assures me that he has reason to know that this was not the case. An M.P. one day introduced him to Captain Gosset in the Serjeant-at-Arms' private room, and there on the wall among many portraits of Parliamentary leaders was a row of "Black Beetles" cut out from *Punch*.

Mr. A. S. Boyd, who is now so well known by the humorous drawings which he contributes to *Punch*, was at the beginning of his career a painter of landscape and *genre* subjects, and afterwards under the pseudonym of "Twym" was the author of comic illustrations in *Quiz* and *The Bailie*, of Glasgow.

It was with Mr. Boyd I spent a most agreeable time at his "Hut" in the Boundary Road, St. John's Wood, whilst he cross-examined himself on the question submitted to him and rummaged through a large collection of *Punch* and other drawings. Mr. Boyd was busy at his drawing-board—with some book illustration, I believe—but he turned gaily aside from a half-finished sketch and entered heartily into the spirit of my inquiry. After much turning over of proofs and originals the artist's choice was eventually reduced to three.

In the first the joke was concerned with a little Scotch lassie and her mother. As a Scotsman Mr. Boyd evidently preferred it, but the artist and the humorist asserted themselves in him, and it was reluctantly discarded. The second candidate had a testimonial from Mr. W. W. Jacobs, who was strongly of opinion that it was the funniest thing he had done—a small drummer-boy walking by the side of his inamorata, a big, buxom 'Arriett, whom he is solemnly scolding for disrespect to the etiquette of the Army. The third drawing, which is here reproduced, was favoured by Mrs. Boyd, and on reflection the artist found

A SURPRISED PARTY.—"Why the d-d-doose don't you ring your bell?"—BY MR. A. S. BOYD.
By permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."

MR. A. S. BOYD.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

that his matured opinion agreed with that of his wife.

"Mrs. Boyd," he remarks, "may be prejudiced in favour of this subject because it was originally suggested by her, although the treatment of it, arrangement of the figures and so forth, are my own. As a rule, the ideas for my humorous pictures arise out of my own personal experiences. Yes, this was the case with the drawing you were laughing at just now."

This was a little *Punch* picture which many readers will doubtless remember as well as I did. An old gentleman suddenly turning a corner and coming into collision with a little girl's hoop, with the result that—with the cycling fiend in his mind — he impulsively exclaims, "Why the deuce didn't you ring your bell?" A day or two before this drawing was made Mr. Boyd had been walking in St. John's Wood and had a child's hoop driven up against him in much the same way. It was typical of the way in which he can turn the little incidents of daily life to humorous pictorial account.

Although Mr. Boyd is forty-seven, it is only ten years since he made his home in London, and it was in 1894 that he was admitted into the pages of *Punch*. Even now, with all the success which London has given him, I should say that he had the strongest "Auld Lang Syne" feeling for Glasgow and Glasgow life. Whilst Mr. Boyd is absent for a few minutes from the studio at "The Hut" I put my hand upon a mass of papers and magazines, and the first which it brings forth is the last-published number of *The Bailie*, the little Glasgow weekly on which his spurs were won as a humorous draughtsman.

"Blush! Me blush! Garn! I couldn't if I tried. Blush yourself if yer wants to."

BY F. C. GOULD.
From the Westminster Gazette.

As a caricaturist Mr. F. C. Gould's fame is now indissolubly associated with the personality of Mr. Chamberlain. I was not surprised, therefore, on calling at the *Westminster Gazette* office to find that his choice had fallen on one of his inimitable presentments of that right hon. gentleman. It wavered for a moment, however, on a recent cartoon, wherein the Colonial Secretary figured in company with the Prime Minister, Mr. Balfour, and the Duke of Devonshire, in the guise of "Our Pierrots" performing on "the sands of history."

The cartoon reproduced on this page, as "F.C.G." reminded me, is one of a series which had its origin in a remark which was made by Mr. Chamberlain when speaking to a Staffordshire audience at Lichfield during the General Election of 1900: "If it were really true that I was responsible for the war I should say that it was a feather in my cap." Mr. Chamberlain as a Red Indian was followed by Mr. Chamberlain as a coster-girl.

MR. F. C. GOULD.
From a Photo. by Fradelle & Young.

It is characteristic of Mr. Gould's work, I may add, that this caricature should have been suggested by a speech. He is a close

student of speeches both in and out of Parliament, and I remember his once telling me that he considered a careful study of politics to be as necessary to the cartoonist as to the leader-writer. At the same time his happiest efforts in the general estimation are the result of a flash of inspiration rather than of a train of thought. In the case of "Unblushing," as usually, "F.C.G." at once "spotted" the passage in the speech which became the text to the picture.

MR. E. T. REED.
From a Photo. by Henry Van der Weyde.

As is well known, the originals of Mr. Gould's cartoons find a ready sale, and in the course of our conversation I asked him who were the most frequent purchasers, but he replied that as they were very often Conservative readers of the *Westminster Gazette* they might not care to have their identity disclosed.

Mr. Gould is, of course, well known to every reader of this Magazine, as his drawings have illustrated Mr. Lucy's papers "From Behind the Speaker's Chair" for many years.

Mr. E. T. Reed's telegraphic address, I observed on his notepaper, is "Prehistoric." Although he is now installed in Mr. Furniss's place as *Punch's* Parliamentary artist, I quite expected, as I wended my way to Mr. Reed's West Kensington flat, that his choice would be made from those "Prehistoric Peeps" for which Mr. Reed has become famous. The choice of "Prehistoric Mixed Bathing" was not at once made, however, Mr. Reed sending it by post a few days subsequent to my call. The drawing, which was one of a series of three called "The Stone Age Revisited," appeared only last summer in "*Punch's* Holiday Book."

"There is no particular story about it," Mr. Reed assures me. The first of the "Prehistoric Peeps" appeared in the Christmas number of 1893, three years after his appointment on the staff of *Punch*: this was "The First Hansom." The original idea seems to have arisen in Mr. Reed's mind from visiting museums and examining their evidences of prehistoric life. Of prehistoric

MIXED BATHING IN PREHISTORIC TIMES.—BY MR. E. T. REED.
By permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."

animals Mr. Reed made a careful study in the South Kensington Museum, as well as in books, but, of course, much imagination has entered into his presentments of extinct monsters and their relationship to man.

his selection is made. As regards "The Desperate Householder," reproduced here, he states that there is nothing to be told—adding: "I rather think—though I am not sure—that the idea was not my own." Mr.

DESPERATE HOUSEHOLDER WRITES OUT ADVERTISEMENT: "To be disposed of, a Monkey. Very comical and playful. Lively companion; full of fun. Would exchange for Gold Fish, or anything useful."
By permission of the] BY MR. BERNARD PARTRIDGE. *[Proprietors of "Punch."*

Mr. Reed's first *Punch* picture, it may be of interest to recall, had for its subject the three judges of the Parnell Commission enjoying themselves up the river. But his first caricature he cannot quite remember. At Harrow he had shown a sense of humour in his pencil, and Mr. Reed tells a story how one day a master—as a punishment for caricaturing himself—ordered him to furnish caricatures of all the other masters in the school.

Mr. Bernard Partridge is perhaps most favourably known in the pages of *Punch* as the illustrator of Mr. Anstey's "Voces Populi" and "Jabberjee," but it is from neither of these most amusing series that

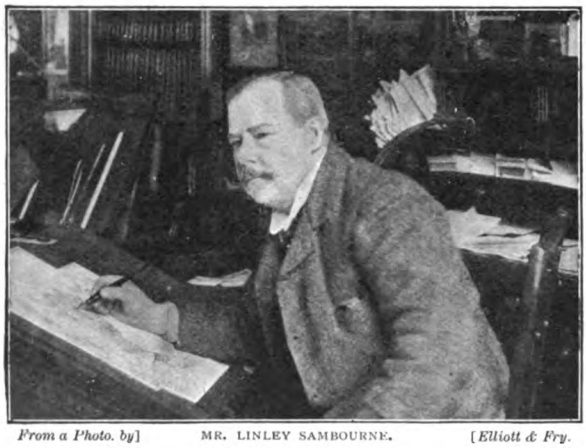
MR. BERNARD PARTRIDGE.
From a Photo. by Russell & Sons.

Partridge, who, I may remind my readers, is a successful actor as well as artist under the name of "Bernard Gould," confesses that, generally speaking, what may be called the literary ideas in his drawings are furnished by the Editor of *Punch* or others. "I can hardly ever invent a joke," he will frankly tell you.

This being so, the pictorial humour of such pictures as "The Desperate Householder" is the more remarkable. Mr. Dudley Hardy had just told me—and his experience is usual in his profession—that however funny a story sounded to him in the telling, it was seldom that much could be made of it in the pictorial form. The idea had

to spring from his own consciousness—the incident had to be seen with his own eyes.

Mr. Linley Sambourne, who has taken Sir John Tenniel's place, has on his door-front



From a Photo. by] MR. LINLEY SAMBOURNE. *[Elliott & Fry.*

at Kensington a brass tablet, "Not at Home," to warn away visitors on Thursday and Friday when he is in the throes of the principal cartoon for *Punch*, as arranged at the staff dinner on Wednesday evening. Calling another morning, however, I find Mr. Sambourne quite at leisure for a chat.

At the outset the artist mentions "In the Parrot-House" as his best-remembered example of the comic spirit, although he has to go through the *Punch* volume for the first half of 1899 before he can fix the date of the cartoon. And before "In the Parrot-House" is finally decided upon several other volumes are run through. Mr. Sambourne's fancy lingers for a few moments upon an earlier picture relating to the German Emperor, but it is dismissed on the reflection that its humour is now out of harmony with English feeling towards that monarch.

"Yes, the idea of 'The Parrot-House,'" Mr. Sambourne says, in reply to my interrogation, "was entirely my own, and if I remember rightly it was at once accepted at the *Punch* dinner. I know I took a lot of trouble over the drawing, first going to the Zoo to make some studies of the birds. I had many offers for the original, and it was sold to one of the Canons of Winchester whose offer arrived first."

After much Continental wandering Mr. Dudley Hardy has once more found an abiding-place in London, his house in Gloucester Road, Kensington, being but a few minutes' walk from Mr. Linley Sambourne's, in Stafford Terrace.

Mr. Hardy's face, when I asked him for his funniest drawing, was a picture of perplexity. "I forget my work as soon as it appears," he

A ROW IN THE PARROT-HOUSE.—THE C-MPB-LL-B-NN-RM-N BIRD: "What a noise they're making! I can hardly hear myself shriek!"

By permission of the] BY MR. LINLEY SAMBOURNE. *[Proprietors of "Punch."*

exclaims; "it comes out in so many different places, and I have never taken the trouble to file my pictures. I often wish I had, because it would sometimes save me a lot of trouble. But wait a moment; let me think as to which is the most humorous thing I can recall."

"BARGAINING FOR THE LAST FISH—VENICE."—BY MR. DUDLEY HARDY.
From the "Sketch."

To assist his reflection Mr. Hardy takes a cup of coffee and a cigarette, and slowly in the little clouds of smoke is evolved the reminiscence of a *Sketch* drawing in its "Light Side of Nature," the drawing of two Venetian fishermen quarrelling as to the proprietorship of the last fish in a great haul they had just landed.

"It appeared," said Mr. Hardy, "some time in 1894, when I was rambling about the South of Europe picking up little out-of-the-way subjects for the *Sketch* and other papers. I drew this incident as I actually saw it on the quayside at Venice, and, slight as the drawing is, I think it contains as much real humour as anything I've ever done.

"Wherever I find myself," Mr. Hardy said, a little later in our conversation, "I am always on the look-out for such incidents. Only yesterday, for instance, going to Notting Hill Gate Station I passed two urchins carrying a big basket of linen, and I heard one say to the other, 'And she nearly broke my 'art.' This revelation of the poor little chap's love affairs struck me at the time as being irresistibly funny, and I daresay I may make something of it. I put these suggestions into my sketch-book, and I have scores of them always at hand. It is the one thing, perhaps, that I am methodical about."

As I left Mr. Hardy at the gate he gave me an actual example of the quickness of his eye for "the light side of Nature." On the opposite pavement a respectable-looking young woman was making pictures for the entertainment of the passers-by. She had taken up her position there an hour or two before, and Mr. Hardy had already interviewed her.

"She calls herself," he remarks, "the first

MR. DUDLEY HARDY.
From a Photo.

woman pavement-artist, and when I told her that I was in the same line of business she simply replied, 'On canvas, I suppose?' So I dropped a couple of shillings into her bag, and I think I must now make a sketch of her."

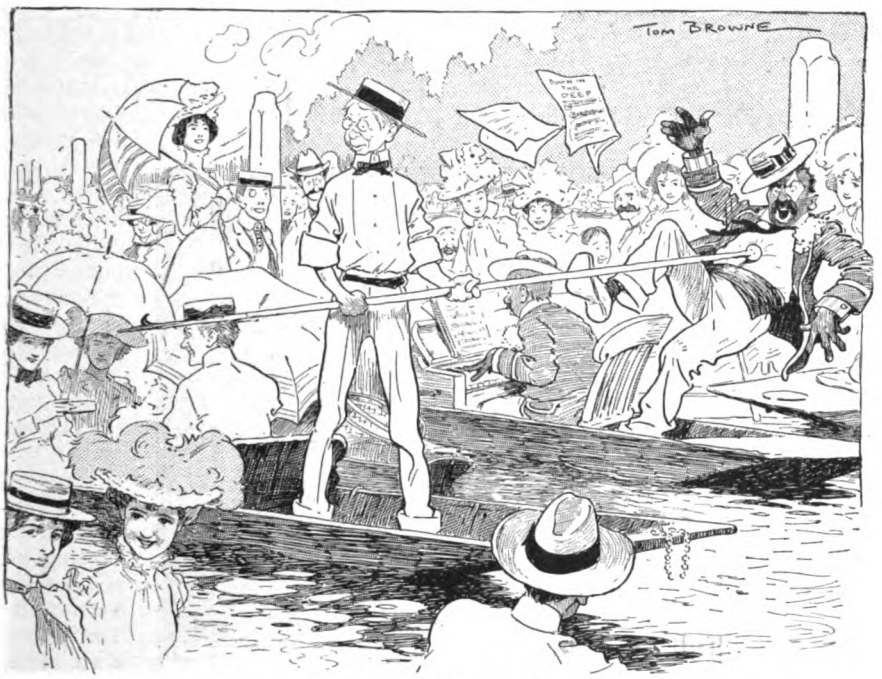
MR. J. A. SHEPHERD.
From a Photo. by Fradelle & Young.

Mr. J. A. Shepherd, whose "Zigzags at the Zoo," "Fables," and other works have formed memorable features of THE STRAND MAGAZINE, rusticates at Horley, in Surrey. As admirers of his work will suppose, Mr. Shepherd has spent a good deal of his time in the farmyard, and it is by a travesty of feathered life that he has chosen to be represented in this article.

"I had been making studies of chickens all day at a poultry show," Mr. Shepherd tells me, not in illustration of the fidelity of his artistic method, but in explanation of the origin of this picture. "In the evening I was at a dance. Looking on at the company and being full of my work I began seeing resemblances in my work to my late models (my amusement and business at all times), and when the barn dance struck up—there was the notion!"

"The Barn Dance," I believe, like all Mr. Shepherd's work, was very rapidly drawn. In fact, with a reputation made at twenty-five, and such a record of work as he now has at thirty-five for THE STRAND, *Punch*, and other publications, the artist has clearly never wasted much time. First at Bromley, Kent, and now at Horley, Surrey, Mr. Shepherd has collected quite a menagerie of models for his distinctive "line" of work, including a number of bulldogs, the rearing of which has been a very successful hobby with him.

By permission of the] THE BARN DANCE.—BY MR. J. A. SHEPHERD. [*Proprietors of "Punch."*



FUN AT HENLEY REGATTA.—BERTIE ATTEMPTS TO EXTRICATE HIS PUNT FROM THE CROWD.
By permission of the] BY MR. TOM BROWNE. *[Proprietors of "Punch."*

Mr. Tom Browne, R.I., sent me his pen and ink drawing, "Henley," from the *Punch Almanack* of 1900. This picture may be said to be the outcome of much boating experience on the Upper Thames, for Mr. Browne, who now lives at Blackheath, has been in his time an enthusiastic oarsman. His time has been only seven years—that is as far as London is concerned, for it was only in 1894 that he left his native Nottingham to win fame as a black and white artist.

The career of Tom Browne is quite a little romance of art, and as it is not yet generally known I should like to tell it here. Born in 1872, educated at a National school, employed for three years as an errand-boy in the Nottingham Lace Market—that is the first chapter. Apprenticed to a firm of lithographic printers, his artistic talent excited in this somewhat favourable atmosphere, drawing at night for obscure comic papers, attending the Nottingham School of Art—second chapter. End of his apprenticeship at the age of twenty-one, a bold descent upon London, a hard struggle to obtain a foothold in London illustrated journalism, decisive success with the *Graphic*, *Sketch*, *Punch*, *The King*, and other leading periodicals—third chapter. Mr. Browne, who has been elected a member of both the Royal Institute and the Royal Society of British Artists, may at the age of thirty confidently look forward to the further chapters in his brilliant career. He has travelled a good deal in France, Spain, and Holland. Indeed, the rustic Hollander, with his balloon-like trousers and huge wooden clogs, is one of his favourite subjects.

MR. TOM BROWNE.
From a Photo. by Morgan & Kidd, Greenwich, S.E.

Mr. L. Raven-Hill, who combines the cultivation of art with the practice of agriculture on his estate in Wiltshire, sent me the following reply :—

"As good a thing as any of mine came out about a year ago last August or September. Fat old woman getting into 'bus. Driver says: 'Try zideways.' She says: 'Lar' bless 'ee, I ain't got no zideways.' Actually overheard in the market-place."

From a] MR. RAVEN-HILL. *[Photo.*

The market-place, I presume, was Devizes, near which town Mr. Raven-Hill dwells in a house where Napier wrote his history of the Peninsular War. In thus being based upon fact this picture resembles nearly all those pictorial jests with which this artist unfailingly sustains the gaiety of the nation.

He received his artistic training at first in London and afterwards in Paris, where he learned his art from Bougereau and Morot, the battle painter. Morot's great lesson was to apply generally the method which he applied specially to horses. His system was to close the eyes until the retina became a blank and then to take a flash glimpse—a rapid opening and shutting of the lids—and in this way an impression of action can be retained for several seconds. Mr. Raven-Hill aims for that instantaneous record of all he sees. But it was not for some time that he had an opportunity of making his gifts known. He returned from Paris, and, to use his own words, painted acres of pictures that didn't sell. He did all kinds of work, and used to go round to the newspaper offices with a portfolio of drawings; and the editors kindly told him how to draw, and what art meant, and gave him hints about design, and were hurt when he said that he could carry out

CARRIER: "Try zideways, Mrs. Jones, try zideways!" MRS. JONES: "Lar' bless 'ee, John, I ain't got no zideways!"
By permission of the] BY MR. RAVEN-HILL. *[Proprietors of "Punch."*

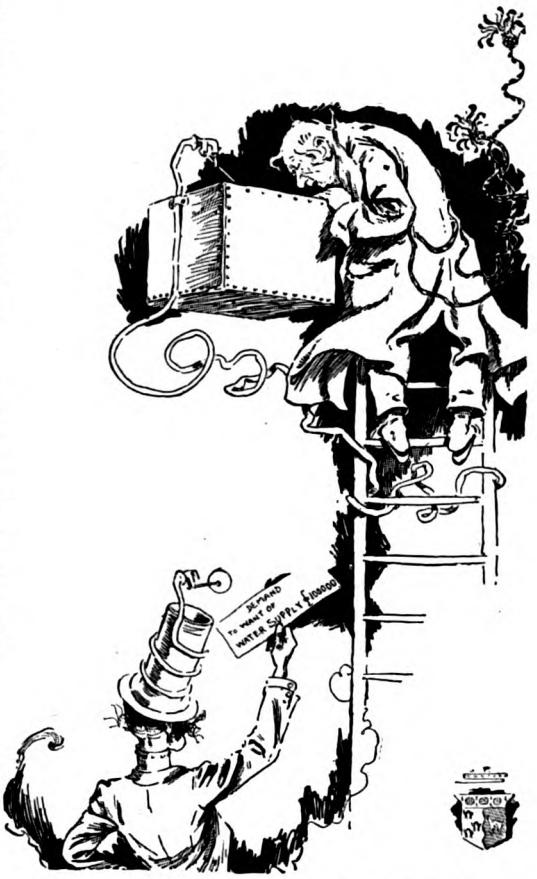
their ideas with a fork and a pat of butter. But success was bound to come; and few men have been more successful than the present genial member of Mr. Punch's staff. Mr. Raven-Hill generally invents his own jokes, but sometimes, as in the case of the drawing he has here selected, he takes a hint from life. He is one of the best living observers of rustic character and rural types, and his humour has a touch of subtlety and refinement all his own.

I found Mr. James F. Sullivan in the throes of removal from one Wimbledon villa to another, and was disappointed therefore of the quiet little chat I had pleasantly anticipated with the delineator of "The Queer Side of Things"—that most amusing series of papers which originally appeared in the pages of this Magazine. I hope to get some consolation when Mr. Sullivan gives us his sketch of the pantechnicon men at work, for it was in his troubles as a householder, I find, that Mr. Sullivan found inspiration for what he himself considers to be about his funniest picture.

"'The vagaries of the water companies,' Mr. Sullivan tells me, 'in charging for water not supplied in consequence of drought or frost, or for other reasons, first gave me the idea for 'The Great Water Joke'; also their contention that a bath is not for domestic purposes and must be paid for extra."

MR. J. F. SULLIVAN.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

"The Great Water Joke" was both written and illustrated by Mr. Sullivan, who quaintly signs himself, by the way, "Jassef Sullivan."



"THE GREAT WATER JOKE."—BY MR. J. F. SULLIVAN.
By permission of Messrs. Downey & Co.

It appeared in a Christmas number of *Pearson's Magazine*, and has been republished in book form by Messrs. Downey.

The incident which Mr. Sullivan has chosen to represent his most humorous work is described in the following lines taken from his book just mentioned:—

"I'm sorry!" said the Company; "I'm perfectly distraught
To think you haven't water, but it happens there's a drought."

"I'm sorry!" said the Company; "my grief is very great:
The Winter's frozen up the mains; but kindly pay the rate."

In the course of talk over the *Punch* volumes Mr. Linley Sambourne had spoken of Mr. Phil May's drawing in the number for August 21st, 1897, "The Fisherman and the Lunatic," as that which he would personally select as representative of his colleague's rich humour.

MR. PHIL MAY.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

Curiously enough, when I called upon Phil May, in St. John's Wood, a day or two later, this was the picture he selected after a minute's consideration.

"I had been to Wakefield just before," he remarked, "and noticed a lunatic asylum there which overlooks a river where there are generally a number of people fishing, especially on Saturday afternoon. They never catch anything—the river is probably too dirty to contain any fish. This is how I got the idea, and I may say that most of my jokes arise in this way from things that I see."

Phil May finds most of his subjects in the East-end of London among the coster girls, guttersnipes, and other types which he has rendered immortal. But all his models have not belonged to the lower orders, and once he even had a Bishop sitting to him. "The Bishop had a splendid head and shoulders," says the artist, "but the lower part of his body and his legs were 'a bit off,' so I made a prize-fighter sit for the body and legs, to the huge satisfaction of the Bishop and his friends."

Another of his jokes came to him in this way. He went into an oyster saloon and ordered a dozen natives, when another man entered and gave a similar order, inquiring anxiously of the proprietor if the oysters were fresh. "Fresh!" echoed the bivalve merchant. "Fresh! Why"—indicating Phil May with a wave of his hand—"the first oyster that gentleman took up bit his lip!"

LUNATIC (suddenly popping his head over wall): "What are you doing there?" BROWN: "Fishing." LUNATIC: "Caught anything?" BROWN: "No." LUNATIC: "How long have you been there?" BROWN: "Six hours." LUNATIC: "*Come inside!*"

BY MR. PHIL MAY.
By permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."

The Stroh Violin.

By D. Donovan.

WHEN, about three hundred years ago, some daring spirit cut down a treble viol and converted it into a "violino," or little viol, he probably never dreamed that he was giving to the world an instrument that should ever afterwards rule as king in the vast domain of music. The potentialities of the transformed viol were at once perceived, and the construction of fiddles became an art. During the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries there were masters whose names were mint-marks of excellence, and a genuine instrument by one of these makers is at the present day worth an almost fabulous sum.

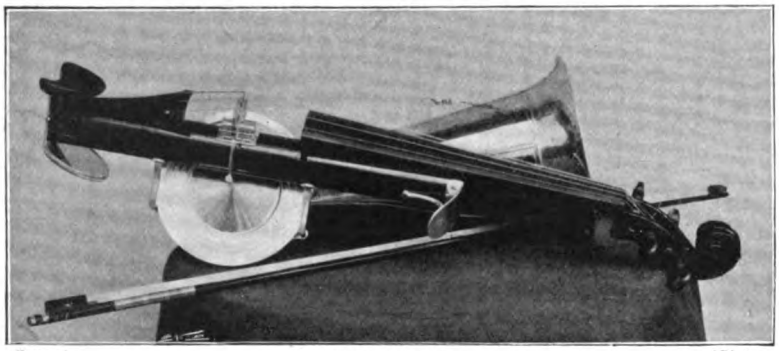
When it is remembered, however, that in those times of long ago the old makers of violins knew nothing of the scientific laws of sound, the wonder is they were able to produce such marvellous results. And with the dawn of the twentieth century a new instrument, constructed on purely scientific lines and called the "Stroh Violin," after the name of its inventor, is added to the great string family. As a mere mechanical invention it deserves more than a passing notice; while for power and quality of tone it is safe to predict that it will take a high place.

From a] THE STROH VIOLIN BEING PLAYED. *[Photo.*

The inventor, Mr. A. Stroh, a gentleman eminent in the world of science and an expert in all matters of acoustics, conceived the idea that he could produce a stringed instrument of the violin class which should be dependent for its tone and quality on an entirely new arrangement. He worked out his theory in a series of experiments, and ultimately gave it practical shape. His beautiful instrument is quite a new departure; and although the technique and method of fingering are exactly the same, the Stroh violin, as will be seen by the illustrations, bears little resemblance to its predecessors.

The new fiddle differs as much from the ordinary violin as a cornet differs from a trumpet. The scroll, neck, and finger-board are alike, but having said that one has said all, as in every other essential the Stroh is different. The inventor began by discarding the usual box as unnecessary, and here he was confronted with the problem — How were the vibrations of the four strings to be conducted *viâ* the bridge to a resonator, without devices that must necessarily interfere with the quality of tone, and more or less destroy the timbre of the strings? In solving this problem he never lost sight of well-recognised laws of musical sound. The slightest check to perfectly free vibration would be detrimental to the quality of tone, a very important factor in connection with the violin; and if the enormous pressure of the strings — something like 62lb. when tuned to pitch—were allowed to rest upon a bridge that was in direct contact with the device which he decided should take the place of the belly of the violin, the vibration would certainly be interfered with. His knowledge of repeating and recording instruments in connection with telegraphy induced him to try a diaphragm, or disc, and he was soon convinced that he had solved the problem. The result of this research was the production of a corrugated aluminium diaphragm, of which we give an illustration.

The vibrations of the strings are conducted by means of an ordinary violin-bridge, which rests upon a rocking lever, to this diaphragm and resonator.



From a] THE STROH VIOLIN. *[Photo.*

The lever supporting the bridge oscillates laterally upon the body of the instrument, the end being attached to the aluminium disc by a small connecting link. The diaphragm is held in position between two indiarubber cushions by means of a specially designed holder, fixed also upon the body of the violin by two brackets. Attached to this holder is a trumpet or resonator, which augments the sound.

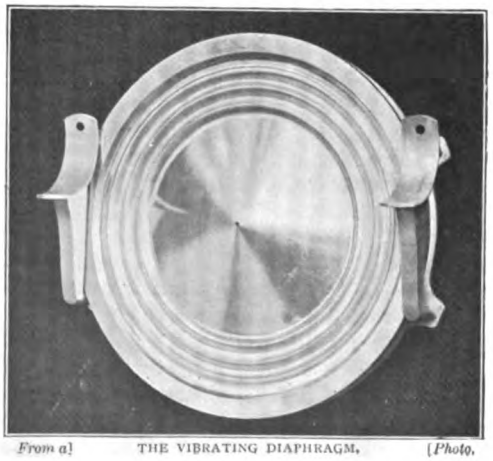
THE ROCKING BRIDGE AND LEVER.
From a Photo.

The body or cylinder of the instrument is in no way employed for sound purposes. Its main object is to hold the various parts of the violin together, and to sustain the enormous pressure of the strings when tuned. The disc, which represents the belly of an ordinary violin, is perfectly free to vibrate, so that when the strings are set in motion by the bow the bridge and rocking-lever vibrate in unison, and every vibration is transmitted to the diaphragm. The diaphragm sets in motion the air contained in the resonator, this resonator acting as a distributor of the sound waves. The disc is of peculiar construction, and its possible application to the phonograph may lead to very important results in the future.

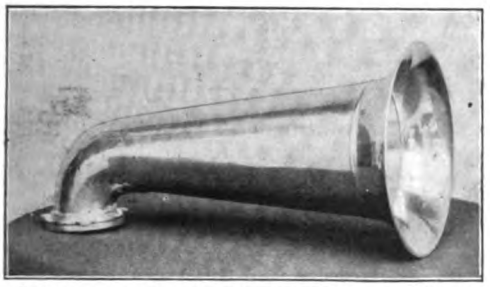
The mechanism of the Stroh violin is marvellously simple, as will be seen from the illustrations, and cannot easily get out of order.

Each part can be seen at a glance, and in the manufacture of the instrument a standard gauge will be observed, so that in the event of accident the damaged part can be easily procured. Although the diaphragm is made from aluminium there is an absolute absence of metallic sound, even to ears long accustomed to the tones of the wooden violin. The rich, mellow tones, hitherto supposed to require a century to mature and perfect them, are very noticeable in the Stroh. The slightest contact with the bow will produce them, and with such ease and fluency do they flow that the player, whether he be professional or amateur, can hardly fail to appreciate this very distinctive characteristic.

Much has been written about what is termed the "reserve" force of a Joseph Guarnerius. As a matter of fact a Stroh has the reserve power of three "Josephs," and is as loud as four ordinary violins. The G-string is a dream. It possesses the deep, rich quality of a fine 'cello A, but there is no unevenness in the strings. The harmonics are loud and pure, and what is of great importance is an entire absence of "scrape." This is a point that solo-players will value highly. Of course, the idea of a new violin that can be played upon immediately it is finished, and that will produce marvellous tone and quality of sound, will possibly come as a shock to old-fashioned people, to whom the original violin has been a cherished idol; but the spirit of invention respects no one's prejudices. And it may



From a] THE VIBRATING DIAPHRAGM. *[Photo.*



From a] THE TRUMPET OR RESONATOR. *[Photo.*

not be out of place here to quote the well-known writer, Mr. Pain, who in "Grove's Dictionary of Music" says:—

"A good deal of enthusiasm has been lavished by connoisseurs on the beauty of design and varnish of the old Cremona violins, and even in some useful and reputable works on the subject this enthusiasm has been carried to a point where it can only be described as silly and grotesque. A fiddle, after all, even a Stradivarius, is not a work of pure art like a piece of painting or sculpture: it is as merely a machine as a watch, a gun, or a plough. Its main excellencies are purely mechanical, and though most good fiddles are also well designed and handsome, not a few are decidedly ugly."

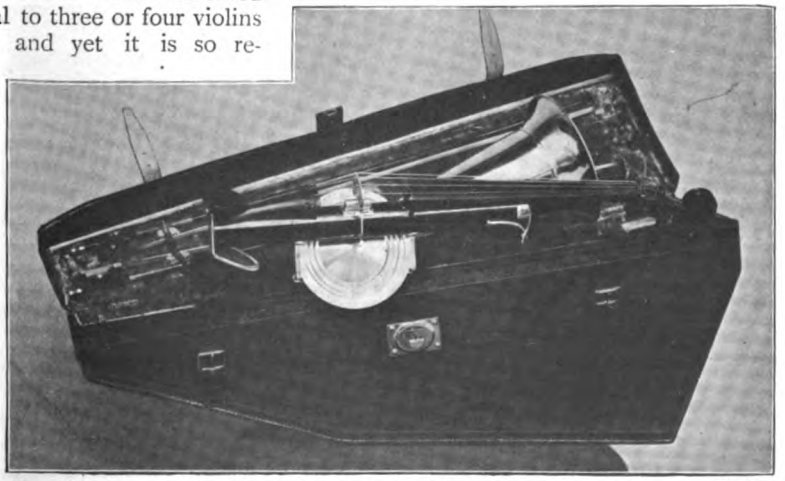
No one who examines the Stroh, however critically, can fail to admit, if he be honest, that it is a wonderful piece of mechanism, which in the hands of a trained player is capable of great things; while for the mere amateur or the beginner it possesses advantages which are peculiar to itself and cannot be overrated.

In weight it is only a few ounces heavier than the ordinary violin. Its increased power makes it equal to three or four violins of the old pattern, and yet it is so remarkably sensitive that it can be played so as to produce delicate *pp* and *ppp* passages with scarcely any pressure on the bow. As a solo instrument it fulfils all the requirements of the most exacting virtuoso; at the same time it will be of great value in small orchestras. Two Stroh violins and one Stroh viola would be equal to eight or nine wooden fiddles.

The Stroh has already received the approval of some very eminent musicians. And at a recent concert in London a distinguished and critical audience pronounced it an unqualified success; while competent authorities predict a great future for it.

But even if the merits of the instrument, merely as a violin, were less conspicuous than they are, it must, as an exponent of certain principles of acoustics, be regarded with wonder. In loudness, pitch, and timbre, or, as the Germans term it, *Klang-farbe*, it is without an equal in its class. Tyndall most expressively terms this *Klang-farbe* "clang-tint," and nothing could better convey the true meaning of the word, for timbre is, if the expression is allowable, the very soul and colour of sound. It is quite distinct from loudness and pitch, which, in order to convert them into musical sound, must be associated with timbre. In a very eminent degree these three qualities are represented in the new invention; and Mr. Stroh has succeeded in blending them with such delicacy and artistic effect that one is almost led to believe he has reached the ultimate limit in this respect, and that further improvement is impossible.

The Stroh violin is certainly the creation of a man of genius and the result of long study of the laws by which we obtain the true poetry of sound. And it will, I venture to predict, in spite of prejudice, ultimately be recognised not only as a triumph of creative skill, but as worthy of taking its place with those instruments which depend for their effect upon attuned strings.



From a] THE VIOLIN IN ITS CASE. *[Photo.*

PAGE NOT AVAILABLE

PAGE NOT AVAILABLE

Some Wonders from the West.

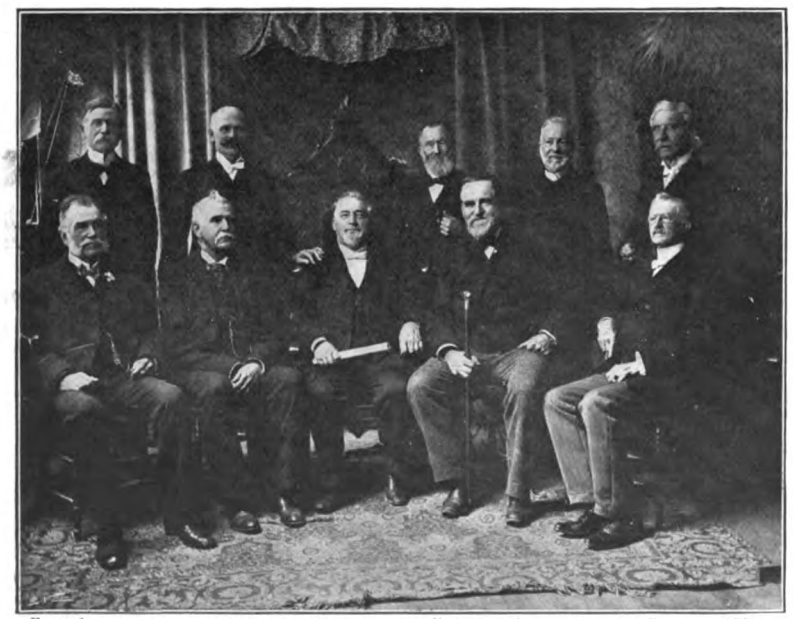
By E. Leslie Gilliams.

XXXVII.—AN "OLD MEN'S SINGING CLUB."

ONE of the most remarkable clubs of modern times has its head-quarters in Almeda, California, U.S.A. It is known as the "Old Men's Singing Club," no one being admitted to it who has not the gift of song and who has not passed at least his sixty-fifth birthday. The club has 101 members with an aggregate age of 6,666 years.

It has been a source of regret to those who love classical music and the tuneful melody of old-time ballads that "coon-songs" and nigger ditties are the only style of music popular with the younger generation. To this want of appreciation of old-fashioned tunes may be traced the birth of the "Old Men's Singing Club."

This club has been in existence for about one year, and has been entirely successful, the membership list increasing each week. It has a president and officers and a musical director—Herr Theodore Vogt. The members of the club believe in the old adage that "A woman is as old as she looks; a man as old as he feels." And they say that they feel no older than they did forty years ago; and they believe that they can sing as well now as they did in the days of "Auld Lang Syne." Herr Theodore Vogt, who was connected with the Royal Conservatory at Stockholm, after a year's experience with these hoary-headed vocalists says that they possess voices of remarkable quality and strength.



From a] OFFICERS AND ORGANIZERS OF THE "OLD MEN'S SINGING CLUB." *[Photo.*

The "Old Men's Singing Club" was formed when Fritz Boehmer celebrated his seventieth birthday. Mr. Boehmer is a prominent member of the Almeda German Colony, and, as all the Germans in Almeda would be ashamed not to be musical, he decided to organize a singing club. He made some inquiry among his friends, and, to his horror, he found that nearly all the musicians who were on his calling list were of the nigger-song variety. He noticed that most of them wore open-work socks and fancy waistcoats and played comic opera songs on banjos and mandolines. There was no room in their repertoire for the old-time melodies of the younger days of Mr. Boehmer. The old man swore a mighty oath that if he could not find the music of the old days in the soul of the young men of the city he would turn for what he sought to his companions in years—and so the "Old Men's Singing Club" came to be. No one was eligible who parted his hair in the middle, or who had any parting at all, or any hair on the top of his head to part; or who wore low patent leather shoes and gaudy hosiery, or gay neckties or fancy waistcoats.

Having organized the club a set of rules was next in order. It was decided that no one younger than sixty-five years could become a member. Fortunately, the greater number who have applied for entrance have been nearly seventy. The sole exception

was made in favour of the Hon. E. K. Taylor, secretary of the organization, who is barely forty.

For nearly a year they met and practised, gaining steadily in numbers and in excellence; then they announced their intention of giving a concert for the benefit of the poor of Almeda. The only lady artist was the Señora Benina Barone, aged 103 years, who danced and sang "La Tolla."

This old Spanish woman was born in Mexico in 1798; she danced in the Spanish City of Mexico while in the first blush of maidenhood, and the picturesque cavaliers of those times pelted her with roses. To the tinkling accompaniment of a guitar they sang love-songs underneath her window. Those, she says, were merry days. The weary feet, which at their owner's request danced once more in order that a few extra dollars might be added to the fund for the poor, were as light as in the bygone days, and if the aged voice quavered, no one noticed it. She was accompanied on the guitar by a Spanish youth—Señor Joseph Balderamos.

SEÑORA BENINA BARONE, WHO AT 103 IS A CHARMING DANCER AND SINGER —SHE IS THE ONLY FEMALE MEMBER OF THE CLUB. *From a] [Photo.*

The old men were in splendid voice. Their tones rang out in sonorous cadence, and long before the evening was over the jingling airs of music-hall and vaudeville were voted as soulless as the blasts from a tin trumpet. Fritz Boehmer hailed himself as the musical saviour of the city on the bay.

"The people can't love what they don't know," he said. "If you would have citizens who like and appreciate good music, let them grow up with a knowledge of it. In order to do this melody must be breathed in with the air. It must be lived. The children must be brought up with music. In order to be musical one must be born of a town and State and nation where music is not only an honoured profession, but a matter of course. The Germans are a musical race, and to that potent influence I lay much of the love of home, the sweetness of domestic relations, that are so much a part of its people. If we of America were to gather oftener in our homes, and together raise our voices in song, it would be better for us."

This concert brought this remarkable club before the public, and it gained fame in a single night. Several of the leading musical organizations in both San Francisco and Oakland have sought to absorb it, but it declines to be taken into any glee club, or sangerfest, or other such frivolous crowd. It will continue as it began, an organization for old men and old songs, but it is ambitious to grow to a club of five hundred members. Fancy it! Five hundred old men, each one with a voice that, had he chosen, might have made him rich and famous—for none but those with fine voices are welcomed by the old men, who claim that to the balmy climate of California they owe their gift of song.

The officers of the club are as follows: President, Fritz Boehmer, aged 71; secretary, Hon. E. K. Taylor, aged 40; treasurer, F. W. Greeley, aged 79; vice-presidents, David Martin, aged 78; E. B. Dunning, aged 66; Henry Epstein, aged 72; Judge E. A. Swasey, aged 79; L. W. Downs, aged 67; J. E. Blanding, aged 70.

XXXVIII.—A TRAIN-LOAD OF TWO MILLION EGGS.

THE most remarkable cargo in the world—a train composed of twelve refrigerator cars containing about 2,000,000 eggs—was recently gathered by one firm in the vicinity of Newton, Kansas, and shipped to San Francisco, California, U.S.A. The express went as a special over the Sante Fé road, and was the first instance of a train with a cargo consisting exclusively of eggs passing into the State of California.

The twelve cars composing the train in which was this fragile cargo were constructed in a manner best calculated to preserve the entirety of the breakable and delicate freight. They were built upon a plan which enabled the shippers to pack great numbers of crates so that every available bit of space in the cars was utilized. The story concerning the method of bringing this enormous quantity of eggs to one firm for shipment and the care exercised in conveying them thousands of miles through desert and mountain is most interesting.

From a) THE TRAIN WHICH CARRIES A CARGO OF TWO MILLION EGGS. *[Photo.*

This section of country, which is called the Middle West, is prosperous, for the egg industry is a most important factor in the business of the vicinity, and employment is given to hundreds of farmers who make their livelihood by raising chickens. For miles surrounding the town of Newton, Kansas, are heard the cackling of hens and the fluttering of the barnyard fowl. Hens, hens, everywhere, until the traveller is disposed to believe himself in Bedlam, and wonders how many miles he will have to drive in order to find peace and quiet. It is estimated that about 90 per cent. of the farmers within a radius of twenty miles from the town raise hens for laying purposes and ship their products to Newton. In order to make the work of distribution as systematic as possible, the firm has divided the country into sections, each portion bringing in its weekly supply at a stated period, thus preventing confusion. But every day in the early morning droves of farmers with large, lumbering waggons slowly make their way into town toward the storehouse, and to the observer, unacquainted with local customs, the question immediately arises, "What is the meaning of this cavalcade—is a population moving?"

The storehouse is a large brick building, oblong in shape, several stories high, and capable of housing three millions of eggs at one time. A valuable feature which distinguishes it from all other storage places is the inclined plane, connecting floor with floor, that does away with the jerking and jolting of elevators, thus preventing mishaps in moving the eggs to different sections of the building. At this terminus, or egg-depôt, about fifty alert clerks are ready to receive consignments of eggs from the husbandmen. In order to preserve harmony and prevent confusion each farmer must report to the clerk representing his section of the country; in this way knowledge of the condition of eggs shipped can easily be traced if certain lots are not up to the standard.

The eggs are then placed in pasteboard boxes, containing compartments for each one, and these boxes are placed in crates ready for shipment. After the problem of finding a suitable home for the storage of eggs had been solved the difficulty arose as to the method of transporting them safely. Ingenious minds, after much trouble and delay, devised what is now the most complete and easiest-going storage car in America. These cars were especially constructed for carrying their fragile cargo, and are divided into compartments so that the proper amount of cold air is distributed evenly to each crate. Beneath every car are springs that enable it to proceed over the ties with as little jolting as is afforded the luxurious passenger of the Pullman. The value of the shipment aggregated about £5,000, including freight charges, which amounted to over £1,000.

XXXIX.—A LADY'S GLASS DRESS.

THE most marvellous and beautiful dress in the world is owned by Miss Ellene Jaqua, a famous singer and well-known society belle of Brooklyn, New York, U.S.A. It is a costume made of spun glass, and its shimmering folds dazzle the eyes and bewilder the brain of all who gaze upon the creation.

The material for this valuable and wonderful gown took five months to spin—or, more correctly speaking, to blow—and was made in Dresden, Germany; the gown was cut in Paris, and does credit to the designer.

The colour effects of the dress under a strong light are wonderful. Delicate shades of pale green, blue, and silver-white blend into each other with bewildering rapidity as the light falls upon the folds, presenting an aspect of unusual charm, lustre, and richness. Although the gown does not sparkle, the indescribable sheen which it throws out dazzles the eye for the moment. The entire effect is of rays of moonlight cast upon a satiny silver surface. The cloth or body and the trimmings of the dress consist of millions of extremely fine and delicate strands of pure spun glass, and it is only upon careful examination that an adequate idea of the great amount of labour put into the weaving of the material can be gained. It was a most delicate and difficult task to blow the glass until the strands or threads were strong and yet pliable enough to be woven into a cloth which would be serviceable and permit of being cut and handled.

MISS ELLENE JAQUA, WEARING HER GLASS DRESS.
From a Photo. by Stacy, Brooklyn, N.Y.

At the Chicago Exposition in 1893 there was a glass dress exhibited, which became the property of the Infanta Eulalie, but this gown was only for show, and could not be worn, for so fragile were the strands of glass that the slightest effort to bend them would cause them to snap and splinter into a thousand pieces.

Miss Ellene Jaqua is therefore the first person to possess a glass-gown which can actually be worn, and not once only. It possesses a constitution which will enable it to live the usual space of time allotted to the ball-gown of a lady.

The style of this dainty dress was designed after the latest Parisian fashion. The skirt, being of a demi-train, hangs like a soft richness of brocade, cut in simple fashion with full gathers at the back and chaste and simple in the front, outlining the figure in graceful folds. The bodice, cut low, clings to the figure with all the pliancy of silk. About the neck is a full ruching, finished by fringe of spun glass; the full fringe of glass which finishes the corsage is repeated in effect about the skirt in a flounce with three bands of glass braid, which scintillates in the light.

It may also be interesting to know that it took over fourteen yards of extra wide glass cloth, thirty-five yards of spun glass braid, and twenty-five yards of glass fringe—in all, seventy-four yards of material—to make up this garment. Many would suppose that this great quantity of cloth, braid, and fringe would make it a rather heavy article of wearing apparel, but it does not weigh any more than an ordinary evening gown of the softest material. Its minute strands are so artistically woven and interwoven that it is perfectly

THE ENTIRE DRESS AND ITS TRIMMINGS ARE OF PURE SPUN GLASS.
From a Photo. by Stacy, Brooklyn, N.Y.

flexible and pliable, and can be worn with as perfect comfort and freedom as any evening gown.

The process by which the glass is spun remains a secret with the spinner, but some idea is given in saying that specially prepared glass was melted and made into tube forms of various lengths and colours. These tubes were run through flames to a concentrated point of intense heat, reducing them to a semi-melted state in order to make them pliable before coming in contact with the large spinning-wheel, which is several feet in circumference, having numerous small grooves around the outside band, and revolving several thousand feet a minute. The machine was turned and operated by hand. The tubes when in the required state were then placed on the wheel, where the grooves, catching the ends of the tubes, spin them into strands of great fineness until they lose their brittleness, coming from the wheel even finer than a hair and as soft as silk. These strands are hollow and so minute that it requires a microscope to detect the holes in the ends.

After this process of spinning was completed the threads were gathered and placed in a hand-loom and woven into glass cloth several yards in length, in the same manner as any other material.

Miss Jaqua, who is the proud owner of this wonderful dress, is an eminent artiste, having a wide reputation as a singer not only in her own city, but throughout the Eastern States.

THE DAZZLING DRESS AS IT APPEARS IN A STRONG LIGHT, SHOWING THE BEAUTIFUL MOONLIGHT EFFECT.
From a Photo. by [*Stacy, Brooklyn, N.Y.*

At Sunwich Port.

By W. W. Jacobs.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE two ladies received Mr. Hardy's information with something akin to consternation, the idea of the autocrat of Equator Lodge as a stowaway on board the ship of his ancient enemy proving too serious for ordinary comment. Mrs. Kingdom's usual expressions of surprise, "Well, I never did!" and "Good gracious alive!" died on her lips, and she sat gazing helpless and round-eyed at her niece.

"I wonder what he said," she gasped, at last.

Miss Nugent, who was trying to imagine her father in his new *rôle* aboard the *Conqueror*, paid no heed. It was not a pleasant idea, and her eyes flashed with temper as she thought of it. Sooner or later the whole affair would be public property.

"I had an idea all along that he wasn't in London," murmured Mrs. Kingdom. "Fancy that Nathan Smith standing in Sam's room telling us falsehoods like that! He never even blushed."

"But you said that you kept picturing father walking about the streets of London, wrestling with his pride and trying to make up his mind to come home again," said her niece, maliciously.

Mrs. Kingdom fidgeted, but before she could think of a satisfactory reply Bella came to the door and asked to speak to her for a moment. Profiting by her absence, Mr. Hardy leaned towards Miss Nugent, and in a low voice expressed his sorrow at the mishap to her father and his firm conviction that everything that could be thought of for that unfortunate mariner's comfort would be done. "Our fathers will probably come back good friends," he concluded. "There is nothing would give me more pleasure than that, and I think that we had better begin and set them a good example."

"It is no good setting an example to people who are hundreds of miles away," said the matter-of-fact Miss Nugent. "Besides, if they have made friends, they don't want an example set them."

"But in that case they have set us an example which we ought to follow," urged Hardy.

Miss Nugent raised her eyes to his.

"'WHY DO YOU WISH TO BE ON FRIENDLY TERMS?' SHE ASKED."

"Why do you wish to be on friendly terms?" she asked, with disconcerting composure.

"I should like to know your father," returned Hardy, with perfect gravity; "and Mrs. Kingdom—and you."

He eyed her steadily as he spoke, and Miss Nugent, despite her utmost efforts, realized with some indignation that a faint tinge of colour was creeping into her cheeks.

Copyright, 1901, by W. W. Jacobs in the United States of America.

She remembered his covert challenge at their last interview at Mr. Wilks's, and the necessity of reading this persistent young man a stern lesson came to her with all the force of a public duty.

"Why?" she inquired, softly, as she lowered her eyes and assumed a pensive expression.

"I admire him, for one thing, as a fine seaman," said Hardy.

"Yes," said Miss Nugent, "and——"

"And I've always had a great liking for Mrs. Kingdom," he continued; "she was very good-natured to me when I was a very small boy, I remember. She is very kind and amiable."

The baffled Miss Nugent stole a glance at him. "And——" she said again, very softly.

"And very motherly," said Hardy, without moving a muscle.

Miss Nugent pondered and stole another glance at him. The expression of his face was ingenuous, not to say simple. She resolved to risk it. So far he had always won in their brief encounters, and monotony was always distasteful to her, especially monotony of that kind.

"And what about me?" she said, with a friendly smile.

"You," said Hardy, with a gravity of voice belied by the amusement in his eye; "you are the daughter of the fine seaman and the niece of the good-natured and motherly Mrs. Kingdom."

Miss Nugent looked down again hastily, and all the shrew within her clamoured for vengeance. It was the same masterful Jem Hardy that had forced his way into their seat at church as a boy. If he went on in this way he would become unbearable; she resolved, at the cost of much personal inconvenience, to give him a much-needed fall. But she realized quite clearly that it would be a matter of time.

"Of course, you and Jack are already good friends?" she said, softly.

"Very," assented Hardy. "Such good friends that I have been devoting a lot of time lately to considering ways and means of getting him out of the snares of the Kybirds."

"I should have thought that that was his affair," said Miss Nugent, haughtily.

"Mine, too," said Hardy. "I don't want him to marry Miss Kybird."

For the first time since the engagement Miss Nugent almost approved of it. "Why not let him know your wishes?" she said, gently. "Surely that would be sufficient."

"But you don't want them to marry?" said Hardy, ignoring the remark.

"I don't want my brother to do anything shabby," replied the girl; "but I shouldn't be sorry, of course, if they did not."

"Very good," said Hardy. "Armed with your consent I shall leave no stone unturned. Nugent was let in for this, and I am going to get him out if I can. All's fair in love and war. You don't mind *my* doing anything shabby?"

"Not in the least," replied Miss Nugent, promptly.

The reappearance of Mrs. Kingdom at this moment saved Mr. Hardy the necessity of a reply. Conversation reverted to the missing captain, and Hardy and Mrs. Kingdom together drew such a picture of the two captains fraternizing that Miss Nugent felt that the millennium itself could have no surprises for her.

"He has improved very much," said Mrs. Kingdom, after the door had closed behind their visitor; "so thoughtful."

"He's thoughtful enough," agreed her niece.

"He is what I call extremely considerate," pursued the elder lady, "but I'm afraid he is weak; anybody could turn him round their little finger."

"I believe they could," said Miss Nugent, gazing at her with admiration, "if he wanted to be turned."

The ice thus broken, Mr. Hardy spent the following day or two in devising plausible reasons for another visit. He found one in the person of Mr. Wilks, who, having been unsuccessful in finding his beloved master at a small tavern down by the London docks, had returned to Sunwich, by no means benefited by his change of air, to learn the terrible truth as to his disappearance from Hardy.

"I wish they'd Shanghaid me instead," he said to that sympathetic listener, "or Mrs. Silk."

"Eh?" said the other, staring.

"Wot'll be the end of it I don't know," said Mr. Wilks, laying a hand, which still trembled, on the other's knee. "It's got about that she saved my life by 'er careful nussing, and the way she shakes 'er 'ead at me for risking my valuable life, as she calls it, going up to London, gives me the shivers."

"Nonsense," said Hardy; "she can't marry you against your will. Just be distantly civil to her."

"'Ow can you be distantly civil when she lives just opposite?" inquired the steward,

querulously. "She sent Teddy over at ten o'clock last night to rub my chest with a bottle o' liniment, and it's no good me saying I'm all right when she's been spending eighteen-pence o' good money over the stuff."

"She can't marry you unless you ask her," said the comforter.

Mr. Wilks shook his head. "People in the alley are beginning to talk," he said, dolefully. "Just as I came in this afternoon old George Lee screwed up one eye at two or three women wot was gossiping near, and when I asked 'im wot 'e'd got to wink about he said that a bit o' wedding-cake 'ad blowed in his eye as I passed. It sent them silly creeturs into fits a'most."

an'-twenty years I sailed with the cap'n and served 'im faithful, and this is my reward."

Hardy pleaded his case next day. Miss Nugent was alone when he called, and, moved by the vivid picture he drew of the old man's loneliness, accorded her full forgiveness, and decided to pay him a visit at once. The fact that Hardy had not been in the house five minutes she appeared to have overlooked.

"I'll go upstairs and put my hat and jacket on and go now," she said, brightly.

"That's very kind of you," said Hardy. His voice expressed admiring gratitude; but he made no sign of leaving his seat.

"You don't mind?" said Miss Nugent, pausing in front of him and slightly extending her hand.

"HE SAID A BIT O' WEDDING-CAKE 'AD BLOWED IN HIS EYE."

"They'll soon get tired of it," said Hardy.

Mr. Wilks, still gloomy, ventured to doubt it, but cheered up and became almost bright when his visitor announced his intention of trying to smooth over matters for him at Equator Lodge. He became quite voluble in his defence, and attached much importance to the fact that he had nursed Miss Nugent when she was in long clothes and had taught her to whistle like an angel at the age of five.

"I've felt being cut adrift by her more than anything," he said, brokenly. "Nine-

"Not in the least," was the reply; "but I want to see Wilks myself. Perhaps you'll let me walk down with you?"

The request was so unexpected that the girl had no refusal ready. She hesitated and was lost. Finally, she expressed a fear that she might keep him waiting too long while she got ready—a fear which he politely declined to consider.

"Well, we'll see," said the marvelling Miss Nugent to herself as she went slowly upstairs. "He's got impudence enough for forty."

She commenced her preparations for

seeing Mr. Wilks by wrapping a shawl round her shoulders and reclining in an easy-chair with a novel. It was a good story, but the room was very cold, and even the pleasure of snubbing an intrusive young man did not make amends for the lack of warmth. She read and shivered for an hour, and then with chilled fingers lit the gas and proceeded to array herself for the journey.

Her temper was not improved by seeing Mr. Hardy sitting in the dark over a good fire when she got downstairs.

"I'm afraid I've kept you waiting," she said, crisply.

"Not at all," said Hardy. "I've been very comfortable."

Miss Nugent repressed a shiver and, crossing to the fire, thoughtlessly extended her fingers over the blaze.

"I'm afraid you're cold," said Hardy.

The girl looked round sharply. His face, or as much of it as she could see in the firelight, bore a look of honest concern somewhat at variance with the quality of his voice. If it had not been for the absurdity of altering her plans on his account she would have postponed her visit to the steward until another day.

The walk to Fullalove Alley was all too short for Jem Hardy. Miss Nugent stepped along with the air of a martyr anxious to get to the stake and have it over, and she answered in monosyllables when her companion pointed out the beauties of the night. A bitter east wind blew up the road and set her yearning for the joys of Mr. Wilks's best room.

"It's very cold," she said, shivering.

Hardy assented, and reluctantly quickened his pace to keep step with hers. Miss Nugent with her chin sunk in a fur boa looked neither to the right nor the left, and turning briskly into the alley, turned the handle of Mr. Wilks's door and walked in, leaving her companion to follow.

The steward, who was smoking a long pipe over the fire, looked round in alarm. Then his expression changed, and he rose and stammered out a welcome. Two minutes later Miss Nugent, enthroned in the best chair with her toes on the fender, gave her faithful subject a free pardon and full permission to make hot coffee.

"And don't you ever try and deceive me again, Sam," she said, as she sipped the comforting beverage.

"No, miss," said the steward, humbly. "I've 'ad a lesson. I'll never try and Shanghai anybody else agin as long as I live."

After this virtuous sentiment he sat and smoked placidly, with occasional curious glances divided between his two visitors. An idle and ridiculous idea, which occurred to him in connection with them, was dismissed at once as too preposterous for a sensible steward to entertain.

"Mrs. Kingdom well?" he inquired.

"Quite well," said the girl. "If you take me home, Sam, you shall see her, and be forgiven by her, too."

"Thankee, miss," said the gratified steward.

"And what about your foot, Wilks?" said Hardy, somewhat taken aback by this arrangement.

"Foot, sir?" said the unconscious Mr. Wilks; "wot foot?"

"Why, the bad one," said Hardy, with a significant glance.

"Ho, that one?" said Mr. Wilks, beating time and waiting further revelations.

"Do you think you ought to use it much?" inquired Hardy.

Mr. Wilks looked at it, or, to be more exact, looked at both of them, and smiled weakly. His previous idea recurred to him with renewed force now, and several things in the young man's behaviour, hitherto disregarded, became suddenly charged with significance. Miss Nugent looked on with an air of cynical interest.

"Better not run any risk," said Hardy, gravely. "I shall be very pleased to see Miss Nugent home, if she will allow me."

"What is the matter with it?" inquired Miss Nugent, looking him full in the face.

Hardy hesitated. Diplomacy, he told himself, was one thing; lying another. He passed the question on to the rather badly-used Mr. Wilks.

"Matter with it?" repeated that gentleman, glaring at him reproachfully. "It's got shootin' pains right up it. I suppose it was walking miles and miles every day in London, looking for the cap'n, was too much for it."

"Is it too bad for you to take me home, Sam?" inquired Miss Nugent, softly.

The perturbed Mr. Wilks looked from one to the other. As a sportsman his sympathies were with Hardy, but his duty lay with the girl.

"I'll do my best, miss," he said; and got up and limped, very well indeed for a first attempt, round the room.

Then Miss Nugent did a thing which was a puzzle to herself for some time afterwards. Having won the victory she deliberately threw away the fruits of it, and declining to

allow the steward to run any risks, accepted Hardy's escort home. Mr. Wilks watched them from the door, and with his head in a whirl caused by the night's proceedings mixed himself a stiff glass of grog to set it right, and drank to the health of both of them.

The wind had abated somewhat in violence as they walked home, and, moreover, they had their backs to it. The walk was slower and more enjoyable in many respects than the walk out. In an unusually soft mood she replied to his remarks and stole little critical glances up at him. When they reached the house she stood a little while at the gate gazing at the starry sky and listening to the crash of the sea on the beach.

"It is a fine night," she said, as she shook hands.

"The best I have ever known," said Hardy. "Good-bye."

"MR. WILKS DRANK TO THE HEALTH OF BOTH OF THEM."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE weeks passed all too quickly for James Hardy. He saw Kate Nugent at her own home; met her, thanks to the able and hearty assistance of Mr. Wilks, at Full-alove Alley, and on several occasions had the agreeable task of escorting her back home.

He cabled to his father for news of the illustrious stowaway immediately the *Conqueror* was notified as having reached Port Elizabeth. The reply—"*Left ship*"—confirmed his worst fears, but he cheerfully accepted Mrs. Kingdom's view that the captain, in order to relieve the natural anxiety of his family, had secured a passage on the first vessel homeward bound.

Captain Hardy was the first to reach home. In the early hours of a fine April morning the *Conqueror* steamed slowly into Sunwich Harbour, and in a very short time the town was revelling in a description of Captain Nugent's first voyage before the mast from lips which were never tired of repeating it. Down by the waterside Mr. Nathan Smith found that he had suddenly attained the rank of a popular hero, and his modesty took alarm at the publicity afforded to his action. It was extremely distasteful to a man who ran a quiet business on old-fashioned lines and disbelieved in advertisement. He lost three lodgers the same day.

Jem Hardy was one of the few people in Sunwich for whom the joke had no charms, and he betrayed such an utter lack of sympathy with his father's recital that the latter accused him at last of wanting a sense of humour.

"I don't see anything amusing in it," said his son, stiffly.

Captain Hardy recapitulated one or two choice points, and was even at some pains to explain them.

"I can't see any fun in it," repeated his son. "Your behaviour seems to me to have been deplorable."

"What?" shouted the captain, hardly able to believe his ears.

"Captain Nugent was your guest," pursued the other; "he got on your ship by accident, and he should have been treated decently as a saloon passenger."

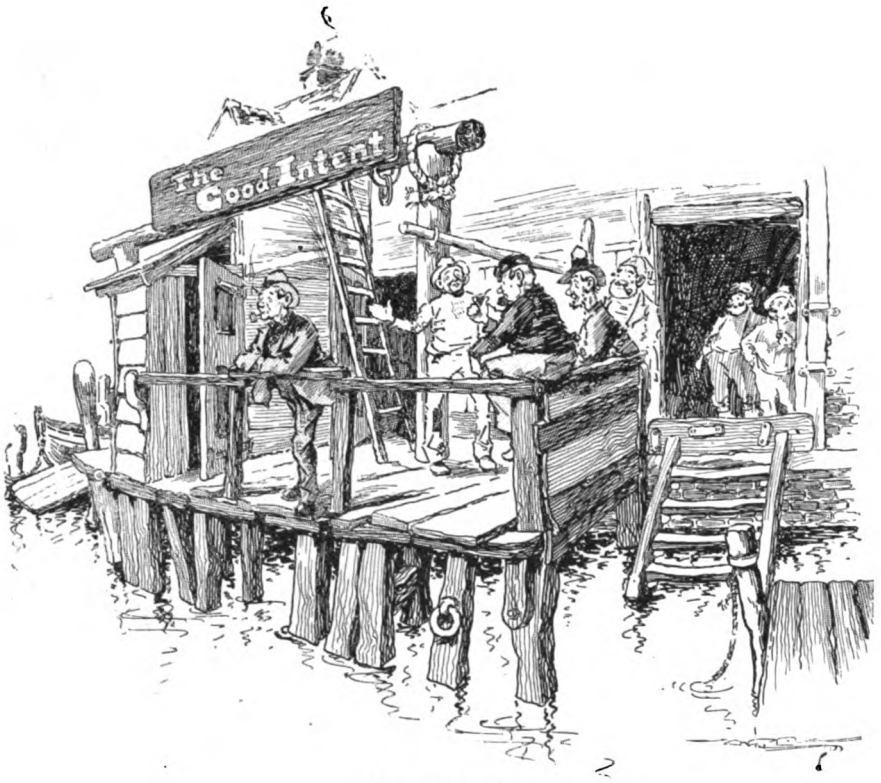
"And been apologized to for coming on board, I suppose?" suggested the captain.

"It wouldn't have been amiss," was the reply.

The captain leaned back in his chair and regarded him thoughtfully. "I can't think what's the matter with you, Jem," he said.

"Ordinary decent ideas, that's all," said his son, scathingly.

"There's something more in it than that," said the other, positively. "I don't like to see this love-your-enemy business with you,



"A POPULAR HERO."

Jem; it ain't natural to you. Has your health been all right while I've been away?"

"Of course it has," said his son, curtly. "If you didn't want Captain Nugent aboard with you why didn't you put him ashore? It wouldn't have delayed you long. Think of the worry and anxiety you've caused poor Mrs. Kingdom."

"A holiday for her," growled the captain.

"It has affected her health," continued his son; "and besides, think of his daughter. She's a high-spirited girl, and all Sunwich is laughing over her father's mishap."

"Nugent fell into his own trap," exclaimed the captain, impatiently. "And it won't do that girl of his any harm to be taken down a peg or two. Do her good. Knock some of the nonsense out of her."

"That's not the way to speak of a lady," said Jem, hotly.

The offended captain regarded him somewhat sourly; then his face changed, and he got up from his chair and stood before his son with consternation depicted on every feature.

"You don't mean to tell me," he said, slowly; "you don't mean to tell me that you're thinking anything of Kate Nugent?"

"Why not?" demanded the other, defiantly; "why shouldn't I?"

Captain Hardy, whistling softly, made no reply, but still stood eyeing him.

"I thought there was some other reason for your consideration besides 'ordinary decent ideas,'" he said, at last. "When did it come on? How long have you had it?"

Mr. Hardy, jun., in a studiously unfilial speech, intimated that these pleasantries were not to his taste.

"No, of course not," said the captain, resuming his seat. "Well, I'm sorry if it's serious, Jem, but I never dreamt you had any ideas in that quarter. If I had I'd have given old Nugent the best bunk on the ship and sung him to sleep myself. Has she given you any encouragement?"

"Don't know," said Jem, who found the conversation awkward.

"Extraordinary thing," said the captain, shaking his head, "extraordinary. Like a play."

"Play?" said his son, sharply.

"Play," repeated his father, firmly. "What is the name of it? I saw it once at Newcastle. The lovers take poison and die across each other's chests because their people won't let 'em marry. And that reminds me. I saw some phosphor-paste in the kitchen, Jem. Whose is it?"

"I'm glad to be the means of affording you amusement," said Jem, grinding his teeth.

Captain Hardy regarded him affectionately. "Go easy, my lad," he said, equably; "go easy. If I'd known it before, things would have been different; as I didn't, we must make the best of it. She's a pretty girl, and a good one, too, for all her airs, but I'm afraid she's too fond of her father to overlook this."

"That's where you've made such a mess of things," broke in his son. "Why on earth you two old men couldn't——"

"Easy," said the startled captain. "When you are in the early fifties, my lad, your ideas about age will be more accurate. Besides, Nugent is seven or eight years older than I am."

"What became of him?" inquired Jem.

"He was off the moment we berthed," said his father, suppressing a smile. "I don't mean that he bolted—he'd got enough starch left in him not to do that—but he didn't trespass on our hospitality a moment longer than was necessary. I heard that he got a passage home on the *Columbus*. He knew the master. She sailed some time before us for London. I thought he'd have been home by this."

It was not until two days later, however, that the gossip in Sunwich received a pleasant fillip by the arrival of the injured captain. He came down from London by the midday train, and, disdaining the privacy of a cab, prepared to run the gauntlet of his fellow-townsmen.

A weaker man would have made a détour, but he held a direct course, and with a curt nod to acquaintances who would have stopped him walked swiftly in the direction of home. Tradesmen ran to their shop-doors to see him, and smoking amphibians lounging at street corners broke out into sunny smiles as he passed. He met these annoyances with a set face and a cold eye, but his views concerning children were not improved by

"HE MET THESE ANNOYANCES WITH A SET FACE."

the crowd of small creatures which fluttered along the road ahead of him and, hopeful of developments, clustered round the gate as he passed in.

It is the pride and privilege of most returned wanderers to hold forth at great length concerning their adventures, but Captain Nugent was commendably brief. At first he could hardly be induced to speak of them at all, but the necessity of contradicting stories which Bella had gleaned for Mrs. Kingdom from friends in town proved too strong for him. He ground his teeth with suppressed fury as he listened to some of them. The truth was bad enough, and his daughter, sitting by his side with her

hand in his, was trembling with indignation.

"Poor father," she said, tenderly; "what a time you must have had."

"It won't bear thinking of," said Mrs. Kingdom, not to be outdone in sympathy.

"Well, don't think of it," said the captain, shortly.

Mrs. Kingdom sighed as though to indicate that her feelings were not to be suppressed in that simple fashion.

"The anxiety has been very great," she said, shaking her head, "but everybody's been very kind. I'm sure all our friends have been most sympathetic. I couldn't go outside the house without somebody stopping me and asking whether there was any news of you. I'd no idea you were so popular; even the milkman——"

"I'd like some tea," interrupted the captain, roughly; "that is, when you have finished your very interesting information."

Mrs. Kingdom pursed her lips together to suppress the words she was afraid to utter, and rang the bell.

"Your master would like some tea," she said, primly, as Bella appeared. "He has had a long journey."

The captain started and eyed her fiercely; Mrs. Kingdom, her good temper quite restored by this little retort, folded her hands in her lap and gazed at him with renewed sympathy.

"We all missed you very much," said Kate, softly. "But we had no fears once we knew that you were at sea."

"And I suppose some of the sailors were kind to you?" suggested the unfortunate Mrs. Kingdom. "They are rough fellows, but I suppose some of them have got their hearts in the right place. I daresay they were sorry to see you in such a position."

The captain's reply was of a nature known to Mrs. Kingdom and her circle as "snapping one's head off." He drew his chair to the table as Bella brought in the tray and, accepting a cup of tea, began to discuss with his daughter the events which had transpired in his absence.

"There is no news," interposed Mrs. Kingdom, during an interval. "Mr. Hall's aunt died the other day."

"Never heard of her," said the captain.

"Neither had I, till then," said his sister. "What a lot of people there are one never hears of, John."

The captain stared at her offensively and went on with his meal. A long silence ensued.

"I suppose you didn't get to hear of the cable that was sent?" said Mrs. Kingdom, making another effort to arouse interest.

"What cable?" inquired her brother.

"The one Mr. Hardy sent to his father about you," replied Mrs. Kingdom.

The captain pushed his chair back and stared her full in the face. "What do you mean?" he demanded.

His sister explained.

"Do you mean to tell me that you've been speaking to young Hardy?" exclaimed the captain.

"I could hardly help doing so, when he came here," returned his sister, with dignity. "He has been very anxious about you."

Captain Nugent rose and strode up and down the room. Then he stopped and glanced sharply at his daughter.

"Were you here when he called?" he demanded.

"Yes," was the reply.

"And you—you spoke to him?" roared the captain.

"I had to be civil," said Miss Nugent, calmly; "I'm not a sea-captain."

Her father walked up and down the room again. Mrs. Kingdom, terrified at the storm she had evoked, gazed helplessly at her niece.

"What did he come here for?" said the captain.

Miss Nugent glanced down at her plate. "I can't imagine," she said, demurely. "The first time he came to tell us what had become of you."

The captain stopped in his walk and eyed her sternly. "I am very fortunate in my children," he said, slowly. "One is engaged to marry the daughter of the shadiest rascal in Sunwich, and the other——"

"And the other?" said his daughter, proudly, as he paused.

"The other," said the captain, as he came round the table and put his hand on her shoulder, "is my dear and obedient daughter."

"Yes," said Miss Nugent; "but that isn't what you were going to say. You need not worry about me; I shall not do anything that would displease you."

(To be continued.)

A Story for Children.

By Margaret Maitland.

ONCE upon a time a King, on his death-bed, sent for his two sons and said to them: "My sons, promise me one thing before I die. Your sister, whom you have never seen, is shut up in a tower, and you must promise never to let her out of it. The day she was born your mother and I put her there, because we were warned she would bring trouble on her brothers."

But, having said this, the King died so quickly that his sons had no time to promise him anything. And directly he died all the great men in the kingdom assembled round the new King and put the crown on his head, and clothed him in the Royal purple mantle sparkling with diamond stars and moons and suns, and cried, "Long live our King."

No sooner was this ceremony ended than the two brothers, who were in the greatest hurry to see their sister, ran to the tower, which had neither door nor stairs, so they jumped into the big basket fastened to a pulley, in which provisions were hoisted up, and went straight to the Princess Rosetta's chamber. She and her little dog Fretillo were sitting there, and the Princess was embroidering a beautiful brocade, but she threw down her work the moment she saw the King in his Royal robes and crown, and, falling at his feet, besought him to let her out of her prison.

"That's just what we've come here for," cried both the brothers together. "We are going to take you away with us and find you a husband and make you happy for ever."

And though there was very little room in the big basket for a King in his Royal mantle and a Prince and Princess and a little dog as well, they all loved each other too much already to bear parting, even for a few minutes, so somehow or other they squeezed in and went down all together.

The tower was in a fine garden, and when

the Princess saw flowers and fruit and fountains, for the first time in her life, she was delighted, and ran hither and thither picking things and playing with Fretillo, who barked and frisked round her as happy as she was. He was a very odd-looking little dog, for he was green and had only one ear, but he was so clever and good-tempered that no one could help loving him.

Presently he ran ahead of his mistress into a wood, and she went after him, and there she saw a peacock with his tail spread out in a huge circle behind him. And he was so handsome that she stood stock-still looking at him until her brothers found her, and then she pointed at the peacock and said:—

"What is it?"

"A peacock," they answered; "a bird that is served at Royal tables on great feast days."

"What," cried Rosetta, "people are wicked enough to kill—to eat such a creature? I for my part vow that I will have no husband but the King of the Peacocks, and he shall pass a law that he who kills or eats a peacock shall die!"

"But, dearest sister," said her brothers, "where shall we go to find you such a husband? We know neither who he is nor where he lives."

The Princess did not know either; so she said: "All that kind of thing I leave entirely to your Majesty. But I will marry no one else."

Then the Princes and their sister and Fretillo and the peacock (whom Rosetta refused to leave) all went to the palace, and the peacock and Fretillo had quarters in the Princess's own room.

All the Court came, of course, to pay her their respects, and the great ladies brought her sugar-plums and tarts and gowns and ribbons, and shoes embroidered with precious stones; and her manners to everyone were so gracious, and she curtsied so politely when thanking people, that the whole kingdom rang with her praises.

But all this time her poor brothers were in great trouble, not knowing in the very least where to turn their steps to find the King of the Peacocks. But they agreed that the first thing to do was to have Rosetta's portrait painted to take with them, and the artist made such a perfect picture of her, that could it but have talked it would have been the Princess herself.

"Good-bye, sister," they said to her; "since you will have no husband but the King of the Peacocks, we will travel all over the world to look for him. If we find him it will make us very glad, and meantime you must govern the kingdom well."

Rosetta thanked them and promised to do what they asked, and said that her only pleasure, while they were away, would be in looking at her peacock and playing with Fretillo.

The two Princes asked everyone they met the same question: "Can you tell us where His Majesty the King of the Peacocks lives?" And everyone answered "No, no." So on and on they travelled until, at last, they got so far away that never had anyone been so far before.

And one fine day they came to the kingdom of cockchafers, where there were shoals and shoals of cockchafers, all buzzing, and buzzing, and making such a noise that the poor King nearly went deaf. But one cockchafer looked rather wiser than the rest, and him the King asked if he could tell him where to find the King of the Peacocks.

"Sire," said the cockchafer, "his kingdom is thirty thousand miles from here, and you have, unfortunately, come a roundabout way to look for it."

"And how do you know that?" asked His Majesty.

"Because we know your Majesty very well indeed," said the cockchafer. "Every year we pay your gardens a visit, and spend three or four months there."

On hearing this the King and his brother felt, at once, that they were among old friends, and they made themselves quite at home with the company and visited all the sights of the kingdom. The smallest little leaf is a curiosity there and worth a great deal of money.

The two Princes now knew the direction to take, so they started on their travels again in much better spirits, and it was not so very long before they found the country they were looking for. They knew, at once, that it was the right place, because on every branch of every tree was perched a peacock, and for miles round they could be heard calling and screaming to one another.

"What shall we do, brother," said the King, "if His Majesty turns out to be a peacock himself? Our sister cannot possibly marry him in that case!"

The Prince was quite as much troubled as his brother by this dreadful idea.

"It is most unfortunate," he replied, "that she ever took this strange fancy into her head. I can't imagine how she could ever have guessed that there was any such a King in the world."

But when they arrived at the chief town in the kingdom they found the inhabitants were real men and women, just like other people, but all dressed in peacock feathers, and wherever peacock feathers could be stuck for ornament, there they were.

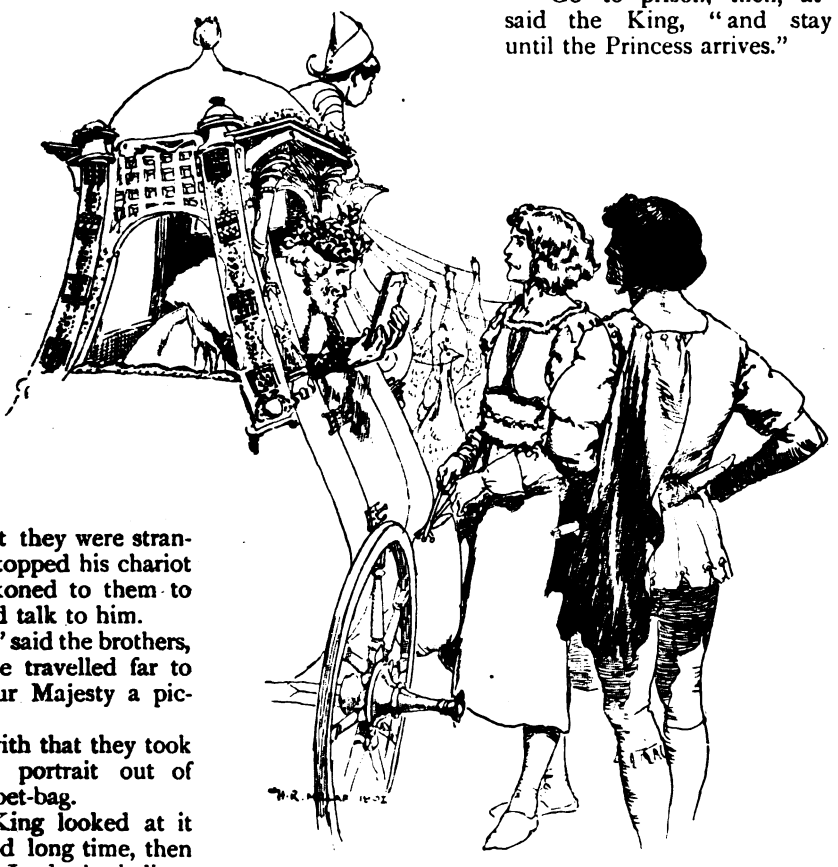
The King himself the Princes met, driving in his golden chariot studded with brilliants, and drawn by twelve magnificent and very fleet peacocks; and he was so handsome that they were delighted with him. His hair was fair and curly and his complexion like white marble, and on his head he wore a crown of woven peacock feathers.

He saw the Princes, and knowing by their dress that they were strangers he stopped his chariot and beckoned to them to come and talk to him.

"Sire," said the brothers, "we have travelled far to show your Majesty a picture."

And with that they took Rosetta's portrait out of their carpet-bag.

The King looked at it for a good long time, then said: "I don't believe there is a girl so beautiful in the whole world."



"THE KING THEN SAID: 'I DON'T BELIEVE THERE IS A GIRL SO BEAUTIFUL IN THE WHOLE WORLD.'"

"Ah, your Majesty," they answered, "she is a hundred times lovelier than this picture."

"You are making fun of me," said the King of the Peacocks.

"Sire," said the Prince, "my brother here is a King like you, and I a Prince. This picture is the portrait of our sister, the Princess Rosetta. We have travelled all the way to your kingdom to ask you if you would like to marry her. She is good as well as beautiful, and we will give her a sack full of gold for her dowry."

"Very well," said the King of the Peacocks. "I am quite willing to marry her. I love her very much, indeed, and will give her everything she wants. But I am determined you shall not cheat me about her beauty, and I warn you that, if in the very least thing she is less beautiful than her portrait, I will have you both put to death. Do you agree?"

"Oh, yes," said the Princes, "we gladly agree."

"Go to prison, then, at once," said the King, "and stay there until the Princess arrives."

The two Princes didn't mind this in the least, because they knew for certain that Rosetta was far more beautiful than any picture, and every day the King came to visit them and sent them all they wanted, and they were waited on as became their high rank.

They wrote to Rosetta and told her to pack her things and come at once, because the husband she had chosen was waiting for her. Only they said nothing to her about being themselves in prison for fear of alarming her.

Rosetta was in great delight when she got this letter, and lost no time in announcing to all the King's subjects that the King of the Peacocks was found and was very anxious to marry her.

There were great rejoicings all over the kingdom at this good news, and for a few days there was nothing but feasting and dancing and firing of cannons; and at the palace itself, by order of the Princess, the most delicious drinks and sweetmeats were given to all comers. And as she was going to be married, and wouldn't want her dolls and playthings any longer herself, she gave them all away in the most generous manner.

Besides which she handed the government of the country over to the six wisest men in it, charging them to take great care of it and spend as little and save as much as they could, for her brother when he came back. She also left her peacock in their care and took only Fretillo and the sack of gold and her old nurse and the nurse's only daughter and enough dresses for two changes every day for ten years.

The journey was made in a ship, and the Princess enjoyed it very much, laughing and talking and amusing herself all the day long.

But every morning the nurse used to say to the boatman, "Are we nearly there?"

And he always answered, "Not yet, not yet."

Till, at last, one day he said, "Yes, soon now, soon."

And then the nurse put her mouth close to his ear and said, "Do you wish to be rich?"

"Yes," said he.

"There's money to earn," said she.

"I'm the man for that," said he.

"Then to-night," said she, "we will throw the Princess overboard, and when she is drowned I will dress my daughter in her fine clothes and take her to the King of the Peacocks to be his bride. And for your reward you shall have as many diamonds as you can carry away on your back."

The boatman was not quite so wicked as she was, however, and he answered that it would be a pity to drown such a pretty Princess; and he certainly never would have consented to such a thing if the cruel nurse hadn't given him a drink of some kind that had a very good taste, but made him feel so queer that at last he didn't know when he was saying yes and when he was saying no.

And then she led him to where the Princess lay asleep in her bed, and Fretillo curled up at her feet, sound asleep, too. And the cruel pair lifted up the feather-bed, the mattress, the sheets, the quilt, the pillows, Rosetta, and Fretillo so softly that neither the Princess nor her little dog woke, and threw the whole thing overboard.

But, most fortunately, the bed was stuffed with Phœnix feathers, which are very rare, indeed, and never sink; so the bed floated, and Rosetta and Fretillo were as safe as if they still were on the ship.

The only thing was that the spray of the waves kept dashing over them and at last woke them up, and then they couldn't imagine what made them so wet, nor where they were, nor what had happened to them. Fretillo, whose nose was very sharp, smelt soles and cod, and he barked so loud that he disturbed all the fishes in the sea, and they kept tumbling up against the bed, sending it twisting and turning this way and that, in such an extraordinary manner, that Rosetta thought she had never spent such a queer night in her life, for being dark she didn't see the sea.

The cruel nurse heard the barking too and said: "He's wishing us good luck. Let us hasten to go and be Queens and Princes."

Soon after that the boat landed at the kingdom of peacocks, where fine preparations had been made for the bride's arrival.

A hundred carriages were waiting on the beach drawn by lions, bears, wolves, oxen, asses, eagles, peacocks, and horses. The Princess's own carriage was drawn by six blue monkeys in crimson and gold harness, and dancing all the time on tight-ropes, besides many other wonderful tricks. Round this carriage stood sixty lovely young ladies, chosen by the King himself to wait on his Queen, and dressed in every colour of the rainbow, not to speak of gold and silver.

The wicked nurse had spared no pains in dressing up her daughter. She had Rosetta's diamonds on her head and all over her, and wore the very finest of all Rosetta's seven thousand three hundred dresses. But her finery only made her look uglier than ever. Her hair was dull and coarse, she squinted terribly; she had bandy legs and was hump-backed, and had a nasty cross expression, and never stopped grumbling.

When the King of the Peacocks' people saw her land from the ship they were struck dumb with amazement, and they were still more astonished (if that were possible) when

"NEITHER THE PRINCESS NOR HER LITTLE DOG WOKE."

the first thing they heard her say, screaming as loud as she could, was this :—

"What does this kind of thing mean? What does it mean? Have you all lost your senses? Here, wretches, bring me something to eat or I'll have everyone of you hanged."

"Oh, oh, oh," cried everybody, "what a horrid creature, as wicked too as she is ugly! Never will our King marry a horrid thing of this sort! It was worth while to send to the end of the world for her, indeed!"

And everything they said made her angrier and angrier, and everyone within reach of her arm she hit at with her fist, as hard as she could, lolling back all the time in her carriage and making believe she was accustomed to one.

It moved along rather slowly, as orders had been given by the King that the people were all to have time to see the bride. But when it passed under the trees, covered with peacocks, waiting to cry, "Long live our beautiful Queen Rosetta!" instead of crying what they intended, they all began to hiss: "Oh! the ugly, ugly thing!"

"Kill them," shrieked the false Princess. "Kill them! Wring their necks, the beasts! They insult me, insult me!"

At which the peacocks flew away as quick as they could, laughing at her.

Meantime the wicked boatman whispered to the nurse: "I say, mother, we haven't managed this affair so cleverly as we should. You ought to have had a prettier daughter for it!"

"Hush, hush, you fool," she answered. "Hold your tongue if you don't want to get us all into trouble."

Messengers had run on ahead of the procession to warn the King that his bride was coming, and the first thing he said to them was: "Did her brothers speak the truth? Is she more beautiful than her picture?"

"EVERYONE WITHIN REACH OF HER ARM SHE HIT AT."

"What! what!" he cried, "those two scoundrels that I have locked safe up in prison have dared to play me a trick? They had the impertinence to invite me to marry a horror of this kind? I'll have their necks wrung, and this wretch's, too, and her nurse's, and the old fellow's who came with them! Clap every one of them into the darkest dungeon at the foot of the tower this moment," he said, turning to his soldiers.

"Sire," was the reply, "to be as beautiful, is to be beautiful enough."

"That is true," said the King; "I will be satisfied with that. But I hear a noise in the courtyard. The Princess has no doubt arrived; let us go and welcome her."

There was plenty of shouting and talking. The King could hear the people saying: "Oh, the ugly thing," and words of that sort, but he only thought they were laughing at the Princess's dwarf, or some other queer creature she had brought with her; for, of course, he never dreamt that it was the Princess herself they meant.

The Princess Rosetta's portrait, mounted on a long gold stick and carried like a banner, was borne in front of the King, and he marched in a dignified manner after it, followed by all his barons, all his peacocks, and all the Ambassadors from foreign lands. He was very impatient, indeed, to see his beloved Rosetta; but when he saw the creature that was there in her place he nearly died of grief and rage. He tore his clothes, he stamped his feet, he would not go near her, and she was frightened out of her senses at seeing him in such a passion.

Meantime, the real Princess's two brothers in prison, having heard that their sister had come, were waiting, dressed in their very best, to be released. But instead of letting them out their gaoler came with a troop of armed soldiers and thrust them down into a dark cellar, full of noisome reptiles and with water in it up to their necks.

The poor Princes were terribly astonished at this cruel treatment.

"Alas!" they said to each other, "what a wedding feast we are celebrating. What can be the reason we are treated so ill?"

But all the talking in the world didn't explain anything. On the third day, however, the King of the Peacocks came and called out very insulting things at them through a hole.

"Wretches!" he cried. "Impostors! King and Prince indeed! Beggars is really what you are! You thought you'd trick me into marrying your sister, did you? You will be hanged

for it—the rope is being spun to do it with. Your trial won't take long with the judges I mean to give you!"

"King of the Peacocks," said the other King, very angry in his turn, "take care what you do to us, or you'll live to repent. I'm as good a King as you are, and have as good a crown and kingdom and clothes and money. Hang us, indeed! What for, if you please? Have we stolen anything from you?"

But in spite of all they could say the trial took place next day, and the King and his brother were sentenced to be hanged for telling the King of the Peacocks a lie. But when this sentence was read out to them they said so convincingly that they had told no lie, and begged so earnestly for a short delay to give them time to prove their innocence, that at last the King of the Peacocks consented to a week's respite.

To return now to the Princess Rosetta. When daylight came she and her little dog were one as much surprised as the other to find that they were afloat on the wide sea, but it was the Princess who was the most frightened, for Fretillo always had a plan or two up his sleeve.

"Alas! alas!" cried Rosetta. "The King of the Peacocks must have sent orders that I should be drowned. He has changed his mind, and doesn't want to marry me now. But what a pity! what a pity! I should have been a good wife to him, I promise him."

Two whole days they floated on the sea, hungry and drenched to the skin, and so cold that the Princess must have died if Fretillo had not lain in her arms and warmed her as best he could. The only food they had were oysters, which Fretillo particularly disliked.

All night the Princess kept saying to him, "Bark, bark, my little dog, to keep the big fish away, or else they will come and swallow us up."

So all night long Fretillo barked, until at last an old fisherman in his cottage by the sea-shore heard him, and put his head out to see what it was, for no one ever passed that way and he never heard dogs barking. And when he saw the bed floating near the shore he got his long boat-hook and drew it up on the beach high and dry.

"Good man," said the Princess, "we have been two days floating hither and thither on the ocean, cold, and hungry, and wet. Can you give us something to eat and let us dry ourselves by your fire?"

And he took them into his cottage and, being a kind old man, did the best he could for them. And when he began to dry the mattress and feather-bed he saw that the sheets were the finest lawn and the coverlids made of gold and silver thread, and he knew that Rosetta must be some great lady by that and her manners, so he begged her to tell him her history. And when, with many tears, she had told him, he said to her:—

"Princess, you are accustomed to delicate food and beautiful clothes, and can't live in this poor hut with a rough old man like me. With your permission I will go and tell the King of the Peacocks that you are here, and he will hasten to come for you and marry you."

"No, no," said Rosetta, "he will kill me rather. And, as for food, all we need do is to tie a basket to my little dog's neck and he will be sure to bring it back full."

And the old man gave her a basket, and, tying it to her little dog's neck, she said:—

"Go to the best kitchen in the city, Fretillo, and bring me what you find there."

Now, in all the city there was no kitchen so good as the King's, so Fretillo hastened there, lifted the lid off the pot, and slipped all that was in it into his basket, and hurried home again.

And his mistress said to him: "You are a good dog, Fretillo. But hurry back now to the store-room and bring me the best you find there."

So off went Fretillo, and brought home some white bread, some muscat wine, and such a load of sweet things that he could hardly carry his basket.

But when the King's dinner hour arrived there was no dinner in his kitchen and nothing in his store-room, and he fell into a great rage.

"If I can have no dinner," he said, "I will have a good supper at any rate, so put plenty of joints on the spit." That night, however, Rosetta said to her little dog: "Go to the best kitchen in the city and bring me all the roast meat you find there."

And again Fretillo went to the King's kitchen, and when the cooks were not looking that way, he snatched the roast meat off the spits and ran off with it. It smelt so good it was enough to make anyone hungry. And, as before, the Princess sent him straight back to the store-room, and he brought her all the preserves and sugar-plums he found there.

So that day the King of the Peacocks got neither dinner nor supper, and the same thing happened three days running, until at

last his best friend thought, if that sort of thing went on much longer, the King would die, so he went himself to watch in the kitchen what became of all his Royal master's dinners and suppers. What was his astonishment to see a little green one-eared dog softly steal in and lift the lid of the pot, take out what was in it, and run off with it in a basket! He followed him as fast as he could to see where he took it, and on and on he went, away out of the town to the fisherman's hut on the beach. And after that he went and told the King all he had seen.

And the King commanded him to take soldiers and go at once and seize the old man whose dog stole his dinners and suppers and robbed his store-room. And when the courtier and the soldiers came to the hut and found the fisherman, Rosetta, and Fretillo eating up the King's soup, they laid hold of them, bound them with cords, and dragged them away.

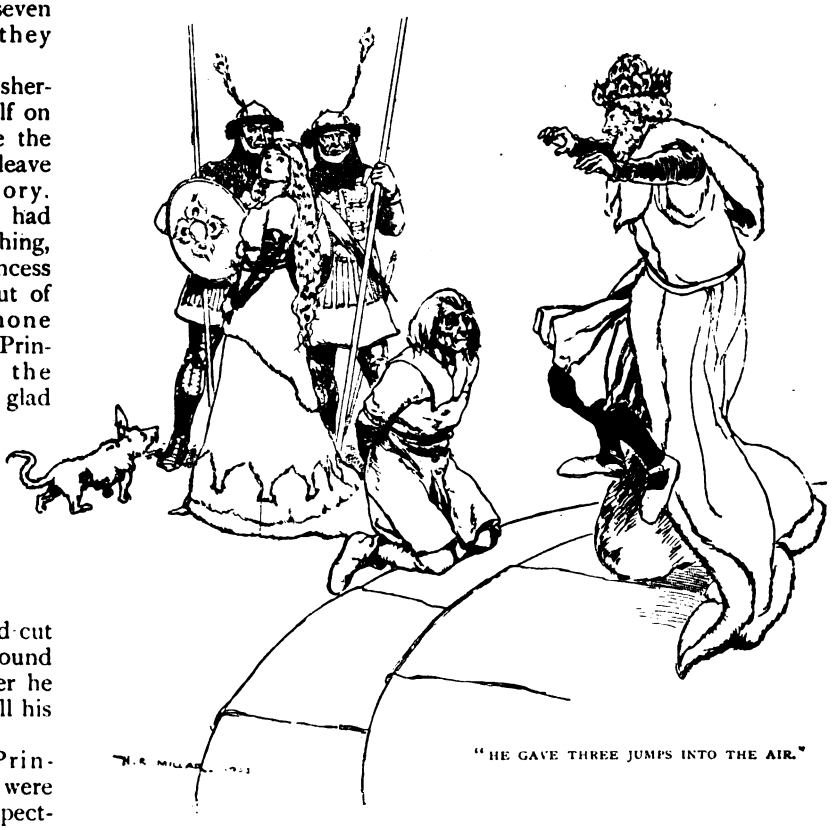
"They shall all be put to death to-morrow," said the King, "together with the two impostors who have not proved their innocence in the seven days' respite they begged for."

But the old fisherman cast himself on his knees before the King and asked leave to tell his story. And when he had told him everything, and that the Princess he had fished out of the sea was none other than the Princess Rosetta, the King was so glad that, weak as he was after his three days' fast, he gave three jumps into the air, and then ran to kiss Rosetta and cut the cords that bound her, and told her he loved her with all his heart.

Then the Princess's brothers were sent for, and, expecting to be hanged, they came looking very miserable. The nurse, the boatman, and the daughter were sent for. And everyone recognised one another, of course.

The Princess embraced her dear brothers. The nurse, her daughter, and the boatman fell on their knees and begged to be forgiven, and in honour of the joyful occasion their lives were spared at Rosetta's request. As to the kind old fisherman, he spent the rest of his days in peace and happiness in the palace.

And for the Princess's brothers, the King seemed as if he didn't know how to do enough to make up to them for his former unkindness. Of course, the Princess got back the sack of gold and the seven thousand three hundred dresses that the nurse had stolen; and the wedding festivities took place with great rejoicing and lasted a whole fortnight, and everyone was happy ever after, not forgetting Fretillo, who had roast partridge wings and breast for his dinner every day all the rest of his life.



"HE GAVE THREE JUMPS INTO THE AIR."

Nearly Roasted Alive in the Great Chandelier of Drury Lane.

By Rudolph de Cordova.

A RING of flaring gas beneath his feet; a ring of flaring gas above his head; and between the two, a boy holding on to the framework of the great chandelier in the centre of the ceiling of Drury Lane Theatre! Into his nostrils he breathed the fumes of noxious gas; in his hands the iron rods by which he supported himself grew hotter and hotter; and between him and the floor of the pit beneath lay a sheer drop of seventy feet of darkness! No melodramatist seeking for a blood-curdling situation ever devised such a scene. No novelist ever imagined the possibility of placing a character in such a position. Yet it is true, absolutely true; evolved by circumstances in the simplest and most direct manner in the world.

As every great sensation scene should, it had a happy ending, for Mr. Frank Parker, Equestrian and Stage Director of the London Hippodrome, was once the hero—or should I say the victim?—of this situation which seemed to have only one possible termination—death.

MR. FRANK PARKER—PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo.

To-day the great auditorium of Drury Lane is lighted, like the stage, by means of electricity, and the turning of a switch makes the whole building ablaze with light or plunges it into complete darkness. Under the early régime of the late Sir Augustus Harris, however, things were quite different, for electricity had not been introduced, and gas was the only means of illumination. Even then, however, instead of having a pilot light by means of which all the burners were lighted rapidly, the work was done by hand, each burner having to be lighted separately.

In those days Mr. Frank Parker, then a mere lad, was made gas-boy, and part of his duty was to light the great chandelier in the middle of the ceiling. The audience naturally paid no heed to the massive structure of iron and glass which illuminated the building, and it will probably surprise those who recall its appearance, through the illustration, to know that even in his most expert days it took Mr. Parker no less than an hour and three-quarters to light it.

In order that the situation may be the better understood, let me first, like a dramatist, describe the scene in which the great sensation is to be performed.

Suspended from strong steel chains was the chandelier, some 12ft. or 14ft. long, with a diameter at the widest part near the bottom of 16ft. or 18ft. At the top near the point of suspension there was a narrow opening, perhaps 2ft. across, through which the pipes for conveying the gas to the burners passed.

Even to reach the chandelier was a task not unattended with danger. The way was up through the flies, over the "gridiron" of the stage, a narrow trellis-work of iron. There, until the gas was lighted, it was always pitch dark, and the boy had to feel rather than see his way, for the only light he had was a spirit torch he carried. This threw a ghostly glimmer rather than a light around him, and revealed the masks of hideous demons which had been used in previous pantomimes, and were stored along the path by which he had to go.

"Very ghostly and rather terrifying did those masks often appear to my childish imagination as in the dead silence of the theatre I slowly made my way along the gridiron, the green light of my spirit torch just serving to bring out the suggestion of horrible, grinning faces and demoniacal expressions," said Mr. Parker to me as he recounted his adventure one day.

Arrived over the chandelier there was first a sort of well to go down. This was placed above the cowl for ventilating purposes, and there was an opening some 6ft. in diameter

down a Jacob's ladder to a grating shaped like a gigantic H. On this the boy, armed with a rod 23ft. long, used to take his stand night after night. At the end of the rod was a sponge, which was dipped in methylated spirit, and by the slow process of touching each burner with the flaming spirit the chandelier was gradually lighted.

"If ever when you're lighting the chandelier, Frank, a piece of the glass festoon should happen to break," said the gas-man, giving the boy instructions when he first took up the work, "you have got to break it off somehow and let it drop into the pit. That must be done at any cost, for if you don't, and the heat makes the copper wire that joins the bits of glass break, the broken swag will fall on the people sitting in the pit and it may kill somebody."

MR. FRANK PARKER AS HE WAS WHEN THE ADVENTURE OCCURRED.
From a Photo.

One night, after lighting all the thirteen or fourteen baskets around the widest diameter of the chandelier, the rod got caught in one of the longest swags of glass, and, in trying to get it clear, the force the boy used broke one of the connecting pieces of copper wire, and in another moment the lower end attached to a point at the extreme circumference of the chandelier was hanging suspended over the pit.

Remembering his instructions, the boy set to work with a will to break it off. Try as he would, however, he could not succeed.

"If ever a piece of the glass breaks you've got to get it off somehow," were the words which ran through his mind. That was his duty; that was the thing he had to do. Without another thought he made up his mind how to do the thing. He must climb down into the chandelier, supporting himself against the framework and the pipes until he reached the broken chain, twist it off, and let it drop into the pit, then climb back and set to work again in order that the chandelier might be lighted by the time the doors were opened.

No sooner was the plan conceived than he began to put it into execution. He pulled up the long pole, set it on one side, and started to climb down into the chandelier. A broad-shouldered lad, he had to squeeze himself through the upper opening of the chandelier, round which was set a circle of burners in order to produce the upward draught to carry off the noxious fumes produced by the burning gas. He had his little lighted hand-torch in his hand, and, not thinking for the moment what he was doing, he, inadvertently, in climbing through the aperture, turned on the cock which allowed the gas to escape into the sun-burner. As he went through, his torch lighted the gas of one of the tubes. In another moment the flame had run round the rest, and there was a circle of lighted gas that effectually barred the possibility of return.

Intent on what he had to do, however, the boy did not notice this.

Slowly, carefully, gradually, without a thought of the danger he was running, he made his way from stay to stay, from bar to bar, until he came to the bottom of the chandelier. The hot air from the flaring burners beat up into his face; the noxious fumes of the consumed gas he breathed into his nostrils. He took no heed of them. He had his work to do.

Slowly, carefully, gradually, he made his way across the whole diameter of the chandelier. Steadying himself on two stays with his feet, and holding on to one bar with his left hand, he twisted round the long festoon of glass until at last he broke the connecting copper wire and the swag dropped down. There was a pause, and up through the silence came the clatter of the glass as it fell on to the floor beneath.

"It's all right," said the boy to himself, and he turned to retrace his steps.

Slowly, carefully, gradually, without a thought except for the work he had to do, he began to climb back to the grated platform from which he had descended. The hot air from the flaring burners beat up into his face; the noxious fumes of the consumed gas he breathed into his nostrils. He took no heed of them. He had his work to do.

As he climbed, he felt the iron bars get hot beneath his hands. He looked down and saw the blazing ring of fire beneath his feet. He looked up and saw the blazing ring of fire above his head.

In an instant he realized his position. He was trapped. To attempt to escape through the narrow circle of fire was impossible, for even when the gas was not alight he had had a difficulty in getting through. The flare did its duty well. The ventilation was perfect, and a continuous stream of hot, vitiated air swept past the boy to make its escape through

the little ring of flame. Each breath he drew took fresh poison into his lungs, each second he remained his position became more unbearable. The fumes of the gas began to overpower him. There was a choking sensation in his throat. There was a bursting sensation in his head. Unless help came, and quickly, there was only one way out of the chandelier—the drop through the darkness into the pit 70ft. beneath. And then——

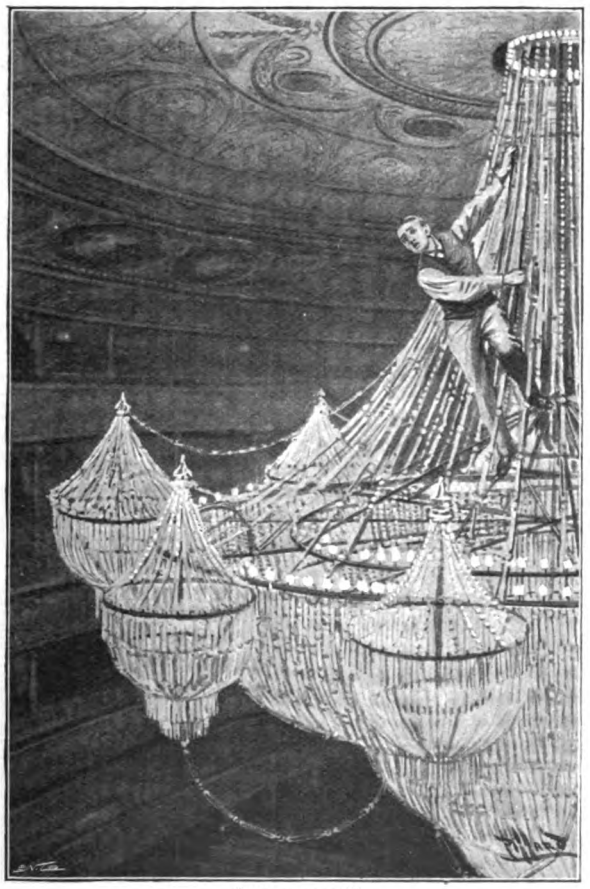
"Help, help, help!" the boy screamed, with all his might, holding on with a grim tenacity of purpose to the iron stays around.

Luckily for him the master gas-man was on the stage beneath, looking every now and then through a hole in the wall of the proscenium to see how the lighting of the theatre was progressing.

Suddenly he noticed that though the baskets were lighted the greater part of the chandelier was unlit. There must be something wrong with the boy, he thought, and the next instant through the silence came the cry of "Help, help, help!" Without a moment's hesitation the gas-man left the stage to see what was the matter. A shout to the boy that he was coming, and he began to climb from the stage to the flies. He had to grope his way across the gridiron through the pitch darkness of the corridor with its hideous goblin masks until he reached the well above the cowl. Another moment he was on the H-shaped gridiron looking through the opening into the body of the chandelier. "Hold hard, Frank, I am here," he called. The boy, half-suffocated, half-roasted, heard the cheering words and understood them.

Another moment still, the man had turned out the sun-burner. "Up you come, lad," said the man. The boy tried to make an effort, but his strength was almost gone. The deadly fumes he had been breathing for so many minutes had almost done their work.

Quick as a flash the man took in the situation. He lay flat down and, stretching out his arms through the opening, he grasped the boy tightly with both his hands. Slowly, steadily, he began to pull. The grip of those strong hands stimulated the boy, and, thus supported, he began to climb. From stay to stay, from pipe to pipe, he moved, still held by those strong hands, until at last his head was once more through the narrow circle of the sun-burner. Partly pushing, partly dragged, he got his shoulders through, and then once more he stood upon the H-shaped iron grid, which was to him as firm ground.



"HELP, HELP!"

If in moments of great peril people live through years, what must have been the experience of the youth who lived through that ordeal which was reckoned not by seconds but by minutes with a ring of fire over his head, a ring of fire beneath his feet, suffocating fumes of gas overcoming his senses, pipes growing hotter in his grasp, and in his brain the single thought that if he lost his hold for a moment he would fall to certain death?

"Even to-day," said Mr. Parker, "I can't think of that episode without a shudder."

*Curiosities.**

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

ANOTHER CURIOUS POST-CARD.

"I have noticed in your 'Curiosity' pages several curious post-cards. The inclosed, I am sure, is rather a novelty. It was delivered to me in the ordinary course. If suitable to appear in your Magazine, I thought it would interest several of your readers."—Mr. Edward B. Lee, 1, Ingham Street, Bury, Lancs.

AN OLD HEAD ON YOUNG SHOULDERS.

"I send you a photograph for your 'Curiosities.' It shows the body of a little boy aged three and the head of an old man aged sixty. I do not remember ever seeing such a striking combination before, and your readers may amuse themselves by arranging such combinations by substituting portraits of their friends—or enemies!"—Mr. H. C. Hall, 8, Second Avenue, Sherwood Rise, Nottingham.

"KISSING THE BLARNEY STONE."

"The photo. I send you may be of interest to your readers. It was taken last Bank Holiday, and represents kissing the Blarney Stone—by lying on your back, catching the two rails, and bending down while someone holds your feet. The illustration represents this process being performed by a lady, a Miss Williams, of London."—Mr. Frank Scanwell, 14, Douglas Street, Cork.

* Copyright, 1902, by George Newnes, Limited.

A NOVEL USE FOR POPPY-SEEDS.

"I send you a comic figure made of poppy-seed heads and their stalks. I also send a teapot, small drinking cup, and epergne made of the seed heads. I trust you may deem these sufficiently interesting to reproduce in your high-class periodical. My daughter, aged fourteen, cut out the basket, etc., and suggested the idea. They are made from the seed vessels of the Shirley poppy, and were cut out when thoroughly dry, but a night's rain softened the remainder in the garden, or we should have made other articles." — Mrs. Beatrice Hay, The Grange, Upminster, Essex.

A VERY REMARKABLE DOG.

"The photograph I send you is of a cross-bred Scotch terrier, having a record of 185 miles in thirty-two hours. My family and I left the ranch sixteen miles west of Rock Springs, Texas, to spend the winter in San Antonio. To reach the railroad we had to make a trip by road of 110 miles in a hack. At Sabinal, seventy miles west of San Antonio, we took the train and the dog was put in the luggage-van. From the station up town he rode in a cab at our feet. On arrival at the hotel I handed him over to the negro porter, who shut him up in a room for the night. Not liking his separation from Jim, my eldest boy, and his sleeping companion on the trip down, he howled most wofully, and was let out. The rest of the night he spent in searching through the hotel to find us, and was seen about 4 a.m. next morning. About that time the cooks came and must have left the doors open, as he was not seen again. This was Friday morning, and about a week later a letter arrived from Mr. F. J. Richardson, my father-in-law, to say that the dog had arrived at the ranch at twelve o'clock noon, Saturday." —Mr. C. S. Green, Rock Spring, Edward's Co., Texas.

SIX PHOTOS. AT ONE EXPOSURE!

"This curious photo. of myself was taken at one exposure by standing between two mirrors. It will be noticed that there are six reflections in perspective." — Mr. A. M. Stephen, 132, Sabine Road, Lavender Hill, S.W.

A BOGUS PUBLIC-HOUSE.

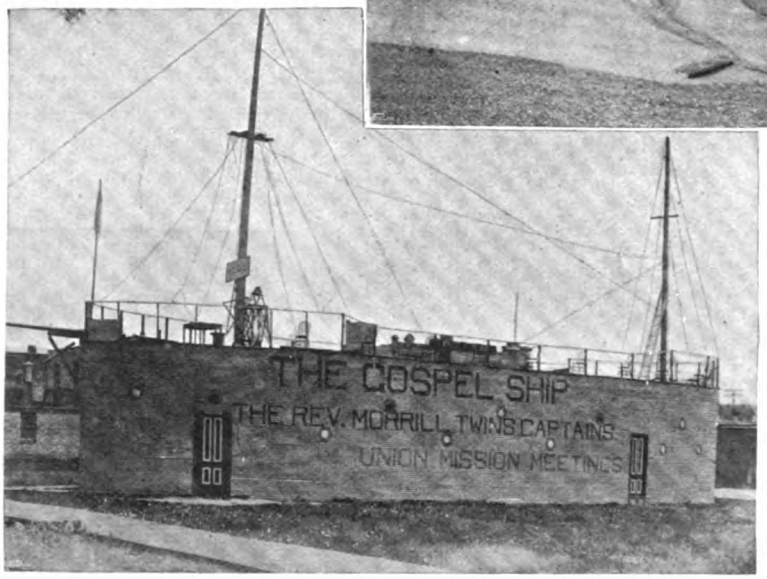
"The public-house shown in the accompanying photograph is an impromptu production made for the purpose of playing a joke. The men in the picture were on their holidays, and were staying near a town in which a friend of theirs had recently had bequeathed to him a public-house called the Cross Keys. This friend had never seen the hostelry in question, although he drew the rent, and he asked the holiday-makers—one of whom was an amateur photographer—to photograph it for him. They converted a barn in the back garden of the place where they lodged into a public-house, as shown in the picture, and presented it to the owner of the real 'house' as a photograph of his property. The joke was a huge success."—Mr. A. H. Goldsmith, 69, Maury Road, Stoke Newington, N.

A FOSSILIZED TREE-STUMP.

"I send you a photo. I took of a fossilized tree-stump found in a quarry near here, and now in Lister Park, Manningham. I hope it will be taken as a 'Curiosity.' Its resemblance to an octopus is truly remarkable."—Mr. J. Fulda, Stoneleigh, Bradford.

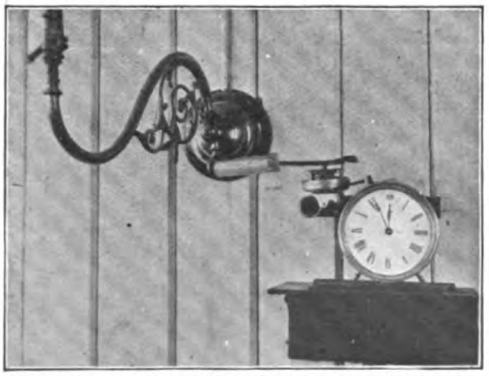
A SHIP THAT IS NOT A SHIP.

"This curious building, which looks like a stranded vessel, was built in the form of a ship, and is really a church. It is located in the suburbs of Chicago and holds about 1,000 people. It was constructed by two clergymen, who call themselves the Rev. Morrill Twins, and is intended principally for sailors and the lower classes. In connection with the religious services, meals are also served."—Mr. D. Allen Willey, Baltimore.



"ECONOMY" IS THE MOTHER OF INVENTION.

"I send you a photo. of an ingenious little invention made by a friend, which I think might be suitable for your 'Curiosity' pages. As it is necessary, in his cycle shop, to have a light burning all night, my friend thought out this idea and put it to practical use, to cut off the light at sunrise, thus saving a considerable quantity of gas. It will be seen in the photo. that the striker of the alarm clock plays on the handle of a cycle bell which is worked by a spring, causing a cogwheel in it to revolve together with part of a rim brake which is attached; this in turn presses against a wooden lever fixed to the gas-tap, thus extinguishing the light at any time the alarm may be set for. Considering the very rough and ready materials used, and the most satisfactory way in which it answers its purpose, this contrivance does great credit to the ingenuity of the maker."—Mr. Sydney Hore, 91, Barcombe Avenue, Streatham Hill, S.W.



WATER FROM A TREE.

"This is a photograph of rather an extraordinary spring. It comes straight up from the ground through the tree, which, at the time of taking, was in full leaf. It is situate in a small village called Gunten, on the Lake of Thun, Switzerland."—Miss. E. Tew, Gunfield, Dartmouth.

WANTED—THE RIGHTFUL OWNER OF THIS CURIOSITY.

"Would you care to try to discover any possible descendants of the original owners of this quaintly-inscribed silver sheath for pair of scissors? If so, you can hand this relic over to them, as it should be of more value to them than to a stranger. It came into my possession about twenty years ago, and was found amongst some old silver bought for re-melting by my father, Thomas Johnson, then of 32, John Street, Bedford Row, W.C. The inscription on the sheath runs as follows: 'These scissors were for more than 40 years used by J. Williams, Esq., Comptroller of Customs, who died Oct. 27, 1827. His third son, Capt. W. J. Williams, R.N., constantly carried them from this date till the date of his death, Feb. 11, 1873, when they passed to his third son, E. Williams, who used them till——'"—Mr. Alfred Laurie, Wandsbeck, Westville, near Pinetown, Natal. We have pleasure in acceding to our contributor's request, and hope that the publication of the above may lead to the discovery of the rightful owner of this strange sheath.

THIS SOVEREIGN SAVED A LIFE.

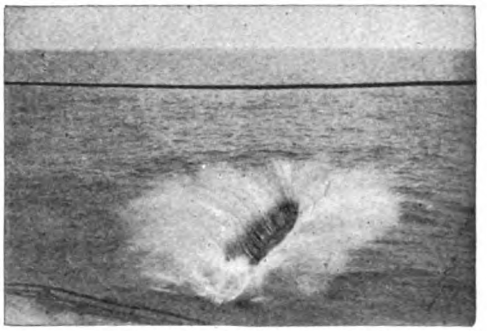
"I'm sending by this mail a photo. of a sovereign which I thought you would like for your 'Curiosity' pages. I was wearing it around my ankle in a little leather money-belt when I was wounded at Warmbad, about seventy or eighty miles north of Pretoria. The bullet (a Mauser) cut the piece clean out and left the sovereign sticking in the wound. Lieutenant Wylly rescued me and gained the V.C."—Corporal E. S. Brown, Tasmanian Imperial Bushman, Penguin, Tasmania.

WHO FIRED THAT SHOT?

"I inclose a photograph of a pipe broken under the most extraordinary circumstances. It happened a few weeks ago in a garden at Newton Abbot. I was innocently smoking it, when my friends and I were startled to hear the report of a rifle, fired at no great distance. Simultaneously my pipe was knocked out of my mouth and broken into two pieces, which fell to the ground, there being some 7ft. between them. The photo., which represents the two pieces, was taken by my friend Mr. A. S. Brookes, of Clifton."—Mr. H. N. Wyman, Caius College, Cambridge.

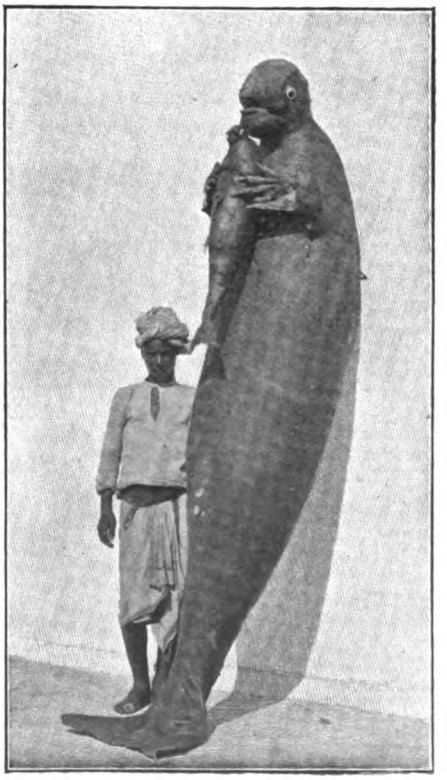
SNAP-SHOTTING A TORPEDO!

"I inclose a photo. I took of an 18in. torpedo just taking the water, fired from this torpedo-boat destroyer, safe on the upper deck. The ship was steaming at the time fifteen knots. It also shows a modern torpedo taking the water horizontally instead of diving as in the earlier types. Many people who have not seen a torpedo fired might wonder what it was, as the ship is not seen in the photo. at all."—Sub.-Lieutenant Arthur L. Blackwood, R.N., H.M.S. *Otter*, China Station.



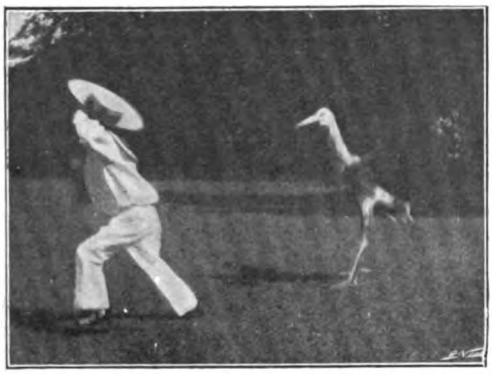
A MERMAID AND HER BABY.

"Here is a dugong, taken by some native fishermen in their nets near Aden. I photographed it with its young baby in its arms. The Arab standing beside it was about 5ft. 6in. in height, which will show the relatively large size of the dugong. They are usually called 'mermaids' locally, and possibly gave rise to the belief in those fabled beings."—Lieut.-Col. H. J. Barnes, R.A.M.C., 112, Military Road, Colchester.



1.—BOY AND STORK.

2.—"CAN YOU DANCE?"



3.—STORK TRIES.

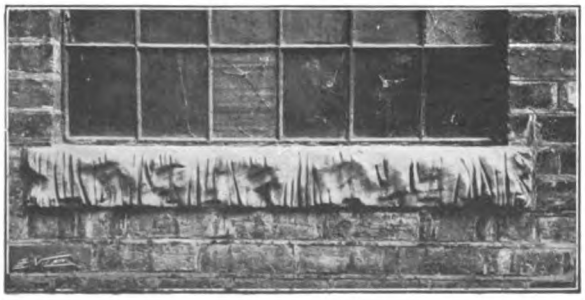
4.—BOY FLIES.

THE DANCE OF THE BOY AND THE STORK.

"I am sending you a series of snap-shots which I have taken of my pet stork and a small nephew, hoping you will accept them for publication. We told the little boy that if he danced to the stork it would dance back to him. He was quite brave as long as the stork remained on one leg, but when it suddenly roused itself and began to dance too, he fled precipitately and, I think, rather wisely!"—Miss Mildred Olivier, Wilton Rectory, Wiltshire.

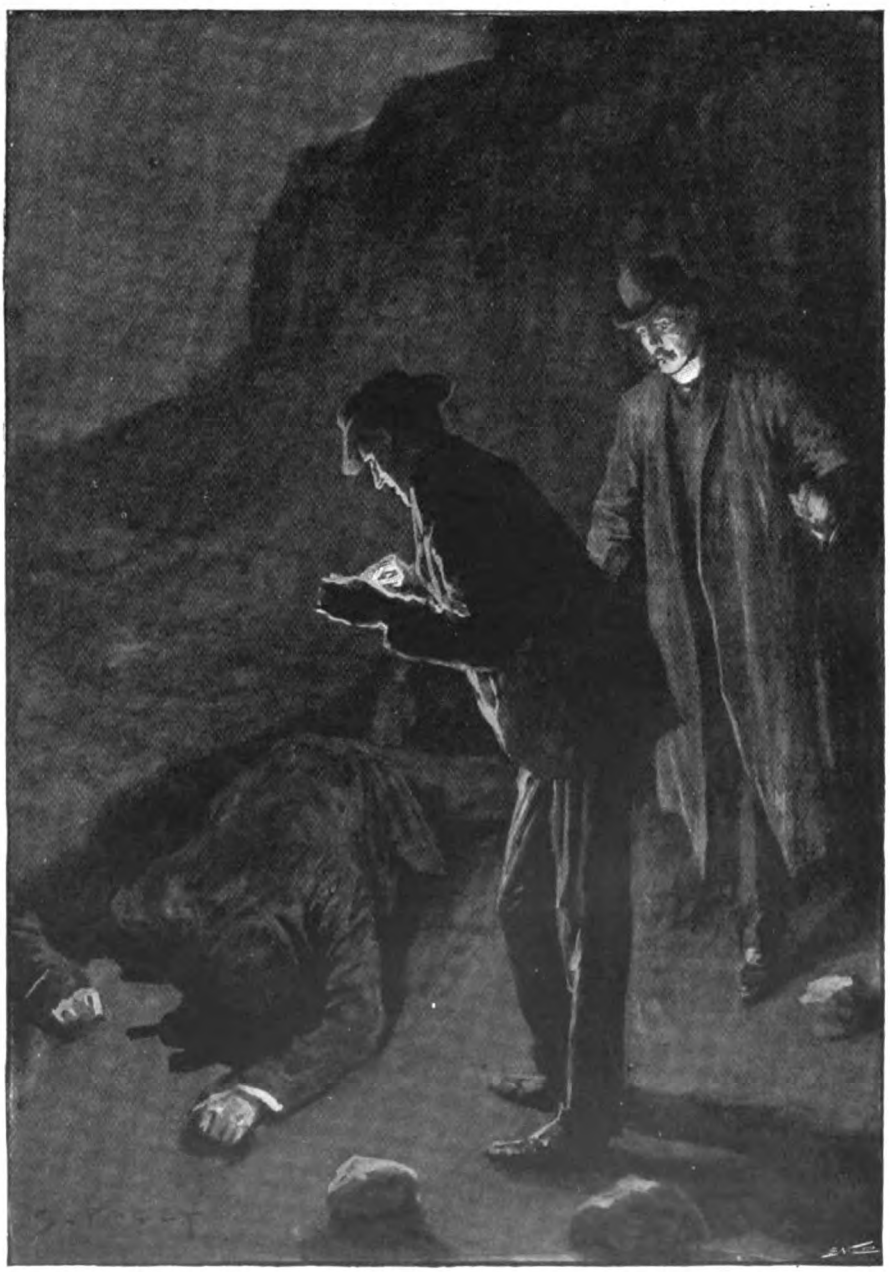
A MESMERIZED BIRD.

"No animal is more susceptible to mesmeric influence than the common or domestic cock. Catch a bird as quietly as possible, so as to avoid alarming him. Place him on a bare floor or a broad slab of wood, and bend his head down until his beak touches the wood. Then with a piece of chalk draw a broad line from the tip of the beak straight forward. If he has been properly handled he will remain as though paralyzed for several minutes. Another method is to tuck the bird's head under his wing and then, holding him at arms' length in both hands, to swing him gently in a circle a few times. The induced unconsciousness is so complete that he may be stood in shallow water a considerable time before he discovers his position. The awakening is extremely comic."—Mr. A. Williams, 7, New Road, Reading.



SLATE v. STONE.

"This window-sill is situated in the boys' playground at St. Thomas's Church Day Schools, Birmingham, and being at a convenient height from the ground has been used by the scholars for over sixty years for sharpening their slate-pencils on. The result is that the stone in many places has been worn away until almost flush with the brickwork, as is clearly shown in the photo. The managers have now forbidden it to be used, as they want to retain it as a curiosity."—Mr. Herbert J. Mason, Carlton House, Edgbaston.



"IT WAS A PROSTRATE MAN FACE DOWNWARDS UPON THE GROUND."

(SEE PAGE 126.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxiii. FEBRUARY, 1902. No. 134.

The Hound of the Baskervilles.

ANOTHER ADVENTURE OF

SHERLOCK HOLMES.

By CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER XII.

DEATH ON THE MOOR.

FOR a moment or two I sat breathless, hardly able to believe my ears. Then my senses and my voice came back to me, while a crushing weight of responsibility seemed in an instant to be lifted from my soul. That cold, incisive, ironical voice could belong to but one man in all the world.

"Holmes!" I cried—"Holmes!"

"Come out," said he, "and please be careful with the revolver."

I stooped under the rude lintel, and there he sat upon a stone outside, his grey eyes dancing with amusement as they fell upon my astonished features. He was thin and worn, but clear and alert, his keen face bronzed by the sun and roughened by the wind. In his tweed suit and cloth cap he looked like any other tourist upon the moor, and he had contrived, with that cat-like love of personal cleanliness which was one of his characteristics, that his chin should be as smooth and his linen as perfect as if he were in Baker Street.

"I never was more glad to see anyone in my life," said I, as I wrung him by the hand.

"Or more astonished, eh?"

"Well, I must confess to it."

"The surprise was not all on one side, I assure you. I had no idea that you had found my occasional retreat, still less that you were inside it, until I was within twenty paces of the door."

"My footprint, I presume?"

"No, Watson; I fear that I could not undertake to recognise your footprint amid all the footprints of the world. If you seriously desire to deceive me you must change your tobacconist; for when I see the stub of a cigarette marked Bradley, Oxford Street, I know that my friend Watson is in the neighbourhood. You will see it there beside the path. You threw it down, no doubt, at that supreme moment when you charged into the empty hut."

"Exactly."

"I thought as much—and knowing your admirable tenacity I was convinced that you were sitting in ambush, a weapon within reach, waiting for the tenant to return. So you actually thought that I was the criminal?"

"I did not know who you were, but I was determined to find out."

"Excellent, Watson! And how did you localize me? You saw me, perhaps, on the night of the convict hunt, when I was so imprudent as to allow the moon to rise behind me?"

"Yes, I saw you then."

"And have, no doubt, searched all the huts until you came to this one?"

"No, your boy had been observed, and that gave me a guide where to look."

"The old gentleman with the telescope, no doubt. I could not make it out when first I saw the light flashing upon the lens." He rose and peeped into the hut. "Ha, I see that Cartwright has brought up some supplies. What's this paper? So you have been to Coombe Tracey, have you?"

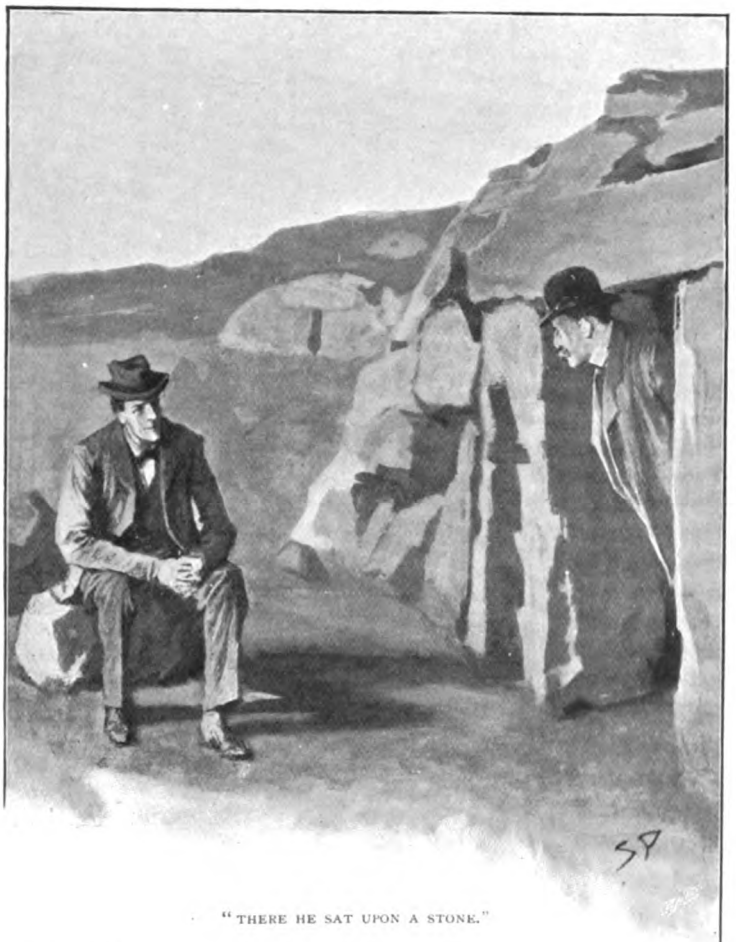
"Yes."

"To see Mrs. Laura Lyons?"

"Exactly."

"Well done! Our researches have

Copyright, 1902, by George Newnes, Limited.



"THERE HE SAT UPON A STONE."

evidently been running on parallel lines, and when we unite our results I expect we shall have a fairly full knowledge of the case."

"Well, I am glad from my heart that you are here, for indeed the responsibility and the mystery were both becoming too much for my nerves. But how in the name of wonder did you come here, and what have you been doing? I thought that you were in Baker Street working out that case of blackmailing."

"That was what I wished you to think."

"Then you use me, and yet do not trust me!" I cried, with some bitterness. "I think that I have deserved better at your hands, Holmes."

"My dear fellow, you have been invaluable to me in this as in many other cases, and I beg that you will forgive me if I have seemed to play a trick upon you. In truth, it was partly for your own sake that I did it, and it was my appreciation of the danger which you ran which led me to come down and examine the matter for myself. Had I been with Sir Henry and you it is evident that my point of view would have been the same as yours, and my presence would have warned our very formidable opponents to be on their guard. As it is, I have been able to get about as I could not possibly have done had I been living at the Hall, and I remain an unknown factor in the business, ready to throw in all my weight at a critical moment."

"But why keep me in the dark?"

"For you to know could not have helped us, and might possibly have led to my discovery. You would have wished to tell me something, or in your kindness you would have brought me out some comfort or other, and so an unnecessary risk would be run. I brought Cartwright down with me—you remember the little chap at the Express office—and he has seen after my simple wants: a loaf of bread and a clean collar. What does man want more? He has given me an extra pair of eyes upon a very active pair of feet, and both have been invaluable."

"Then my reports have all been wasted!" My voice trembled as I recalled the pains and the pride with which I had composed them.

Holmes took a bundle of papers from his pocket.

"Here are your reports, my dear fellow, and very well thumbed, I assure you. I made excellent arrangements, and they are only delayed one day upon their way. I must compliment you exceedingly upon the zeal and the intelligence which you have shown over an extraordinarily difficult case."

I was still rather raw over the deception

which had been practised upon me, but the warmth of Holmes's praise drove my anger from my mind. I felt also in my heart that he was right in what he said, and that it was really best for our purpose that I should not have known that he was upon the moor.

"That's better," said he, seeing the shadow rise from my face. "And now tell me the result of your visit to Mrs. Laura Lyons—it was not difficult for me to guess that it was to see her that you had gone, for I am already aware that she is the one person in Coombe Tracey who might be of service to us in the matter. In fact, if you had not gone to-day it is exceedingly probable that I should have gone to-morrow."

The sun had set and dusk was settling over the moor. The air had turned chill, and we withdrew into the hut for warmth. There, sitting together in the twilight, I told Holmes of my conversation with the lady. So interested was he that I had to repeat some of it twice before he was satisfied.

"This is most important," said he, when I had concluded. "It fills up a gap which I had been unable to bridge, in this most complex affair. You are aware, perhaps, that a close intimacy exists between this lady and the man Stapleton?"

"I did not know of a close intimacy."

"There can be no doubt about the matter. They meet, they write, there is a complete understanding between them. Now, this puts a very powerful weapon into our hands. If I could only use it to detach his wife——"

"His wife?"

"I am giving you some information now, in return for all that you have given me. The lady who has passed here as Miss Stapleton is in reality his wife."

"Good heavens, Holmes! Are you sure of what you say? How could he have permitted Sir Henry to fall in love with her?"

"Sir Henry's falling in love could do no harm to anyone except Sir Henry. He took particular care that Sir Henry did not *make* love to her, as you have yourself observed. I repeat that the lady is his wife and not his sister."

"But why this elaborate deception?"

"Because he foresaw that she would be very much more useful to him in the character of a free woman."

All my unspoken instincts, my vague suspicions, suddenly took shape and centred upon the naturalist. In that impassive, colourless man, with his straw hat and his butterfly-net, I seemed to see something terrible—a creature of infinite patience and craft, with a smiling face and a murderous heart.

"It is he, then, who is our enemy—it is he who dogged us in London?"

"So I read the riddle."

"And the warning—it must have come from her!"

"Exactly."

The shape of some monstrous villainy, half seen, half guessed, loomed through the darkness which had girt me so long.

"But are you sure of this, Holmes? How do you know that the woman is his wife?"

"Because he so far forgot himself as to tell you a true piece of autobiography upon the occasion when he first met you, and I daresay he has many a time regretted it since. He *was* once a schoolmaster in the North of England. Now, there is no one more easy to trace than a schoolmaster. There are scholastic agencies by which one may identify any man who has been in the profession. A little investigation showed me that a school had come to grief under atrocious circumstances, and that the man who had owned it—the name was different—had disappeared with his wife. The descriptions agreed. When I learned that the missing man was devoted to entomology the identification was complete."

The darkness was rising, but much was still hidden by the shadows.

"If this woman is in truth his wife, where does Mrs. Laura Lyons come in?" I asked.

"That is one of the points upon which your own researches have shed a light. Your interview with the lady has cleared the situation very much. I did not know about a projected divorce between herself and her husband. In that case, regarding Stapleton as an unmarried man, she counted no doubt upon becoming his wife."

"And when she is undeceived?"

"Why, then we may find the lady of service. It must be our first duty to see her—both of us—to-morrow. Don't you think, Watson, that you are away from your charge rather long? Your place should be at Baskerville Hall."

The last red streaks had faded away in the west and night had settled upon the moor. A few faint stars were gleaming in a violet sky.

"One last question, Holmes," I said, as I rose. "Surely there is no need of secrecy between you and me. What is the meaning of it all? What is he after?"

Holmes's voice sank as he answered:—

"It is murder, Watson—refined, cold-blooded, deliberate murder. Do not ask me for particulars. My nets are closing upon

him, even as his are upon Sir Henry, and with your help he is already almost at my mercy. There is but one danger which can threaten us. It is that he should strike before we are ready to do so. Another day—two at the most—and I have my case complete, but until then guard your charge as closely as ever a fond mother watched her ailing child. Your mission to-day has justified itself, and yet I could almost wish that you had not left his side—Hark!"

A terrible scream—a prolonged yell of horror and anguish burst out of the silence of the moor. That frightful cry turned the blood to ice in my veins.

"Oh, my God!" I gasped. "What is it? What does it mean?"

Holmes had sprung to his feet, and I saw his dark, athletic outline at the door of the hut, his shoulders stooping, his head thrust forward, his face peering into the darkness.

"Hush!" he whispered. "Hush!"

The cry had been loud on account of its vehemence, but it had pealed out from somewhere far off on the shadowy plain. Now it burst upon our ears, nearer, louder, more urgent than before.

"Where is it?" Holmes whispered; and I knew from the thrill of his voice that he, the man of iron, was shaken to the soul. "Where is it, Watson?"

"There, I think." I pointed into the darkness.

"No, there!"

Again the agonized cry swept through the silent night, louder and much nearer than ever. And a new sound mingled with it, a deep, muttered rumble, musical and yet menacing, rising and falling like the low, constant murmur of the sea.

"The hound!" cried Holmes. "Come, Watson, come! Great heavens, if we are too late!"

He had started running swiftly over the moor, and I had followed at his heels. But now from somewhere among the broken ground immediately in front of us there came one last despairing yell, and then a dull, heavy thud. We halted and listened. Not another sound broke the heavy silence of the windless night.

I saw Holmes put his hand to his forehead like a man distracted. He stamped his feet upon the ground.

"He has beaten us, Watson. We are too late."

"No, no, surely not!"

"Fool that I was to hold my hand. And you, Watson, see what comes of abandoning your charge! But, by Heaven, if the worst has happened, we'll avenge him!"

Blindly we ran through the gloom, blundering against boulders, forcing our way through gorse bushes, panting up hills and rushing down slopes, heading always in the direction whence those dreadful sounds had come. At every rise Holmes looked eagerly round him, but the shadows were thick upon the moor and nothing moved upon its dreary face.

"Can you see anything?"

"Nothing."

"But, hark, what is that?"

A low moan had fallen upon our ears. There it was again upon our left! On that side a ridge of rocks ended in a sheer cliff which overlooked a stone-strewn slope. On its jagged face was spread-eagled some dark, irregular object. As we ran towards it the vague outline hardened into a definite shape. It was a prostrate man face downwards upon the ground, the head doubled under him at a horrible angle, the shoulders rounded and the body hunched together as if in the act of throwing a somersault. So grotesque was the attitude that I could not for the instant realize that that moan had been the passing of his soul. Not a whisper, not a rustle, rose now from the dark figure over which we stooped. Holmes laid his hand upon him, and held it up again, with an exclamation of horror. The gleam of the match which he struck shone upon his clotted fingers and upon the ghastly pool which widened slowly from the crushed skull of the victim. And it shone upon something else which turned our hearts sick and faint within us—the body of Sir Henry Baskerville!

There was no chance of either of us forgetting that peculiar ruddy tweed suit—the very one which he had worn on the first morning that we had seen him in Baker Street. We caught the one clear glimpse of it, and then the match flickered and went out, even as the hope had gone out of our souls. Holmes groaned, and his face glimmered white through the darkness.

"The brute! the brute!" I cried, with clenched hands. "Oh, Holmes, I shall never forgive myself for having left him to his fate."

"I am more to blame than you, Watson. In order to have my case well rounded and complete, I have thrown away the life of my client. It is the greatest blow which has befallen me in my career. But how could I know—how *could* I know—that he

would risk his life alone upon the moor in the face of all my warnings?"

"That we should have heard his screams - my God, those screams!—and yet have been unable to save him! Where is this brute of a hound which drove him to his death? It may be lurking among these rocks at this instant. And Stapleton, where is he? He shall answer for this deed."

"He shall. I will see to that. Uncle and nephew have been murdered—the one frightened to death by the very sight of a beast which he thought to be supernatural, the other driven to his end in his wild flight to escape from it. But now we have to prove the connection between the man and the beast. Save from what we heard, we cannot even swear to the existence of the latter, since Sir Henry has evidently died from the fall. But, by heavens, cunning as he is, the fellow shall be in my power before another day is past!"

We stood with bitter hearts on either side of the mangled body, overwhelmed by this sudden and irrevocable disaster which had brought all our long and weary labours to so piteous an end. Then, as the moon rose, we climbed to the top of the rocks over which our poor friend had fallen, and from the summit we gazed out over the shadowy moor, half silver and half gloom. Far away, miles off, in the direction of Grimpen, a single steady yellow light was shining. It could only come from the lonely abode of the Stapletons. With a bitter curse I shook my fist at it as I gazed.

"Why should we not seize him at once?"

"Our case is not complete. The fellow is wary and cunning to the last degree. It is not what we know, but what we can prove. If we make one false move the villain may escape us yet."

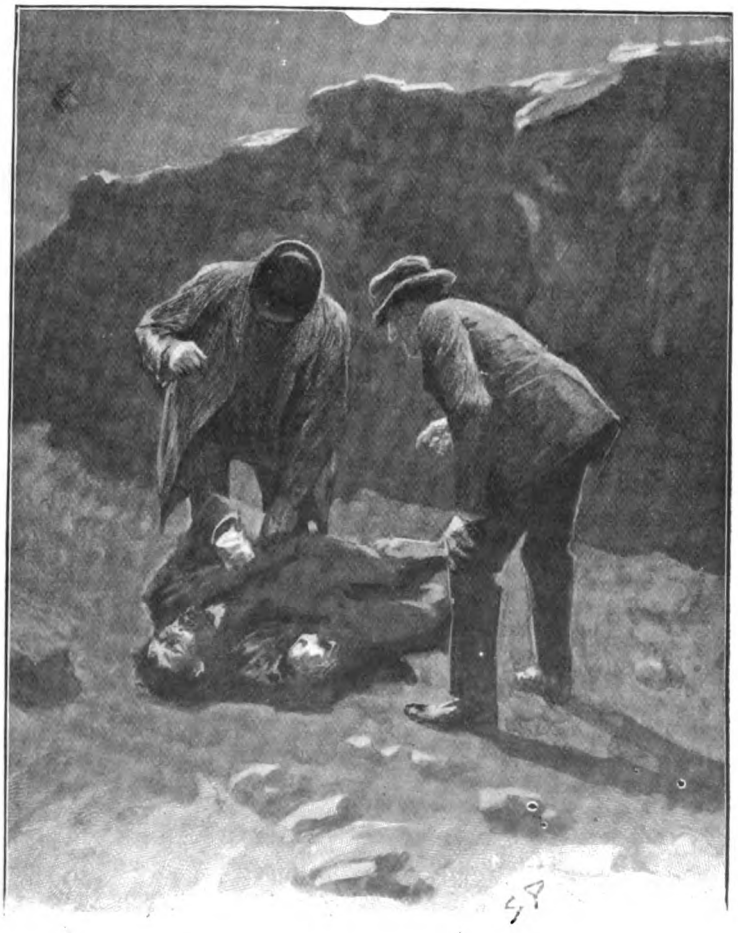
"What can we do?"

"There will be plenty for us to do to-morrow. To-night we can only perform the last offices to our poor friend."

Together we made our way down the precipitous slope and approached the body, black and clear against the silvered stones. The agony of those contorted limbs struck me with a spasm of pain and blurred my eyes with tears.

"We must send for help, Holmes! We cannot carry him all the way to the Hall. Good heavens, are you mad?"

He had uttered a cry and bent over the body. Now he was dancing and laughing and wringing my hand. Could this be my stern, self-contained friend? These were hidden fires, indeed!



"IT WAS THE FACE OF SELDEN, THE CRIMINAL."

"A beard! A beard! The man has a beard!"

"A beard?"

"It is not the Baronet—it is—why, it is my neighbour, the convict!"

With feverish haste we had turned the body over, and that dripping beard was pointing up to the cold, clear moon. There could be no doubt about the beetling forehead, the sunken animal eyes. It was, indeed, the same face which had glared upon me in the light of the candle from over the rock—the face of Selden, the criminal.

Then in an instant it was all clear to me. I remembered how the Baronet had told me that he had handed his old wardrobe to Barrymore. Barrymore had passed it on in order to help Selden in his escape. Boots, shirt, cap—it was all Sir Henry's. The tragedy was still black enough, but this man had at least deserved death by the laws of his country. I told Holmes how the matter stood, my heart bubbling over with thankfulness and joy.

"Then the clothes have been the poor fellow's death," said he. "It is clear enough that the hound has been laid on from some article of Sir Henry's—the boot which was abstracted in the hotel, in all probability—and so ran this man down. There is one very singular thing, however: How came Selden, in the darkness, to know that the hound was on his trail?"

"He heard him."

"To hear a hound upon the moor would not work a hard man like this convict into such a paroxysm of terror that he would risk recapture by screaming wildly for help. By his cries he must have run a long way after he knew the animal was on his track. How did he know?"

"A greater mystery to me is why this hound, presuming that all our conjectures are correct——"

"I presume nothing."

"Well, then, why this hound should be loose to-night. I suppose that it does not always run loose upon the moor. Stapleton would not let it go unless he had reason to think that Sir Henry would be there."

"My difficulty is the more formidable of the two, for I think that we shall very shortly get an explanation of yours, while mine may remain for ever a mystery. The question now is, what shall we do with this poor wretch's body? We cannot leave it here to the foxes and the ravens."

"I suggest that we put it in one of the huts until we can communicate with the police."

"Exactly. I have no doubt that you and I could carry it so far. Halloa, Watson, what's this? It's the man himself, by all that's wonderful and audacious! Not a word to show your suspicions—not a word, or my plans crumble to the ground."

A figure was approaching us over the moor, and I saw the dull red glow of a cigar. The moon shone upon him, and I could distinguish the dapper shape and jaunty walk of the naturalist. He stopped when he saw us, and then came on again.

"Why, Dr. Watson, that's not you, is it? You are the last man that I should have expected to see out on the moor at this time of night. But, dear me, what's this? Somebody hurt? Not—don't tell me that it is our friend Sir Henry!" He hurried past me and stooped over the dead man. I heard a sharp intake of his breath and the cigar fell from his fingers.

"Who—who's this?" he stammered.

"It is Selden, the man who escaped from Princetown."

Stapleton turned a ghastly face upon us, but by a supreme effort he had overcome his amazement and his disappointment. He looked sharply from Holmes to me.

"Dear me! What a very shocking affair! How did he die?"

"He appears to have broken his neck by falling over these rocks. My friend and I were strolling on the moor when we heard a cry."

"I heard a cry also. That was what brought me out. I was uneasy about Sir Henry."

"Why about Sir Henry in particular?" I could not help asking.

"Because I had suggested that he should come over. When he did not come I was surprised, and I naturally became alarmed for his safety when I heard cries upon the moor. By the way"—his eyes darted again from my face to Holmes's—"did you hear anything else besides a cry?"

"No," said Holmes; "did you?"

"No."

"What do you mean, then?"

"Oh, you know the stories that the peasants tell about a phantom hound, and so on. It is said to be heard at night upon the moor. I was wondering if there were any evidence of such a sound to-night."

"We heard nothing of the kind," said I.

"And what is your theory of this poor fellow's death?"

"I have no doubt that anxiety and exposure have driven him off his head. He

"'WHO—WHO'S THIS?' HE STAMMERED."

has rushed about the moor in a crazy state and eventually fallen over here and broken his neck."

"That seems the most reasonable theory," said Stapleton, and he gave a sigh which I took to indicate his relief. "What do you think about it, Mr. Sherlock Holmes?"

My friend bowed his compliments.

"You are quick at identification," said he.

"We have been expecting you in these parts since Dr. Watson came down. You are in time to see a tragedy."

"Yes, indeed. I have no doubt that my friend's explanation will cover the facts. I will take an unpleasant remembrance back to London with me to-morrow."

"Oh, you return to-morrow?"

"That is my intention."

"I hope your visit has cast some light upon those occurrences which have puzzled us?"

Holmes shrugged his shoulders.

"One cannot always have the success for which one hopes. An investigator needs facts, and not legends or rumours. It has not been a satisfactory case."

My friend spoke in his frankest and most unconcerned manner. Stapleton still looked hard at him. Then he turned to me.

"I would suggest carrying this poor fellow to my house, but it would give my sister such a fright that I do not feel justified in doing it. I think that if we put something over his face he will be safe until morning."

And so it was arranged. Resisting Stapleton's offer of hospitality, Holmes and I set off to Baskerville Hall, leaving the naturalist to return alone. Looking back

we saw the figure moving slowly away over the broad moor, and behind him that one black smudge on the silvered slope which showed where the man was lying who had come so horribly to his end.

"We're at close grips at last," said Holmes, as we walked together across the moor. "What a nerve the fellow has! How he pulled himself together in the face of what must have been a paralyzing shock when he found that the wrong man had fallen a victim to his plot. I told you in London, Watson, and I tell you now again, that we have never had a foeman more worthy of our steel."

"I am sorry that he has seen you."

"And so was I at first. But there was no getting out of it."

"What effect do you think it will have upon his plans, now that he knows you are here?"

"It may cause him to be more cautious, or it may drive him to desperate measures at once. Like most clever criminals, he may be too confident in his own cleverness and imagine that he has completely deceived us."

"Why should we not arrest him at once?"

"My dear Watson, you were born to be a man of action. Your instinct is always to do something energetic. But supposing, for argument's sake, that we had him arrested to-night, what on earth the better off should we be for that? We could prove nothing against him. There's the devilish cunning of it! If he were acting through a human agent we could get some evidence, but if we were to drag this great dog to the light of day it would not help us in putting a rope round the neck of its master."

"Surely we have a case."

"Not a shadow of one—only surmise and conjecture. We should be laughed out of court if we came with such a story and such evidence."

"There is Sir Charles's death."

"Found dead without a mark upon him. You and I know that he died of sheer fright, and we know also what frightened him; but how are we to get twelve stolid jurymen to know it? What signs are there of a hound? Where are the marks of its fangs? Of course, we know that a hound does not bite a dead body, and that Sir Charles was dead before ever the brute overtook him. But we have to *prove* all this, and we are not in a position to do it."

"Well, then, to-night?"

"We are not much better off to-night. Again, there was no direct connection between the hound and the man's death. We never saw the hound. We heard it; but we could not prove that it was running upon this man's trail. There is a complete absence of motive. No, my dear fellow; we must reconcile ourselves to the fact that we have no case at present, and that it is worth our while to run any risk in order to establish one."

"And how do you propose to do so?"

"I have great hopes of what Mrs. Laura Lyons may do for us when the position of affairs is made clear to her. And I have my own plan as well. Sufficient for to-morrow is the evil thereof; but I hope before the day is past to have the upper hand at last."

I could draw nothing farther from him, and he walked, lost in thought, as far as the Baskerville gates.

"Are you coming up?"

"Yes; I see no reason for further concealment. But one last word, Watson. Say nothing of the hound to Sir Henry. Let him think that Selden's death was as Stapleton would have us believe. He will have a better nerve for the ordeal which he will have to undergo to-morrow, when he is engaged, if I remember your report aright, to dine with these people."

"And so am I."

"Then you must excuse yourself and he must go alone. That will be easily arranged. And now, if we are too late for dinner, I think that we are both ready for our suppers."

(*To be continued.*)

THE ROMANCE OF BRITANNIA.

By Beckles Willson.

IT is related that when Carlyle first came to London he visited the Mint in the company of a young German, who, gazing at the design for the new pence, halfpence, and farthings, observed that Britannia having acquired a helmet might now pass readily for Minerva's twin sister.

"That may weel be," retorted the cynical philosopher, who did not entertain a very high opinion of the wisdom of his countrymen, "but *no when you hear them talk!*"

Is it not curious that just such an unflattering remark was passed on the beauteous lady who first posed in this kingdom for the figure of Britannia, and whose likeness long represented Britannia on our coinage? "No woman," wrote one chronicler, ungallantly enough, "could have less wit and more beauty." Yet it is by no means certain that the character of the handsome Frances Stuart, Duchess of Richmond, has not been greatly maligned, or that one who was capable of inspiring so great a passion in so many bosoms was not really the possessor of admirable traits of mind as well as of person.

THE FIRST BRITANNIA, REIGN OF HADRIAN, A.D. 122.

But the romance of Britannia begins long before the days of the Merrie Monarch and his Court. We must indeed go back to ancient Rome. When the Emperor Hadrian returned from his expedition to Britain, A.D. 121, in his train were several British maidens meet to grace his triumph. One of these, hailing from Wintona (Winchester), named Margia, so affected the managers of the ceremonies by her grace and beauty that she was properly chosen to symbolize the new Roman province in the far north. The story runs that the lovely Margia sat for her statue to the sculptor Critonius, who afterwards married her. But, although the statue has perished, during the same year a female figure appeared on a Roman coin bearing the legend "Britannia." This figure is very similar, so far as pose and apparel go, with that on our copper coinage to-day. Such was the first Britannia. She appeared again on a coin of Antoninus

BRITANNIA OF ANTONINUS PIUS, A.D. 140.

Pius and on a medal of Commodus. It was a custom among the Romans to represent outlying portions of the Empire and even Rome itself by symbolical female figures. One of the most familiar of the Roman coins relating to Britain represents Britannia seated on a rock, in an attitude of dejection; before her rests a large oval shield and a military standard. This coin is often found in England, and was coined under an Antoninus in the second century.

FRANCES STUART, THE ORIGINAL OF THE MODERN FIGURE OF BRITANNIA.

Britannia as a national prototype had appeared in Rome; but only to disappear. Probably she died with the lovely Margia; for after the fine medal of Commodus nothing more is heard of her until King James I. exchanged his palace of Holyrood for that of Whitehall, at the beginning of the seventeenth century. The spirit of Margia slept, in fact, for more than fourteen centuries, and was rudely waked to life by an obscure bard's crying in her ear: "Awake, Brittania; rise, O maid, and sing!" Had the maid known of this spelling of her name she might perhaps have been less inclined to obey the poet's mandate; although two t's and a single n really do occur on the Commodus medal, a proof that Britain was being less thought of and cared about at Rome.

As to the stirring ode itself, it was in celebration of the accession of a British Emperor—James, to wit. For it is not very surprising to find on an accession piece of 1603 this legend: "James I., Emperor of the whole Island of Britain and King of France and Ireland." Such a title was, of course, quite in accordance with James's idea of the boundless power and exalted position of his throne.

Here and there, after the virtual union of the two Crowns in a single monarch during this and the succeeding reign, we come across chance references to Britannia; but she is yet a nebulous, uncertain figure. The renaissance of the symbol now so familiar is delayed until the coming from France to the Court of Charles II. of a beautiful young damsel named Frances Stuart. This was in 1662, and Miss Stuart was only seventeen years old. She was the daughter of Walter Stuart, a younger son of the Baron of Blantyre and a distant relation of the King's. Personally recommended by the Queen Dowager Henrietta Maria, she came to Whitehall, and was immediately appointed

From a Painting FRANCES STUART. *[by Gascar.*

Maid of Honour to Queen Katherine. Her beauty soon created a sensation: everybody at Court, from monarch to serving-man, fell under its spell. Indeed, it has been said that Frances Stuart was the only woman with whom Charles was ever really in love. But steadfastly did she resist all the Royal allurements, attaching herself loyally to the person of the Queen, denying herself to suitors, and leading a blameless, though far from prosaic or austere, life.

FRANCES STUART, WHEN DUCHESS OF RICHMOND.
From a Painting by Lely.

It appears to have been at some charades in the winter of 1663-4 that Miss Stuart first appeared in the character of Britannia, a character in which she was afterwards painted by Lely and Gascar, and in which she appeared on a medallion by John Roettier, when that artist was appointed designer to the Mint. To whom the idea of Miss Stuart's personation of Britannia is due is not known; it has been said to have been Charles himself; whilst others ascribe it to the talented medallist whose classical studies and familiarity with the ancient Roman coinage would naturally suggest a revival of Britannia. All we know is that Roettier, in the course of several sittings from His Majesty for the purpose of making a medallion in commemoration of the Restoration, frequently met Miss Stuart, as well as Lady Castlemaine and other ladies of the Court, that he plainly expressed his admiration, and requested to be permitted to execute a bust in relief of her also. The idea greatly charmed the King, who laughingly declared that his "fair cousin's" face should serve as the reverse of the proposed medal. This must have shocked even the levity of the Court; for few were aware that Charles really had thoughts, in case his Queen's illness had a fatal termination, of leading the beautiful Frances Stuart to the altar. Roettier happily proposed a literal fulfilment of the King's idea. His invention, although it offended some at first, was, a few years later, when it came to appear on the coinage, greatly approved of by the nation.

KING CHARLES II.'S RESTORATION MEDAL.

Pepys, in his diary, under date of February 25th, 1667, observes: "At my goldsmith's did observe the King's new medal, where in little there is Miss Stuart's face, as well done as ever I saw anything in my whole life, I think; and a pretty thing it is," he adds, "that he should choose her

face to represent Britannia by." Which was literally true!

In this first design Justice, Hercules, and Pallas are seen presenting an olive branch to Britannia, who is seated under a cliff near the seashore holding a spear and shield. Generally well executed as the next large national medal in which Miss Stuart figured was, the lady was by no means satisfied with the posture of herself as Britannia. One morning the surprised artist received a call at the Mint from the object of his adoration, who coolly informed him that her right leg was awkwardly placed on the medal, and so gave her great displeasure! This objectionable medal had been struck to commemorate the Peace of Breda, 1667. There

BRITANNIA CONTEMPLATING HER NAVIES—PEACE OF BREDA MEDAL, 1667.

was another in honour of Britain's naval victories owning the same imperfection. In deference to the lady's prejudices the inelegant Britannias were recalled and the desired improvement made by the artist.

That Miss Stuart's likeness appeared on the coinage in 1672 was probably due to Roettier's rather than to the King's initiative. In the intervening years the original Britannia had experienced some thrilling history, which is duly recorded in the memoirs of that reign. One dark, stormy night, while the Breda medal was the talk of the kingdom, she eloped from her room at Whitehall and joined her lover, the Duke of Richmond, who had quarrelled with his liege lord. They met at the Bear Inn, by London Bridge, and escaped into Kent, where they were privately married. Her husband, the Duke, was afterwards banished, dying abroad in the very year that his Duchess's portrait, in the character of Britannia, was being newly passed from hand to hand amongst the yeoman and petty tradesfolk of the realm. At his decease the little gold medallion of the Duchess which he wore was given by her to Roettier. It may now be seen by the curious in the British Museum. That the medallist

THE DUCHESS OF RICHMOND AS BRITANNIA—THE NAVAL VICTORIES MEDAL, 1667.

was himself in love with his Britannia was generally believed. Amongst others, it is mentioned by Evelyn and Horace Walpole.

So much, then, for the first Britannia on our British coins. It is interesting to know that she survived, in a likeness readily recognisable throughout the reigns of James II. and William III. When Queen Anne ascended the throne it was another matter. The Duchess was, however, spared the pangs of seeing herself displaced on the currency, even by her Queen: she died in the very year of Anne's accession. The new copper and small silver coinage, after some delay, appeared, and Anne herself was found to occupy the position so long held by her deceased subject. The figure of Britannia is the same, even to the bared knee on the farthings: there is the shield with the Union Jack, the extended olive branch, and the spear; but the face is not the face of Frances Stuart, but of Queen Anne.

THE FIRST BRITANNIA ON AN ENGLISH COIN, 1672.

In the meantime Britannia had seized hold of the popular imagination. She was generally accepted as the ideal human symbol of the greatness of Britain; and our painters and sculptors sought to present her in all her ideal attributes of majesty

THE FINEST BRITANNIA IN MARBLE.
From Bacon's Monument to Chatham in Westminster Abbey—Modelled from the Sculptor's Wife.

and beauty. But the engravers at the Mint were too eager to curry favour with Royalty, wherefore we have, during the reigns of the early Georges, occasionally an attempt to convey a likeness of the Royal consort rather than an ideal Britannia.

It is not until 1797 that Britannia on our coins grasps the rident instead of the spear, an allusion to British naval activity of that day. She still holds out the olive branch, however reluctant the rest of Europe is to receive that token of peace.

A full generation before a new model had been given to the world of a lovely and dignified Britannia. In his monument to Chatham in Westminster Abbey, John Bacon introduced what is still regarded as the finest Britannia extant in marble. Perhaps a close second is that by Nollekens in his monument to the "Three Captains of Rodney," as it is called, which occupies an adjacent site in our national temple of fame. The romantic circumstance connected with both these statues of Britannia is that they are each said to have been taken from the respective wives of the sculptors. The story of John Bacon and his model is especially interesting. In early life Bacon was apprenticed to a potter, with whose step-daughter, Martha Holland, he fell in love. The couple became engaged, but misunderstandings arose and they separated, not meeting for many years. Bacon, thinking Mistress Holland had forgotten him, allowed himself at length to be drawn into a matrimonial alliance with a woman he did not love, only to discover, a few months after marriage, that the fair Martha was on his account slowly breaking her heart. This discovery of their mutual feelings was also made by the wife, who, dying of mortification, left the lovers free to fly into each other's arms. One of the first pieces of work Bacon executed after this second marriage was a model of his handsome wife as Britannia. It afterwards served as the pattern for his Westminster Abbey masterpiece.

NOLLEKENS' STATUE OF BRITANNIA IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, ALSO MODELLED FROM THE SCULPTOR'S WIFE.

The success justly attained by this statue stirred the celebrated Nollekens to jealous emulation. His biographer declares that his monument to the three captains was done in avowed imitation of Bacon's work. Mrs. Nollekens, who laid claims to being a great beauty in her youth, insisted, it is said, in posing as Britannia; and her admirer, Dr. Johnson, was ready to declare that the likeness was by no means too flattering. But there were, be it said, malicious wits about town who averred that "Little Nolley" had viewed his spouse through a special lens of the fancy, and had derived his inspiration for Britannia to a greater degree from the comely proportion of Miss Coleman, a Covent Garden dancer.

It was this same Mrs. Nollekens whose joint

reputation with her husband for parsimony at a later date set all London in roars of laughter. Once Lord Londonderry sat for his bust on a bitterly cold day, and during the sculptor's momentary absence from the studio got up and put some more coals on the small fire.

"My lord, my lord," cried the sculptor's wife, in deep concern, "I don't know what Mr. Nollekens will say."

"Never mind," said his lordship, calmly. "Tell him to put 'em all in the bill."

In pictorial art, and especially in the satirical designs of the day, Britannia had also now grown to be a familiar figure. Rowlandson and Gillray invoke her presence freely in their satires, although John Bull, as a generic type, is much oftener portrayed.

When the Frenchman Droz came to be designer at the Mint towards the end of the eighteenth century he had the effrontery to execute an undraped Britannia with a distinct French cast of features, but Pitt would have none of it, and so the device was abandoned. It is curious how the figure of Britannia on the coins was jealously watched by imaginative partisans during the reigns of the Georges. One Whig charged the sculptor with giving her coiffure a Jacobite turn, while Horace Walpole in his "Letters" declares that one faction distinctly saw a Hanoverian rat gnawing at Britannia's bared knee on the farthing!

The honour of helmeting Britannia, and so making her more like Minerva than ever, belongs to Pistrucchi in 1821, which engraver, it is said, greatly offended George IV. by making him appear too corpulent!

Four years later the long-borne olive branch was dropped—not suddenly, for the curious will note that Britannia's arm had drooped to her side in the previous issue of 1823.

In 1840 appeared Mulready's design of Britannia on the new postage-envelope, which grew to be, and is yet, to philatelists, one of the most familiar of all the figures of the national goddess.

About this time Mr. Punch, too, made his bow to the world. In his pages the first Britannia, drawn by Herring, was by no means as graceful or engaging as she was afterwards to become under the pencils of Leech, Tenniel, and Sambourne, and especially of the two last-named, whose stately Britannia embodies much more the poetical idea than even the fair Frances Stuart herself. Of the lovely Margia of Winchester, the original Britannia of the legend, there remains unluckily little to aid us in forming a just conception.

THE LATEST BRITANNIA—DESIGN OF KING EDWARD VII.'S CORONATION MEDAL.

(By permission of Messrs. Elkington & Co.)

Among the very latest of the Britannias is that on the Coronation Medal which has recently been executed under the eye of King Edward and approved of by His Majesty. It can hardly escape attention that Herr Fuchs's conception of Britannia displays many of the traits and attributes which marked Roettier's original design nearly two and a half centuries ago, and which have not since recurred on the coinage.

Breaking the Ice.

By Richard Marsh.

SHORTLY after my seventeenth birthday Mr. Sanford and I had a serious difference of opinion which almost amounted to a quarrel. I do not say that the fault was entirely his. But that is not the point. The point is whether, every time you happen to be not quite exactly right, you are to be treated as if you were a mere worm, and have your age thrown in your face.

It was not my fault that I was only seventeen. As Mr. Pitt said—I remember reading about it at Mrs. Sawyer's—being young is a crime one grows out of. Rome was not built in a day. You cannot do everything at once. It is quite certain that you cannot be ninety in five minutes. I was perfectly aware that Mr. Sanford was twenty-five. It is not a time of life against which I have a word to say. I feel sure that it is a delightful age. But I cannot understand why persons who are twenty-five should consider themselves so immensely superior to persons who are only seventeen. Or if they are superior, and are known to be, that is no reason why they should show it.

On my birthday Mr. Sanford gave me a box of gloves. Now, I am 5ft. 5½in. high. I know I am, because when Dick made me stand up against the wall with my hair down and a book on my head, he said he never should have thought it from the look of me. Which was not a nice thing to say. But, then, brothers have manners of their own. I want to know what size hand a person who is nearly 5ft. 6in. high ought to have. Because, directly I opened the box, I saw that they were lovely gloves, but that they were all six and a half.

"Oh, what a pity!" I cried. "They'll be like boats on me! I take six and a quarter!"

Of course, I am conscious that it was not precisely a civil remark to make; and had I reflected I might not have made it. But it was out before I even guessed it was coming. As it was out, it was. And, anyhow, it was simply the truth. At the time Mr. Sanford was as nice as possible. He expressed his regret for the mistake which had occurred, and volunteered to change them.

He did change them. Four or five days afterwards he came with another box. It was the 16th of November, a Thursday. As it turned out to be a memorable day to me I have the best of reasons for keeping the exact date in my mind. I shall never forget it—never. Not if I live long enough to lose my memory. It was very cold. All the week it had been freezing—that is, off and on. Because I admit that it might occasionally have risen above freezing-point. But it certainly had been freezing all the day before and all that morning—hard. Ice was everywhere. I had made up my mind to try it; and had just finished cleaning my skates when Mr. Sanford came in.

"Why," he exclaimed, when he saw them, "what are you going to do with those?"

"I'm going to skate with them. What is one generally supposed to do with skates?"

"But, my dear Miss Boyes, it's impossible. After two or three days' more frost, perhaps. But at present the ice won't bear."

Now, there was just that something about his tone which nettled me. It was the way he had of taking it for granted that, because he said a thing, the matter was necessarily at an end, since it was impossible to imagine that anyone would venture on remonstrance.

"I daresay it will be strong enough to bear me."

"I very much doubt it."

"Do you—do you skate?"

"A little."

"Then, since that sister and those brothers of mine have gone off they alone know where, may I venture to suggest that you should come with me?"

"I shall be delighted—as far as the ice. I'm sure you'll find that it won't bear. And, anyhow, I've no skates."

"There are a pair of Dick's. They're not very rusty. And I don't suppose you'll find them very much too small."

He took them up and smiled.

"As you say, they're not very rusty, and I daresay my feet are not very much more gigantic than Dick's; but——"

"But what?"

"I shall be very glad to come with you to examine the ice. But when you get to it you'll find that skating is out of the question."

"If I get to the ice I promise you that I'll go on it. I am passionately fond of skating, and, as we so seldom get any, I like to take advantage of every chance I get. Besides, I am not afraid of a little cold water, even if it does happen to be a degree or two under the usual temperature."

He laughed. He had a way of laughing when I said things which were not meant to be comical which puzzled me; and annoyed me, too. Fortunately for himself he changed the subject—handing me the box he had been carrying.

"I've brought the gloves. This time I hope you will find that they are not like boats. I am credibly informed that they are six and a quarter."

"Thank you so much. I really am ashamed of myself for giving you so much trouble — it's so sweet of you. Oh, what lovely gloves. Just the shades I like. As I have brought none down with me I think I'll put a pair on now."

I ought to have known better. I had, as I have said, just finished cleaning my skates, and had been washing my hands, and, in consequence, they were cold. It is not, at any time, the work of only a moment to put on a brand-new pair of properly-fitting gloves. Everybody knows that — who knows anything at all. They require coaxing. Especially is this the case when your hands are cold. And certainly the task is not rendered easier by the knowledge that you are being observed by critical, supercilious eyes, towards whose owner you entertain a touch of resentment. Those gloves would not go on. The consciousness that Mr. Sanford was staring at me with obvious amusement made me, perhaps, more awkward than I should have been. But, whatever the cause, I do not think I ever had so much trouble with a pair of gloves either before or since.

"RATHER TIGHT, AREN'T THEY?"

Presently he spoke:—

"Rather tight, aren't they?"

"Tight! What do you mean? I suppose they're six and a quarter?"

"Oh, yes; they're six and a quarter. But don't you think it might have been better to have kept the original six and a half for the sake of the additional ease?"

"Ease? You don't want ease in a glove."

"No? That's rather a novel point of view. Do you want it to be uneasy, then?"

"A properly-fitting glove never is uneasy. You are possibly not aware that a new glove always is a little difficult to get on the first time."

"Yes; so it seems."

Something in his tone annoyed me, particularly the impertinent suggestion which I felt sure it was intended to convey. I gave an angry tug at the glove and, behold! it split. I know I went crimson all over. Mr. Sanford laughed outright.

"When you try to cram a quart into a pint pot something is bound to go."

A ruder remark I had never had addressed to me. My own brothers could not have been more vulgar. Even they had never compared my hand with either a quart or a pint pot. An observation of the kind it was impossible that I should condescend to notice. Removing the glove, with all the

dignity at my command, I replaced it in the box.

"I think that I had better wear a pair of gloves which have become adapted to the unfortunate conformation of my hands."

"But, Molly——"

"I don't know who has given you permission to use my Christian name, Mr. Sanford. I have noticed that you have done so two or three times recently. I am not a relative of yours."

His eyes twinkled. Although I did not look at him, I knew they did, because of the peculiar way in which he spoke. When they twinkled there was always something in his voice which, to the trained ear, was unmistakable. Not that I wish it to be inferred that I had paid any attention to Mr. Sanford's oddities. It was the mere result of my tendency to notice trifles.

"But, Miss Boyes, I never could understand why a woman of reasonable, and proper, and delightful proportions should show a desire to be the possessor of a hand which, as regards dimensions, would be only suited to a dwarf."

"Is it I you are calling a monster, or only my hand?"

"Neither. I should not presume to call you anything. But I would take leave to observe that you have as dainty, as well shaped, as capable, and, I may add, as characteristic a pair of hands as I have ever seen."

"Personal remarks are not in the best of taste, are they? I believe I have had occasion to point that out to you before."

I took that box of gloves upstairs and I banged them on the dressing-table. When I looked into the glass I saw that my cheeks were glowing and my eyes too. It was plain that I was in a perfect passion. The most exasperating part of it was that I knew what a fright bad temper made of me. It always does of your black sort of people.

Never did I meet anyone with a greater capacity for rubbing you the wrong way than Mr. Sanford. And so autocratic! I suppose that if he is of opinion that I ought to wear six and three-quarters I shall have to. But I will give him clearly to understand that, whatever size my hands may be, I shall wear sixes if I like. I do not propose to allow him to lay down the law to me, even on the question of gloves.

I kept him waiting as long as ever I could; though, up in my bedroom, where there was no fire, it was positively freezing; and every moment I grew colder and colder, till I felt I must be congealing. But I knew that he hated waiting; so, while I dawdled, I wondered if everybody was crushed by everybody else as some people crushed me; or, at least, as they tried to. When I got down he was standing at the window, staring out into the grounds.

"Are you still there? I thought you would have gone. I trust that you have not remained on my account. I didn't hurry.

"WHEN I LOOKED INTO THE GLASS I SAW THAT MY CHEEKS WERE GLOWING AND MY EYES TOO."

Even an old pair of gloves cannot be put on in half a second."

"So it would appear."

"As you are not going to skate, and I am, I won't keep you."

"You were good enough to ask me to come with you to see if the ice would bear."

"I'm sure it will bear enough for me; though probably not enough for you. And as you're nervous it's hardly worth while to

put you to any further trouble. You would hardly find it amusing to stand on the bank and watch me skating."

"Well, I can fancy more objectionable occupations."

"Can you? There is no accounting for people's fancies."

"There certainly isn't."

"So, as I am already later than I intended, I will wish you good-day. And thank you so much for the gloves."

"Good-day; and pray don't mention the gloves ever again. But I'm going with you all the same. I'll borrow Dick's skates on the off-chance, and ask his permission afterwards."

"Oh, I've no doubt that Dick will have no objection to your taking them; but as you're not going to skate, really, Mr. Sanford, it's not the slightest use your coming."

"No use, but a great deal of pleasure for me. Let me carry your skates."

"Thank you, but I prefer to carry them myself."

He planted himself in front of me; looked me in the face; stretched out his arm, and took the skates from my hand — the astonishing part of it being that I did not offer the slightest resistance.

"I do declare, Mr. Sanford, that you're the most dictatorial person I ever met. You appear to be under the impression that people are not entitled to have opinions of their own on any subject whatever. I suppose I may carry my own skates if I want to?"

"Quite so. Suppose we start."

We did start; though I was more than half inclined—since he was evidently bent on accompanying me—not to go at all. From the way we were beginning I foresaw what would be the end, or, at least, I imagined I did. Because, of course, what actually did happen never entered my head even as a remote possibility.

The lake was more than a mile away from the house, amid the pine trees in Mr. Glennon's wood; a lovely walk, particularly in that sort of weather. But, as the poet does not say, no prospect pleases when your temper is vile. The mere fact that I yearned to beg Mr. Sanford's pardon for being so disagreeable made me nastier than ever. It may sound incredible; it is true. Such conversation as there was suggested that horrid game called "Snap," played ill-naturedly.

"I always think a woman looks so graceful on the ice."

"You won't think so any longer after you have seen me."

"I think I shall. I cannot conceive you as looking anything but graceful, anywhere, in any position."

"I don't think you need sneer."

"Miss Boyes?"

"Mr. Sanford?"

"I beg your pardon."

"You beg my pardon? What for?"

"I don't quite know, but I feel you feel that it would be more becoming on my part. So I do so. Please will you forgive me?"

"If you have no objection I should prefer to turn back. I do not care to skate to-day."

"You need not skate. As I have already remarked, I am convinced that the ice will not bear. But we can at least continue our walk."

"I shall skate if we do go on. On that I am determined."

"You are not always so aggressive."

"Nor are you always so domineering, though I admit that as a rule you are. At home they must find you unbearable."

"I hope not. I am sorry you find me domineering, particularly as you are yourself so—plastic."

"I am not plastic. I don't know what you mean; but I am sure I am nothing of the kind."

"Molly!"

We had reached the stile over which you have to climb to get into the wood. He had crossed first and I was standing on the top step; he was holding my hand in his to help me over.

"Yes?"

"I wish you would be pleasant to me sometimes. You don't know what a difference it would make to me."

"What nonsense! I am perfectly convinced that, under any circumstances, nothing I might say or do could be of the slightest consequence to you."

"Couldn't it? You try!"

"I am much too young."

"Too young! Too young!"

There was all at once something in his voice and manner which gave me quite a start. I snatched my hand away and jumped down to the ground.

"We can't stop here all day if we mean to do any skating; and I for one certainly do."

I marched off at about five miles an hour. He wore an air of meekness which was so little in keeping with his general character that, at the bottom of my heart, it rather appalled me.

"I would sooner be snubbed by you than flattered by another woman."

"HE WAS HOLDING MY HAND IN HIS TO HELP ME OVER.

"Snubbed by me! Considering how you are always snubbing me, that's amusing."

"I never mean to snub you."

"You never mean to? Then you must be singularly unfortunate in having to so constantly act in direct opposition to your intentions. To begin with: you hardly ever treat me as if I were a woman at all."

"Well, you are not a woman—are you?—quite."

"Mr. Sanford! When you talk like that I feel!——Pray what sort of remark do you call that?"

"You are standing at the stepping-stones."

"At the stepping-stones?"

"Happy is the man who is to lead you across them."

"I don't in the least understand you. And I would have you to know that I feel that it is high time that I should put childish things behind me, and I should like other people to recognise that I have done so."

"Childish things? What are childish things? Oh, Molly, I wish that you could always be a child. And the pity is that one of these days you'll be wishing it, too."

"I'm sure I sha'n't. It's horrid to be a child."

"Is it?"

"You are always being snubbed."

"Are you?"

"No one treats you with the least respect, or imagines that you can possibly ever be in earnest. As for opinions of your own, it's considered an absurdity that you should ever have them. Look at you. You're laughing at me at this very moment."

"Don't you know why I am laughing at you, Molly?"

Again there was something in the way in which he asked the question which gave me the oddest feeling—as if I was half afraid. Ever since we had left the stile I had been conscious of the most ridiculous sense of nervousness — a thing with which, as a rule, I am never troubled. I was suddenly filled with a wild desire to divert the conversation from ourselves — no matter how — so I made a desperate plunge.

"Have you seen anything of Hetty lately?"

He was still for a moment, as if the sudden reference to his cousin occasioned him surprise, and that not altogether of a pleasant kind. Though I did not see why it should have done.

"I was not speaking of Hetty. Nor am I anxious to, just now."

"Aren't you? Have you quarrelled with her—as well?"

"As well? Why do you say 'as well'?"

"Oh, I don't know. You're always quarrelling."

"That's not true."

"Thank you. Is that a snub, or merely a compliment?"

"Molly, why will you treat me like this? It's you who treat me like a child, not I you."

"There's the lake at last, thank goodness!"

I did not care if it was rude or not. I was delighted to see it; so I said so plainly. What is more, I tore off towards it as hard as I could. My rush was so unexpected that I was clean away before he knew it. All the same, he reached the lake as soon as I did. He could run; just as he could do everything else. The ice looked splendid; smooth as a sheet of glass. All about were the pines with their frosted branches. They seemed to stand in rows, so that they looked like the pillars in the aisles of some great cathedral. And, then, pine trees always are so solemn—and so still.

"Give me my skates, please; I want to get them on at once. Doesn't the ice look too lovely for anything?"

"It's not a question of what it looks like, but of what it will bear." He stepped on to the edge. It gave an ominous crack. I daresay if he had waited long enough it would have given way beneath him. But he did not. He hopped back on to the solid ground. "You see!"

"Excuse me, but that is exactly what I do not do. Here it is under the shadow of the trees. Besides, the water is so shallow that it is practically cat's ice. I'm sure it's all right a little farther round; and in the middle. It's often cracky near the edge."

"I am sure it is not safe anywhere."

"Will you please give me my skates, Mr. Sanford?"

He looked at me. So as to let him see that I had no intention of being cowed, I looked back at him.

"I hope that, this once, you will be advised. I assure you it is unsafe."

"Please give me my skates."

He laughed—in that queer way he had of laughing at unexpected moments, when there certainly seemed nothing to laugh at.

"Good. Then it is decided. We will both go skating."

"Both? It is not necessary that we should do anything of the kind. I wish you would let me do as I like—without criticism. Who appointed you to have authority over me? Who suggested that because I choose to do a thing you should do it too? I prefer not to have you attached to my apron-strings. Give me my skates. You can go home. I would rather you did."

"If you skate, I skate also."

"As you please; if you can get over your timidity. There is room on the lake for two. If you will choose one end I will have the other."

"I shall skate where you do."

"Mr. Sanford! You are intolerable!"

"Indeed, I am disposed to act on your courteous suggestion, and go home, and take your skates with me."

"If you do I will never speak to you again."

"Don't pledge yourself too deeply. You spoke of having put childish things behind you. I did not suspect you of having been such a mistress of irony."

"Will you give me my skates?"

"Certainly. I will put them on for you. Where do you think the ice is—strongest?"

We were walking along the bank, I with my nose in the air, he white with rage. It wasn't easy to make him lose his temper, but when you did succeed he was wicked.

"This will do. I won't trouble you for your assistance. I prefer to put on my own skates, thank you."

He dug his heel right through the ice.

"Do you call this strong?"

"I wish you would not do that. You forget that I am not quite so heavy as you." We went on a little farther. Then I stood on the edge. "You perceive that it will bear me. Now—for about the dozenth time—will you give me my skates?"

"I will put them on for you."

"I have already told you that I will do that for myself."

"Don't be absurd. Sit down on the bank." He spoke to me as if I were a slave. As it was evidently useless to remonstrate I obeyed, placing myself on the sloping bank. "There is a condition I must make. If I put your skates on first you must promise not to start till I am ready."

"I shall promise nothing of the kind."

"Then in that case I am afraid I shall have to keep you waiting till I am equipped."

He actually did, too. And, as Dick's skates were in rather a muddle, or he did not understand them, or something, it took him a tremendous time to get them properly attached to his boots; while I sat on the bank and froze. But I tried to keep myself as warm as I could by an occasional genial remark.

"You understand, Mr. Sanford, that when we do get home I will never speak to you again. I never want to see you again, either."

The betting is that we never shall get

home again, since it is probable that we shall both of us be drowned in the lake. That is, if there is a sufficient depth of water to drown us."

"Sufficient depth! Why, I'm told that in places there are twenty feet. I imagine that that is enough to drown even you, big though you seem to think yourself. Though I totally fail to see why we should both of us be drowned. Why can't I drown by myself?"

"IT TOOK HIM A TREMENDOUS TIME TO GET THEM PROPERLY ATTACHED TO HIS BOOTS."

"If you drown, I drown."

"That is really too ridiculous. Pray, who is talking like a child now? I quite fail to see how it can matter to you what becomes of me."

"You do know."

"I do not know. I have not the faintest shadow of a notion."

"Don't you know?"

He twisted himself round, and glared at me in such a fashion that I was alarmed.

"Mr. Sanford! Don't look at me like that!"

"Then kindly remember that there are limits even to my patience."

"I should think that your patience was like the jam in the tart: the first bite you don't get to it, and the second bite you go clean over it."

"I am glad to be able to afford you so favourable an opportunity for the exercise of your extremely pretty wit. Please give me your foot."

He took it—without waiting for any giving. Then immediately proceeded to comment on it, as if it had not belonged to me or as if I had not been there.

"A dainty foot it is; and reasonably shod in decently fitting boots — not six and a quarter."

"You still seem not to understand that my size in gloves is six and a quarter."

"I'm so dull."

"You are. And something else besides."

He simply ignored my hint. I hate people not to notice when I intend to sting them. It makes you feel so helpless. He went on calmly discussing my foot.

"It's worth while allowing you to flesh the arrows of your malice in one's hide for the privilege of holding this between one's fingers."

"Do you think so?"

"I do."

It was strange how excessively odd an effect his touch had on me. It made me thrill from top to toe. I could scarcely speak. When I stood, to my amazement I found that I was trembling.

"Are your skates comfortable?"

"They seem all right."

"Molly, let us understand each other. Are you bent on skating?"

"I am. Though there is not the slightest reason why you should."

"The ice may be sufficiently thick in places, but it certainly is not all over, and as you don't know where the weak points are it will be at the risk of your life if you venture on it."

"It is strong enough to bear me, though it is very possible that it may not be strong enough to bear you also. So if you do not

desire to add to the risk on which you are so insistent, you will not force on me your company."

"If you go, I go also."

"Then don't talk so much, and come."

He had been holding my hand. I snatched it from him and was on the ice. In an instant he was at my side. I was filled with a curious excitement. Something had got into my blood—microbes, perhaps, of a fever-generating kind. The various passages of arms which we had had together seemed, all at once, to have reached their climax. I was seized with a sudden frenzy of resolve to show him, once for all, that what it was my pleasure to do that I would do. I craved for motion; yearned for movement; if only as a means of relief for my pent-up feelings. Longed for a flight through the air; to rush through it; to race. Especially to race that man—or to escape from him. I did not care much which.

I struck out for all that I was worth. As I had surmised, the ice was in perfect condition as regards its surface. Sufficiently elastic to enable the blade of one's skates to bite on to it; smooth enough to offer no impediment to their onward glide. One skimmed over it almost without conscious effort. The ecstasy of doing something, the sense of freedom which it gave, the delight of tearing through the keen, clear atmosphere; of feeling it upon one's cheeks—ruffling one's hair, exhilarating one's whole being, breathing it in great gulps into one's lungs; these were the things needed. And I had hardly been enjoying them half-a-dozen seconds when the bonds which had seemed to bind me parted, proving themselves to be but the phantasmal creations of a crooked mood. And I laughed—in my turn.

"Isn't it glorious?"

"While it lasts."

"Why the reservation? Isn't it glorious—now?"

We had gone right across the lake. We swung round at a right angle.

"I thought it wasn't safe."

"What's that?"

Just my luck! Scarcely were the words out of my lips than there was an ominous sound.

"That's nothing. I thought everybody knew that virgin ice makes eccentric noises; we're the first to test its quality. That shows how safe it is."

"Does it? I think there may be something in your theory about the middle being best. Suppose we cross to the other side again."

The sound did go on.

"It's because we're skirting the shore. If you'll admit that I am right for once in a way I'll concede that you may be."

"I'll concede anything if you'll come away from this."

"Then I'll race you to our starting-point!"

We had been keeping within, perhaps, a dozen feet of the land. Sharply turning I made for the centre. I had not taken half-a-dozen strides when the cracking noise increased to a distinctly uncomfortable degree. I felt the ice heaving beneath my feet. He was at my side—it was preposterous to talk about racing him level. He could have given me seventy-five yards out of a hundred.

"We have struck a bad place. Don't stop; go as fast as you can."

"I'm going as fast as I can. I shall be all right. You go in front."

"Give me your hand!"

"No!"

"Give me your hand!"

I did not give him my hand—he snatched it. As he did so something went. We did not stop to see what. How he managed I did not, and do not, understand. But I know he gripped my hand as in an iron vice, started off at about seventy miles an hour, and made me keep up with him.

"Don't!" I cried, as well as I could, while I gasped for breath.

"Come!" he said.

And I had to come. And before I knew it we were standing on the shore, and I was half beside myself with rage.

"How dare you? Do you suppose that I am an idiot, and that you can haul me about as if you were my keeper? What did you do it for?"

"I fancy I saved your life."

"Saved my life! Saved your own, you mean! You are an elephant, not I; and if you would only relieve the ice of the weight of your huge bulk everything would be all right. But you are so grossly selfish that you hate the idea of anyone engaging in a pleasure which you cannot share—and spoil! I'll trouble you to stay where you are—or better still, go home—and let me amuse myself exactly as I choose."

"Molly! You're not going on again!"

"I am going on again—I am! And you dare to try and stop me. You dare!"

I imagine that the expression of my countenance startled him. He had planted himself directly in front of me. But when he saw me looking like black murder he moved aside. In an instant I had passed

him and was off towards the centre of the lake.

Whether the double burden which the ice had had to bear had been too severe a strain for its as yet still delicate constitution, I cannot say. I only know that as soon as I was clear off the shore, in spite of my blind fury, I realized that I really was an idiot, and one, too, who was badly in need of a keeper. It groaned and creaked and heaved in every direction, seeming to emit an increasingly loud crack with every forward stride I took. Mr. Sanford shouted:—

"Molly! for God's sake, come back!"

I recognised—too late — the reason that was on his side. But the very vigour of his appeal served as a climax. I lost my head. I did not know what to do, where to go, turning this way and that, only to find the threats of danger greater. The question was settled for me. For the second time something went—the ice disappeared from beneath my feet—and I went in.

"HE STARTED OFF AT ABOUT SEVENTY MILES AN HOUR."

I felt—when I felt anything—almost as much surprise as consternation. Fortunately, I did not appear to have hit on a spot where the depth was twenty feet, or anything like it. For, instead of being drowned, the water did not come up to my arm-pits.

"Can you feel the bottom?"

The agony of fear which was in Philip Sanford's voice as he asked the question calmed me as if by magic.

"I think so. I seem to be standing in what feels like mud."

"Can you get your arms on to the ice and raise yourself? If you do it carefully it will probably bear you."

"I am afraid not. I seem to be too deep in to get a proper purchase."

"Where can I get a rope?"

"Jennings's farm is the nearest house; and that's the other side of the stile."

"Do you very much mind waiting there? I'll be back inside five minutes."

My heart sank at the prospect of being left alone, even for an instant.

"I'd rather—I'd rather you did something now. I'm afraid—I'm afraid I'm sinking deeper. And it's so cold! —Can't you do anything at all?"

"I'll do my best."

He did his best, while I watched. How I watched! He selected a part where the ice had not as yet been subjected to any strain, and carefully advanced towards me. It bore him better than I—and, perhaps, he—had expected.

"It's all right," he cried. "I shall get to you. Cheer up; and keep as still as you can."

Then it cracked; and I feared for him. If he should have chanced on a spot where the depth was twenty feet, and should be drowned before my eyes! The cracking noise grew more instead of less.

"I fancy I shall do better by lying down and taking to my hands and knees. It will be spreading my weight over a larger surface."

He lay flat on the ice, wriggling towards me somehow, like a snake. It was a pretty slow process, especially as the icy water was wrapping my draperies about me and freezing the blood in my veins; and I was either sinking lower and lower, or else imagined that I was, which was just as bad. At last he came within three feet of me—within two—within reach. When I got my hands in his I burst out crying.

"Will you ever forgive me?" I sobbed.

"My darling!"

"THE CRACKING NOISE GREW MORE INSTEAD OF LESS."

"I'll always do as you wish me to in the future—always—if I'm not drowned!"

"My sweet!"

I did not notice what he was saying to me, nor, for the matter of that, what I was saying to him. Though I should not have cared if I had. I was too far gone. He put his hands underneath my arms; but directly he began raising me the ice on which he was lying gave way, and, in another second, he was standing beside me in the water. Just as I was thinking of starting screaming, for I made sure that it was all over with both of us, he lifted me as if I were a baby, and I found that the water scarcely came above his waist, and he kissed me.

And I never was so happy; although, for all I knew, at that very moment we might be drowning.

But we did not drown. We reached the shore; though it took us a tremendous time to do it, because Philip had to break every bit of ice in front of us; and, though none of it was strong enough to bear, it was not easy to break. Luckily, the water grew shallower as we advanced. So it must have been somewhere else that it was twenty feet.

"Do you think you can run?" Philip asked, when we stood on dry ground at the end.

"I can, and will, do anything you tell me to; anything on earth!"

He laughed.

"It occurs to me that it was perhaps as well you had that little attack of eccentricity just now, otherwise it might have been ages before we arrived at an understanding."

I was entirely of his opinion. I knew he was right; but, then, he always is.

We ran all the way home, except when we stopped at intervals to say things; though it was frightfully difficult, because, of course, all my clothes were sopping. But I was never the least bit ill. Nor was Philip. I changed directly I got in, and Philip changed into a suit of Dick's. It did not fit him, but he looked awfully handsome, and so like a great overgrown boy. So it did not matter if I did behave like a child.

When Nora and the boys came home they opened their eyes when we told them of our adventures. And what amazed me was that they seemed to take it quite for granted that Philip and I should be on the terms we were. Dick offered his congratulations—if they could be called congratulations—in the most extraordinary form.

"Well, old man, you've escaped one funeral, but you're booked for another—that's a cert!"

The opinions which brothers allow themselves to utter of their sisters are astonishing. Fancy Dick calling me a funeral!

Personalities of Football.

By C. B. Fry.

THE individual, with his personal characteristics, is becoming a minor aspect of modern Association football. The development of the game into a highly exact science has been marked by the ever-increasing subordination of the player to the team. In the days when the Old Etonians won the English Cup the success of a team depended upon the skill of its component players in making individual efforts; nowadays, some of the greatest successes are obtained by teams of players of moderate individual ability, who nevertheless, by pulling well together and by working on a system of the strictest co-operation, attain a remarkable collective proficiency.

Among club teams of this sort a striking example is the Tottenham Hotspur eleven, that created so much enthusiasm in Southern football last spring by bringing back the Cup from its long sojourn in the North. The Hotspurs achieved their great feat because they were a sound, well-balanced eleven, capable of sustained effort on lines of the strictest combination. No one of the players stood out pre-eminent above his fellows, and no one of them, perhaps, would be considered a superlatively distinguished footballer. Yet the team knocked out the famous Northern and Midland clubs one after another.

It has often happened that the football shown by two clubs in the final Cup-tie has been superior to that of the representative teams of England and Scotland in International matches. The representative teams, though composed of men picked from all the clubs, have often failed to combine well, and hence have failed in collective merit. But ultimately, of course, the skill of a team is resolvable into the skill of the players that compose it; and the team of brilliant individuals who also carry to its full limits the principle of combined play is the best team of all.

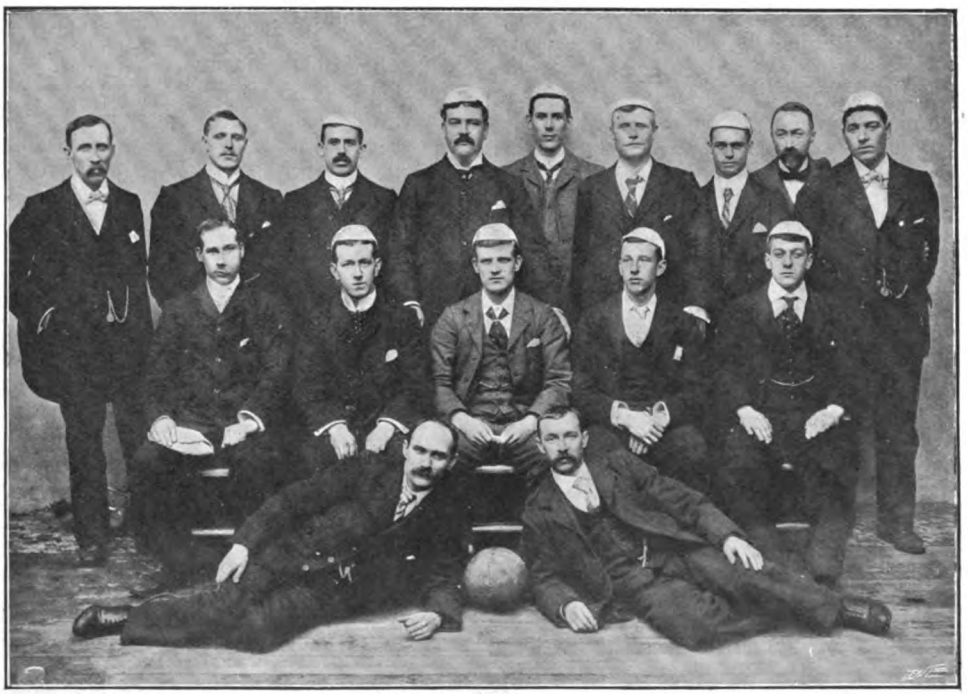
Probably there has never been a team of greater collective proficiency than the Scotch team that met England last year and the year

From a Photo. by] THE ENGLISH ASSOCIATION TEAM OF 1901. *[Russell & Sons, Crystal Palace.*

before. Yet the individual brilliance of its parts was altogether remarkable; and in spite of the predominance of the team over the individual, much of the interest of football is still personal. There are personalities that stand out from the game and claim particular notice.

Every member of the last Scotch team, for instance, was a player of exceptional and highly interesting merit. Every one of the five forwards and of the three half-backs was a strikingly skilful and artistic exponent of the game; the two backs, Drummond and Battles, were notable, if not for polish and science, at any rate for strength, weight,

McColl is regarded in Scotland as the finest son of the country at centre-forward except the famous George Ker. Ker, a member of the great Glasgow amateur club, Queen's Park—the club to which McColl also belonged till he joined Newcastle United this season as a professional—played in the Scotch team about twenty years ago; so a comparison of the two depends chiefly upon reminiscences, and is not very valuable. Ker was undoubtedly a great forward, so too undoubtedly is McColl. Whether on their best form McColl or G. O. Smith, the great English centre-forward of recent years, should be reckoned



From a Photo. by] THE SCOTCH ASSOCIATION TEAM, 1901. *[Russell & Sons, Crystal Palace.*

and uncompromising determination; and the goal-keeper, Rennie, apart from his proficiency in the whole duty of keeping goal, for his almost cynical readiness, and the uncanny coolness of the nervous Celt. An amusing instance of his prompt and wide-awake wit was his appropriation of the ball at the close of play from the very act of fielding a difficult shot by G. O. Smith that might well have won the match.

Among these Scots, however, the men best known south of the Tweed are the centre-forward, R. S. McColl, and the three half-backs, A. Aitken, J. Robertson, and A. G. Raisbeck.

the better man, is a much-debated question. The truth is they are quite different in style.

The functions of a centre-forward are twofold: on the one hand he is the pivot on which the forward line hinges and the feeding duct for the wing-men on either side of himself; on the other hand, towards goal, he is the chief recipient of the ball from the other forwards and the man whose special duty it is to shoot goals. Now, great player as McColl is in all respects, his pre-eminence consists chiefly in his power of turning up free and unmarked in front of goal, and in his knack of slipping through suddenly between the backs and scoring goals from

long, straightforward passes manœuvred by his comrades. Whereas G. O. Smith, though very clever at shooting from all sorts of apparently impossible angles and positions, is chiefly notable for his sympathetic adroitness in feeding with passes his brethren on either side and in marshalling them into a coherently effective line. McColl is the faster runner of the two, and, therefore, more dangerous individually in the loose, and he is also a more decisively rapid dribbler. But in order that his virtues may be fully elicited his comrades must both know and play the game that suits him, a game that consists principally in their working out opportunities for his sudden dashes between the backs. G. O. Smith has never been surpassed for apt convenience to all styles of play or for a power of leading and inspiring the whole line of forwards. McColl is the heavier man; he is heavier than his weight because, when he applies it, he applies it all. He is imperturbable and patient; it is when he is standing, hands in pocket, apparently cloud-gazing, that he is most alert, most watchful, and most dangerous. Never did a nonchalant exterior cloak more capacity for sudden action. He is curiously sure-footed in slippery, heavy mud; but in this respect he is no whit superior to his English rival. Happy the backs and the goal-keepers that see little of either of them.

R. S. MCCOLL.
From a Photo. by Lafayette.

It is said that in the great match last year the Scotch half-backs succeeded better in frustrating G. O. Smith than did the English in rounding up McColl. Possibly this is true, for the Scotch half-backs were unconscionably proficient. All three are well known on English ground. Aitken plays for Newcastle, Raisbeck for Liverpool, and Robertson not very long ago was with Southampton.

To Aitken is due in no small degree the success of the powerful and prosperous Newcastle club. He was, perhaps, the nimblest of the three great halves, and showed no whit less dogged activity in defence. No matter how fast the sprinting English wing-man travelled, Aitken was after him, hedging him in and worrying for the ball; and if he had to rush for the ball and was eluded, he came to no sudden stop that left him standing, but circled on uninterruptedly after the ball, so that one scarcely noticed he had failed at the first attempt. Only those who have laboured through ninety minutes of a hard game on a heavy ground, and that at half-back, can fully appreciate the inexhaustible stamina, perfect muscular condition, and unflagging energy of purpose required for such exacting football as Aitken played against England, and plays almost every Saturday during the League season.

G. O. SMITH.
From a Photo. by Gillman.

With all the athletic characteristics of Aitken, but more artistic polish, Robertson, "Jack" of the Glasgow football crowd, who played left half-back for Scotland, is worthy of study. Physically, he is an artistic specimen, beautifully shaped and perfectly proportioned, with a round, smooth tournure of limb that would have pleased the maker of the Discobolus, looking fitter for the running track, for hurdling or for sprinting, than for the more rugged athleticism of the football field. Yet he is a genuine footballer of hardy and vigorous fibre: a thoroughbred, whose blood is for strength as well as for speed. In running he has not the quick, sometimes ungainly, style of the footballer, but the long, delicate stride of the sprinter; yet he emerges from all the hard knocks of football just as sound as the more rough-hewn athlete. Early in this season he most unfortunately had an accident to his eye; it is said he will have to play forward now, or not at all, for fear of

the heavy jar in heading the ball at half-back. But even if he now gives up the game his fame as a footballer, as such fame goes, is secure.

The extraordinary strength of the Scotch half-backs is emphasized by the fact that the third, A. G. Raisbeck, of last year's trio is regarded by many as the finest centre-half of the present day. Englishmen might put forward Frank Forman of Nottingham Forest as a fair rival. Between them each at his best there is little choice: Forman perhaps has the finer science and plays more accurately to his forwards, but Raisbeck possesses more sheer power in tackling and in defence. Raisbeck is grandly built for football, just verging towards weight, yet not beyond activity. He is a rapid mover on the field, but his rapidity is that of quickness in starting, turning, and changing his paces rather than that of straight go-ahead speed. There are many who might beat him in a fifty yards spurt, yet whom he would leave standing in the mazy intricacy of following a football skilfully interchanged this way and that from foot to foot by clever forwards. The amount of the playing area he can cover, and that without losing his place — for a half-back must never be out of his place — is a marked feature of his play, as it is in a greater or less degree of the play of all pre-eminent centre half-backs. The domain of the centre-half is variable in extent according to the player's capacity. If a football field is divided into three parallel rectangular spaces by lines drawn from goal-line to goal-line so that the middle space is a little wider than the two side ones, then this middle space is roughly the domain of the centre-half. It is often pointed out that the half-backs are harder worked than backs or forwards, and that, of the halves, the centre man is the hardest worked by a third, or should be if he does his duty. The reason is that, whereas the wing-halves have to watch and stop the two forwards opposed to them, the centre-half has not only to watch the centre-forward but to block exchanges of passes to and from the centre and the wings, so all through the game he comes in for a large share in stopping the two inside-forwards as well as his own special adversary. Whence it can be understood why his domain of action is widest of the three, and also why his work is the heaviest. But centre-halves, themselves, differ in the width of their domain. The ball goes all over the field, up and down, from side to side, as freely as the attacking forwards can manage to make it consistently with progress towards the goal at which they aim. Now, the centre-half's duty is to deal with and hamper as much of the central part of this progressive operation as he can. But the limit of his range is his effectiveness: it depends on the man how far he can go without displacing himself. Raisbeck probably ranges wider from side to side than any living half-back, yet he is effective over every inch of the way. The extent of his range is due to his extraordinary power for work, and his effectiveness therein to the faculty he shares with a few others of being always at the right time in the decisive place, a faculty that depends upon possession of an instinct for anticipating the moves of the game. Were Raisbeck's instinct faulty he would often be where he ought not; but he is almost always right. And a remarkable point in his play is

FRANK FORMAN.
From a Photo. by Shields, Nottingham.

A. RAISBECK.
From a Photo. by Hinchcliffes, Liverpool.

that though he ranges so wide he is unsurpassed in his performance of his specific duty, bottling up and blocking the centre-forward. In the last England and Scotland match he shadowed G. O. Smith so closely that the English centre-forward scarcely once was left free and unmarked. Raisbeck is the captain of the Liverpool team, and it was not a little owing to his play and his guidance that this club won the championship of the great League Tournament last season.

MR. J. J. BENTLY.
From a Photo. by Crippin & Co.

The Football League has played a most important part in the history of modern football. As a business organization it is a complete success, chiefly because its officers — among whom Mr. J. J. Bently, the President, is, perhaps, the best-known man—are very able and efficient. The clubs within its fostering fold have, by careful management, been levelled up to the highest standard. Of these, Aston Villa, though not at present the champion club, has had the most successfully consistent career.

One of the Villa players, J. W. Crabtree, its captain, may be taken as a first-rate example of the men League football produces. He has had an altogether remarkable career, in the course of which he has played for England in five different positions, right and left back, right, left and centre half-back; and, curiously enough, on one occasion after playing all the season through as a half-back for his club, he was chosen to play at back against Scotland, and played splendidly. He is a tall man and fairly heavy, but with weight not so much in his trunk as in his limbs, which are big of bone, clean lined, and powerful. After a hard career, extending over fourteen seasons, he remains one of our picked players. It is often mentioned as a matter for surprise that he retains such fine form, but as he began young, and is not yet thirty, he is a veteran by service rather than by years. Though not so quick on his feet as when a few years ago he was the best half-back in the country, he is quite fast enough still for the position of back, where he always plays now, faster, indeed, than most men in that position. His play is marked by consummate judgment in all he does, whether tackling, heading, or kicking. No player puts more skilfully into practice the principle of "vis major," enough force for the instant purpose—enough, and no more. His style in tackling is very taking: he seems to wait upon his man till exactly the killing moment, and then lunges decisively with a long, quick stride. He is also marvellously adept in frustrating passes; forwards opposed to him underrate the length of his reach and the rapidity with which he can dive this way or that with his intercepting foot. His style in kicking might be cited as a model for aspiring players. Not only is he one of the very few players that can use either foot with equal facility, but he has achieved almost unrivalled accuracy both in the length and the elevation of his kicks. He never, unless by some mischance, indulges in the wild, lofty slogs that send the ball very far nowhere in particular, to fall an easy prey for a telling return: he drives the ball low, just high enough to clear intervening opponents and just far enough to reach his own forwards. Unless very hard pressed he never kicks without aiming definitely to one of his own side. He is clever at taking the ball on the full volley; by pointing his toe well down and raising his

J. W. CRABTREE.
From a Photo. by Alfred Greenwood, Burnley.

knee high he plays the ball after the style of a batsman playing forward—a kind of strong push with body-weight behind it. His methods are worth the attention of all who would make acquaintance with the finer points of back play. He was born a footballer, and by intelligent practice has mastered the whole art of the game.

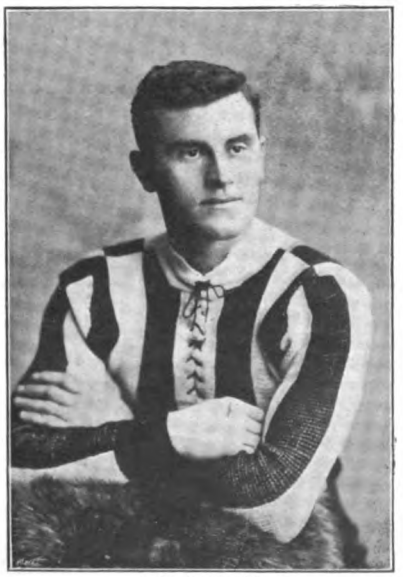
Another veteran — veteran only in the eminent sense of the term — is the great Sheffield United player, Ernest Needham. Epithets of excellence have been exhausted in his praise, and in any review of the last decade of football he is accorded the title of "the Prince of English half-backs." He stands with the highest, an amazing example of genius and science in a game. Derbyshire born, from the Chesterfield district, he has played many years for his present club. He has helped his club to gain at one time or another every honour open to it, and for himself he has won every distinction an individual player may. Casually met, he might not strike an observer as made for football. He is short and stockily built; and in his ordinary clothes, or even in football gear, which hangs rather wide on him, he has rather an air of solidity. Stripped, however, he is a picture of square activity. Thick, rather than broad, in the chest, massive in the hips and thighs, but small in the ankle and very small in the foot. His head is set low upon rather high shoulders, giving a finishing air of compactness. He is a concentrated figure, full stored with energy. He wears a grave, almost careworn, expression as of one unsparing of himself. In the game to which he has devoted his life his power of controlling the ball at his feet has only been equalled by G. O. Smith of recent years, a control expanding at will into swift strength of kicking, or gliding into extreme subtlety and delicacy of touch. In a maze of difficulties pursuing, if he does not at once get it, the ball from man to man, he travels smoothly yet with renewed force from check to check as a spinning top cannons from the pins on a bagatelle board. His method of dispossessing an adversary of the ball is neat to a degree. Most half-backs, in tackling an opponent, either hook at the ball or lunge for it; the idea being to cut in upon the ball at the instant when it is farthest from the forward's foot, since a forward, unless he gets rid of the ball, takes it along by urging it forward a yard or so at a time, catching it up every other stride or so. But Needham makes every instant his own. Whether the ball is a yard or an inch from the forward's foot he studies not; but, gaining close access at once to his man, he leans with nicely placed weight against him, and his eye ever on the ball, he shuffles it deftly into his own possession; and then emerges clear with it—all as it were in one harmonious movement. Then he does what he likes with the ball for the use of his side, always striking without pause exactly the most opportune and negotiable opening. He has a distinguished way of darting off with the ball, dribbling like a forward, and drawing on to himself one at least, two if he can, of the opposing defenders; and if, as often happens, he entices a half-back, or even a back, to rush for him, he secures that one or more of his own men are left unmarked. That is how most of the Sheffield United goals are scored: Needham, the ball, a defender drawn, an unmarked man, the inevitable pass, and then the goal. But no less is he valiant and sedulous in defence: ever the busiest man on the field. He seems in times of stress to multiply himself into several men—ever recurrent at the critical point. He may not have—few Southrons have—the peculiar, hard-bitten, angular obstructiveness of the best Scotch halves; but he has what is

E. NEEDHAM.
From a Photo. by H. J. Redfern.

equally effective, an inspired blend of unblinking watchfulness and masterful cunning.

Another League player who may rank with Crabtree and Needham as an active veteran and a genius is J. W. Sutcliffe, the goal-keeper of the Bolton Wanderers. He kept goal for England in the last Scotch match, and his form upon that occasion was superb. He holds, with R. H. Birkett and C. P. Wilson, the curious and rare record of having gained his International cap in both the Rugby and the Association game. Wilson, a Cambridge man, is the most genuine case of the three, as he played forward at Rugby and half-back at Association. Birkett, like Sutcliffe, was a goal-keeper, and of course the resemblance between the work of a goal-keeper and that of a Rugby player is considerable: main points of play in each case are catching and fielding the ball, as well as throwing and punting it; indeed, a goal-keeping amounts to one man on each side being licensed to play modified Rugby. Sutcliffe played back at Rugby first of all, but afterwards became a three-quarter. He belonged to Bradford and Heckmondwike, clubs famous in the annals of Yorkshire Rugby. It happened that in his time International matches between England and Scotland were in abeyance, but he was selected to play for England against a visiting New Zealand team, and would no doubt have played against Scotland. His versatility extends beyond football: in strong club cricket he is a good bat, useful bowler, and an exceptional fielder. He is also proficient at billiards and no mean boxer, and in his younger days he was successful on the running track at various distances. His career as a representative goal-keeper has been curious. He played against Wales nine years ago, and two seasons afterwards against Ireland and Scotland, but not again until last year in the memorable match at the Crystal Palace. For this match he was selected rather unexpectedly, as he played neither against Wales nor Ireland, in preference to J. W. Robinson, of Southampton, another magnificent goal-keeper, the stand-by of the Selection Committee for several seasons past. It is said that Sutcliffe was preferred on the ground that he was accustomed to severer and more exacting tests of skill in the Northern League matches than was Robinson in the Southern. However this may be, he gave at the Crystal Palace an exhibition of skill that Robinson might have equalled but could scarcely have excelled. He showed himself subtly clever with his hands, beautifully quick, and marvellously apt in his anticipation of the swiftest and most sudden shot. His excellence would not be appreciated by those who did not perceive how he dissipated difficulties by his perfect method and judgment. He covers his goal-mouth not so much by gymnastic activity and dash as by a subtle instinct for being in the right place.

J. W. SUTCLIFFE.
From a Photo. by J. Ridley, Bolton.



J. W. ROBINSON.
From a Photo. by The Globe Photo. Co., Southampton.

The high quality of goal-keeping throughout modern football is a feature of the game. Such men as the giant Foulke, of Sheffield United; polished Kingsley, of Newcastle; and imperturbable George, of the Villa, have their several admirers, who claim they are second to none.

There is nothing in athletics finer than a good display of combined strength and skill in goal. A football may appear a big mark to see and to hold. Cricketers in form are said "to see her as

big as a football." But a football is not easy to catch and hold even when dry, and is very difficult when slimy and wet; and, driven from the foot of a Bloomer or McColl, its momentum is terrific. Moreover, like all round projectiles light for their size, a football is subject to a swerving flight. So a goal-keeper requires not only quickness and accuracy of eye and perfect co-operation of brain and limb, but consummate judgment in following the flight of long shots, the dropping long shots that look so easy and are so often missed. Then the activity required to cover the goal space, 8ft. by 24ft., is considerable; for as he stands, and may stoop, a tall man covers with his reach not more than a rough ellipse, say, 8ft. high by 6ft. across. Yet a fine goal-keeper knows so well where to be that not an inch of his charge is out of his control.

R. CROMPTON.
From a Photo. by W. Bolton, Blackburn.

Among the League players who may ere long, or even now, challenge the fame of such men as Needham and Crabtree may be mentioned R. Crompton, of the Blackburn Rovers. Crompton, though only twenty-two, is captain of the Blackburn team, a team with great traditions. He has come rapidly to the front, and might well have played for England last year. He is a splendid specimen of the youth bred on the bleak Lancashire uplands, a youth unsurpassed in hardiness, grit, and love of football. Football is a power in those Lancashire towns, and the ambitious youth sees glory in the game. Crompton with natural advantages has made himself a fine player. The game is in his blood. Both in tackling and kicking and other items of back-play his style is of the best. There is the true North-country determination in the way he takes possession of the ball; and he is master of a fine, sweeping, accurate method of kicking that is the despair of the average back. Apart from his proficiency in the game, he is a pleasure to watch for his sheer delight in the sporting side of football.

W. J. OAKLEY.
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders, Oxford.

Turning to the amateur football of the South, one finds a fair proportion of exceptional talent. Besides G. O. Smith, the University players who have recently attained to places in the best England teams are W. J. Oakley and R. E. Foster, both of Oxford and the Corinthians. Oakley is a back of the very best amateur type, playing closer up in conjunction with his halves than the Northern backs are accustomed to play. He is splendidly fast as well as tall and heavy. He tackles chiefly by sheer weight of leg at the end of a long stride, and though he does not appear to do much charging, makes his opponents feel his strength decisively enough. He has always been noted for his nicely-measured low kicking, and for his art in placing the ball to his forwards so as to make things easy for them. So powerful is he in gaining a hold of the ball that he rarely needs to kick on sight without deliberation; he draws the ball sturdily out into his own unhampered control and drives it down the field with a leisured promptness in vivid contrast to the indiscriminate hurry of the average back. There has probably never been a back more effectively skilful in dealing with fast wing forwards; and, for the rest, he is almost always, unless spaciously evaded, master

of the occasion. He plays football as might be expected from one who has been a good sprinter, first-rate hurdler and jumper, and a fine heavy-weight oar.

R. E. Foster is distinguished equally in football as in cricket. Last year he was chosen to represent England in all three International matches. Previously he had played against Wales, but not against Scotland. In build and appearance he is an example of the best type of Corinthian forward, just such another, for instance, as G. H. Cotterill or J. Veitch among the founders of the distinctive Corinthian style of forward play: plain passing, that is, not too short and as direct ahead as possible down the field, with every man going fast and straight and taking the ball in his stride. Foster's play, however, is not after this pattern. With moderate pace, but great cunning of foot, he excels in close dribbling and accurate short passing. Could the lines of his progress be visibly marked on the ground the result would often be a complex tracery of intersecting curves. Such delicate precision and subtlety of movement, usually the prerogative of the lighter men like G. O. Smith and Tinsley Lindley, are very uncommon in men of Foster's bone and stature. Among football players of recent times the only other really big man possessing equal cunning of foot was Daniel Hodgetts, formerly a famous Aston Villa forward. And, strangely enough, Hodgetts had the same power as Foster has of firing in from long range tremendously hard, low, skimming shots.

R. E. FOSTER.
From a Photo. by Gillman & Co.

Foster can play equally well at inside-right and at inside-left. The former is his usual position, but against Scotland he went inside-left to make room for indispensable Stephen Bloomer of Derby County. Bloomer together with W. C. Athersmith of the Villa formed a year or two ago the crack right wing. Athersmith has now lost the fine edge of his speed, but Bloomer's powers are undiminished, and he remains perhaps the most dangerous forward in the three kingdoms. He is very fast with a long, elastic stride, and he can put more powder behind the ball than anyone: at the same time he is resourceful to a degree and full of artifice. He needs less elbow-room than anyone but G. O. Smith. So little does he turn the ball aside in avoiding an adversary that he appears to slip straight through a crowd, each man of which he has dodged. His deadliness as a goal-getter is chiefly due to his dash and enterprise in the making or taking an opportunity: he hangs on the confines of play like a poising hawk and then, when the chance comes, swoops through with a sudden and fatal *élan*.

Any sketch of the main personal features of football would be incomplete without some reference to that essential adjunct of the game, the referee. The importance of the referee and of his duties has, in general, increased with the development and extension among the great professional clubs of the League system. Under this system, which provides for each club playing every other twice, the order of merit is arrived at by aggregating the results obtained by each club the season through: consequently every match in the competition is equally important in its bearing upon the final position of a club.

STEPHEN BLOOMER.
From a Photo. by W. W. Winter, Derby.

In every match of this sort a good referee is required. At the same time, the development of the game itself from comparative simplicity to ever-increasing complexity of internal detail has led to a corresponding increase in the details of the law, and to consequent difficulty in administering them. The modern referee has to be not only a quick observer and an off-hand judge of the kaleidoscopic succession of facts in a fast game, but has to apply the somewhat intricate letter of the law, to interpret its not altogether luminous spirit, and to bear in mind the not inconsiderable amount of precedent that has collected round the game. Over every detail of the game the referee stands as judge, jury, and counsel in one. In addition to his accurate knowledge of the law, he needs decision of character, prompt tact, and a light touch; and he can hardly have that proper feeling for the game without which no man is a really good referee unless he be at any rate at heart a player. Moreover, it is no mean feat of endurance and activity for a man to keep as closely in touch with the ebb and flow of the game as an efficient referee needs must.

MR. JOHN LEWIS, REFEREE.
From a Photo. by R. P. Greeson, Blackburn.

Among the best-known and most highly respected referees of the day are Mr. John Lewis and Mr. A. Kingscott. Mr. Lewis has long been connected with football: he had a large share in the foundation of the Blackburn Rovers Club, and still does much work in connection with the organization of the game; he spends incessant trouble, interest, and kindness on the encouragement of the game among junior clubs, always with an unflinching eye upon the good of the players and of the game. As a referee on the field he has no superior for promptness and decision. By his proficiency in a difficult *rôle* he has won as wide a popularity and as great a name in the football world as the most noted players. His grasp of principle and detail renders him invaluable in the council chamber. Mr. Kingscott, of Derby, is equally well known. He has been chosen repeatedly to referee the final Cup-tie and other great matches. Like Mr. Lewis, he has a complete knowledge of the game, and he is on his own score remarkable both for the closeness with which he keeps in touch with the fastest game and for the lightning quickness of his decisions. It is impossible not to admire the ability and tact of such referees—especially with many instances that supply an unfavourable contrast. Such men as Lewis and Kingscott keep a tight hand on the game; yet, in spite of the stoppages they impose, do not seem to interfere with the quick current of the play. Refereeing is really in itself a practical science appended to a most scientific game.

MR. A. KINGSCOTT.
From a Photo. by W. W. Winter, Derby.

Not so Easy as it Looks.

By Archibald Williams. From Photos. by George Newnes, Limited.

BLOWING THE CORK INTO A BOTTLE.

GIVEN a bottle and a cork a size smaller than the bottle's neck, to blow the cork into the bottle. This problem appears so easy that we are all prepared to attempt the solution. But the result is rather unexpected, for the cork, instead of flying into the bottle, is driven out by the compression of air inside, and hits us smartly in the face with a violence in proportion to the lung-power expended.

Those among The Strand readers who are fond of posing their friends with similar simple problems may be able to turn to account the collection here made, and show that our capacities are in many unsuspected little ways more limited than we imagine.

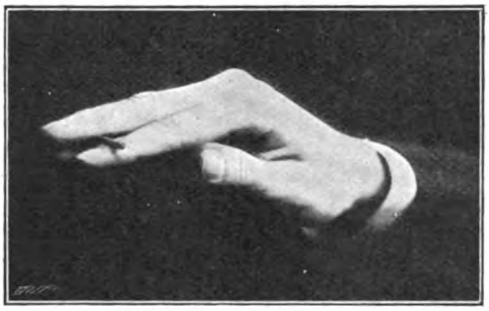
Many men pride themselves on their muscular strength. Let a lady place the tips of her forefingers together, keeping her elbows on a level with her shoulders, and challenge any gentleman in the room to separate them by a fair pull. Unless she be unusually weak, or he very strong, he will probably fail; and his discomfiture may be fitly followed up by the invitation to move her hand from her head or her middle finger from the tip of her nose.

TO SEPARATE A LADY'S FINGER-TIPS REQUIRES THE STRENGTH OF A HERCULES.

TRY TO REMOVE A LADY'S HAND FROM HER HEAD—IT REQUIRES MORE THAN THE AVERAGE AMOUNT OF STRENGTH.

The Hercules who can toy with heavy weights should be asked to break with his

middle finger a stout wooden match placed across the roots of the first and third finger-nails. The arm must be held level from the shoulder and the fingers kept quite straight. Even a slight curvature gives sufficient power to break a much stronger thing than a match; but we place great faith in the wooden splinter to resist all efforts if the conditions be properly observed.



TO BREAK A MATCH PLACED BETWEEN THE FINGERS IS A HERCULEAN TASK.

Paper is a tougher substance than would be inferred from the ease with which a sheet can be torn. But roll a sheet of notepaper into a cylinder and exert your whole strength to pull it in pieces. Here the chances are very much against you.

Another edifying experiment is as follows. Two persons face each other. The one places his fists on top of one another and strives to keep them there while the other (by preference a lady) strikes them sharply with her forefingers, taking care that each finger is applied to the corresponding fist of her opponent. The fists fly apart as if by magic, because the muscles cannot act in two ways at once, and while exerting pressure upward and downward are at the mercy of a smart lateral blow, unless—and a man can safely risk the strain—the lower thumb be secretly inserted into the upper hand and held there firmly.

EVEN SANDOW WOULD FIND IT DIFFICULT TO PREVENT HIS FISTS FLYING APART.

It is a venerable superstition that an egg cannot be broken between the hands. As the total number of those who have put this to the test is very problematical, there is a great chance for someone to make the experiment in full assembly, and prove to a sceptical world what is the structural power of an egg. A fresh egg would, for obvious reasons, be the safest variety to try with. And there is really no reason why the most timid should not next summer take an egg out to sea when bathing and squeeze it under water, where there will be small danger of spoiling clothes.

But this by the way. A cleaner experiment requires only a piece of strong thread long enough to pass twice round a man's hands and hips, the hands being held palms inwards against the side of the thighs. We very much doubt whether he will be able to break the thread with an extending movement of his arms if the thread be passed over the middle joints of the fingers. Should he succeed, let him with the thread attach the ferrule end of a walking-stick to something firm, and, holding the stick at arm's length by the handle, try to break the thread. The stick must not be pulled towards the body.

Yet a third test, this time with cotton, the place of the stick being taken by an ordinary luggage-label, which is to be held between the fingers (the thumb must not be used) and pulled. It is more likely that the label will slip from the fingers than that the cotton will give way.

Turning to a different class of experiments, we invite our readers to write on a blank circle of paper the figures exactly as they appear on a clock-face. The circle must not be turned round as the figures are added; begin at twelve and work honestly round to it again. We have all consulted the clock

TO KNOCK A COIN OFF THE EDGE OF THE TABLE WITH ONE EYE CLOSED.

hundreds of times, and we ought, from sheer familiarity, to be able to make short work of this puzzle; but our eyes are in some ways very blind, and before the circuit is complete we shall probably be in trouble.

How many people out of a hundred would be ready to lay five shillings on their ability to say the words on the face of a penny postage-stamp? How many are certain whether the crescent of a waxing moon points to left or right? And talking of coins, how many threepenny-bits can be got on a half-crown without overlapping the edge or one another? And how many half-pence would make a pile as high as the diameter of a halfpenny? And which of our silver coins has a smooth edge?

Returning for a moment to physical powers, can you, with eyes shut, tell port from sherry by taste or smell? It is even chances whether an expert will not after a change or two become confused. The dependence of taste on sight is similarly shown when a man is presented with a number of warmed pipes and asked to say which of them are alight.

Put a coin on the edge of a table and, with one eye closed, walk quickly up to it and knock it off the table. You are more than likely to miss it altogether, because a single eye is a bad judge of distance. The difference of angle at which each eye sees an object gives us the idea of solidity and the power of guessing that object's position. Hence the solid effect of a stereoscopic picture taken simultaneously through two lenses as far apart as the human eyes.

Next procure a silk hat (a friend's is as good as anyone else's) and see if anybody present can throw ten out of a pack of cards into it from a distance of 8ft. It is amusing to note how the cards fly straight for the hat and in the last few inches twist aside and fall anywhere rather than within the brim. Like the bad sporting shot, you may have a better chance if you don't aim in the right direction.

After having tried to move your hands simultaneously different ways, go and stand tightly in the corner of a room. Then raise the outside leg and, if you can, keep your balance. The centre of gravity, as the scientists say, is upset. And you

IT IS NOT SO EASY TO THROW CARDS INTO A HAT AS IT MAY APPEAR.

will find the same thing when you lie flat on the floor and try to sit up without raising the heels. And you get it again if you stand with your back to the wall and your heels 3in. up the wainscoting and try to pick up a wine-glass set between the heels. By-the-bye, before putting the wine-glass away set it on a low table and, keeping your hands behind you, pick it up with your teeth. Most people, especially those blessed with long noses, find this feat difficult unless they are wide-awake enough to go for the farther edge of the glass. Not, of course, that we hint anything Wellingtonian about the unsuccessful.

TO TUCK ONE'S HAND UNDER THE ARM, THEN PLACE THE THUMB IN THE PALM, IS ANOTHER DIFFICULT FEAT.

A few experiments with the fingers. First place your hands palm to palm and the finger-tips touching, and separate any pair of fingers half an inch. Then, turning the third fingers inwards so that the middle joints touch, try to separate the middle fingers. And finally, tuck a hand under an armpit and try to get the thumb into the palm. This is well calculated to teach you that the wrist muscles are sensitive.

We can strongly recommend the following for the smoking-room. Offer a wager that no one will cut a cigar-silk clean through with a sharp knife. Anyone who takes you up imperils his money badly, for the knife ninety-nine times out of one hundred cuts all the strands but the last, which frays out uninjured by the blade and leaves you the winner.

We keep for our last a feat which, while apparently of the simplest, is a physical and scientific impossibility. Take a cotton-reel and remove the labels from the ends. Centre a penny on one end and stick three pins into the wood so that the penny can easily fall forwards but not slip sideways. Then, holding the reel in the left hand, blow into the central hole. The harder you blow the tighter the penny sticks!

TO CUT A CIGAR-SILK CLEAN THROUGH IS FAR FROM EASY.

THE HARDER YOU BLOW THE TIGHTER THE PENNY STICKS.

At Sunwich Port.

By W. W. Jacobs.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WITH a view to avoiding the awkwardness of a chance meeting with any member of the Nugent family Hardy took the sea road on his way to the office the morning after the captain's return. Common sense told him to leave matters for the present to the healing hand of Time, and to cultivate habits of self-effacement by no means agreeable to one of his temperament.

Despite himself his spirits rose as he walked. It was an ideal spring morning, cool and sunny. The short turf by the side of the road was fragrant under his heel, and a light wind stirred the blueness of the sea. On the beach below two grizzled men of restful habit were endeavouring to make an old boat waterproof with red and green paint.

A long figure approaching slowly from the opposite direction broke into a pleasant smile as he drew near and quickened his pace to meet him.

"You're out early," said Hardy, as the old man stopped and turned with him.

"'Ave to be, sir," said Mr. Wilks, darkly; "out early and 'ome late, and more often than not getting my dinner out. That's my life nowadays."

"Can't you let her see that her attentions are undesirable?" inquired Hardy, gravely.

"I can't be rude to a woman," said the steward, with a melancholy smile; "if I could, my life would ha' been very different. She's always stepping across to ask my advice about Teddy, or something o' that sort. All last week she kept borrowing my frying-pan, so at last by way of letting 'er see I didn't like it I went out and bought 'er one for herself. What's the result? Instead o' being offended she went out and bought me a couple o' neck-ties. When I didn't wear 'em she pretended it was because I didn't like the colour, and she went and bought two more. I'm wearing one now."

He shook his head ruefully, and Hardy glanced at a tie which would have paled the glories of a rainbow. For some time they walked along in silence.

"I'm going to pay my respects to Cap'n Nugent this afternoon," said Mr. Wilks, suddenly.

"Ah," said the other.

"I knew what it 'ud be with them two on the same ship," continued Mr. Wilks. "I didn't say nothing when you was talking to Miss Kate, but I knew well enough."

"Ah," said Hardy again. There was no mistaking the significance of the steward's remarks, and he found them somewhat galling. It was all very well to make use of his humble friend, but he had no desire to discuss his matrimonial projects with him.

"It's a great pity," pursued the unconscious Mr. Wilks, "just as everything seemed to be going on smoothly; but while there's life there's 'ope."

"That's a smart barge over there," said Hardy, pointing it out.

"CAN'T YOU LET HER SEE THAT HER ATTENTIONS ARE UNDESIRABLE?"

Copyright, 1902, by W. W. Jacobs in the United States of America.

Mr. Wilks nodded. "I shall keep my eyes open this afternoon," he said re-assuringly. "And if I get a chance of putting in a word it'll be put in. Twenty-nine years I sailed with the cap'n, and if there's anybody knows his weak spots it's me."

He stopped as they reached the town and said "good-bye." He pressed the young man's hand sympathetically, and a wink of intense artfulness gave point to his last remark.

"There's always Sam Wilks's cottage," he said, in a husky whisper; "and if two of 'is friends *should* 'appen to meet there, who'd be the wiser?"

He gazed benevolently after the young man's retreating figure and continued his stroll, his own troubles partly forgotten in the desire to assist his friends. It would be a notable feat for the humble steward to be the means of bringing the young people together and thereby bringing to an end the feud of a dozen years. He pictured himself eventually as the trusted friend and adviser of both families, and in one daring flight of fancy saw himself hobnobbing with the two captains over pipes and whisky.

Neatly dressed and carrying a small offering of wallflowers, he set out that afternoon to call on his old master, giving, as he walked, the last touches to a little speech of welcome which he had prepared during dinner. It was a happy effort, albeit a trifle laboured, but Captain Nugent's speech, the inspiration of the moment, gave it no chance.

He started the moment the bowing Mr. Wilks entered the room, his voice rising gradually from low, bitter tones to a hurricane note which Bella could hear in the kitchen without even leaving her chair. Mr. Wilks stood dazed and speechless before him, holding the wallflowers in one hand and his cap in the other. In this attitude he listened to a description of his character drawn with the loving skill of an artist whose whole heart was in his work, and who seemed never tired of filling in details.

"If you ever have the hardihood to come to my house again," he concluded, "I'll break every bone in your misshapen body. Get!"

Mr. Wilks turned and groped his way to the door. Then he went a little way back with some idea of defending himself, but the door of the room was slammed in his face. He walked slowly down the path to the road and stood there for some time in helpless bewilderment. In all his sixty years of life his feelings had never been so outraged. His cap was still in his hand, and, with a helpless gesture, he put it on and scattered his floral offering in the road. Then he made a bee-line for the Two Schooners.

Though convivial by nature and ever free with his money, he sat there drinking alone in silent misery. Men came and went, but he still sat there noting with mournful pride the attention caused by his unusual bearing. To casual inquiries he shook his head; to more direct ones he only sighed heavily and applied himself to his liquor. Curiosity increased with numbers as the day wore on, and the steward, determined to be miserable, fought manfully against an ever-increasing cheerfulness due to the warming properties of the ale within.

"I 'ope you ain't lost nobody, Sam?" said a discomfited inquirer at last.

Mr. Wilks shook his head.

"You look as though you'd lost a shilling and found a ha'penny," pursued the other.

"Found a what?" inquired Mr. Wilks, wrinkling his forehead.

"A ha'penny," said his friend.

"Who did?" said Mr. Wilks.

The other attempted to explain and was ably assisted by two friends, but without avail; the impression left on Mr. Wilks's mind being that somebody had got a shilling of his. He waxed exceeding bitter, and said that he had been missing shillings for a long time.

"You're labourin' under a mistake, Sam," said the first speaker.

Mr. Wilks laughed scornfully and essayed a sneer, while his friends, regarding his contortions with some anxiety, expressed a fear that he was not quite himself. To this suggestion the steward deigned no reply, and turning to the landlord bade him replenish his mug.

"You've 'ad enough, Mr. Wilks," said that gentleman, who had been watching him for some time.

Mr. Wilks, gazing at him mistily, did not at first understand the full purport of this remark; but when he did, his wrath was so majestic and his remarks about the quality of the brew so libellous that the landlord lost all patience.

"You get off home," he said, sharply.

"Listen t' me," said Mr. Wilks, impressively.

"I don't want no words with you," said the landlord. "You get off home while you can."

"That's right, Sam," said one of the company, putting his hand on the steward's arm. "You take his advice."

Mr. Wilks shook the hand off and eyed his adviser ferociously. Then he took a glass from the counter and smashed it on the floor. The next moment the bar was in a ferment, and the landlord, gripping Mr. Wilks round the middle, skilfully piloted him to the door and thrust him into the road.

The strong air blowing from the sea disordered the steward's faculties still further.

"HE TOOK A GLASS FROM THE COUNTER AND SMASHED IT ON THE FLOOR."

His treatment inside was forgotten, and, leaning against the front of the tavern, he stood open-mouthed, gazing at marvels. Ships in the harbour suddenly quitted their native element and were drawn up into the firmament; nobody passed but twins.

"Evening, Mr. Wilks," said a voice.

The steward peered down at the voice. At first he thought it was another case of twins, but looking close he saw that it was Mr. Edward Silk alone. He saluted him graciously, and then, with a wave of his hand toward the sky, sought to attract his attention to the ships there.

"Yes," said the unconscious Mr. Silk, "sign of a fine day to-morrow. Are you going my way?"

Mr. Wilks smiled, and detaching himself from the tavern with some difficulty just saved Mr. Silk from a terrible fall by clutching him forcibly round the neck. The ingratitude of Mr. Silk was a rebuff to a nature which was at that moment overflowing with goodwill. For a moment the steward was half inclined to let him go home alone, but the reflection that he would never get there softened him.

"Pull yourself t'gether," he said, gravely. "Now, 'old on me."

The road, as they walked, rose up in imitation of the shipping, but Mr. Wilks knew now the explanation: Teddy Silk was intoxicated. Very gently he leaned towards the erring youth and wagged his head at him.

"Are you going to hold up or aren't you?" demanded Mr. Silk, shortly.

The steward waived the question; he knew from experience the futility of arguing with men in drink. The great thing was to get Teddy Silk home, not to argue with him. He smiled good-temperedly to himself, and with a sudden movement pinned him up against the wall in time to arrest another fall.

With frequent halts by the way, during which the shortness of Mr. Silk's temper furnished Mr. Wilks with the texts of several sermons, none of which he finished, they at last reached Fullalove Alley, and the steward, with a brief exhortation to his charge to hold his head up, bore down on Mrs. Silk, who was sitting in her doorway.

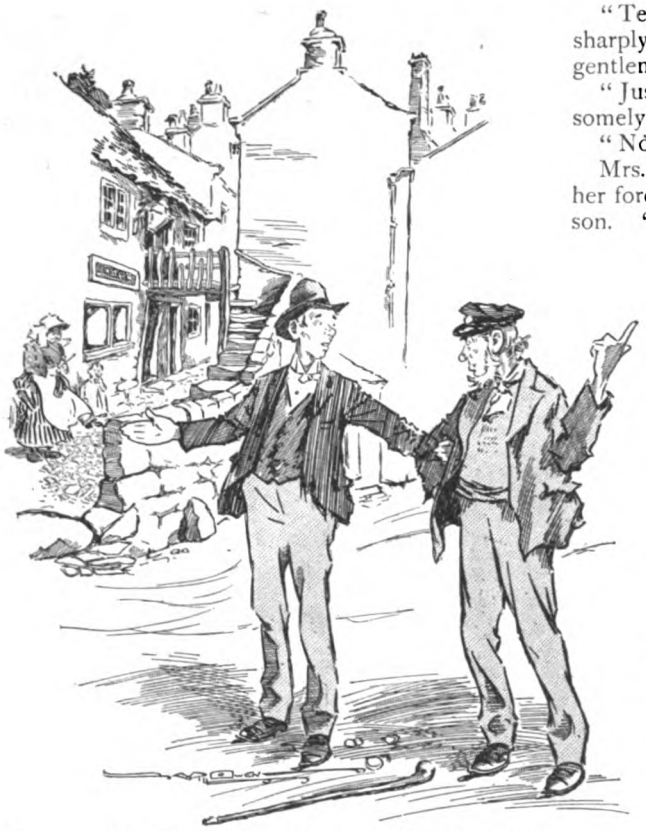
"I've brought 'im 'ome," he said, steadying himself against the door-post; "brought 'im 'ome."

"Brought 'im 'ome?" said the bewildered Mrs. Silk.

"Don' say anything to 'im," entreated Mr. Wilks, "my sake. Thing might 'appen anybody."

"He's been like that all the way," said Mr. Silk, regarding the steward with much disfavour. "I don't know why I troubled about him, I'm sure."

"Crowd roun' 'im," pursued the imaginative Mr. Wilks. "'Old up, Teddy."



"THE GREAT THING WAS TO GET TEDDY SILK HOME."

"I'm sure it's very kind of you, Mr. Wilks," said the widow, as she glanced at a little knot of neighbours standing near. "Will you come inside for a minute or two?"

She moved the chair to let him pass, and Mr. Wilks, still keeping the restraining hand of age on the shoulder of intemperate youth, passed in and stood, smiling amiably, while Mrs. Silk lit the lamp and placed it in the centre of the table, which was laid for supper. The light shone on a knuckle of boiled pork, a home-made loaf, and a fresh-cut wedge of cheese.

"I suppose you won't stay and pick a bit o' supper with us?" said Mrs. Silk.

"Why not?" inquired Mr. Wilks.

"I'm sure, if I had known," said Mrs. Silk, as she piloted him to a seat, "I'd 'ave 'ad something nice. There, now! If I 'aven't been and forgot the beer."

She left the table and went into the kitchen, and Mr. Wilks's eyes glistened as she returned with a large brown jug full of foaming ale and filled his glass.

"Teddy mustn't 'ave any," he said, sharply, as she prepared to fill that gentleman's glass.

"Just 'alf a glass," she said, winsomely.

"Nŏt a drop," said Mr. Wilks, firmly.

Mrs. Silk hesitated, and screwing up her forehead glanced significantly at her son. "'Ave some by-and-by," she whispered.

"Give me the jug," said Mr. Silk, indignantly. "What are you listening to 'im for? Can't you see what's the matter with 'im?"

"Not to 'ave it," said Mr. Wilks; "put it 'ere."

He thumped the table emphatically with his hand, and before her indignant son could interfere Mrs. Silk had obeyed. It was the last straw. Mr. Edward Silk rose to his feet with tremendous effect and, first thrusting his plate violently away from him, went out into the night, slamming the door behind him with such violence that the startled Mr. Wilks was nearly blown out of his chair.

"He don't mean nothing," said Mrs. Silk, turning a rather scared face to the steward. "'E's a bit jealous of you, I s'pose."

Mr. Wilks shook his head. Truth to tell, he was rather at a loss to know exactly what had happened.

"And then there's 'is love affair," sighed Mrs. Silk. "He'll never get over the loss of Amelia Kybird. I always know when 'e 'as seen her, he's that miserable there's no getting a word out of 'im."

Mr. Wilks smiled vaguely and went on with his supper, and, the meal finished, allowed himself to be installed in an easy-chair, while his hostess cleared the table. He sat and smoked in high good humour with himself, the occasional remarks he made being received with an enthusiasm which they seldom provoked elsewhere.

"I should like t' sit 'ere all night," he said, at last.

"I don't believe it," said Mrs. Silk, playfully.

"Like t' sit 'ere all night," repeated Mr. Wilks, somewhat sternly. "All nex' day, all day after, day after that, day——"

Mrs. Silk eyed him softly. "Why would

you like to sit here all that time?" she inquired, in a low voice.

"B'cause," said Mr. Wilks, simply, "b'cause I don't feel's if I can stand. Goo'-night."

He closed his eyes on the indignant Mrs. Silk and fell fast asleep. It was a sound sleep and dreamless, and only troubled by the occasional ineffectual attempts of his hostess to arouse him. She gave up the attempt at last, and taking up a pair of socks sat working thoughtfully the other side of the fire-place.

The steward awoke an hour or two later, and after what seemed a terrible struggle found himself standing at the open door with the cold night air blowing in his face, and a voice which by an effort of memory he identified as that of Edward Silk inviting him "to go home and lose no time about it." Then the door slammed behind him and he stood balancing himself with some difficulty on the step, wondering what had happened. By the time he had walked up and down the deserted alley three or four times light was vouchsafed to him and, shivering slightly, he found his own door and went to bed.

"CAPTAIN NUGENT."

CHAPTER XIX.

ANY hopes which Hardy might have entertained as to the attitude of Miss Nugent were dispelled the first time he saw her, that dutiful daughter of a strong-willed sire favouring him with a bow which was exactly half an inch in depth and then promptly bestowing her gaze elsewhere. He passed Captain Nugent next day, and for a week afterwards he had only to close his eyes to see in all its appalling virulence the glare with which that gentleman had acknowledged his attempt at recognition.

He fared no better in Fullalove Alley, a visit to Mr. Wilks eliciting the fact that that delectable thoroughfare had been put out of bounds for Miss Nugent. Moreover, Mr. Wilks was full of his own troubles and anxious for any comfort and advice that could be given to him. All the alley knew that Mrs. Silk had quarrelled with her son over the steward, and, without knowing the facts, spoke their mind with painful freedom concerning them.

"She and Teddy don't speak to each other now," said Mr. Wilks, gloomily, "and to 'ear people talk you'd think it was my fault."

Hardy gave him what comfort he could. He even went the length of saying that Mrs. Silk was a fine woman.

"She acts like a suffering martyr," exclaimed Mr. Wilks. "She comes over 'ere dropping hints that people are talking about us, and that they ask 'er awkward questions. Pretending to misunderstand 'er every time is enough to send me crazy; and she's so sudden in what she says there's no being up to 'er. On'y this morning she asked me if I should be sorry if she died."

"What did you say?" inquired his listener.

"I said 'yes,'" admitted Mr. Wilks, reluctantly. "I couldn't say anything else; but I said that she wasn't to let my feelings interfere with 'er in any way."

Hardy's father sailed a day or two later, and after that nothing happened. Equator Lodge was an impregnable fortress, and the only member of the garrison he saw in a fortnight was Bella.

His depression did not escape the notice of his partner, who, after first advising love-philtres and then a visit to a well-known specialist for diseases of the heart, finally recommended more work, and put a generous portion of his own on to the young man's desk. Hardy, who was in an evil temper, pitched it on to the floor and, with a few

incisive remarks on levity unbecoming to age, pursued his duties in gloomy silence.

A short time afterwards, however, he had to grapple with his partner's work in real earnest. For the first time in his life the genial shipbroker was laid up with a rather serious illness. A chill caught while bathing was going the round of certain unsuspected weak spots, and the patient, who was of an inquiring turn of mind, was taking a greater interest in medical works than his doctor deemed advisable.

"Most interesting study," he said, faintly, to Hardy, as the latter sat by his bedside one evening and tried to cheer him in the usual way by telling him that there was nothing the matter with him. "There are dozens of different forms of liver complaint alone, and I've got 'em all."

"Liver isn't much," said his visitor, with the confidence of youth.

"Mine is," retorted the invalid; "it's twice its proper size and still growing. Base of the left lung is solidifying, or I'm much mistaken; the heart, instead of waltzing as is suitable to my time of life, is doing a galop, and everything else is as wrong as it can be."

"When are you coming back?" inquired the other.

"Back?" repeated Swann. "Back? You haven't been listening. I'm a wreck. All through violating man's primeval instinct by messing about in cold water. What is the news?"

Hardy pondered and shook his head. "Nugent is going to be married in July," he said, at last.

"He'd better have had that trip on the whaler," commented Mr. Swann; "but that is not news. Nathan Smith told it me this morning."

"Nathan Smith?" repeated the other, in surprise.

"I've done him a little service," said the invalid. "Got him out of a mess with Garth and Co. He's been here two or three times, and I must confess I find him a most alluring rascal."

"Birds of a feather——" began Hardy, superciliously.

"Don't flatter me," said Swann, putting his hand out of the bed-clothes with a deprecatory gesture. "I am not worthy to sit at his feet. He is the most amusing knave on the coast. He is like a sunbeam in a sick room when you can once get him to talk of his experiences. Have you seen young Nugent lately? Does he seem cheerful?"

"Yes, but he is not," was the reply.

"Well, it's natural for the young to marry," said the other, gravely. "Murchison will be the next to go, I expect."

"SNIFFING AT THEIR CONTENTS."

"Possibly," returned Hardy, with affected calmness.

"Blaikie was saying something about it this morning," resumed Swann, regarding him from half-closed lids, "but he was punching and tapping me all about the ribs while he was talking, and I didn't catch all he said, but I think it's all arranged. Murchison is there nearly every day, I understand; I suppose you meet him there?"

Mr. Hardy, whistling softly, rose and walked round the room, uncorking medicine bottles and sniffing at their contents. A smile of unaffected pleasure lit up his features as he removed the stopper from one particularly pungent mixture.

"Two tablespoonfuls three times a day," he read, slowly. "When did you have the last, Swann? Shall I ring for the nurse?"

The invalid shook his head impatiently. "You're an ungrateful dog," he muttered, "or you would tell me how your affair is going. Have you got any chance?"

"You're getting light-headed now," said Hardy, calmly. "I'd better go."

"All right, go then," responded the invalid; "but if you lose that girl just for the want of

a little skilled advice from an expert, you'll never forgive yourself—I'm serious."

"Well, you *must* be ill then," said the younger man, with anxiety.

"Twice," said Mr. Swann, lying on his back and apparently addressing the ceiling, "twice I have given this young man invaluable assistance, and each time he has bungled."

Hardy laughed and, the nurse returning to the room, bade him "good-bye" and departed. After the close atmosphere of the sick room the air was delicious, and he walked along slowly, deep in thought. From Nathan Smith his thoughts wandered to Jack Nugent and his unfortunate engagement, and from that to Kate Nugent. For months he had been revolving impossible schemes in his mind to earn her gratitude, and possibly that of the captain, by extricating Jack. In the latter connection he was also reminded of that unhappy victim of unrequited affection, Edward Silk.

It was early to go indoors, and the house was dull. He turned and retraced his steps, and, his thoughts reverting to his sick partner, smiled as he remembered remarks which that irresponsible person had made at various times concerning the making of his last will and testament. Then he came to a sudden standstill as a wild, forlorn-hope kind of idea suddenly occurred to him. He stood for some time thinking, then walked a little way, and then stopped again as various difficulties presented themselves for solution. Finally, despite the lateness of the hour, he walked back in some excitement to the house he had quitted over half an hour before with the intention of speaking to the invalid concerning a duty peculiarly incumbent upon elderly men of means.

The nurse, who came out of the sick room, gently closing the door after her, demurred a little to this second visit, but, receiving a promise from the visitor not to excite the invalid, left them together. The odour of the abominable physic was upon the air.

"Well?" said the invalid.

"I have been thinking that I was rather uncivil a little while ago," said Hardy.

"Ah!" said the other. "What do you want?"

"A little of that skilled assistance you were speaking of."

Mr. Swann made an alarming noise in his throat. Hardy sprang forward in alarm, but he motioned him back.

"I was only laughing," he explained.

Hardy repressed his annoyance by an effort, and endeavoured, but with scant success, to return the other's smile.

"Go on," said the shipbroker, presently.

"I have thought of a scheme for upsetting Nugent's marriage," said Hardy, slowly. "It is just a forlorn hope which depends for its success on you and Nathan Smith."

"He's a friend of Kybird's," said the other, drily.

"That is the most important thing of all," rejoined Hardy. "That is, next to your shrewdness and tact; everything depends upon you, really, and whether you can fool Smith. It is a great thing in our favour that you have been taking him up lately."

"Are you coming to the point or are you not?" demanded the shipbroker.

Hardy looked cautiously round the room, and then, drawing his chair close to the bed, leaned over the prostrate man and spoke rapidly into his ear.

"*What?*" cried the astounded Mr. Swann, suddenly sitting up in his bed. "You —you scoundrel!"

"It's to be done," said Hardy.

"You ghoul!" said the invalid, glaring at him. "Is that the way to talk to a sick man? You unscrupulous rascal!"

"It'll be amusement for you," pleaded the other, "and if we are successful it will be the best thing in the end for everybody. Think of the good you'll do."

"Where you get such rascally ideas from, I can't think," mused the invalid. "Your father is a straightforward, honest man, and your partner's uprightness is the talk of Sunwich."

"It doesn't take much to make Sunwich talk," retorted Hardy.

"A preposterous suggestion to make to a man of my standing," said the shipbroker, ignoring the remark. "If the affair ever leaked out I should never hear the end of it."

"It can't leak out," said Hardy, "and if it does there is no direct evidence. They will never really know until you die; they can only suspect."

"Very well," said the shipbroker, with a half-indulgent, half-humorous glance. "Anything to get rid of you. It's a crack-brained scheme, and could only originate with a young man whose affections have weakened his head—I consent."

"Bravo!" said Hardy and patted him on the back; Mr. Swann referred to the base of his left lung, and he apologized.

"I'll have to fix it up with Blaikie," said the invalid, lying down again. "Murchi-

son got two of his best patients last week, so that it ought to be easy. And besides, he is fond of innocent amusement."

"I'm awfully obliged to you," said Hardy.

"It might be as well if we pretended to quarrel," said the invalid, reflectively, "especially as you are known to be a friend of Nugent's. We'll have a few words—before my housekeeper if possible, to insure publicity—and then you had better not come again. Send Silk instead with messages."

Hardy thanked him and whispered a caution as a footstep was heard on the landing. The door opened and the nurse, followed by the housekeeper bearing a tray, entered the room.

"And I can't be worried about these things," said Swann, in an acrimonious voice, as they entered. "If you are not capable of settling a simple question like that yourself, ask the office-boy to instruct you."

"It's your work," retorted Hardy, "and a nice mess it's in."

"H'sh!" said the nurse, coming forward hastily. "You must leave the room, sir. I can't have you exciting my patient."

Hardy bestowed an indignant glance at the invalid.

"Get out!" said that gentleman, with extraordinary fierceness for one in his weak condition. "In future, nurse, I won't have this person admitted to my room."

"Yes, yes; certainly," said the nurse. "You must go, sir; at once, please."

"I'm going," said Hardy, almost losing his gravity at the piteous spectacle afforded by the housekeeper as she stood, still holding the tray and staring open-mouthed at the combatants. "When you're tired of skulking in bed, perhaps you'll come and do your share of the work."

Mr. Swann rose to a sitting position, and his demeanour was so alarming that the nurse, hastening over to him, entreated him to lie down, and waved Hardy peremptorily from the room.

"Puppy!" said the invalid, with great relish. "Blockhead!"

He gazed fixedly at the young man as he departed and then, catching sight in his turn of the housekeeper's perplexity, laid himself down and buried his face in the bed-clothes. The nurse crossed over to her assistant and, taking the tray from her, told her in a sharp whisper that if she ever admitted Mr. Hardy again she would not be answerable for the consequences.

"'PUPPY!' SAID THE INVALID."

(To be continued.)

From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

LXX.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

URGENT.

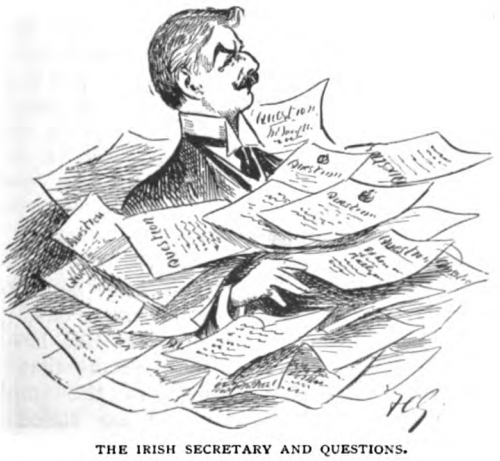
UP to the present time of writing Mr. Balfour has given no indication of the lines upon which he proposes to amend the Rules of Procedure. Since the close of the first Session of the Parliament of King Edward it has been clear that no new one could be entered upon under the conditions that ruled -- or, to be precise, failed to rule—the sittings of last year.

To do him justice, Mr. John Redmond has not left any excuse for neglecting the duty. Engaged during the Recess in endeavour to raise money to pay the weekly wage of the large section of his following who draw it, he has felt it necessary to extol their achievements last Session and promise still greater success in accomplishment of the avowed purpose of the Irish Party to make business impossible in the House of Commons.

MR. JOHN REDMOND: "I DON'T BEG—BUT——"

OLD STYLE AND NEW.

Obstruction certainly has much to boast of in its influence on the opening Session of the first Parliament of the twentieth century. With a pinchbeck Parnell in command, a rank-and-file mediocre by comparison with the brilliant Irishman who made things lively at Westminster from 1875 into the early 80's, the performance of last Session is, from a pictorial and rhetorical point of view, a little flat. In actual effect it will bear comparison with the more striking campaigns through which Mr. Joseph Gillis Biggar lived. Mr. Redmond's tactics, to some extent compelled by reforms already established by the procedure rules, widely differ from Mr. Parnell's. His object is to avoid dramatic scenes, to flout the authority of the Chair as far as is safe, avoiding penalty by swift subsidence and prompt apology at the very moment when the Speaker is about to rise and exert such authority as he is invested with. This is not magnificent, but it is effective war. Not many scenes disturbed the progress of last Session. Yet the amount of work done was exceedingly small.



THE IRISH SECRETARY AND QUESTIONS.

THE PLAGUE OF QUESTIONS.

Two unheroic but effective weapons were ever in the hands of the Irish members. One was the putting of questions; the other insistence on hopeless divisions. Last year the House sat on 118 days, little more than half the duration of the Session of 1893-4, which numbered 226 days. Nevertheless, thirty-two more divisions were taken, the number of questions being diminished by only eighty-six. As a division takes on the average a quarter of an hour, we have 120 hours, more than thirteen working days of the Session, occupied in walking round the lobbies.

As to questions, 6,448 were handed in at the table and appeared on the Notice Paper, printed at the expense of the taxpayer. That is an inadequate statement of the operation of this deliberate trifling with public time. There were few nights during which the number

of questions on the paper was not at least doubled by what are known as "supplementary questions." It is safe to say that during last Session at least 12,000 questions were addressed to Ministers, of which probably 1,000 were designed with the honest purpose of obtaining information useful to the public service. The triviality of the rest unfortunately does not mitigate their obnoxiousness. Not only do they take time in the putting and answering. They involve much labour in the departments concerned, where particulars have to be hunted up and replies prepared for the Ministers to read at the table.

WHAT SHOULD BE DONE.

It is admitted that it will be difficult effectively to deal with the question of vexatious divisions. It closely touches those sacred rights of a minority upon which Obstruction diligently trades. Indirectly, the closure, indispensable and beneficent though it be, plays into the hands of Obstruction by making possible an extra division. The closure may cut short a speech avowedly obstructive, but the practitioner sits down with the pleased assurance that, though he be shut up, a quarter of an hour will be wasted in dividing on the closure.

In the matter of questions the case is quite different. The majority of the House, concerned for its reputation and its efficiency as a legislative machine, have at hand a simple and effective instrument. Questions should be printed, together with the answers they elicit, and circulated with the votes. That would strike a deadly blow at the twin sisters, political obstruction and personal vanity, responsible for the existing and growing scandal. The putting of questions is at once the cheapest and the most remunerative advertisement a member can devise. The more malign the intent of a question, the more extravagant its form, the more likely is it to result in one of those scenes which newspapers chariest of devoting space to Parliamentary debate are careful to report verbatim. By the printing of questions and answers these opportunities would be lost. At least an hour would be saved in the freshest time of every sitting, and there would be no concurrent disadvantage to the public interest.

AN OPPORTUNITY OF QUESTIONING—SIR H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.

There are undoubtedly, perhaps a dozen times in the Session, crises when it is desirable that the Leader of the Opposition should have, at brief notice, opportunity of questioning the Leader of the House across the table. That contingency could easily be provided for in framing the suggested new rule.

PRIVATE BUSINESS.

Another lesson gained by the experience of last Session is the impossibility of living under the rules governing private business. Like others, they were all very well at the time when they became Standing Orders. Private Bills were few in number, and, with rare exception, the intervention of the House was sought merely to confirm the conclusion arrived at by the Select Committee. Now, private Bills are counted by the score. The labour of the Select Committee, which alone has had opportunity of mastering the facts and bearings of the questions, is ignored. Lobbying is carried on openly for days before the Bill comes before the House on the report stage, and private influence is unsparingly used to bring members to vote "Aye" or "No" on a local question of which they are absolutely ignorant.

Last Session it happened, more than once in some weeks, that public business was deferred for three or four hours whilst a private Bill was wrangled over. Members in charge of an ordinary Bill must take their chance at the ballot of finding a day for bringing it on. The promoters of Bills affecting municipal corporations or private companies may select any day of the week most convenient to themselves and appropriate it, with the certainty that, however urgent may be public business appointed for the same day, it must stand aside till their little Bill has been disposed of. It would seem that such a condition of things in the Imperial Parliament needs only to be stated in order to be swept away.

COMMITTEE OF SUPPLY.

Another matter loudly calling for reform is procedure in Committee of Supply. The rule introduced a few years ago by Mr. Balfour, whereby, immediately after Supply is set up, one night a week is appointed for dealing with the Estimates, has worked admirably. Never during the past thirty years has national expenditure received fuller or more deliberate consideration. Fairly dealt with, the rule would serve. But obstruction, persistent, systematic, ruthless, clogs the wheels of the simple machinery. Friday nights in the early weeks of the Session are wasted in idle talk and mischievous divisions. The result is that towards the end of the Session, when all but three of the allotted nights are exhausted, there remain batches of Votes which are hurried through by the automatic closure to the accompaniment of cries of "Gag, gag!" from the Irish members who have made its intervention necessary.

What is required to meet this form of obstruction is the appointment at the commencement of the Session of a Committee composed of members on both sides who, going through the Estimates, shall allot to various groups certain portions of the available time for Committee of Supply. This would prevent the familiar scandal of whole nights being given in the early part of a Session to comparatively immaterial votes, those representing vast expenditure, involving questions of high policy, being left to scramble for what scraps they can get.

A SHOWER OF CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CONGÉ D'ÉLIRE.

Commenting in the August Number on the costs of the installation of a new Bishop, I wrote: "As everyone knows, whilst the gift of a Bishopric rests with the Prime Minister, the nominee is elected by the Bench of Bishops." I have long been accustomed through the Parliamentary Session to receive on the publication of THE STRAND MAGAZINE letters from unknown friends dwelling in all parts of the world. Never in respect of a single passage in these reflections has such a shower of correspondence descended upon my abashed head as followed upon this maladroit sentence. I seem to have heard from all the rectories and vicarages in England. In only one case was stern rebuke conveyed. The writer was a Dean, who mentioned that he was just going off for a holiday. An abiding sense of duty constrained him to rap my ignorant knuckles before he started for what I trust proved a pleasant and health-giving trip.

Of course, Bench of Bishops was a slip for Dean and Chapter. It is to that august body that the *congé d'élire* is addressed, conveniently accompanied by a letter communicating the name of the person whom the Prime Minister intends shall succeed to the vacant see. They are bound to accept this hint, under pains and penalties of præmunire. How those penalties might or could be enforced is, I am assured on high authority, a matter of some doubt. There is an ancient tradition in the House of Commons that a Speaker, in the Chair long before the new Procedure Rules were passed, gravely threatened a disorderly member that if he did not mend his manners he would "name him." Privately asked what would follow thereupon, the Speaker fervently responded, "Heaven only knows!" As no case has arisen where a Chapter have refused to elect the Ministerial nominee the mystery surrounding the consequent penalties remains unfathomed.

A SOLEMN FARCE.

It might be worth consideration whether, when suitable opportunity presents itself, the matter might not be brought to the test. With few exceptions, my correspondents condemn the present system. It is farcical without the redeeming grace of humour. It is approached from two points of criticism. Some of the writers dwell upon the solemn absurdity of the procedure — the Prime Minister approaching the Dean and Chapter with, in one hand, a document giving them leave to elect a Bishop, in the other a private note telling them whom to elect. Whereupon the reverend and very reverend gentlemen solemnly meet and, with singular unanimity, choose the man whom the Minister of the day delights to honour.

Others, taking a graver view of the situation, denounce the procedure as an offence and affront to the Church. There are, of course, honourable exceptions to the rule. But the rule is that the best possible man for a particular Bishopric that chances to fall vacant is found in the political camp of the Ministry of the day. Assuming that the Dean and Chapter are the best possible electoral body — and none of my correspondents question it —it would be better both for Church and State that they should be left absolute freedom of choice.

APPROACHING THE DEAN AND CHAPTER.

THE CORONATION. Among claims to perform certain offices in connection with the Coronation the Court appointed by His Majesty found none more quaint than that of the Barons of the Cinque Ports. They asserted the right to carry a canopy over the Sovereign in the procession through Westminster Hall, and afterwards to sit at a table spread on his right hand at the Coronation Banquet. The privilege is enshrined in a charter signed by Edward I. But it is much older. When Henry III. married Eleanor, daughter of Hugh Earl of Provence, the bold Barons from the Cinque Ports, arrayed in purple silk and fine linen, carried aloft the canopy under which the young Queen stepped on her passage through Westminster Hall. The claim, duly considered, has been disallowed, and a picturesque by-play, carrying a prosaic century back to Plantagenet times, will never more be seen in London.

These "Honours at Court," as the business is styled in the charters of the Ports, were conceded within the lifetime of some who will read of the Coronation of King Edward VII. When, on the 19th July, 1821, George IV. was crowned, the Barons of the Cinque Ports played a brave part in the pageant. There were fifteen in all, representing Sandwich, Hastings, Hythe, Rye, Winchelsea, Romney, and Dover. There should have been sixteen, but Henry Brougham, Baron for the Port of Winchelsea, begged off. He had a short time previously taken a prominent part in the trial of Queen Caroline. When informed of the distinguished honour awaiting him on Coronation Day the future Lord Chancellor wrote intimating that "in the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed he felt himself under the necessity of most respectfully soliciting permission to decline the distinguished honour of canopy-bearer."

THE BARONS' MARCH ON LONDON. Happily for posterity there were, in addition to the Barons, the two solicitors to the Ports, John Shipden and William Fowle. These, in their professional capacity, accompanied the Barons, and wrote a detailed account of their adventures in London, which was discreetly withheld from the cognizance of the Court of Claims. The document was a short time ago found among the musty archives of the Borough of Hythe. The reading well rewards the trouble of deciphering the faded handwriting. A few days before the Coronation the Barons foregathered at the Thatched House Tavern, in St. James's Street, and arranged their plan of campaign. Although on business of State bent they were of frugal mind. Prepared to carry the canopy, they were not disposed to bear its expense. They were, therefore, the more punctilious in describing the article which, according to ancient usage, became their property at the close of the proceedings. They cited ancient ordinances, testifying that the canopy should be wrought of gold or purple silk, upon four silver staves. Each staff had four corners, and at each corner there hung a silver bell, gilt with gold. "Which canopy, staves and bells, the said Barons who bear them have been accustomed to have and take as their own fee for the said services." Moreover, they claimed the

right of dining at a table in the Great Hall of Westminster when the King and Queen dine, at the right hand of the King and Queen, and to have cloth for vestments at the King's expense.

A long interval followed, silence falling on the scene after dispatch of their formal demand. Letters were written to the Earl Marshal, to the Home Secretary, and to the Lord High Chamberlain, pointing out that "the day for the Coronation is fast approaching, and as we have received no positive answer on the subject of the Barons' Table, we are naturally in a state of great anxiety and suspense." At one of the meetings an exceptionally bold Baron proposed to pass a resolution to the effect that unless the Barons have their full rights and privilèges as admitted by the Court of Claims they will be compelled to decline the canopy service altogether. This was alluring. But a more puny Baron suggesting that possibly the opening thus proffered would be promptly seized and they shunted altogether, the subject dropped.

LORD BROUGHAM AS A BARON OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

GLORIOUS APPAREL.

It all came right in the end, except that the Barons were obliged to pay for their own vestments. These were fearfully and wonderfully made. To begin with, there were white kid shoes, above which flamed crimson silk hose, with rosettes at the knee. To a scarlet satin doublet with gold twist buttons and braidings were hung scarlet satin sleeves, with cuffs ornamented with gold twist braidings and rosettes. A laced frill round the collar of the doublet was surmounted by a full standing muslin ruff. The trunk hose was of purple satin, with scarlet satin strappings bordered with gold twist. A tunic of purple satin and scarlet silk lining, with purple satin robings, was suspended from each shoulder. This gorgeous array was crowned by a black velvet Spanish hat, with one scarlet and two black ostrich feathers turned up in front by gold twist looped and buttoned. For all arms the Barons wore a dress sword thrust in a purple velvet belt.

At the close of fourscore years the mind lingers fondly over the picture of Henry Brougham temporarily casting aside his famous check suit and donning this array. Possibly consciousness of what was in store for him in this direction, rather than any pricking of conscience in the matter of Queen Caroline, induced him to decline the nomination.

CANNY KING GEORGE.

At five o'clock on the morning of the Coronation the Barons met at Somerset House, and having, with the assistance of their retainers, got into these wondrous clothes, they entered their barge and were rowed to Westminster Hall. There their troubles commenced. In vain had the solicitors importuned the authorities for permission to have a rehearsal of the duty assigned them. Not one of them had ever assisted in the carrying of a canopy. What if, upheld by unaccustomed hands, it should, at a critical moment, come down on the Royal pate? Cold perspiration stood on the Barons' brows as they contemplated this contingency. One of the officers in attendance, acquainted with their dilemma, suggested that as the day was yet young they might trot up and down Westminster Hall with the canopy. This they did, but the galleries being already filled, their struggles with the canopy attracted such embarrassing measure of attention that after staggering about with it for a few minutes they discreetly set it down and withdrew from observation.

When in due time the Royal procession was formed and the Barons came along with their canopy, King George IV., feeling that his life was too precious to the nation to be unnecessarily imperilled, insisted on walking in advance of them. If any accident happened it would be more easy to fill a vacancy in the Primacy, at the Home Office, or in the Office of the Lord High Chamberlain. The Barons, who were getting along pretty well considering the heat of the day and their new clothes, showed themselves

THE BOLD BARONS AND THE CANOPY.

somewhat piqued at this lack of confidence. His Majesty noting this, and concluding that things were pretty safe, on the return from the service in the Abbey unflinchingly walked under the canopy.

AN INTRUDER.

What in this century is alluded to as a regrettable incident occurred at the banquet. The Barons found their promised table duly set in its consecrated position. Neither bit nor sup had passed their lips since five o'clock in the morning. Their struggles with the canopy had increased healthy appetite. Making a rush for their chairs they found one occupied by a stranger. They assured him there was a mistake somewhere. The table was allotted to them, in proof of which they showed him on the back of each of the fifteen chairs the legend, "Baron of the Cinque Ports." The stranger made light of a Baron of the Cinque Ports. For himself he was, he said, a Master in Chancery, was very hungry, and meant to stay where he was. The descendants and representatives of the founders of the English Navy were not to be trifled with. "They were," the report remarks with creditable reticence, "compelled to exercise a considerable degree of firmness and decision before they could displace him."

Soothed with meat and drink, the Barons began to think of their canopy, with its precious equipment of silver bells, purple silk, and silver staves. Before tackling the Master in Chancery they had deposited their precious burden in charge of attendants in the Hall. They were not a moment too soon in rushing to the rescue. The Philistines were upon the precious treasure, and were hacking off odd bits. The Barons, making a gallant rush, scattered them, and seizing what was left of the canopy carried it into sanctuary.

This was first sought in the House of Commons, but, manœuvre how they might, they could not get the thing through the doorway. It seemed as if they must sit up all night with the canopy, a prospect little attractive in view of their early rising and arduous day's work. Happily the British Constitution affords a last appeal in the House of Lords. Thither the Barons bore their precious burden, and to their great delight found they could wriggle it in. There it was left for the night, the solicitors first removing the bells, which, as they write, "being very portable, were too hazardous to be left."

It was ten o'clock at night before the Barons wended their way homewards. They were up bright and early the next morning and, conveying the canopy to the Thatched House, divided the spoil. The rich purple silk, the gold cloth, and the framework of the canopy were divided into sixteen parts, one assigned to each of the fifteen Barons. They drew lots for the silver staves and the gilded bells. The remaining sixteenth part, which should have fallen to the lot of Mr. Brougham, was very properly allotted to the solicitors, whose services to the Cinque Ports and the State it would be impossible to overestimate.

A Story of Hearts.

By Winifred Graham.

BATHURST HALL was full of visitors, for Mrs. Elphinstone's dances were the most popular in the county. She understood the art of entertaining in all its intricate details. Wealth and beauty had not spoilt her charm; she was as simple, happy, and unaffected as her little daughter "Babs," a tiny, auburn-haired mite, with big, inquiring eyes. Under the mop of red-brown curls a very sensible and observant mind lay concealed.

Babs watched her fellow-creatures with interest, and saw a very great deal for a person in socks.

It was Babs who first remarked on Leonard Morgan's changed appearance when he arrived with a dozen other guests to partake in the festivities at Bathurst Hall.

"Cousin Leonard can't keep his teeth still; is he doing it for fun?" she asked her mother, innocently.

Mrs. Elphinstone went across to her nephew, a tall, bronzed young man.

"You have an attack of fever again," she said, laying her hand on his shoulder.

"I shall be all right presently," he replied, forcing a smile. "Ever since my return from India these tiresome malaria fits come and go. I was quite well when I left London, but began shivering in the train. It seems really so silly, I'm quite annoyed with myself. I daresay it will pass off—please don't bother about me."

Mrs. Elphinstone sat down beside him and felt his pulse. He seemed to like the process, for an amused smile came involuntarily to his lips, not forced this time, but spontaneous.

"Does it tick very loud?" asked Babs, leaning against his elbow.

"I don't know; you must ask Aunt Helen," replied Leonard.

Babs glanced inquiringly towards her mother, the childish eyes looking very wide and sympathetic at that moment.

"I'm sure you ought to go to bed and not dance to-night," said Helen Elphinstone, decidedly. "You don't look fit to dress and come down; you should keep quiet and warm."

Leonard shook his head, disdaining the idea.

"Wild horses would not keep me upstairs," he declared.

"Well, I know it would be rather hard thinking of a pretty *fiancée* below—obliged to spend her evening with other men," answered his young aunt, feelingly. "I saw Mabel yesterday, and she was rather hurt you had stayed so much in town. I assured her you had been very busy, but she scarcely seemed to believe me."

"Oh, it will be all right to-night when I explain," he said, cheerfully. "I'm an abominable correspondent, you know. I could not tell her half I had to do in letters."

"Talking of letters, there are some waiting for you in the hall. I don't think you saw them as you came in."

Leonard did not like to own he had felt too ill and dizzy to notice anything.

"I'll fetch them," said Babs, bounding away. To Babs the habit of walking was distasteful; she always ran at top speed, and had won a reputation as a messenger.

"Look," she said, returning breathlessly, "there's an envelope with an 'M' on it—that must be from Lady Mabel."

Leonard opened the initialled envelope first. The sight of the familiar handwriting sent his blood flowing faster through his veins. Though outwardly undemonstrative, he was desperately in love.

Babs watched his face as he read. "I wonder he does not smile," she thought, "for it is from Lady Mabel, I know."

He remained perfectly silent and still as a stone image; he did not open the other letters.

Babs knelt against his knee. "Shall I get you some more cake?" she asked.

He made no reply. It was evident he had not heard the little piping voice.

"Or some tea—or—or bread and butter?" she continued.

He rose hurriedly, nearly knocking her over.

"I'm going up to my room," he told Mrs. Elphinstone. "I believe you are right, and I should be better in bed. You can tell Mabel I have a slight attack of fever—nothing serious, and say I'm sorry not to see her."

"Good boy! You are doing the right thing. We shall miss you horribly, but it can't be helped. It would be madness to dance, and you don't look fit to be up."

Babs crept unseen to the foot of the stairs to watch Cousin Leonard's ascent. She thought he walked like old gentlemen who did not come for the dances, and her feeling little heart filled suddenly with compassion.

"I wish he wasn't ill," she said. "We should have had such nice games after tea. Poor Cousin Leonard!"

The guests saw no more of Leonard Morgan; but Babs hovered about in the passage and listened outside his door. She begged to be allowed to say "good-night," but nurse packed her off to bed before the carriages began to rumble up the avenue. Babs had no intention of going to sleep; her mind was full of the music and dancing below, the many-coloured lights sparkling in the garden, the mirth, feasting, and gaiety of that festive scene. She also thought of Leonard, wondering if he, too, lay awake thinking of Lady Mabel and the pleasant evening he had missed.

"It's worse for him having to go to bed," she told herself. "I'm only a very little girl; but, of course, he expects to sit up."

Anxiety on behalf of the sufferer, and a certain restlessness produced by the knowledge of the merry crowd below, urged Babs to desert her cot and wander in the direction of Leonard's room.

"I might just peep and see if he's awake," she said softly to herself. "When I was ill people came in and out all night long."

She crept to the door on tiptoe and put her ear to the keyhole. She fancied she heard him tossing about, and then a slight cough assured her he was not sleeping. The room was bright with moonlight, and the baby figure looked like a veritable moonbeam as it approached the sick man.

"Poor Cousin Leonard!" said a small voice in his ear, and a cool hand was laid on his forehead.

He had seen her come in, and rose on his elbow to stroke her curls.

"Ah! poor indeed!" he replied.

"Do you feel very bad?" she queried.

He looked at her with haggard eyes; his face was deathly white and drawn; his lips trembled.

"'DO YOU FEEL VERY BAD?' SHE QUERIED."

"Yes, you can't understand, Babs, but I'm regularly bowled over."

"Oh! but I can understand," she replied, proudly. "I had measles last year. I know just how it feels to be ill."

"I don't mind about illness," he said, enigmatically.

The words puzzled Babs.

"Of course—I see," she murmured, after a pause, "you are disappointed because you mustn't dance. I missed two Christmas trees the winter I had measles. One does feel vexed about that sort of thing. I expect Lady Mabel is sorry, too. Do you know, I believe I saw her in the garden; the moonlight was on her hair; she sat just under my window. All the people are sitting in the garden to-night. Mother says they like that much better than dancing, but it seems to me it must be rather dull—so far away from the fun and the music."

"You—saw—Mabel!" The words came brokenly. Leonard was sitting up, with his

elbows on his knees and his chin in his hands. His eyes appeared to be staring at something far off.

"Yes, and I thought to myself—if I could talk to Lady Mabel she might give me a message for Cousin Leonard, but I was so far away up at the window it was no good calling out or waving. I peeped again, and saw her on the sofa. You know, there are sofas in the garden this evening—it looks so funny. She sits on that same sofa after every dance, I do believe."

"Don't, Babs, don't tell me any more—I can't bear it! You see, dear, I'm very fond of Mabel."

"I know. You're going to marry her, and I'm to be a bridesmaid and carry her train. I think I should like you to give me a little heart on a chain instead of a bracelet—you said I might choose anything I liked."

"All right, you shall have the heart, Babs, but there won't be a wedding, because she does not care for me now. You are the only person who knows yet, so don't talk about it to anyone."

Babs put her little arms round his neck and kissed him. The sudden realization that she was face to face with sorrow brought hot tears to her eyes, tears that made everything look foggy, and which had to be brushed hastily away with the corner of the pillow-case. She wanted to tell him how sorry she was, but the words stuck in her throat and she just stood trembling and crying as if someone had dealt her a blow.

He lay down again with a deep sigh and apparently forgot her presence.

She stole to the door without speaking; her heart was beating wildly, and a sudden look of determination came in the little round, dimpled face which no one had ever seen there before.

Instead of turning in the direction of the nursery she ran as fast as her legs could carry her to the back staircase. All the servants were busy in the front of the house—fortune favoured Babs's enterprise. Swiftly she fled towards the garden; the music of a stirring dance reached her from the ball-room. She darted past innumerable strange forms and vanished like a phantom in the night mists.

"Where would you like to sit?" asked a tall, grey-haired man of an exceedingly pretty girl. She pointed to a sofa, placed out in the cool garden.

"I like this seat best," she replied. "It's close to a great bed of lilies, and I love the scent."

"You look tired," he said; "I don't believe you are enjoying yourself."

"One needs good spirits for a ball," answered the girl.

"'YOU LOOK TIRED,' HE SAID; 'I DON'T BELIEVE YOU ARE ENJOYING YOURSELF.'"

"And," continued the grey-haired man, "it's awfully slow having to dance with an old uncle, eh, Mabel?"

The girl put out her hand quickly and laid it on his arm.

"Oh! please don't say that," she pleaded. "It hurts me. You don't know how miserable I am to-night, and it has been torture dancing with other men. I'm happier with you; I can talk to you and trust you."

"Yes, dear little woman. What's the trouble?"

"I've broken off my engagement with Leonard. I began to think he did not care for me, and at last the thought became a sure conviction—I could no longer bear the strain. So I wrote and released him. I said I wished to be set free. I was too proud to let him guess how deeply I suffered. I sent the letter here, hoping to-night he might show some signs of feeling—which would enable me to call him back. Instead, he has not even bothered to come down, but made some excuse about not feeling well, and remained in his room. Now I know that I was right—he is only too glad I have given him this easy way of escape."

She leant back and put her hand over her eyes. She was conscious that the man beside her spoke words of sympathy, but they fell upon stony ground. Nothing could cure that frozen, numb sensation which seemed to congeal her very life-blood; no presence but Leonard's could bring relief to the unceasing ache of heart and head.

As the music recalled them she rose wearily.

"I suppose I must go back," she said. "I don't want anyone to think I mind. It has helped me a little, just speaking about it to you. I feel strengthened from having dropped my mask for a moment. One does grow so tired of smiling."

As Lady Mabel moved away a curly head appeared for an instant from under the sofa, and a pair of glistening eyes followed her retreat.

Then the remaining couples were once more astonished by the vision of a white sprite, which passed and vanished like a will-o'-the-wisp before they had time to perceive its identity.

Running even faster than before, inspirited by the good news she had to tell, Babs, with glowing cheeks, regained the invalid's room.

"I wonder why grown-up people say what they don't mean?" she thought, her head still full of Lady Mabel and the conversation she had overheard.

Leonard was not asleep, but pretended to be from disinclination to talk. He heard his door open, this time with no effort at concealment, but by somebody who bounded in and turned on the electric light, filling the room with radiance. Babs seemed to bring with her a great flood of joy as she sprang upon the bed and sat beaming down at the worried face on the pillow.

"Everything is coming right," she cried. "I've been as far as the garden, and it was awfully terrifying. I thought I should be caught, and—and lots of the party-people saw me. They said, 'What's that?' and 'Who's there?' Oh, and heaps of other things, but I had not time to stay and explain. It was like playing hide-and-seek, for I got under the sofa and kept quite still. I tried not to breathe even, but of course I had to sometimes. Lady Mabel came and sat on the sofa with her uncle. She told him she was miserable because you did not care for her, so, just out of kindness, she wrote the letter which came this afternoon. She thought, perhaps, to-night, you would—let me see,

"'EVERYTHING IS COMING RIGHT,' SHE CRIED."

what did she say?—'Show some signs of feeling.' Yes, those were her very words, and she thinks it's just an excuse about your being ill."

Leonard put out his hands and seized hold of Babs. The sudden grip startled her, for his fingers trembled and their grasp positively hurt.

"Do you really mean this, Babs? Is it all true? Every word? You're—you're not playing a trick on me?"

She shook her curls emphatically. "I shouldn't go to Heaven ever if I told stories. Lady Mabel told a story. But perhaps it does not matter for grown-up people; they are different."

"Yes, yes; of course," he stammered. "And now, Babs, do you know, I'm going to get up straight away and go down to the dance. I've something important to say to Mabel, and the fever must take care of itself."

Babs smiled approval.

"'LITTLE DARLING,' WHISPERED MABEL."

"Oh," she said, "I'm so glad. Now I shall be able to go to sleep. It wasn't really the music kept me awake. I thought lots about you being alone and ill."

He kissed her as she sprang off the bed. Her poor little feet were cut by stones, but she was too excited to notice the injury.

"Good-night, Cousin Leonard," she cried, as she slipped away, triumphant at the success of her expedition.

"Good-night, little brick," he called after her, and though he spoke cheerily his voice sounded weak from illness.

Babs toddled back to the night nursery, her eyes suddenly heavy, and ready for dreamland.

"It was rather cold in the garden," she said, as she snuggled down under the clothes. "I'm more comfortable here. I'm glad I don't play hide-and-seek every night, the grass gets wet, and after all it was only hide, and no seek."

A delicious sense of drowsiness brought peace to the excited soul of the little child who had made sore hearts happy.

Under her window stood two figures looking up with grateful eyes.

"What can we do for Babs?" said Lady Mabel.

Leonard touched a little gold heart dangling from one of her bracelets.

"Shall we creep upstairs and tie that on Babs's wrist while she is asleep?" he suggested.

Mabel smiled.

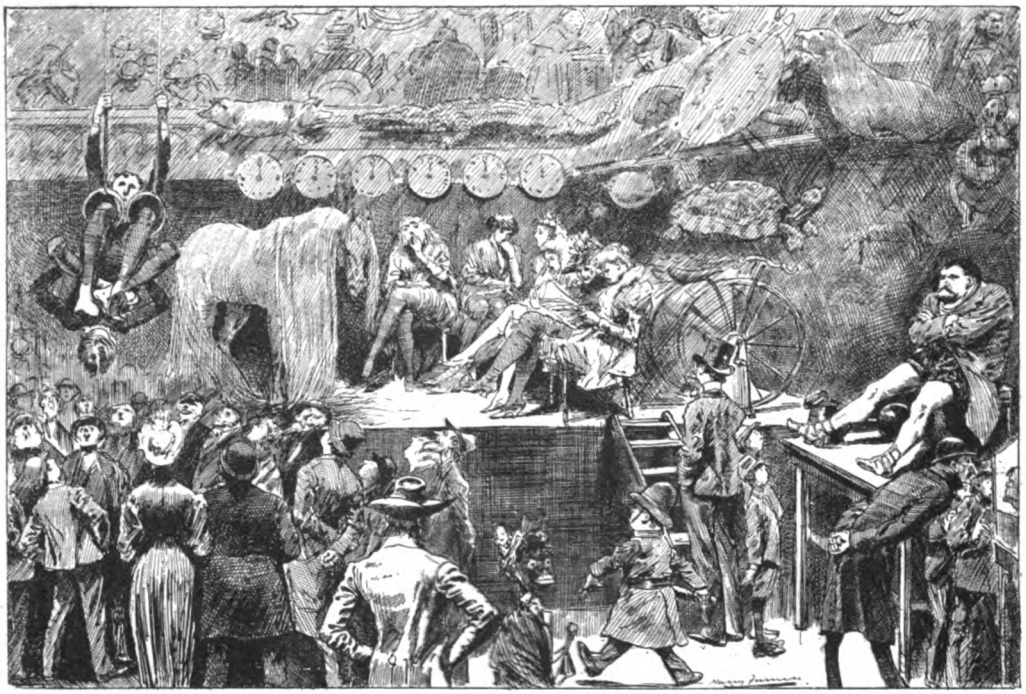
"Yes."

Together they stole to the nursery, and with a tiny piece of ribbon cut from Mabel's dress fastened the trinket to the baby arm.

"Little darling," whispered Mabel, bending over the brown curls. "You don't know what you have done to-night! It may not have seemed much to you; it meant all the world to us!"

A Dime Museum.

By Harry Furniss.



From a Drawing by] A DIME MUSEUM. *[Harry Furniss.*

I MUST make an Irish bull to explain to my English readers what an American dime museum really is. It is a fivepenny penny show. The dime is fivepence, and you get fifty times more value in the dime museum of America than you do in the penny show of England.

Dime museums, Sunday papers, and colonelships are the only really cheap things in the States.

"Museums for the Morbid" would be a better title, for although some of them may represent the grimy chrysalis that may some day develop into a Barnum's Show, those I have seen were old clothes shops of show business; worn-out wonders, mawkish monstrosities, old family "fakes"; they are, indeed, "vulga in extremis."

Attracted, like a moth, by the glare of many lamps, I was drawn into one of these museums when in New York. Covering the building outside were huge paintings portraying some of the wonders on view within, and in the centre a vilely painted picture of six ladies on bicycles, accompanied by an announcement setting forth that there was a competition going on between these rival representatives of different nations. England was leading by a mile or two, followed by France, with Germany, Italy, and Spain close up, the lady who pedalled to uphold the honour of the United States being absolutely last. This was on Thursday evening. I believe it invariably happens that the fair Americaine and the hope of England reverse their positions by Saturday evening.

When I went through I found myself in the central hall. On a large platform were six rather worn-out-looking ladies of various sizes and ages (I question whether they were of different nationality) in tights, seated in a row with their wraps and jackets on. She who did battle for Italy was deeply engrossed in reading an evening paper, which, by the way, was an American one; one slumbered, others chatted, and the sixth yawned. Behind

"THE PROFESSOR."
From a Drawing by Harry Furniss.

them were their stationary cycles, riveted to the floor, and the dial on the wall recorded the distances covered.

On the same platform was a horse exhibited for its extreme length of tail and mane, and I have an idea that it also talked, laughed, and sang — the latter, of course, rather "hoarsely."

On another platform sat a "strong man," waiting for his turn, and gazing with a look of utter contempt upon two youths who were going through their performance on the flying rings; while a diminutive policeman, about 2½ft. high, strutted about, greatly impressed by his brief authority.

Around were common objects of the showman's stock displayed in cases. The boots worn by Stabbenheimer, the well-known murderer, when he was arrested; the scalp of Bloodskin, the Indian assassin; the glass eye of Bridget Mulligan, the Bowery Beauty; the button found in the sausage that led to the discovery of the murder of Goldbug, the millionaire, by the sausage-maker, Pigstiggins, and many other interesting relics of this kind, all duly labelled and described. Then, hanging from the ceiling, were other curiosities from the sea, the slums, the battlefield, the mountain, the prairies, the skies, and—the studio of the dime museum's property-maker.

The head of a John Dory growing out of an old sailor's boot; a petrified cat with nine tails; the skull of a soldier who had lived for fifty-three years with nineteen bullets in his brain; a baby bear with eagle's wings and a donkey's tail; a prairie oyster with a sponge growing out of it; and finally, in an asbestos case, the tail of a comet.

Cases line the walls all the way up the stairs, filled with these freaks of Nature, and wax models of assassins and Ambassadors, perjurers and princes, side by side.

"'Tis the voice of the Professor, I hear him explain" to a wondering crowd the chief living attractions of his great museum. A white-eyed girl in a short dress, who is twiddling her thumbs while seated on a chair on a raised daïs, and is adorned with a palpable wig of almost white, towy hair, is the first subject in the Professor's discourse.

"A *re*markable and *ex*tra-ordinary Circassian beauty, a genuine human prize. Natur' usually supplies the colouring matter for the hair, but she's forgot it in this instance. Ladies and gentlemen, it is one of them freaks of Natur' that might happen in *any* family!"

THE CIRCASSIAN BEAUTY.
From a Drawing by Harry Furniss.

As I was drifted along by the crowd to hear the Professor describe the next attraction, with an awe that all must feel for a Professor, I tried to realize what he had just said, and I pictured to myself the surprise of Mr. Gillespie Quiverfull, of Somerset House, on finding, when he returned to his little suburban villa at Peckham Rye, that his dear wife had presented him with a splendid specimen of an infantile Circassian beauty!

A negro was next introduced to us, dressed in black tights ornamented with gold lace. The Professor then proceeded :—

"This gentleman in early youth lived on the peaceful banks of the silvery Kumkatchemalivo River, and had to trip daily over the sharp spikes of the prickly cactus that flourishes in them unexplored regions. This gentleman as having been a most atrocious scoundrel in his earlier days, but I know by this time that professors of mesmerism can get creatures on to the platform to be made pincushions of, to swallow miscellaneous distasteful articles, to be abused and ridiculed for so many dollars a week, and in the same way these princes and chiefs will walk on razors, dance on hot plates, and be daily described as bloodthirsty assassins for their bread and butter.

From a Drawing by] WALKING ON RAZORS AND DANCING ON HOT PLATES. *[Harry Furniss.*

early training has so far benefited him as to give him the power of strolling about on the edges of razors with the greatest facility."

But why this gentleman selected walking on razors as his favourite amusement was not explained to us by the Professor. Now, if he had walked on the boulders and jagged rocks that are possibly strewn about the shores of the beautiful Kumkatchemalivo, I could have understood that he was practising to become a pedestrian in the streets of civilized New York. But, after all, these so-called razors may only have been New York restaurant knives, which anyone could jump on with impunity. As the coloured gentleman proceeded to take a constitutional on these razors he was accompanied on the piano by a lady, and his feet were about as much affected by the edges of the razors as were her fingers by the keys of the piano.

There was another little raised table on the same platform, under which gas-jets were alight, and behind which was seated coloured gentleman number two. He was dressed in a bathing suit, a leopard skin, and a grin of self-satisfaction and conscious superiority.

In my juvenile days I used to be very much amazed that showmen had the nerve to describe the various members of their company in the most offensive and abusive terms, but I invariably consoled myself with the belief that, as these notorieties always hail from the most remote districts of far-distant climes, they would not, of course, be able to understand a word the showman was saying, and their feelings would be saved thereby.

Now the Professor described this coloured

"This unmitigated scoundrel now before you is the eldest son of Chief Khillemaneetem, and has committed more acts of barbarous atrocity than any other cannibal that ever lived. He was captured by another tribe and sentenced to be roasted alive straight away, and I guess he'd have been pretty well roasted on both sides, but making a *tre*menjious effort he managed to escape

From a Drawing by] "LURING." *[Harry Furniss.*

His remarks were evidently as blunt as his razors.

The next object of interest was a Zulu chief with feathers, assegais, and warrior's shield complete. He was described as even a blacker villain than the plate-dancing Hottentot. The Professor waxed quite eloquent in describing the baseness of this member of his troupe, and wound up by pathetically remarking :—

"He has lured many and many a maiden clothed simply in the atmosphere from the peaceful security of her domestic hearth. He will now proceed to lure!"

The luring process consisted of the chief's capacious mouth opening to its fullest extent and emitting blood-curdling yells. The effect thereby produced may have enchanted the sable beauties of Africa, but his luring had a distinctly opposite effect upon the fair maidens of America, for they not only declined to be "lured," but betook themselves away from the vicinity of the museum, as we all did.

with his life, and now dances upon the very identical plates, heated white-hot, that he was to have been served up on!"

Fried soles were not appetizing to me just then, so I followed the Professor to the subject of his next lecture.

As I passed, the cactus gentleman from the Kumkatchemalivo had finished his pet amusement of walking on razors, and as he was sitting down, forgetting the presence of the lady pianist, he looked scornfully at the dusky potentate who was dancing on the heated crockery and said :—

"Guess, Bill, I'm gittin' darned tired of your tarnation show!"

My artistic nature was touched by observing a brother brush seated before an easel bearing a large notice with this announcement upon it: "Your Portrait While You Wait.

From a Drawing by] MY PORTRAIT. *[Harry Furniss.*

25 cents," and somehow or other I found myself unconsciously lapsing into an empty chair at right angles to the easel. The artist immediately smoothed out the paper in front of him, measured me in the approved style with his crayon, which he held out at arm's length as if it were a revolver with which he was going to shoot me, and began my portrait.

This was evidently a novelty, and as the crowd collected round me with quite as much interest as they had crowded round the Circassian beauty, the Kumkatchemalivo razor-walker, or the fire-proof plate-dancer, I felt that I must go through the terrible ordeal, as judging from the notice taken of my action the poor fellow couldn't have many sitters, so I stuck to my guns, and here is the result! If you can imagine all the features the very reverse, you might possibly conjure up a portrait something like me.

I was so delighted by the artist's having given me some hair on the top of my head that I paid him double fee, especially as he had thrown in a beautiful, rouge-like complexion.

I could hardly keep my countenance during the whole of this operation, as all the time I was in position I had to gaze upon a group of waxwork figures in the corner representing Stanley discovering Emin Pasha. Emin was smoking a hookah with a most perfect waxwork air of unconcern upon his otherwise inexpressive features, quite regardless of some snakes which were uncoiling and investing his fez. In a cavern some pigmies were supposed to be eating human beings. All this was most realistic and awe-inspiring, and fully typical of the Dime Museum of America.

From a Drawing by] A FREAK. *[Harry Furniss.*

The House Under the Sea.

By Max Pemberton.

CHAPTER IX.

WE LOOK OUT FOR THE "SOUTHERN CROSS."

THE wind blew a hurricane all that night, and was still a full gale when dawn broke. To say that no man among us slept is to put down a very obvious thing. The roaring of the breakers on the reefs below us, the showers of stones which the heights rained down, the dreadful noises like wild human voices in the hills, drove sleep far from any man's eyes. And more than that, there was the ship to think of. What had become of the ship? Where did she lie? When should we see her again? Aye, how often we asked each other that question when the blast thundered and the lightning seemed to open the very heavens, and the spindrift was blown clean over the heights to fall like a salt spray upon our faces. Was it well with the ship or ill? Mister Jacob we knew to be a good seaman, none better. With him the decision lay to run for the open water or to risk everything for our sakes. If he made up his mind that the safety of the *Southern Cross* demanded sea-room he would take it, and let to-morrow look after itself. But I was anxious, none the less; for, if the ship were gone, "God help us on Ken's Island," I said.

Now, the old Frenchman was the first to be moving when the day came, and no sooner did all the higher peaks show us a glimmer of the dawn-light—very beautiful and awesome to look upon—than he set up the ladder and began to show us the way to the mountain-top.

"You make signal; you fetch ship. Sailormen go down where landman afraid. Little boat come in; shipmate go out. Old Clair-de-Lune he know. Ah, messieurs, the wind is very dreadful to-day—what you call harriken. Other day, all quite easy plan—but this day not so, great water, all white—no go, no man."

It was queer talk, and we might have laughed at him if we'd have forgotten that he saved our lives last night and was waiting to save them again this morning. But you don't laugh at a friend, talk as he may, and for that matter we were all too excited to think of any such thing, and we made haste to scramble up out of the pit and to follow him to the heights where the truth should be known—the best of it or the worst. For the path or its dangerous places we cared nothing now. The rocks, upstanding all about us, shut in the view as some great basin cut in the mountain's heart. You could see the black sky above and the bottomless chasms below—but of the water nothing. Imagine, then, how we raced for the summit: now up on our feet, now on all-fours like dogs; now calling, man to man, to hasten; now saying that haste wouldn't help us. And no wonder—no wonder our hearts beat high and our hands were unsteady, for beyond the basin we should find the sea, and the view might show us life or death.

Old Clair-de-Lune was the first to be up, but I was close upon his heels, and Dolly Venn not far behind me. Who spoke the first word I don't rightly recollect; but I hadn't been on the heights more than ten seconds when I knew why it was spoken, and what the true meaning of it might be.

The ship was gone!

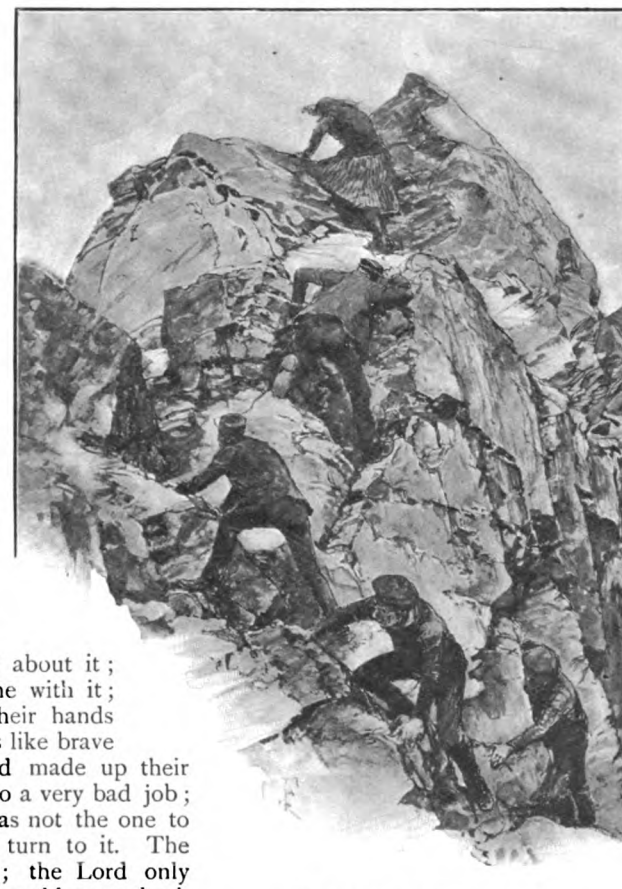
All the eyes in the wide world could not have found her on that angry sea below us, or anywhere on the black and looming horizon beyond. The night had taken her. The ship was gone. Hope as we might, speak up as we might, tell each other this story or tell each other that—the one sure fact remained that the *Southern Cross* had steamed away from Ken's Island and left us to our fates.

"He'll be running for sea-room, and come in when the gale falls," said Peter Bligh, when we had stood all together a little while, as crestfallen a lot as the Pacific Ocean could show that day; "trust Mister Jacob to be cautious—he's a Scotchman, and would think first of the ship. A precious lot of good his wages would do him if the ship were down in sixty fathoms and he inside her!"

"That's true," cried Dolly Venn, "though your poor old father didn't say it, Mister Bligh. The ship's gone, but she'll come back again." And then to me he said, very earnestly, "Oh, she must come back, captain."

"Aye, lad," said I, "let her ride out the gale, and she'll put back right enough. Mister Jacob isn't the one to desert friends. He'll have learned from Harry Doe how it stands with us, and he'll just say, ''Bout ship'; that's what Mr. Jacob will say. I've no fear of it at all. I'm only wondering what sort of shore-play is to keep us amused until we sight the ship again."

Well, they looked doleful enough; but not a man among them complained. 'Tis that way with seamen all the world over. Put them face to face with death and some will laugh, and some will curse, and some talk nonsense; but never a man wears his heart upon his sleeve or tells you that he's afraid. And so it was that morning. They understood, I do believe, as well as I did, what the consequences of the gale might be. They were no fools, to imagine that a man could get from Ken's Island to San Francisco in any cockle-shell the beach might show him. But none of them talked about it; none charged me with it; they just put their hands in their pockets like brave fellows who had made up their minds already to a very bad job; and be sure I was not the one to give a different turn to it. The ship had gone; the Lord only knew when she would come back again. It was not for me to be crying like a child for that which neither I nor any man could make good.



"WE RACED FOR THE SUMMIT."

"Well," said I, "the ship's gone, sure enough, and hard words won't bring her back again. What Mister Jacob can do for his friends, that, I know, will be done. We must leave it to him and look after ourselves so far as this place is concerned. You won't forget that the crew downstairs will be ready enough to ask after our health and spirits if we give them a look in, and my word is for lying-to here until night comes or the ship is sighted. It must be a matter of hours, anyway. The gale's abating; a landsman would know as much as that."

They said, "Aye, aye," to it, and Peter Bligh put in a word of his humour.

"The ship's gone, sure enough," said he; "but that's more than you can say for my appetite! Bear or dog, I'm not particular, captain; but a good steak of something would come handy, and the sooner the better. 'Twere enough to bring tears to a man's eyes to think of all the good grub that's gone aboard with Harry Doe. Aye, 'tis a wonderful thing is hunger, and the gift of the Lord along with good roast beef and pork sausages. Maybe you find yourself a bit peckish, captain?"

I answered "Yes," though that was far from the truth, for what with watching through the night and thinking about the ship and little Ruth Bellenden's loneliness in this place of mystery, and far worse than mystery, I'd forgotten all about meal times, and never once had asked myself where breakfast was to come from. But now the long faces of my shipmates brought me to a remembrance of it, and when little Dolly Venn cried, "Oh, captain, I am so hungry!" I began to realize what a parlous plight we were in and what a roundabout road we must tread to get out of it. Luckily for us, the old Frenchman, who had stood all this time like a statue gazing out over the desolate sea, now bobbed up again, good Samaritan that he was, and catching Master Dolly's complaint, he spoke of breakfast on his own account.

"Ah! you hungry, you thirst, messieurs; sailor-man always like that. Your ship gone? Never mind, he shall come back again, to-

day, to-morrow, one, two, three day—pray God it be not longer, shipmate, pray God!"

I thought him a fine, picturesque old figure, standing there on the headland with his long hair streaming in the wind like a woman's, and his brawny arms outstretched as though he would call the ship back to us from the lonely ocean. Truth to tell, the place was one to fill any man with awe. Far as the eye could see the great waste was white with the foam of its breaking seas; the headland itself stood up a thousand feet like some mighty fortress commanding all the deep. Far below us were the green valleys of the island, the woods we had raced through last night; pastures with little white houses dotted about on them; the bungalow itself wherein Ruth Bellenden lived. No picture from the gallery of a high tower could have been more beautiful than that strange land with the wild reefs lying about it and the rollers cascading over them, and the black glens above which we stood, and the great circle of the water like some measureless basin which the whole earth bounded. I did not wonder that old Clair-de-Lune was silent when he looked down upon a scene so grand. It seemed a crime to speak of food and drink in such a place; and yet it was of these that Peter Bligh must go on talking.

"We'll do the prayin', shipmate, if you'll do the cookin'," cried he, hopefully; "as for that — you speak like a wise man. 'Tis wonderful easy to pray on a full stomach! There isn't a hunger or a thirst this side of 'Frisco which I would not pray out of this same island if you'll be pleased to bring 'em along. Weigh anchor, my man," says he, "and we'll pipe down to dinner."

Well, the old man laughed at his manner of putting it, and, without further ado, we all went down to the bird's nest in the hollow, and there we lighted a fire in the shelter of the pit, and old Clair-de-Lune going away in search of rations, he returned presently with victuals enough to feed a missionary, and, more than that, as pretty a trio to serve them as any seaman could hope for. For what should happen but that the three young girls we'd seen yesterday in the woods came romping up the hill together; and one bringing a great can for the coffee, and another a basket of luscious fruit, and a third some new-made bread and biscuit, they ran down the ladder to us and began to talk in their pretty language, and now and then in English which did not need much understanding.

"I am Rosamunda," says one.

And the second, she says:—

"I am Sylvia—Sylvia—Sylvia."

And the third, she chimes in with:—

"I am Celestine, and I have brought you bread."

And they all stood together, shy and natural, looking now at one, now at another of us; but most often, I thought, at little Dolly Venn, who had a way of making them understand which an older man might have envied.

"And wonderful pretty names, too, young ladies, though a seaman doesn't often hear the likes of 'em," cries Peter Bligh, gallant enough, as all Irishmen are. "They're all Pollies in our parts, and it do come easier to the tongue and more convenient if you know many of 'em. Whereby did you hitch up names like those?" asks he; "which, askin' your pardon, seem to me to be took out of a picture-book."

They giggled at this; but old Clair-de-Lune, who was mighty proud of them, and justly, answered Peter Bligh as though the question were serious.

"Monsieur, in my own country I am artiste; I play the drama, the comedy, the tragedy. Clair-de-Lune they call me at the theatre. To the daughters of my master I give the artiste's name—why not? Better the good name than the bad name! It was long year ago, shipmate; the *Belle Ile* was wrecked on these reef; the *maitre* is drowned, but I and the young ladies are save. We come, we go, none interfere. The Governor is angry, we hide in the hill; the Governor laugh, we go down to the valley. When the sleep-time comes we go to the house under the sea: you shall find him a dangerous time, but we hide far down. None frighten Claire-de-Lune; they frighten of him. He become the father according to his best."

It was touching, I must say, to hear this old man's broken story; and prettier still to see the affectionate eyes with which these little girls watched every movement of one to whom, I am sure, they were beholden for all that they got out of Ken's Island. For the rest, the tale was plain enough. The father had been wrecked and drowned on the sword-fish reef; the servant had saved the children and himself from the ship, and his own natural cleverness had done the rest. No one interfered with him, he said; and this was true. I verily believe that the demons in the valley below believed that he and the children with him were nothing more or less than spirits.

"A PICTURESQUE OLD FIGURE."

I say his story was plain, and yet there was something in it which was Greek to me. He had named a house under the sea, and what that meant, or how any man could build such a house, lay beyond my understanding. I should have asked a question about it there and then, and have sought light on the matter if it hadn't have been that the food was already cooked, and, the others being mighty anxious, we sat down to steaming coffee and broiled kid's flesh and good bread and sweet fruit, and I was very willing to keep my curiosity. Once, it is true, the young girl who called herself "Rosamunda" came and sat by my side and wished to talk to me; but, prettily as she spoke our tongue, her measure of it was limited, and we did not get very far, in spite of good intentions.

"Do you like the island, do you like living here?" I asked her.

She answered me with a doubting shake of her pretty head.

"In the sun-months, yes, I like it; but not in the sleep-time. You will go away before the sleep-time, monsieur?"

"Really, young lady," said I, "it seems to me that it depends upon Mister Jacob and the ship. But, supposing I cannot go away—what then? How does the sleep-time concern me?"

"You must not stay," she said, quickly; "for us it is different; we—we live in the house under the sea, but no stranger may live there—the Governor would not permit it. On the island all things sleep. If you do not go to the house under the sea—ah, monsieur, but you will sail away, you will sail in your ship."

She put it very childishly, the same cock-and-bull story that the old Frenchman had been at last night. What to make of it I knew no more than the dead. Here we seemed to be on as fair an island as the whole Pacific might show you; and yet these odd folk could talk of sun-months and sleep-time, and other stuff which might have been written in a fairy-book. Do you wonder that I laughed at them and treated it as any sane man, not given to fables, would have done?

"Sleep-time or sun-time, I'll be away before then, please God, mademoiselle," said I; "do not fear for Jasper Begg, who was always fond of his bed and won't grumble overmuch, be it sleep or waking. For the rest, we'll take our chance, as others must do here, I fancy. Madame Czerny, for instance—do you know Madame Czerny, young lady?"

She nodded her head and said that she did.

"Yes, yes, we know Madame Czerny; she is the Governor's wife. I think she is unhappy, Monsieur Captain. In the sun-months I see her, but in the sleep-time she lives in the house under the sea, and no one knows. You are her friend, perhaps; you would know that she is unhappy?"

I knew it well enough; but I wished to lead this little talker on, and so I said I did not.

"Unhappy, young lady! Why should she be unhappy?"

I asked it naturally, as though I was very surprised; but you could not deceive Mlle. Rosamunda. A more artful little witch never played at fairies in a wood.

"If she is not unhappy, why have you come here, Monsieur Captain? You come to help her—oh, I know! And you say that you do not."

"Perhaps so, young lady; perhaps I do—that I will tell you by-and-by. But I am curious about the Governor. What sort of a man is he, and where does he happen to be at this particular moment? I'm sure you could say something nice about him if you tried."

She looked at me with her big, questioning eyes, as though the question were but half understood. Presently she said:—

"You laugh at me. Monsieur Czerny has gone away to the world. Of course he would go. He has gone in the ship. What shall I tell you about him? That he is kind, cruel; that we love him, hate him? Everyone knows that; everyone has told you. He is the Governor, and we are his people who must obey. When he comes back he will ask you to obey him too, and you must say 'yes.' That will be at the sleep-time: eight, nine, ten days. But why do you ask, Monsieur Captain? Has not Madame Czerny said it because you are her friend? I know that you teaze me. Sailors love to teaze little girls, and you are no better than the other ones."

She cast down her eyes at this, and looked for all the world the taking little coquette that she was. Her odd speech told me something, enough at least to put a hundred questions into my head and as many useless answers. The Governor was away. The island alternately hated and feared him. The sleep-time, whatever it was, might be looked for in ten days' time. We must be away and on board the ship by then or something dreadful would happen to us. Ruth Bellenden's unhappiness was known even to these little girls, and they surmised, as the others had surmised, that we were on shore to help her. For the rest, the men on Ken's Island, I imagined, would hunt us night and day until we were taken. Nor was I mistaken in that. We'd scarcely finished our meal when there was the sound of a gun-shot far down in the valley, and, old Clair-de-Lune jumping up at the report, we were all on our feet in an instant to speak of the danger.

"Halloa, pop-guns," cries Peter Bligh, in his Irish way; "what for now would any man be firing pop-guns at this time of the morning?"

"It's to ask after your health, Peter," said I, when we'd listened awhile; "what else should a man be firing after, unless he takes you for a rabbit? Will you run down and thank him kindly?"

He hitched up his breeches and pulled out his briar-pipe.

"If this is track-running, take down my number. I'm through with it, gentlemen, being not so young as I was."

A gun-shot, fired out at sea, cut short his talk. Old Clair-de-Lune, nipping up the ladder, bade us follow him, while to the girls he cried, "*Allez-vous en!*" All our quiet talk and content were gone in an instant. I never answered little Dolly Venn when he asked me, "Do you think there's danger, sir?" but, running up the hill after the Frenchman, I helped him to carry the ladder we'd dragged out of the pit, for I knew he'd need of it.

"What is it, Clair-de-Lune? Why are they firing?" I asked him, as he ran.

"Governor home," was his answer—"Governor home. Great danger, *capitaine*."

CHAPTER X.

WE ARE SURELY CAGED ON KEN'S ISLAND.

We ran up the hill, I say, as men who raced for their lives. The little girls, snatching up their bags and baskets, exchanged a quick word with Clair-de-Lune and then hurried off towards the bungalow. Our own path lay over difficult rocks and steep slopes and chasms fearful to see. Of these our leader made nothing, and we went on, up and up, until at last the road carried us right round the highest peak, on whose very walls we walked like chamois on a mountain crag. It was here, on a narrow ledge high above the sea, that the Frenchman stopped for the first time.

"Shipmates," said he, when he had got his breath, "journey done, all finish, you safe here, you rest. I go down to see Governor; but come back again, come back again, messieurs, with bread and meat."

Well, I don't think one of us had the voice to answer him. The place itself—the ledge above the sea and the little low, cramped cave behind it—occupied all our thoughts. Here, in truth, a man might lie safely enough—yet in what a situation. The very door of the house opened upon an abyss a thousand feet above the rocks below. We had the sea before our eyes, the sea beneath us, the sea for our distant horizon. Day and night the breakers thundered on the sword-fish reef; the wind moaned in the mighty eaves of

"SHE LOOKED AT ME WITH HER BIG, QUESTIONING EYES."

those tremendous crags. We were like men placed suddenly on a steeple's side and left there to live or fall, as fortune went.

I tell you this, plain and straightforwardly, because five days passed on that awful ledge, and, except for one day, there is nothing but a seaman's talk of question and answer and idle hope to set down on these pages. If every hour of the day found one of us with eyes which yearned for our lost ship, with hearts grown heavy in waiting and disappointment—that was his affair, and of no concern to others. Be sure we didn't confess, one to the other, the thought in our heads or the future we must live through. We had come to Ken's Island to help little Ruth Bellenden, and this fearful plight was the result of it—ship gone, the island full of demons that would have cut our throats for nothing and thought themselves well paid—no knowledge, not the smallest, of any way of escape—food short and likely to be shorter. Friends we had, true friends. Night and morning Clair-de-Lune and the little girls found their way up to us with bread and meat and the news that was passing. It was on the fifth day that they came no more, and I, at least, knew that they would never come again.

"Lads," I said, "one of two things has happened. Either they've been watched and followed, or the time of which they made mention has come. I trust the old Frenchman as I would trust my own brother. He knows how it will fare with four men left on a lonely rock without food or drink. If he doesn't come up here to-day, it's because he daren't come or because he's ordered elsewhere."

They turned it over in their minds, and Dolly Venn spoke next.

"Last night in my watch I heard a bell ringing, sir. At first I thought it was fancy—the sea beating on the rocks or the wind moaning in the hills; but I got the ladder and went down the hill, and then I heard it distinctly, and saw lights burning brightly on the reef far out to the north. There were boats passing, I'm sure, and what was so wonderful that I didn't like to speak about it, the whole of the sea about the reef shone yellow as though a great lantern were burning far down below its heart. I could make out the figures of men walking on the rocks, and when the moon shone the figures disappeared as though they went straight down into the solid rock. You may not believe it, captain,

but I'm quite sure of what I say, and if Clair-de-Lune does not come to-night, I ask you to go down the hillside with me and to see for yourself."

Now, the lad spoke in a kind of wonder-dream, and knowing how far from his true nature such a thing was, it did not surprise me that the others listened to him with that ready ear which seamen are quick to lend to any fairy tale. Superstitious they were, or sailors they never would have been; and here was the very stuff to set them all ears, like children about a bogey. Nor will I deny that Dolly Venn's tale was marvellous enough to make a fable. Had it been told to me under any other circumstances, my reply would have been: "Dolly, my lad, since when have you taken to sleep-walking?" But I said nothing of the kind, for I had that in my pocket which told me it was true; and what I knew I deemed it right that the others should know also.

"When a man sees something which strikes him as extraordinary," said I, "he must first ask himself if it is Nature or otherwise. There are lots of things in this world beyond our experience, but true for all that. Ken's Island may be rated as one of them. The old Frenchman speaks of a sleep-time and a sun-time. Lads, I do believe he tells the truth. If you ask me why—well, the why is here, in these papers Ruth Bellenden gave me five days ago."

I took the packet from my pocket and turned the pages of them again as I had turned them—aye, fifty times—in the days which had passed. Thumbed and dirty as they were (for a seaman's pocket isn't lined with silk); thumbed and dirty, I say, and crumpled out of shape, they were the first bit of Ruth Bellenden's writing that ever I called my own, and precious to me beyond any book.

"Yes," I went on, "this is the story of Ken's Island, and Ruth Bellenden wrote it. Ten months almost from this day she landed here. What has passed between Edmond Czerny and her in that time God alone knows! She isn't one to make complaint, be sure of it. She has suffered much, as a good woman always must suffer when she is linked to a bad man. If these papers do not say so plainly, they say it by implication. And, concerning that, I'll ask you a question. What is Edmond Czerny here for? The answer's in a word. He is here for the money he gets out of the wreckage of ships!"

It was no great surprise to them, I venture, though surprise I meant it to be. They had guessed something the night we came ashore, and seamen aren't as stupid as some take them for. Nevertheless, they pricked up their ears at my words, and Peter Bligh, filling his pipe, slowly, said, after a bit:—

"Yes, it wouldn't be for parlour games, captain!"

The others were too curious to put in their word, and so I went on:—

"He's here for wreckage and the money it brings him. I'll leave it to you to say what's done to those that sailed the ships. There are words in this paper which make a man's blood run cold. If they are to be repeated, they shall be spoken where Edmond Czerny can hear them, and those that judge him. What we are concerned about at this moment is Ken's Island and its story. You've heard the old Frenchman, Clair-de-Lune, speak of sleep-time and sun-time. As God is in heaven, he spoke the truth!"

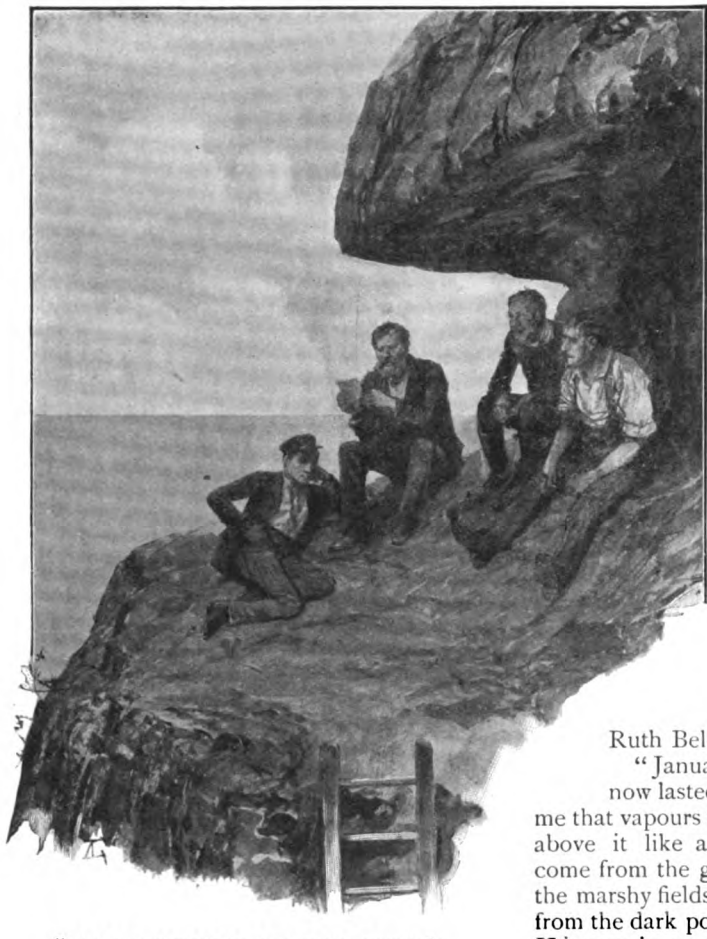
They none of them answered me. Down below us the sea shimmered in the morning light. We sat on a ledge a thousand feet above it, and, save for the lapping waves on the reef, not a sound of life, not even a bird on the wing, came nigh us. You could have heard a pin drop when I went on.

"Sleep-time and sun-time, is it fable or truth? Ruth Bellenden says it's truth. I'll read you her words——"

Peter Bligh said, "Ah," and struck a match. Seth Barker, the carpenter, sat for all the world like a child, with his great mouth wide open and his eyes full of wonder. Dolly Venn was curled up at my feet like a dog. I opened the papers and began to read to them:—

"On the 14th of August, three weeks after the ship brought us to Ken's Island, I was awakened at four o'clock in the morning by an alarm-bell ringing somewhere in the island. The old servant, she whom they called 'Mother Meg,' came into my room in great haste to tell me to get up. When I was dressed my husband entered and laughingly said that we must go on board the yacht at once. I was perplexed and a little cross about it; but when we were rowed out to the ship I found that all the white people were leaving the island in boats and being rowed to those rocks which lie upon the northward side. Edmond tells me that there are dangerous seasons in this beautiful place, when the whole island is unfit for human habitation and all must leave it, sometimes for a week, sometimes for a month."

I put the paper down and turned another page of it.



"I OPENED THE PAPERS AND BEGAN TO READ."

"That, you see," said I, "is written on the 14th of August, before she knew the true story or what the dangerous time might mean. Passing on, I find another entry on September 21st, and that makes it clearer:—

"There is here a wonderful place they call 'The House Under the Sea.' It is built for those who cannot escape the sleep-time otherwise. I am to go there when my husband sails for Europe. I have asked to accompany him and am refused. There are less delicate ways of reminding a woman that she has lost her liberty.

"November 13th.—I have again asked Edmond to permit me to accompany him to London. He answers that he has his reasons. There is a way of speaking to a woman she can never forget. My husband spoke in that way this morning.

"December 12th.—I know Edmond's secret, and he knows that I know it! Shall I tell it to the winds and the waves? Who else will listen? Let me ask of myself courage. I can neither think nor act to-night.

"December 25th.—Christmas Day! I am alone. A year ago—but what shall it profit to remember a year ago? I am in a prison-house beneath the sea, and the waves beat against my windows with their moaning cry, 'Never, never again—never again!' At night, when the tide has fallen, I open my window and send a message to the sea. Will any hear it? I dare not hope.

"January 1st.—My husband has returned from his cruise. He is to go to Europe to see after my affairs. Will he tell them, I wonder, that Ruth Bellenden is dead?

"January 8th.—The sleep-time has now lasted for nine weeks. They tell me that vapours rise up from the land and lie above it like a cloud. Some think they come from the great poppies which grow in the marshy fields of the lowlands; others say from the dark pools in the gorges of the hills. However it may be, those that remain on the island fall into a trance while the vapour is there. A strange thing! Some never wake from it; some lose their senses; the negroes alone seem able to live through it. The vapours arise quite suddenly; we ring the alarm-bell to send the people to the ships.

"January 15th.—We returned to the island to-day. How blind and selfish some people are! I do believe that Aunt Rachel is content to live on this dreadful place. She is infatuated with Edmond. 'I am anchored securely in a home,' she says. 'The house under the sea is a young man's romantic fancy.' The rest is meaningless to her—a man's whim. 'I cannot dissipate my fortune on Ken's Island.' Aunt Rachel was always a miser.

"February 2nd.—This morning Edmond came to me for that which he calls 'an understanding.' His affection distresses me. Oh, it might all be so different if I would but say 'yes.' And what prevents me—the

voices I have heard on the reef; or is it because I know—I know?

"February 9th.—I am on the island again and the sun is shining. What I have suffered none shall ever know. I prefer Edmond Czerny's anger to his love. We understand each other now.

"February 21st.—My message to the sea remains unanswered. Will it be for ever?

"March 3rd.—If Jasper Begg should come to me, how would they receive him? How could he help me? I do not know—and yet my woman's heart says 'Come!'

"April 4th.—There has been a short recurrence of the sleep-time. A ship struck upon the reef, and the crew rowed ashore to the island. I saw them last night in the moonlight, from my windows. They fell one by one at the border of the wood and slept. You could count their bodies in the clear white light. I tried to shut the sight from my eyes, but it followed me to my bedroom!

"May 3rd.—I whispered my message to the sea again, but am alone—God knows how much alone!"

I folded up the papers and looked at the others. Peter Bligh's pipe had gone out and lay idle in his hand. Dolly Venn was still curled at my feet. Seth Barker I do not believe had budged an inch the whole time I was reading. The story gripped them like a vice—and who shall wonder at that? For, mark you, it might yet be our story.

"Peter," said I, "you have heard what Madame Czerny says, and you know now as much as I do. I am waiting for your notion."

He picked up his pipe and began to fill it again.

"Captain," says he, "what notions can I have which wouldn't be in any sane head? This island's a death-trap, and the sooner we're off it the better for our healths. What's happened to the ship, the Lord only knows! At a guess I would say that an accident's overtook her. Why should a man leave his shipmates if it isn't by an accident? Mister Jacob is not the one to go psalm-singing when he knows we're short of victuals and cooped up here like rats in a trap! Not he, as I'm a living man! Then an accident's overtook him; he doesn't come, because he can't come, which, as my old father used to say, was the best of reasons. Putting two and two together, I should speak for sailing away without him, which is plain reason anyway."

"We walking on the sea, the likes of which the parson talks about?" chimed in Seth Barker.

"If you haven't got a boat," says Dolly Venn, "I don't see how you are to make one out of seaweed! Perhaps Mister Jacob will come back to-morrow."

"And perhaps we sha'n't be hungry before that same time!" added Peter Bligh; "aye, that's it, captain, where's the dinner to come from?"

I thought upon it a minute, and then I said to them:—

"If Dolly Venn heard a bell ringing last night that's the danger-bell of which Miss Ruth speaks. We cannot go down to the island, for doesn't she say it's death to be caught there? We cannot stop up here or we shall die of hunger. If there's a man among you that can point to a middle course, I shall be glad to hear him. We have got to do something, lads, that's sure!"

They stared at me wonderingly; none of them could answer it. We were between the devil and the deep sea, and in our hearts I think we began to say that if the ship did not come before many hours had passed, four of her crew, at least, would cease to care whether she came or stopped.

CHAPTER XI.

LIGHTS UNDER THE SEA.

THE day fell powerfully hot, with scarce a breath of wind and a Pacific sun beating fiercely on the barren rocks. What shelter was to be had we got in the low cave behind the platform; but our eyes were rarely turned away from the sea, and many a time we asked each other what kept Clair-de-Lune or why the ship was missing. That the old man had some good reason I made certain from the beginning; but the ship was a greater matter. Either she was powerless to help us or Mister Jacob had mistaken his orders. I knew not what to think. It was enough to be trapped there on that bit of a rock and to tell each other that, sleep-time or sun-time, we should be dead men if no help came to us.

"Belike the Frenchman's took with the fog and is doing a bit of a doze on his own account," said Peter Bligh, gloomily, toward three bells in the afternoon watch—and little enough that wasn't gloomy he'd spoken that day. "Well, sleep won't fill my canteen anyway! I could manage a rump-steak, thank you, captain, and not particular about the onions!"

They laughed at his notion of it, and Seth Barker sympathetically pegged his belt up

one. I was more sorry for little Dolly Venn than any of them, though his pluck was wonderful to see.

"Are you hungry, Dolly, lad?" I asked him, by-and-by. Foolish question that it was, he answered me with a boy's bright laugh and something which could make light of it:—

"It's good for the constitution to fast, sir," he said, bravely; "our curate used to tell us so when I went to church. We shall all be saints—and Mr. Peter will have a halo if this goes on long enough!"

Now, Peter Bligh didn't take to that notion at all, and he called out, savagely:—

"To blazes with your halos! Is it Christianity to rob an honest man of his victuals? Give me a round of top-side and leave me out of the stained-glass window! I'm not taking any, lad—my features isn't regular, as my poor——"

"Peter, Peter," said I, bringing him to, "so it's top-side to-day? It was duck and green peas yesterday, Peter; but it won't be that to-night, not by a long way!"

"If we sit on this rock long enough," chimed in Seth Barker, who was over-patient for his size, "some on us will be done like a rasher. I wouldn't make any complaint, captain; but I take leave to say it isn't wisdom."

I had meant to say as much myself, but Peter Bligh was in before me, and so I let him speak.

"Fog or no fog," cries he, "I'm for the shore presently, and that's sure and certain. It ain't no handsome vulture that I'm going to feed anyway! I don't doubt that you'll come with me, captain. Why, you could play 'God save the King' on me and hear every note! I'm a toonful drum, that's what I am——"

"Be what you like, but don't ask us to dance to your music," said I, perhaps a little nettled; "as for going down, of course we shall, Peter. Do you suppose I'm the one to die up here like a rat in a trap? Not so, I do assure you. Give me twilight and a clear road, and I'll show you the way quick enough!"

I could see that they were pleased, and Dolly Venn spoke up for them.

"You won't go alone, sir?" asked he.

"Indeed, and I shall, Dolly, and come back the same way. Don't you fear for me, my lad," said I; "I've been in a fog before in my life, and out of it, too, though I never loved them overmuch. If there's danger down below, one man has eyes enough to see it. It would be a mortal waste and pity that four should pay what one can give. But I won't forget that you are hungry, and if there's roast duck about, Peter Bligh shall have a wing, I promise him."

Well, they all sat up at this; and Peter Bligh, very solemnly crossing his fingers after the Italian fashion, swore, as seamen will, that we'd all go together, good luck or bad, the devil or the deep sea. Seth Barker was no less determined upon it; and as for Dolly Venn, I believe he'd have cried like a child if he'd been left behind. In the end I gave way to them, and it was agreed that we should all set out together, for better or worse, when the right time came.

"Your way, lads, not mine," said I; and pleased, too, at their affection. "As you wish it, so shall it be; and that being agreed upon I'll trouble Peter Bligh for his tobacco, for mine's low. We'll dine this night, fog or no fog. 'Twould want to be something sulphurous, I'm thinking, to put Peter off his grub. Aye, Peter, isn't that so? What would you say now to an Irish stew with a bit of bacon in it, and a glass of whisky to wash it down? Would fogs turn you back?"

"No, nor Saint Patrick himself, with a shillelagh in his hand. I'm mortal empty, captain; and no man's more willing to leave this same bird's nest though he had all the sulphur out of Vesuvius on his diagram! We'll go down at sunset, by your leave, and God send us safely back again!"

The others echoed my "Amen," and for an hour or more we all sat dozing in the heat of the angry day. Once, I think toward seven bells of the watch, Dolly Venn pointed out the funnels of a steamer on the northern horizon; but the loom of the smoke was soon lost, and from that time until six o'clock of the afternoon I do not think twenty words were to be heard on the rock. We were just waiting, waiting, like weary men who have a big work to do and are anxious to do it; and no sooner had the sun gone down and a fresh breeze of night begun to blow than we jumped to our feet and told each other that the time had come.

"Do you, Peter, take the ladder and let Seth Barker steady the end of it," said I. "The road's tricky enough, and precious little dinner you'll get at the bottom of a thousand-foot chasm! If there's men on the island, we shall know that soon enough. They cannot do more than murder us, and murder has merits when starvation's set against it. Come on, my lads," said I, "and keep a weather-eye open."

This I said, and willingly they heard me; no gladder party ever went down a hillside than we four, whom hunger drove on and thirst made brave. Dangerous places, which we should have crossed with wary feet at any other time, now found us reckless and hasty.

We bridged the chasms with the ladder, and slid down it as though it had been a rope. The bird's nest, where five days ago we'd first found shelter from the islanders, detained us now no longer than would suffice for thirsty men to bathe their faces and their hands in the brook which gushed out from the hillside, and to drink a draught which they remembered to their dying day. Aye, refreshing it was, more than words can tell, and such strength it gave us that, if there had been a hundred men on the mountain path, I do believe our steps would still have been set for the bungalow. For we were about to learn the truth. Curiosity is a good wind, even when you're hungry.

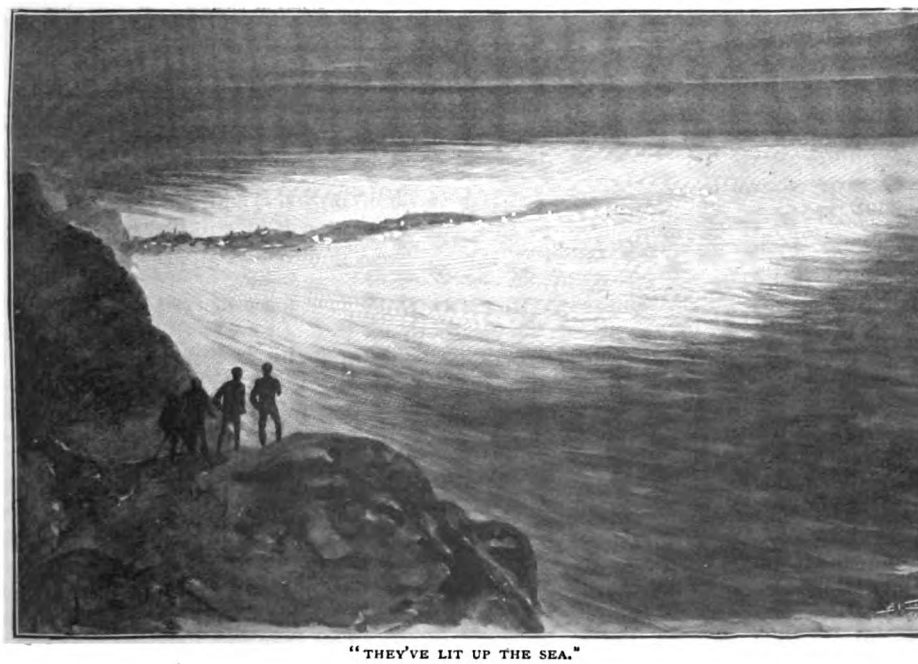
Now, there was a place on the headland, three hundred feet above the valley, perhaps, whereat the hill path turned and, for the first time, the island was plainly to be seen. Here at this place we stopped all together and began to spy out the woods through which we had raced for our lives six days ago. The sun had but just set then, and, short as the twilight is in these parts, there was enough of it for us to make a good observation and to be sure of many things. What I think struck us all at the first was the absence of any fog such as we had heard about both from the Frenchman and Ruth Bellenden's diary. A bluish vapour, it is true, appeared to steam up from the woods and to loom in hazy clouds above the lower marshland. But of fog in the proper sense there was not a trace; and although I began to find the air a little heavy to breathe, and a curious stupidness, for which I could not altogether account, troubled my head, nevertheless I made sure that the story of sleep-time was, in the main, a piece of nonsense and that we should soon prove it to be so. Nor were the others behind me in this.

"It is no fog I see which would slow me down a knot!" said Peter Bligh, when the island came into view; "to think that a man should go without his dinner for yon peat smoke! Surely, captain, they are simple in these parts and easy at the bogeys. 'Twill be roast duck, after all—and, maybe, the sage thrown in!"

This was all well said, but Dolly Venn, quicker with his eyes, remarked a stranger fact.

"There's no one about, sir, that I can see," said he, wisely, "and no lights in the houses either. I wonder where all the people are? It's curious that we shouldn't see someone."

He put it as a kind of question; but



"THEY'VE LIT UP THE SEA."

before I could answer him Seth Barker chimed in with his deep voice, and pointed toward the distant reef:—

"They've lit up the sea, that's what they've done," said he.

"By thunder, they have!" cries Peter Bligh, in his astonishment; "and generous about it, too. Saw anyone such a thing as that?"

He indicated the distant reef, which seemed, as I bear witness, ablaze with lights. And not only the reef, mark you, but the sea about it, a cable's length, it may be, to the north and the south, shone like a pool of fire, yellow and golden, and sometimes with a rare and beautiful green light when the darkness deepened. Such a spectacle I shall never see again if I sail a thousand ships! That luscious green of the rolling seas, the spindrift tossed in crystals of light, foam running on the rocks, but foam like the water of jewels, a dazzling radiance--aye, a very carpet of quivering gold. Of this had they made the northern channel. How it was done, what cleverness worked it, it needed greater brains than mine to say. I was for all the world like a man struck dumb with the beauty of something which pleases and awes him in the same breath.

"Lights under the sea, and people living there! It's enough to make a man doubt his senses," said I. "And yet the thing's true, lads: we're sane men and waking; it isn't a story-book. You can prove it for yourselves."

"Aye, and men going in and out like landsmen to their houses," cried Peter, almost breathless; "it's a fearsome sight, captain, a fearsome sight, upon my word."

The rest of us said nothing. We were just a little frightened group that stared open-mouthed upon a seeming miracle. If we regarded the things we saw with a seaman's reverence, let no one make complaint of that. The spectacle was one to awe any man; nor might we forget that those who appeared to live below the sea lived there, as Ruth Bellenden had told us, because the island was a death-trap. We were in the trap and none to show us the road out.

"Peter," said I, suddenly, for I wished to turn their thoughts away from it, "are you forgetting it's dinner-time?"

"I clean forgot, captain, by all that's holy," said he.

"And not feeling very hungry, either," exclaims Dolly Venn, who had begun to cough in the steaming vapour, which we laughed at. I was anxious about the lad already, and it didn't comfort me to hear Seth Barker breathing like an ox and telling me that it should be clearer in the valley.

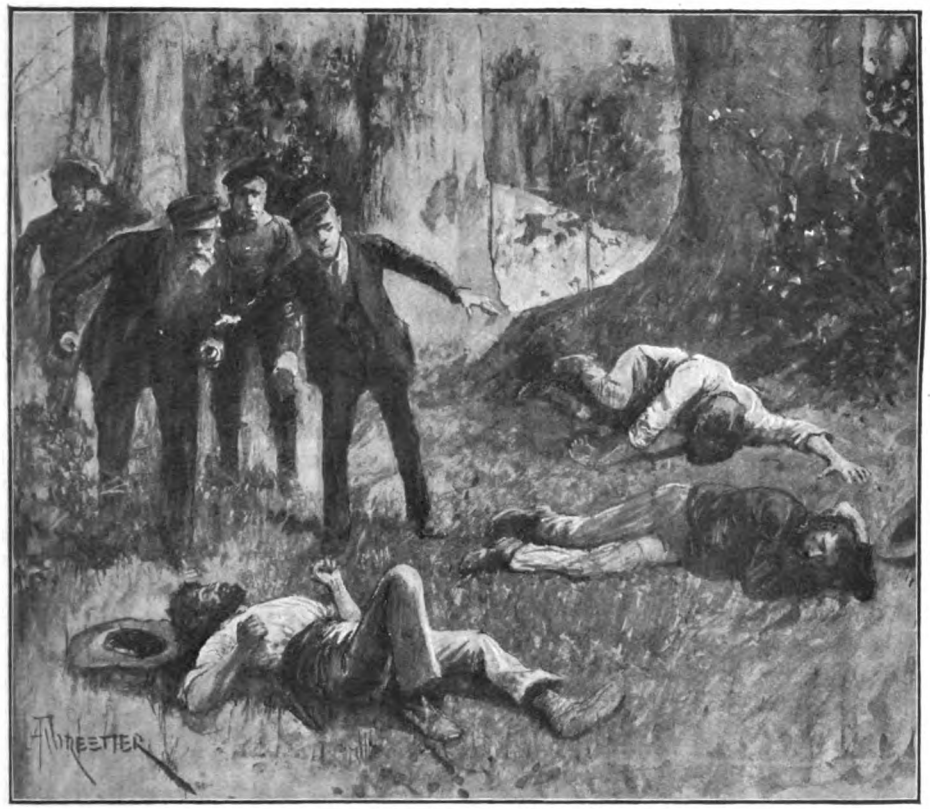
I said, "Yes, it might be," and all together we began to march again. A sharp walk carried us from the hill path through the tangle of bushes into the woods wherefrom danger first had come to us. The night had set in by this time and a clear moon was showing in the sky. Rare and beautiful, I must say, that moonlight was, shimmering through the hazy blue vapour and coming down almost as a carpet of violet between the broad green leaves. No scene that I have witnessed upon the stage of a theatre was more pleasing to my eyes than that silent forest with its lawns of grass and its patches of wonderful, fantastic light, and its strange silence, and the loneliness of which it seemed to speak. So awesome was it that I do not wonder we went a considerable way in silence. We were afraid, perhaps, to tell each other what we thought. When Peter Bligh cried out at last, we started at the sound of his voice as though a stranger hailed us.

"Yonder," cried he, in a voice grown deep and husky; "yonder, captain, what do you make of that? Is it living men or dead, or do my eyes deceive me?"

I stopped short at his words and the others halted with me. We were in a deep glen by this time; and all the surrounding woodland was shut from our sight. Great trees spread their branches like a canopy above us; the grass was soft and downy to the feet; the bewitching violet light gave unnatural yet wonderful colours to the flowery bushes about us. No fairy glen could have showed a heart more wonderful; and yet, I say, we four stood on the borders of it, with white faces and blinking eyes, and thoughts which none would change even with his own brother.

Why did we do it, you ask? Ah, I'll tell you why.

There were three men sleeping in the glen, and the face of one was plainly to be seen. He lay upon his back, his hands clenched, his limbs stiff, his eyes wide open as though some fearsome apparition had come to him and was not to be passed by. Of the others, one had dropped face downward and lay huddled up at the tree's foot; but the third was in a natural attitude, and I do believe that he was dead. For a long time we stood there watching them—for he whose eyes were to be seen uttered every now and then a dismal cry in his sleep, and the second began to talk like a man in a delirium. Spanish he



"WE STOOD THERE WATCHING THEM."

spoke, and that is a tongue I do not understand. But the words told of agony if ever words did, and I turned away from the scene at last as a man who couldn't bear to hear them.

"They're sleeping," said I, "and little good to wake them, if Miss Ruth speaks true. Come on, lads—the shore's our road and short's the time to get there."

Peter Bligh reeled dizzily in his walk and began to talk incoherently—a thing I had never heard him do before in all his life.

"They're sleeping, aye, and what's the waking to be? Is it the mad-house or the ground? She spoke of the mad-house, and, who'll deny, with reason? There was air for a man in the heights and no parlour plants. I walked forty miles to Cardiff Fair and didn't dance like this. Take bread when you've no meat, and, by thunder, I'll fill your glasses."

Well, he gabbled on so, and not one of us gave him a hearing. I had my arm linked in Dolly Venn's, for he was weak and hysterical, and I feared he'd go under. Seth Barker, a strong man always, crashed through the underwood like an elephant stampeding. The woods, I said, could show us no more awesome sight then we had happed upon in the hollow; but there I was wrong, for we hadn't tracked a quarter of a mile when we stumbled suddenly upon the gardens of the bungalow, and there, lying all together, were five young girls I judged to be natives, for they had the shape of Pacific Islanders, and, seen in that strange light, were as handsome and taking as European women. Asleep they were, you couldn't doubt it; but, unlike the white men, they lay so still that they might have been dead, while nothing but their smiling faces told of life and breathing. They, at least, did not appear to suffer, and that was something for our consolation.

"Look yonder, Dolly lad, and tell me what you see," said I, though, truth to tell, every word spoken was like a knife through my chest; "five young women sleeping as though they were in their own beds. Isn't that a sight to keep a man up? If they can go through with it, why not we—great men that have the sea's good health in them? Bear up, my boy, we'll find a haven presently."

I didn't believe it, that goes without saying,

nor, for that matter, did he. But wild horses wouldn't have dragged the truth from him. He was always a rare plucky one, was little Dolly Venn, and he behaved as such that night.

"Better leave me, sir," he said; "I'm dead weight in the boat. Do you go to the beach, and perhaps the ship will come back. You've been very kind to me, Mister Begg, so kind, and now it's 'good-bye,' just 'good-bye' and a long good-night."

"Aye," said I, "and a sharp appetite for breakfast in the morning. Did you ever hear that I was a bit of a strong man, Dolly? Well, you see, I can pick you up as though you were a feather, and now that I have got you into my arms I'm going to carry you—why, where do you think?—into Ruth Bellenden's house, of course."

He said nothing, but lay in my arms like a child. Peter Bligh had fallen headlong by the gate of the bungalow, and Seth Barker was about raving. I had trouble to make him understand my words; but he took them at last and did as I told him.

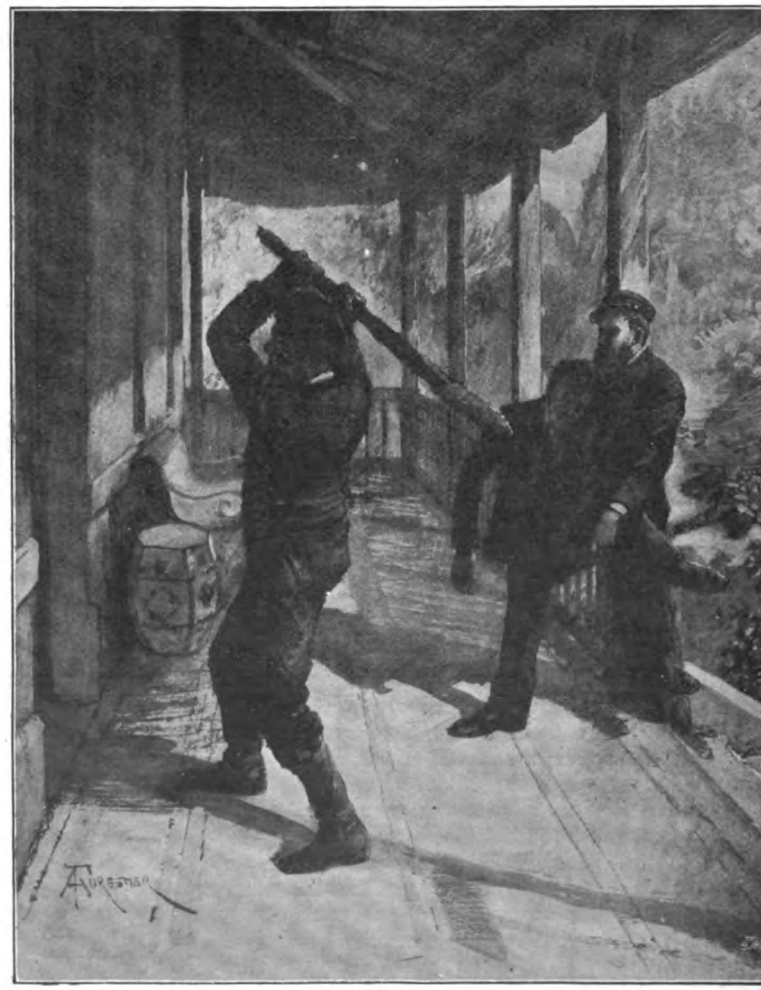
"Open that door—with the bludgeon if you can't do it otherwise. But open it, man, open it!"

He drew himself up erect and dealt a blow upon the door which might have brought down a factory chimney. I ran into the house with Dolly Venn in my arms, and as I ran I called to Barker, for God's sake, to help Mister Bligh. There would be no one in the house, I said, and nothing to be got by whispers. We ran a race with death, and for the moment had turned the corner before him.

"Get Mister Bligh to the house and bar up the door after you. The fog will fill it in five minutes, and what then? Do you hear me, Seth Barker—do you hear me?"

I asked the question plainly enough; but it was not Seth Barker who replied to it. You shall judge of my feelings when a bright light flashed suddenly in my face and a pleasant voice, coming out of nowhere, said, quite civilly:—

"The door, by all means, if you have any regard for your lives or mine!"



"OPEN IT, MAN, OPEN IT!"

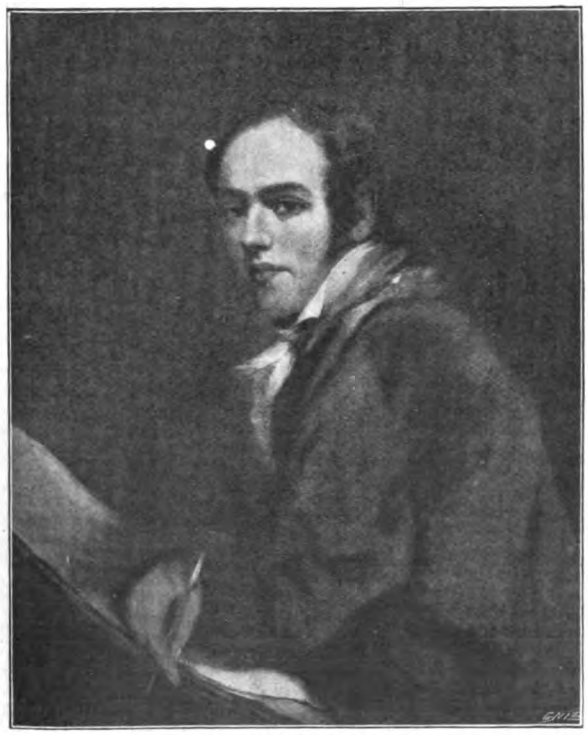
(To be continued.)

The Chantrey Bequest.

By Rudolph de Cordova.

EVERY year, as regularly as the spring comes round and the Academy opens its doors to the picture-gazing public, expectancy gathers in the air as to who are the lucky artists whose work will be bought under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest.

These purchases now make up one of the most interesting rooms at the Tate Gallery, to which the canvases were moved from South Kensington, and where, as the years go by, the collection becomes larger. I venture to believe that a vast number who cannot find their way to the Chelsea Embankment will delight in looking at the reproductions of some of these pictures which essentially go to make up a gallery of modern art.



SIR FRANCIS CHANTREY.
From the Picture by Himself.

But before touching on the pictures themselves a few words as to the man who caused them to be brought together will not be out of place.

The son of a carpenter and small farmer who worked near Sheffield, Francis Legatt Chantrey, who was born at Norton, Derbyshire, on April 7th, 1781, was only twelve when his father died. His education was the scanty one which could be picked up in the village school, yet before he was in his teens he had to face the world, and he began earning his living in a grocer's shop. When he was sixteen, however, he was so attracted by the work he saw in the window of a carver and gilder that he proceeded to apprentice himself there for three years. During that time he learnt to draw portraits in coloured chalks, a statuary stonemason taught him the rudiments of marble carving, another man taught him to paint in oils, and with this stock-in-trade he advertised, just after he was twenty-one, that he would do portraits and miniatures at from two to three guineas each. Portrait painting, even at that price, was evidently not lucrative, for he had to make his living by wood-carving. In this connection an exceedingly interesting incident is related of him at a time when he had made his fame. He was dining one day at the house of Samuel Rogers, the banker-poet, and recognised the table as a piece of his own work. To this story I may make an addition, for the marble mantelpiece which stood in the dining-room was also recognised by him as another piece of his work, and it was so pointed out by Rogers to the well-known painter, Mr. Frederick Goodall, R.A., who as a boy was a constant visitor at the house, and who thus joins the day of Chantrey with our own. Three examples of Mr. Goodall's work are indeed to be seen in the Tate Gallery, although none of them is in the Chantrey Room.

Art was assuredly not well paid in the early years of the last century, seeing that Sir Francis Chantrey—he was knighted by George IV.—made the colossal busts of the three Admirals, Howe, Duncan, and St. Vincent, for £10 each for Greenwich Hospital. It would be interesting to discover how much they would fetch now were they put up to public auction. With examples of his work most Londoners are familiar, although they are probably quite unaware of the fact, for the statue of George IV. in Trafalgar Square, the Wellington at the Royal Exchange, and the Pitt in Hanover Square are, among others, due to him.

In spite of his scant opportunities of being taught he was only thirty-four when he was elected an A.R.A., and three years older when he dropped the first letter and became a full Royal Academician, an honour a good deal thought of, in spite of Mr. Whistler's witty dictum that it is "a difference without a distinction."

The greater part of the property Chantrey left was bequeathed to go, after the death of his widow, to the Royal Academy, which was enjoined to spend a certain portion every year in buying pictures to form a collection for the nation.

That this article should play the part of a catalogue, even an illustrated catalogue, to the gallery is by no means my intention. I propose rather to select a few pictures here and there from the collection, which numbers nearly eighty, and perhaps on some other occasion return to the subject.

It is always a difficult thing to discover the genesis of an idea of a picture as of any other artistic work, and it is, therefore, impossible to say at this time what gave Mr. F. D. Millet his suggestion for "Between Two Fires," which represents an old Puritan sitting at an oak table with a meal and a bottle of red wine in front of him, while he divides his attention between the food and the two girls who have got it for him. If only the wine tastes as well as it is painted it cannot be long before some of the Puritanism will have been thawed out of the old man's heart, and he will be ready to enjoy the holiday time—probably Christmas, as the presence of the ivy and holly on the

From the Picture by] "BETWEEN TWO FIRES." *[F. D. Millet.*

chandelier suggests. The Puritan is old Colarossi, one of the best-known models of the day, who, for Mr. Millet, did something which he had never done before and has never done since. In order to sit for the Puritan he actually shaved off his moustache.

The two girls were from the country near the village of Broadway, where Mr. Millet lives; but there is nothing in any way notable about them.

Undoubtedly the most interesting thing connected with the picture is the room in which the scene is laid, for it is a corner of Mr. Millet's own house. It is a fourteenth-century building of some dimensions, with a refectory, wardrobe, cellar, oratory, solar, and one or two other rooms practically perfect. look down into the refectory. According to Domesday Book, an abbot and eight lay brethren lived in the house, and carried on the farming with the aid of forty "villains" or common people. The Grange was attached to the Abbey of Pershore, and was one of a number of similar establishments in the neighbourhood, but this is the only one which is still extant.

Mr. Young Hunter's "My Lady's Garden" reproduces in its landscape the garden of Holland House, the use of which he was allowed by special permission of Lady Ilchester, who owns the Holland House estate. The peacocks themselves were painted from numerous studies made in Kensington Gardens, as well as from a pair of

From the Picture by] "MY LADY'S GARDEN." *[Young Hunter.*

(By permission of Messrs. C. E. Clifford & Co., 21, Haymarket, owners of the Copyright.)

The only changes which have been made during the passage of the centuries are some which have been rendered inevitable by necessary repairs. In the oratory and the solar, indeed, the open timbered roofs are still quite perfect; but in the refectory some rafters and one or two trusses have had to be removed.

In the time of Queen Elizabeth one wing of the little building was altered, and there is now a fine oak-panelled room in it. The room itself which is represented in the picture is really the refectory, which now serves Mr. Millet as a studio. A good specimen of a squint is to be seen in the solar, so that the abbot who lived there could stuffed ones which were lent to the artist by a friend. In those stuffed specimens, however, lurked unexpected work, for when the picture was almost finished it was found that the "eyes" in the peacock's tail were all wrong. They are really arranged in a perfect mathematical order, quite different from the way they appeared in the stuffed specimens, and a comparison with the stuffed specimens in the Natural History Department of the British Museum showed that even there the same error occurred. This discovery necessitated a great deal of repainting in order that the "eyes" might be put in correctly. These circles on the tail are so arranged that a straight line drawn from the angles formed

by straight lines joining the centre of the circles intersects the diamonds exactly, and each diamond is constructed with absolute accuracy. These diamond shapes widen out as they approach the end of the tail, and the eyes also become bigger.

Who is there who has once seen it who does not remember Sir John Everett Millais's alive, yet with a body almost too definite to be a spirit.

"That is just the question I want everybody to ask," said Sir John, with a smile, and everyone will, therefore, have to form his own opinion for himself. Such a vision, as full of reality as if it were the body of a woman in all the exquisite beauty of

From the Picture by] "SPEAK, SPEAK!" [*Sir J. E. Millais, P.R.A.*

(By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 133, New Bond Street, London, W.)

"Speak, Speak!" which was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1895? Scrupulously exact as he was always known to be in all his work, few outside his most intimate professional friends are probably aware that the whole scene was built up in his studio and was, in that way, patiently painted in the actual surroundings. A good many people have been puzzled as to whether the woman at the foot of the bed *is* a real woman, or merely an apparition presented to the excited mind of the sick man, who saw her as if she were real. Indeed, it is said that an art critic once went to Sir John and asked him that very question, hoping to get a definite answer as to the painter's own intention in representing the woman with a face almost too white to be

life, appeared to Milton and inspired his sonnet:—

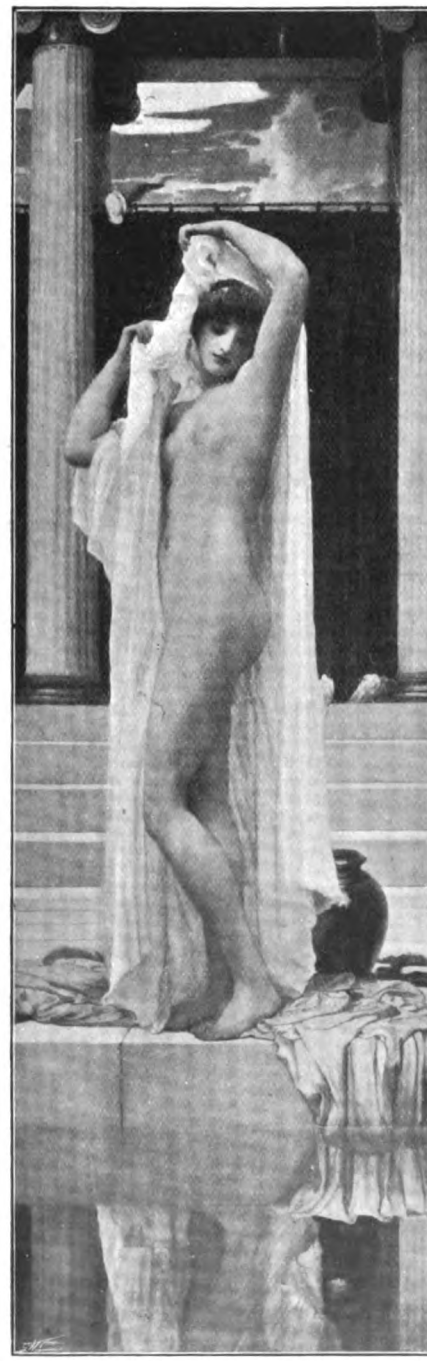
> Methought I saw my late espouséd saint
> Brought to me, like Alcestis from the grave.
> Her face was veiled, yet to my fancied sight
> Love, sweetness, goodness in her person shined
> So clear, as in no face with more delight.
> But, oh! as to embrace me she inclined,
> I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night.

Perhaps, however, with this vivid insight into the mind of a great poet, few people who see either the original picture or its reproduction in little here will have any difficulty in coming to a definite decision in the matter.

Peculiar interest attaches to Lord Leighton's picture, "The Bath of Psyche," for the origin of it was a panel painted specially to fit a certain place in the hall of his friend,

Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, R.A. Indeed, the exigencies of the space at his disposal were sufficient to account for the peculiar nature of the composition. When, however, he determined to enlarge the idea for a picture he cut off the water and the reflections from it and added the colonnade of marble columns in order to widen the space. It was a typical characteristic of the dead painter that, when the idea occurred to him that he might elaborate the conception he had used as a gift to his friend, he did not do it without first asking Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema whether he had any objection to this course. It need hardly be added that the latter very willingly consented to this being done, with the result that the world of art is the richer by a fine example of the artist, who was as cultured as he was gifted in many departments of life.

It is a curious thing that although a great many people knew the late John Pettie at the time he was painting the "Vigil," which represents a newly-made knight kneeling at the altar of the chapel with his arms and armour in accordance with the old custom, I have not succeeded in getting any particular facts about it. One vivid circumstance, however, throws a most interesting sidelight on the painter's method and his acute perception which found in himself the severest critic. This is the fact that no single model sat for the face; the component features of it were made up from several sources. It may perhaps be within the recollection of some people that when it was first exhibited in the Academy it was caricatured in *Punch* as "The Sword-Swallower." So grotesquely appropriate was the title that several artists often speak of it by that name. Not long ago, indeed, someone went to the Tate Gallery and, wanting to look at the picture, whose proper title he did not recall, went to one official and asked, "Can you tell me where 'The Sword-Swallower' is?" "There is no picture of that name in the gallery," was the answer. He, however, led the way to Pettie's picture, and said, "Perhaps that is what you are looking for?" and the visitor acknowledged that it was.



"THE BATH OF PSYCHE."
From the Picture by Lord Leighton, P.R.A.
(By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 133, New Bond Street, London, W.)

In "Beyond Man's Footstep" Mr. Briton Riviere, R.A., has devoted himself to one of those subjects which he has made peculiarly his own. Quite apart from itself it is particularly interesting as an example of the way in which the artistic temperament will sometimes brood on a subject until an all-compelling impulse forces it to be developed, not so much for the sake of the public as for the satisfaction of the artist. It must have been quite fifteen years from the time Mr. Riviere first had the idea of painting this picture until the canvas was placed on the easel and

From the Picture by] "VIGIL." *[John Pettie, R.A.*

his hand began to fashion what his brain had so long ago conceived. Although he has never been in the Arctic regions, the vastness of the North has always greatly fascinated Mr. Riviere, and impressed his imagination with the fact that the reality must inevitably exceed any previous conception of it. Some such idea was undoubtedly in his mind when he arranged the scheme of the picture, although the bear was painted from studies made in the Zoo and the wonderful colouring of the ice was made from special studies of glacial

From the Picture by] "BEYOND MAN'S FOOTSTEP." *[Briton Riviere, R.A.*

ice, which, of course, are within the reach of any excursionist who goes as far afield as Switzerland.

"The Sick Child" is one of the numerous examples of Mr. Joseph Clark's partiality for that special subject. He is, indeed, known as "Sick Child Clark" among his friends, on account of the success of this picture—the first of the kind he did. It was exhibited as long ago as 1857, when he was a very young artist indeed, and was, as it were, the shadow cast by the traditional coming events. "Mother's Darling," the example of his work which comes within the scope of this article, was really begun before there was any definite idea as to what the final outcome of the picture would be. The artist sketched the characteristic attitude of the child, and it remained in that condition for a long time on the canvas, until in time the idea developed itself and the young mother grew out of the gloom of imagination into the light of reality. The Greek cross brooch which she wears around her neck is that of the St. Cross at Winchester, but there is no special significance to be attached to the fact that the figure is represented wearing it.

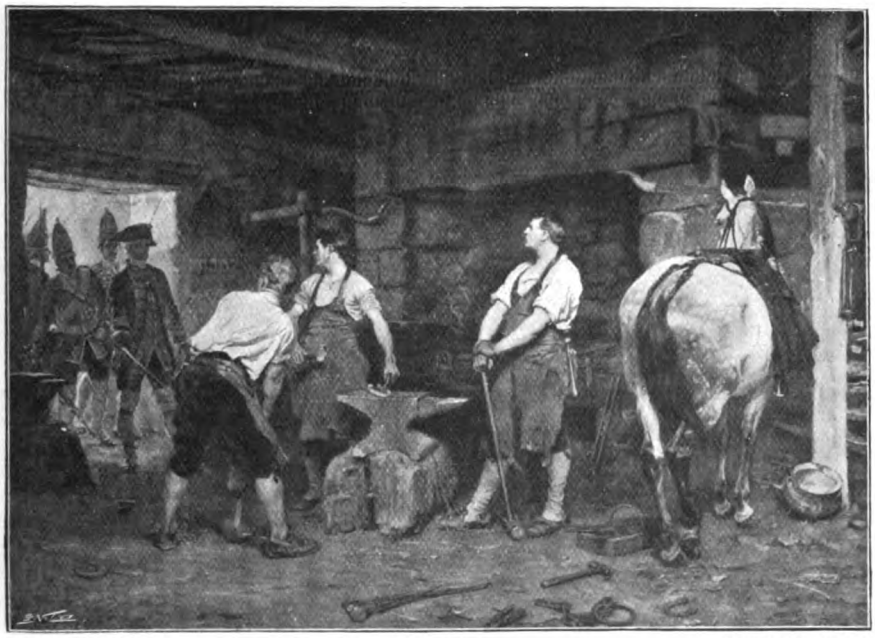
A journalist with a turn for epigram once declared some years ago that the greatest American actress was a Pole, referring, of course, to Mme. Modjeska. In a similar way one might say that the most celebrated English painter is an American, for Mr. J. S. Sargent, R.A., is the son of a Boston physician, although he was born in Florence. His picture, "Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose," is popularly supposed to have been painted in order to reproduce a certain colour scheme which he had in mind. Unhappily, no reproduction in black and white can give any idea of the extraordinary artistry of the canvas, with its Chinese lanterns in a garden of lilies, roses of pink and red, and the crimson and yellowish carnations with their greyish leaves in strong contrast with the two children in their white dresses.

From the Picture by] "MOTHER'S DARLING." *[Joseph Clark,*

From the Picture by] "CARNATION, LILY, LILY, ROSE." *[J. S. Sargent, R.A.*

It was really a desire to reproduce a certain light effect which induced Mr. Seymour Lucas, R.A., to paint "After Culloden," which was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1884. He was walking down one of the rows in Great Yarmouth, and was struck by the wonderful arrangement of a forge. He thought it would be an exceedingly picturesque thing to reproduce that forge, and with that for his central idea he started to build up a story which would enable him to carry this into effect. He was a good deal interested at the time in the rebellion of 1745, and it occurred to him that a dramatic moment could be obtained by having a Jacobite, flying through a country still in favour of the Pretender, stop in order to get a new shoe to replace the one his horse had lost, and, while the men were engaged in doing this, that Cumberland's soldiers should break in and discover them. It is obvious that at the approach of troops the Jacobite would seek a hiding-place. Having decided on introducing a detachment of the First Regiment of Foot Guards, the painter's next point was to make the fact of the Jacobite's whereabouts plain beyond all question. This was finally done by leaving the man's blue coat on the horse's back. His defiance of his pursuers is suggested by the gauntlet lying on the ground. In order to get all the facts he desired Mr. Lucas actually turned his studio into a smithy. While travelling in Wales he came upon an old smithy which practically reproduced all the conditions he had in his mind, and he thereupon bought it and transferred it—lock, stock, and

barrel—to London. The smiths used as models were not real smiths at all, and the central one with the shoe in the tongs was, as a matter of fact, Mr. Lucas's own gardener. By constantly working in the sun his arms had become splendidly tanned, and as he was a well-developed man, with some appreciation of the actor's art, he was able to realize the situation very well, for it may be remarked in passing that good models must, of necessity, have some appreciation of the actor's art in order to throw themselves into a given character and imagine the expression. Mr. Lucas's studio not being on the level ground a sand-bank had to be built in order to get the horse up and down when the time came for painting it, and though rather restive at first, it got so accustomed to "sitting" that it eventually became a very good model indeed.



From the Picture by "1746." [*Seymour Lucas, R.A.*

(*Searching for Rebels after Culloden.*)

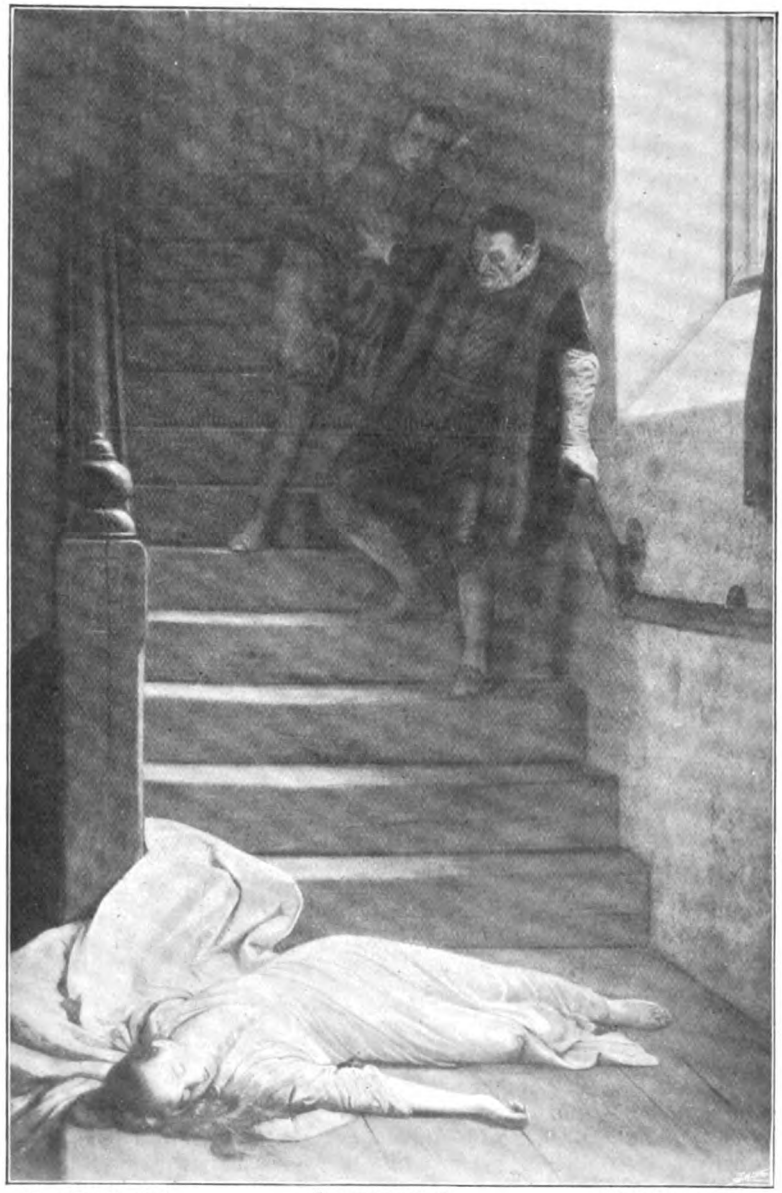
(By permission of Messrs. Frost and Reed, Fine Art Publishers, of Clifton and Bristol, the owners of the Copyright, who are publishing an engraving of the picture of important size.)

This picture is now being published as an engraving by Messrs. Frost and Reed for the first time, and it is by their courtesy that I am enabled to reproduce it in this article.

It was something of a similar desire to Mr. Lucas's that induced Mr. William F. Yeames, R.A., to start work on his life-size picture of "Amy Robsart," which reproduced a passage in Aubrey's history of Berkshire, quite as well as the famous incident in Sir Walter Scott's "Kenilworth." The passage in the history of Berkshire is as follows: "Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, being the great favourite of the Queen Elizabeth, it was thought she would have made him her husband; to this end, to free him from all obstacles, he had his wife, Amy Robsart, conveyed to the solitary house of Cumnor Hall, in Berkshire, inhabited by Anthony Foster, his servant. This same Foster, in compliance with what he well knew to be the Earl's wishes, came with others in the dead of night to the lady's bedchamber and stifled her in bed and flung her downstairs, thereby believing the world would have thought it a mischance and so blinded their villainy; and the morning after, with the purpose that others should know of her end, did Foster, on pretence of carrying out some behest of the Countess, bring a servant to the spot where the poor lady's body lay at the foot of the stairs."

This may be compared with the following passage from "Kenilworth":—

"In less than two minutes Foster, who remained behind, heard the tread of a horse in the courtyard, and then a whistle similar to that which was the Earl's usual signal; the instant after the door of the Countess's



From the Picture by] "AMY ROBSART." [*W. F. Yeames, R.A.*

chamber opened, and in the same moment the trap-door gave way.

"There was a rushing sound—a heavy fall—a faint groan—and all was over.

"'Look down into the vault: what seest thou?'

"'I see only a heap of white clothes like a snowdrift.'"

It is worth recalling in this connection that Edward VI. attended the wedding of Robert Dudley and Amy Robsart in 1556; and in 1560, when living at Cumnor, not far from Oxford, she sent all her servants to Abingdon fair, and when they returned she was found dead at the foot of the staircase. The verdict in her death was "mischance." The man seen in the picture is Tony Foster, and the other is the young servant whom he brought, as recounted in the "history." It was seeing a staircase in the Palais de Cluny in Paris similar to that in the picture which inspired Mr. Yeames to begin work on a subject that had been for some considerable time in his mind.

"Try Not That Pass."

By Robert Barr.

THE tramp had assumed an easy, careless attitude, with his right foot on the platform of the veranda, while the proprietor of the cottage stood as negligently leaning against one of the pillars looking quizzically down upon his visitor.

"Yes, sir," the tramp was saying, "I've been in the railway business myself, and, before now, have ridden in my own private car all over the United States."

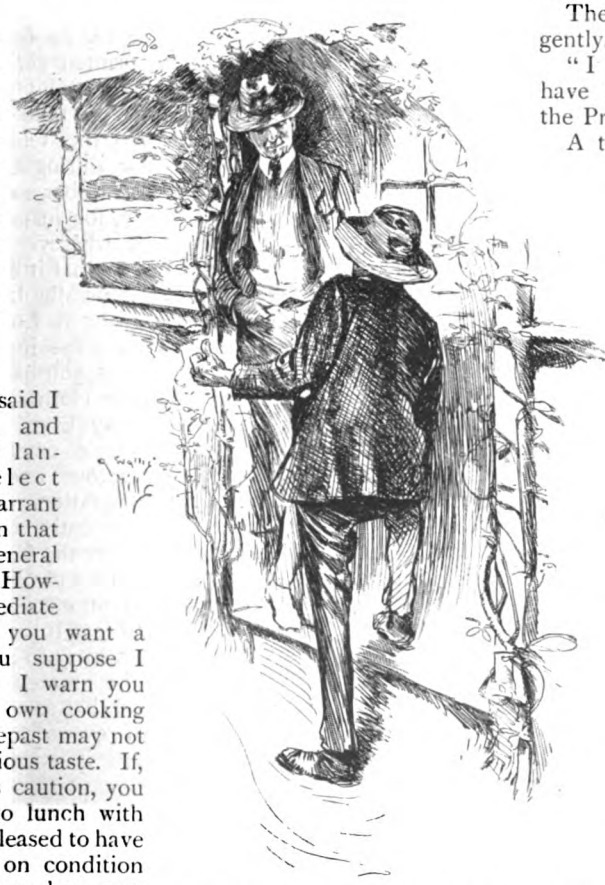
His auditor evidently did not believe this assertion, for, although he said nothing, he smiled incredulously.

"I began," continued the tramp, "as telegrapher on the Michigan Central——"

"And rose to be general manager, I suppose," interjected the listener, "thus acquiring your private car."

"Not exactly that," rejoined the tramp, "but I have enjoyed my private car nevertheless. I see you do not credit my statement," and the ragamuffin heaved a deep, regretful sigh.

"I haven't said I doubted you, and indeed your language is select enough to warrant the assumption that you are a general manager now. However, the immediate point is that you want a meal, and you suppose I can supply it. I warn you that I do my own cooking here and the repast may not suit your fastidious taste. If, in spite of this caution, you are prepared to lunch with me, I shall be pleased to have your company on condition that you tell me how you came by your private car."



"I'VE RIDDEN IN MY OWN PRIVATE CAR ALL OVER THE UNITED STATES."

"Willingly," cried the tramp, stepping up on the veranda with an air that suggested polite training. "I have been at times my own cook alongside the dusty highway, and I have no doubt your efforts in the culinary line far excel mine."

The proprietor bowed, and said by way of introduction:—

"My name is Willis Norton."

"And mine," said the tramp, with equal *savoir faire*, "is Wandering Willie, a pseudonym I have adopted from a pathetic Scottish song of that name. Obvious family reasons prevent that candour which you have just displayed in the frank enunciation of your own cognomen."

"Bless me," cried Norton, with a laugh, as he led the way into the cottage, "I believe you are, in disguise, the society reporter of some newspaper."

The tramp smiled indulgently.

"I confess," he said, "I have been connected with the Press in my time."

A table stood under the deep shade of a back veranda, and the outlook was so good that even the tramp gazed at it in admiration. The pine cottage had been built close to the strand of a narrow lake, which might have been mistaken for a wide river. The sandy beach was nearly as white as snow and the waters of the lake were clear as crystal. On the opposite banks were palmettos with here and there a dense mass of sub-tropical undergrowth.

"Has it a name?" asked the tramp, indicating the sheet of water.

"Well, I call it Lake Oronto, although I believe

it is nameless on the map, and I think it the prettiest little sheet of water in all Florida. Take a chair, if you please."

"Yes," said the tramp, seating himself, "you have certainly a most enticing prospect. One can hardly credit the fact that it is mid-winter up North."

Norton set out the meal with a deftness that indicated long practice, and drew up a chair opposite his guest.

"If you will excuse me," said the latter, "I shall not begin to talk until I have made some progress with this appetizing repast. I am very hungry."

"I am glad of that," said Norton, genially, "for a good appetite excuses a poor cook."

There was silence for a few minutes, during which Norton absently drummed on the table with his fingers, for he had lunched an hour previously, and sat there merely out of courteousness to his visitor. Suddenly the tramp threw back his head and laughed.

"I knew you didn't believe me," he said. "I suppose it is by design, and not accident, that you are at this moment telegraphing your opinion of me with the ends of your fingers on the table."

Norton smiled and did not deny it.

"You have been a railroad man yourself, perhaps?" continued the tramp.

"Yes, I was in the manager's office, under old Mitcham on the Sand Bag Route, until my health broke down, then I came to Florida, bought a few hundred acres of land, own at least part of this lake, and have been vegetating for some years."

The tramp looked at him, critically.

"Your health appears to be all right," he said.

"Oh, it is thoroughly re-established, and I yearn for my old position. I have applied for it, but it is filled. When a man drops out of business in this country he finds it hard to overtake his lost opportunity."

"My railroading is done outside the manager's office," said the tramp, pushing back his empty plate, "and I have often wondered why you legitimate railway men don't try to get some inkling of the business from the hobo's point of view."

"Have a cigar?" said Norton, offering him a bunch.

The tramp made a selection, bit off one end, and lit the other, with a courteous murmur of thanks.

"I have travelled free on most of the railways of the United States and yet never owned a pass," he went on. "At last it struck me that, with my knowledge of telegraphing and penmanship, I ought to have a private car. If you know the ropes and take care that your actions are in line with customary usage, then, if you don't see what you want, all you have to do is to ask for it. Almost anything is possible on our admirable railway system. I selected a grain car belonging to the C.B. and Q., lying disused on a siding in Indiana. I picked up a couple of railway padlocks, easily found if you know where to look for them, and so fastened the outside doors, after which I was never disturbed."

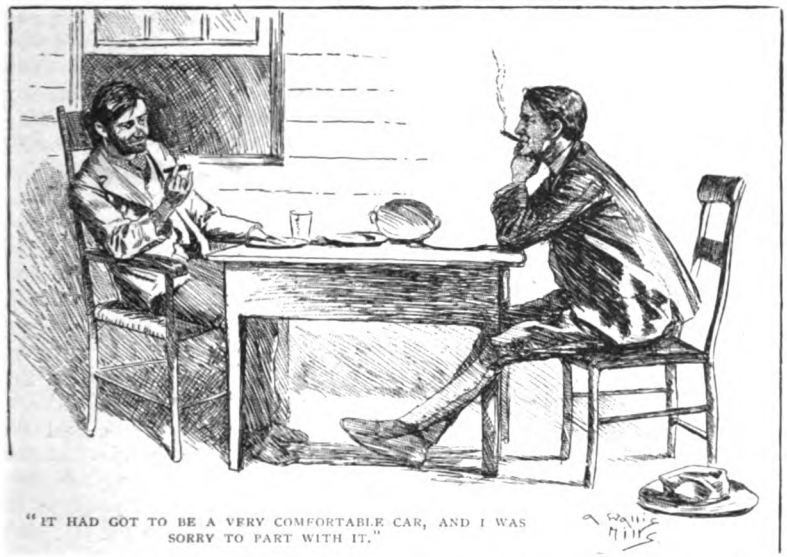
"But, good gracious," exclaimed Norton, "you cannot put on a padlock from the inside of the car?"

"No, but you can saw a little door at the end of the car just above the floor, screw-nail any kind of hinges on the inside, and by smearing the joints outside with paint or mud no brakeman will ever notice it; that lets you out and in, and the big doors being locked there is no intrusion on your privacy. You will need a telegraph instrument, which doesn't cost more than a few dollars, and if you have some printed car-labels they will come handy, although a bit of chalk will do nearly as well. You take the number of this car, then tap the telegraph line and order the operator during a lull in proceedings to attach car number so-and-so to Westbound train No. 7, for instance. And thus you send the car wherever you please. I found by experience that it was well to avoid large cities, so I generally laid up some ten miles from Chicago or St. Louis, for instance. You fit up the car on the inside to suit your taste, with a mattress you have found somewhere, or with old clothes that are given you, and you may even have a fire to broil a bit of steak or fry some ham, but that is dangerous and may lead to discovery or conflagration. I lost my first car through inadvertently, or thoughtlessly, rather, running it over the C.B. and Q. route once too often. This car had been missing for a year or two, and so an acute official nabbed it. It had got to be a very comfortable car, and I was sorry to part with it."

"But," cried the amazed Norton, "how about way-bills and that sort of thing? They keep a record of every car—where it has come from, where it is sent to, and all that."

The tramp spread out his hands and shrugged his shoulders.

"I told you," he said, "that I was familiar with the outside of the manager's office and not with the inside. I am merely informing



"IT HAD GOT TO BE A VERY COMFORTABLE CAR, AND I WAS SORRY TO PART WITH IT."

you what I have done and not in any way trying to account for it, as I do not understand their system of book-keeping. I know that if you tap a wire and order the operator to attach car No. 3,367 to freight-train No. 4 he will do it if a car bearing that number is on his siding. A label or a chalk-mark will send the car where you wish it sent. And now, Mr. Norton, I must thank you for an excellent meal, so daintily supplemented by this choice cigar. One might deduct from its aroma, even if he knew nothing of geography, that Florida is in proximity to Havana. If I meet you at Delmonico's in New York you must dine with me. I'll take no refusal. I spend my winters in Florida and California and my summers in New York or New England, sometimes visiting the Western States. Good-bye."

Norton sat and pondered long after his guest had departed. The story of the tramp, although he did not in the least believe it, had set him thinking. If he could prove to old Mitcham, the manager of the Sand Bag Route, that there were several grave faults in the working of the line which that alert young man, Willis Norton, had been clever enough to discover, there was a chance that Mitcham might offer him his old situation, or perhaps some other post in the office a step or two farther down the ladder. Yet, unless he had proof of what the hobo said, there was little use in going to so shrewd a man as old Mitcham with the tale. One remark of this casual traveller stuck to him. He had said in effect that if you adhered to the form and routine of railway work anything was possible. This suggested a scheme to Norton which would show old Mitcham that there was carelessness to be amended in railway practice, and if the scheme were successful he would have in hand documentary proof of his statement. He fished a discoloured oblong card out of his pocket-book and gazed thoughtfully upon it. It was his personal pass over the Sand Bag Route, main line and branches, now several years out of date, and of no value even to the owner. It should have been called in when it expired, but was never asked for, and so had remained in his pocket-book.

Next morning early he got upon his horse and rode to Savilla, the nearest railway station, and there took train for Jacksonville. Once in the chief city of Florida he went direct to the leading printing-house and said to the foreman :—

"I am in rather a hurry, and want a little job done for me with neatness and dispatch. I wish you to print for me a hundred letter-heads with the words 'Lake Oronto Navigation Company, Lake Oronto, Florida.' Then I wish you to duplicate this pass on suitable cardboard ; all except the heading, which is to be 'Lake Oronto Navigation Company,' with the cut of a river steamer underneath. I would like the letter-paper finished first, if you please."

The order was completed with the skill and artistic excellence characteristic of an enterprising American printing-house. When the young man received these packages he took them to a type-writing office and had the girl rattle off several dozen of the following letters, each addressed to different railway managers :—

"Lake Oronto Navigation Company,

"Lake Oronto, Florida, Jan. 17th, 18—.

"Dear Sir,—I have pleasure in inclosing an annual pass made out in your name and good until the end of the year. This should have been sent off last month, but, as you

"HE RODE TO SAVILLA."

are aware, we are now in the midst of the tourist season in Florida and press of business has caused the delay.—Yours very truly,

"WILLIS NORTON,
"General Manager, L.O.N. Co."

While these letters were being typed he wrote on the various cards, in a beautiful Spencerian hand, the names of the various railway managers, and underneath scrawled his own title in quite a different style of calligraphy—the sign-manual of an exceedingly busy man burdened with numerous cares, the signature being very illegible, looking somewhat like a spread-eagle struck by lightning. These were inclosed, each with its proper communication, stamped, and sent off. This piece of bogus business dispatched, Norton took the evening train back to Savilla, and so home to his lonely cabin again.

Curiously enough, the first response received was over the well-known scribble of old Mitcham, and the formal letter inclosed a cardboard annual pass authorizing Willis Norton, Esquire, to travel free on the Sand Bag Route and all its branches until the 31st of December that year. All this was before the Inter-State Commerce Act was passed, and perhaps to-day such a result is not to be looked for. But before two weeks Willis Norton had accumulated a varied assortment of annual passes as bulky as a pack of cards. The very success of his plan rather frightened him. He had expected one or more to have written him, "You have taken the 17th of January for the 1st of April. There is no Lake Oronto Navigation Company." However, no one discovered the non-existence of the Navigation Company, but the question occurred to his mind, if they did, what would happen? He said to himself that his conscience was clear so long as he did not use any of the passes, which he had no intention of doing. He had asked for nothing and had received much. Nevertheless, he felt himself in the position of the man who had the tiger by the tail, and didn't know whether to let go or hang on. He had intended at first to send his own old useless pass only to old Mitcham, together with the new one, but reflection showed him that if he proved the Mitcham system to be lax and careless he would merely anger that irascible magnate and render for ever impossible his chance of getting a situation in his former office, so he resolved to show Mitcham the slipshod methods of other lines without saying anything of the Sand Bag Route. But if the manager claimed such a thing was impossible on his road, then the Mitcham line pass would be used as the right bower of the game. But now that he had all the material ready he became more and more reluctant to use it. Up to the present his action had been merely a practical joke on various estimable railway companies, but if he took advantage of the outcome to further his worldly prospects he had doubts about the strict honesty of the proceeding. Thus the days passed over his head without any definite move on his part. He said to himself that he did not wish to go North during the cold season, but he became more and more convinced that he would not use the passes for any purpose whatever.

One day the ghost of his bogus company arose and confronted him. He heard a call on the road, and, going to the veranda, he saw that a neat covered buggy had driven up silently in the sand. Its sole occupant was a fashionably dressed young woman, on whose fair brow was an expression of perplexity. She held in her hand a card on which she

was gazing fixedly, and by intuition rather than by sight he jumped to the conclusion that it was one of his own unfortunate passes.

"I fear I have lost my way," said the girl. "Can you tell me which direction I should take for Lake Oronto?"

"This is Lake Oronto," replied Norton.

"Then I must have reached the wrong side of it. I am looking for the offices of the Navigation Company and for a man whose name is on this card, but I cannot quite make it out; it looks like 'Washington.' Perhaps you can read it?"

She handed him the pass signed by himself.

"The signature is rather difficult," admitted the young man, wondering what on earth he could say to her; "it stands for Willis Norton. I may add that I am Mr. Norton, and that this is the office of the Navigation Company."

"Really?" cried the girl, with arched eyebrows, glancing over cottage and man with a look of surprise. "Then I have been right after all. When is the steamer due?"

"It won't be along for quite a while yet," stammered Norton, in faltering accents.

"Ah, I'm glad I am in time. Won't you ask someone to take care of my horse and give him a feed of oats?"

"I will look after your horse," said Norton, assisting her to alight and placing at her disposal a rocking-chair on the veranda. "All my servants are away at Savilla for the day," he added, recklessly.

"HE FOUND HIS CALLER VERY COMPLACENTLY ROCKING HERSELF TO AND FRO."

He was glad of the opportunity of attending to the horse that he might collect his thoughts and make up his mind what he should say to this charming and unexpected visitant. Once in the stable he looked again at the card, and saw it was made out to E. B. Howard, General Manager of the Great C.X. and G. line, whose head-quarters were in Chicago. He resolved at once to seek refuge in the clause which stated that if this pass were presented by any other than the person named, it was to be taken up and the full fare charged. He returned slowly to the veranda and found his caller very complacently rocking herself to and fro, gazing across the sandy road at the forest.

"May I ask your name?" he inquired.

"My name is Sadie Howard, and my father is manager of the C.X. and G. Railroad."

"Do you intend to travel on this pass? It is good only for the person named."

"Oh, that doesn't matter," replied the young lady, airily; "I always get transportation when I show one of my father's cards. Still, it is of no moment whatever. I am quite willing to pay my fare, having come so far. I am staying at the Alhambra, in Savilla, and my father sent this pass down to me when he wrote the other day, so I thought I would drive over and see the lake. Do you wish the money now for the round trip?" and she made an ineffectual search for her pocket-book.

"No, no," replied Norton, hastily; "the — the — the clerk on the boat attends to all that, you know."

"Oh, of course," she said, subsiding again into her chair.

He stood there altogether nonplussed, feeling himself to be the biggest fool in all the United States.

"When does the steamer come?" she asked, looking up at him.

"Well, you know, she is kind of irregular. This is our busy season."

The girl smiled.

"It does not seem very busy round here," she said.

"No, no, not right *here*; of course not. You see, we are a sort of—sort of way station, if I may put it in that light."

"Oh, I thought you said this was the head office."

"Not exactly the head office—not the *head* office. No! I come here merely to get away from the bustle at the other end of the lake. I like to get away now and then and—and rest, you know."

"Yes, I understand. That's just the way my father feels about Chicago, but it's very seldom he gets a vacation. Wasn't that the whistle I heard just now?"

The unfortunate Norton recognised the sound as the cry of a friendly owl, accustomed to wake the echoes at night and occasionally, when disturbed, hooting during the day.

"I think," he said, breathlessly, "we had better get into the small boat and be ready."

"Oh, very well," replied the girl, rising.

He led her through the cottage to the back veranda, picking up a few cushions on his way. These he arranged on the back seat of his trim little skiff, and deferentially handed the young woman over the gunwale. She seated herself and cried out with admiration at the beauty of the lake.

"How clear it is, and how pretty that beach of silver sand! It is an enchanting spot."

"Yes," responded Norton; "tourists consider it one of the choicest bits of scenery in Florida."

"How strange that I never had heard of it until my father wrote. I am very glad I came. You have no pier here, I see, and so I suppose take passengers on and off from this boat?"

"Exactly," responded the general manager, pushing off the skiff and picking up the oars.

He rowed in silence for some distance over the placid water, the girl at first giving expression to exclamations of delight, but by-and-by she ceased her comments and began to look anxiously up and down the lake.

"I see nothing of the steamer," she exclaimed, at last.

Norton drew a deep sigh, rested on his oars, and met her troubled eyes.

"Miss Howard," he began, slowly, "I have to throw myself on your mercy. There is no Oronto Navigation Company and no steamer. This is the only craft on the lake, and I am sure I am delighted to fulfil my obligation to the pass you hold by rowing you from one end of the lake to the other and all round it."

"What do you mean?" she cried, clutching the sides of the boat, her wide eyes alert with alarm.

"If you will permit me I will tell you all about it. I have been playing to very hard luck this last few years. I used to be in the office of old Mitcham, general manager of the Sand Bag Route, when my health gave way and I was ordered South. I had some money and, foolishly enough, bought up this wilderness, thinking I could support myself by fruit culture. One year the frost smote me, and not only destroyed my orange trees, but also all chance of selling the land for anything like the sum I paid. I have been trying to get back into the railway business again, but the place that knew me knows

"I HAVE TO THROW MYSELF ON YOUR MERCY."

me no more, and old Mitcham seems to have let me slip entirely from his memory. My health is now fully re-established, and I yearn to get North again. A month or two ago a tramp happened along and begged my hospitality. I gave him a meal and he told me a story. The story set me thinking." Here Norton, with a vividness which always pertains to the relation of a reality, gave the tale of the tramp and set forth his own subsequent action in the matter of the passes. The fear which had undoubtedly thrilled the young woman when the narrative began gradually faded away, and towards the end she sat with her elbow on her knee and her chin resting in her hand, a twinkling smile now and then illumining her comely face as she listened to the graphic story of the tramp ordering great railway companies to do his bidding regarding the private car, while the history of the Lake Oronto Navigation Company made her laugh outright.

"I think," she said, when he had concluded, "that I ought to inform the police."

"It wouldn't do any good, I fear," said Norton, shaking his head. "I doubt if even you could make a case of false pretences out of it, for you see I made no request of the managers, and they gave me the passes of their own free will. Even if I used their favours, which I have no intention of doing, I question whether you could get out a warrant for my arrest."

"Then you have made no recent application to Mr. Mitcham for your old place?"

"No."

"Could you get from him a letter of recommendation?"

"Oh, I *have* a letter of recommendation from him already. He gave me one when I left; curt, you know, but, on the whole, very satisfactory—from the like of *him*."

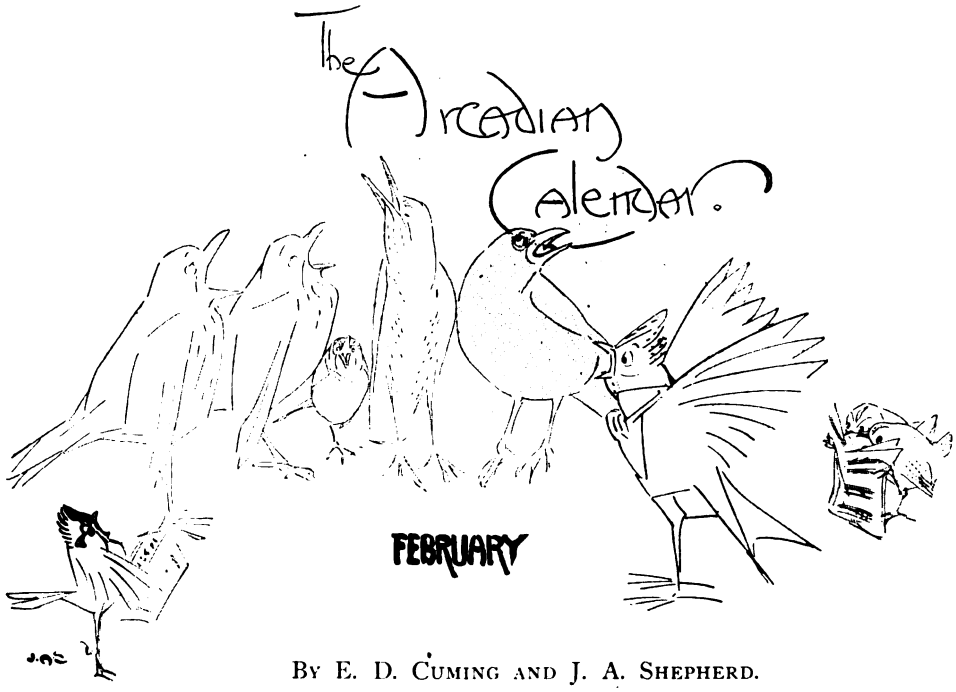
"I sympathize deeply with your case, and shall say nothing to the police. You have indeed been playing to hard luck, as you said, but perhaps your luck will change. My father manages the C.X. and G., and everyone admits he manages it well; but I manage my father. If you will intrust me with that letter from Mitcham and a selection of the passes you received, including those from my father and from Mitcham, I am going North in a few days and will present your case at head-quarters, and I think you will have a much better berth on the C.X. and G. than on a line like the Sand Bag Route, which my father says ought to be in the hands of a receiver."

"You are very generous and forgiving," said the young man, earnestly, "but I could not think of troubling you and, as it were, taking advantage of my own villainy. Somehow I did not seem to realize the blackness of my conduct until I began to talk to you. In my own justification I may say that my conscience has been troubling me all along, but——"

"Yes, you are very guilty," interrupted the girl, flippantly; "still, as I told you, I manage the manager of a great railway line centring in Chicago, so it is not likely that I am going to be dictated to by the manager of a company in Florida which has no real existence. Now make no more objections, but turn your boat and row me back to the General Offices of the Oronto Navigation Company."

Railway people in Chicago admit that Mr. Willis Norton is a most capable man, but they say that he has also had the greatest run of good luck ever known in that enterprising city. His rise was rapid, and he is now assistant-general manager of the C.X. and G. They say that in some unaccountable manner he succeeded in hypnotizing the old man and gaining his consent to the marriage of his daughter, not knowing that it was the other way about, and that the daughter overruled the strong objections put forward by Mr. E. B. Howard.

The Nortons have a charming winter residence erected on the shores of Lake Oronto, Florida. The cottage has been moved to a position partly over the waters of the lake, and it makes a roomy and efficient boat-house. Visitors wonder why a sign the whole length of the boat-house facing the lake reads: "Lake Oronto Navigation Company," but Mrs. Norton smiles and says she has promised never to divulge the secret of that organization, so it is generally supposed Norton bought out the Navigation Company that he might run his own speedy electric launch undisturbed upon the mirror-like surface of the lake.



By E. D. Cuming and J. A. Shepherd.

AS we can choose our own weather for this calendar, Be it enacted that with the dawn of February ice and snow disappear. The world is beginning to wake up.

The trout takes unto himself a wife early this month, and side by side the loving couple seek seclusion in some small stream whose gravel bed and swift, shallow waters offer conveniences for family affairs. With their tails they fan away the gravel to make a little trench for the eggs: the trout has a small family; she lays about a thousand eggs for each pound of her own weight, hence the precaution she takes to bury them in a trench. Trout eggs are held in great esteem as food by various fish, including the trout themselves: eels, roach, dace, and other coarse fish gather round a newly-wedded pair and follow them, in anticipation of the wedding breakfast of eggs. The fresh water shrimp eats large quantities, but as the trout eats the shrimp in large quantities, this adjusts matters. The circumstance that angling becomes lawful while they are still on their honeymoon seems to afford ground for complaint to the mildest mannered trout. The salmon, whose domestic labours are how over in most rivers, orders her nursery on much the same system as the trout, but she has a family even smaller in proportion than her little relative, producing eight or nine hundred eggs for each pound of her own weight. The hen salmon exhibits sad want of good feeling towards her mate. If a poacher, as poachers are apt to do, "snatches" with a hook lashed to a long stick the cock salmon from the spawning-bed before the egg-trench has been made, she shoots away down stream, buttonholes the first cock-fish she meets and proposes to him, if he does not propose at once to her; all she cares about is her eggs and their safety; a consolable widow.

"A CONSOLABLE WIDOW."

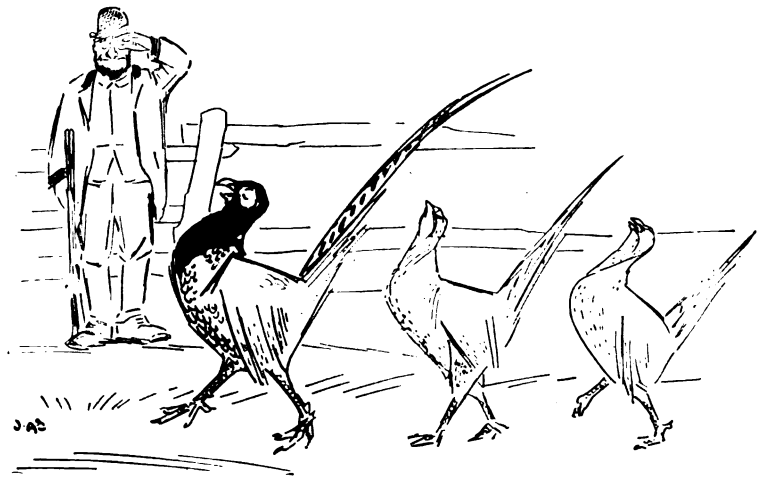
Frost having relaxed its hold on the ground, the mole bethinks him of his duty and gets to work,

BROTHER MOLES AT EASE.

driving new tunnels, sinking new shafts, and advertising the resumption of business by means of new mole-hills. The mole is only idle when the earth is too hard for his shovel hands to dig; he sleeps at intervals during severe weather, but a passion for labour, which is almost morbid, masters him the moment the frost goes; he never agitates for an eight hours' day or goes on strike. He never knocks off work for meals; but he dines all day and all night, for his appetite is insatiable, perhaps the result of honest toil. Monkish in his seclusion, dress, industry, and love of good living, there is a very unmonastic side to his character: he is incurably quarrelsome and his sole recreation is a fight.

The hedgehog, an early riser among winter-long sleepers, is up and about now in search of the succulent slug, who also is the first of his kind to come abroad. The hedgehog has no high-flown ideas on the subject of early rising; could he establish a larder on the cold storage system and stock it with the beetles, worms, and other unsavoury meats that his soul loveth, he would no doubt get up for a meal like the squirrel and dormouse and go back to bed again. He can't do that, so he gets up for the sufficient reason

"HIS SOLE RECREATION IS A FIGHT."



"THE GAMEKEEPER IS THEIR MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT."

that he is hungry. The wood-lice, popularly known as "slaters" from their colour and scales, are abroad once more, having left the damp place of their winter abiding under rotten wood. One wood-louse boasts ability to roll up in a ball: in which posture he presents such resemblance to a pill that medical science in its reckless experimental infancy gave him place in the pharmacopœia and prescribed him for certain disorders. A dreadful fate for the insect; but we must not expend all our sympathy on him.

The pheasant and partridge celebrate the close of the shooting season on 2nd February. Henceforward till autumn their persons are sacred, and their whilom foe, the gamekeeper, is their most obedient servant. The conduct of the partridge, who about this time has been known to boldly invade the streets of town or village, must not be attributed to bravado born of this stimulating sense of security; it is more probable that unrequited love has temporarily unhinged the bird's mind.

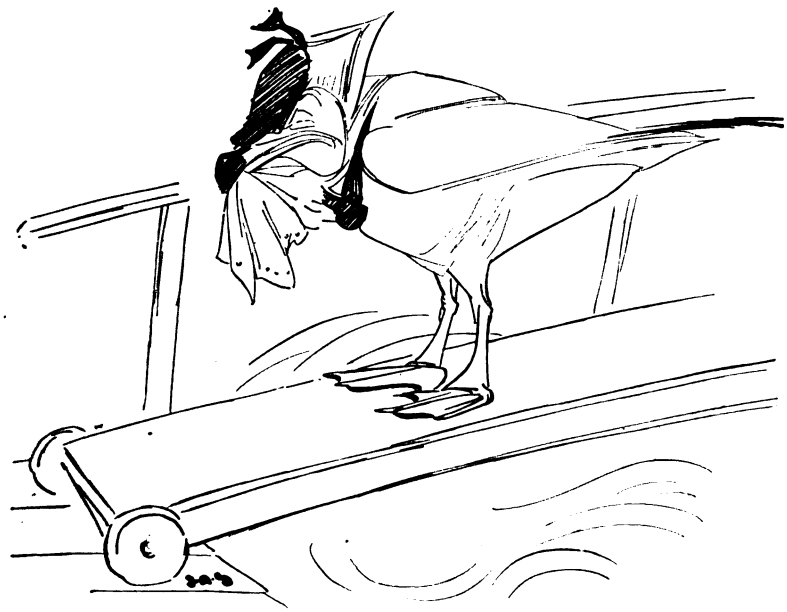
The wild geese who have spent the winter with us now bestir themselves, choose some experienced old gander as leader, and turn their heads north—their bodies following at a respectful distance: geese on the wing always seem to be trying to win a race "by a neck." The grey lag, supposed to be the ancestor of our domestic geese, stays longest; some grey lags cannot tear themselves away from us at all and stay to nest in the far north of Scotland. Farmers are busy ploughing now, and various gulls discover a keen and intelligent interest in agriculture—that phase of it, at least, which renders accessible worms and grubs. Following the ploughman in company with the rooks are the black-headed gull, so called because the summer hood he dons is chocolate and not black; the common gull, and occasionally the herring gull. The common gull is no sailor; when rough weather threatens he is the first to come ashore.

"Who wouldn't sell a farm and go to sea?"
They ask, who view the storm without alarm.
The sentiment does not appeal to me,
Who'd rather leave the sea and take a farm.

The herring gull, commonest of our large gulls, enjoyed possession of four dozen different classical names when Dresser wrote

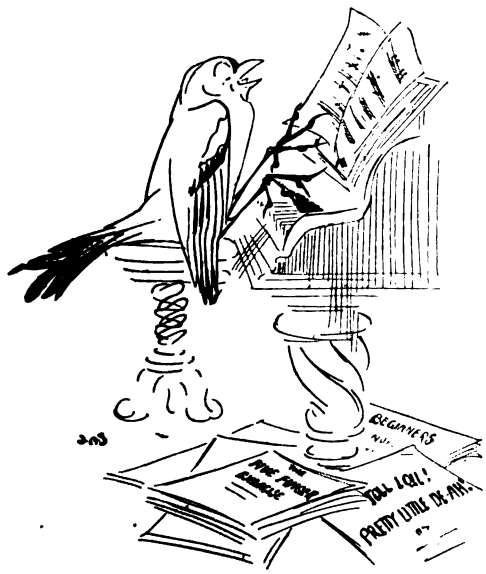
"AN INTEREST IN AGRICULTURE."

his great work on "The Birds of Europe." Every self-respecting ornithologist holds it a duty to give him a new one; so by this time he should have about sixty. What would the Lord Chamberlain do if Mrs. Herring Gull appeared for presentation at a Drawing Room and gave all her "full name" as in duty bound? The chaffinch, who has been silent



"THE COMMON GULL IS NO SAILOR."

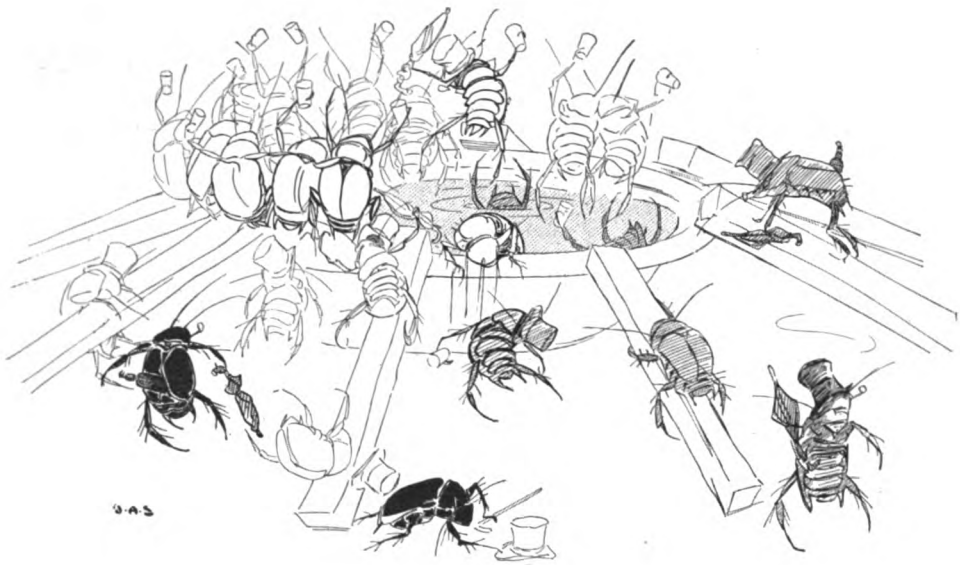
all the winter, begins that short, defiant cry of his, "Toll loll! Pretty little de-ah!" as it is interpreted: the chaffinch's idea of music is elementary and his repertoire limited; but



"THE CHAFFINCH'S IDEA OF MUSIC IS ELEMENTARY."

his song answers its purpose as a challenge; he is always ready for a fight at this season. Herein he resembles the blackbird, who makes it a point of honour to pick a quarrel with every fellow of his own kind he meets. The yellow-hammer begins the petition for "A very lit-tle bit of bread and no che-e-e-ese!" which indulgence considers a song; and the little blue-tit finds the tongue of which he never makes very aggressive use. The missel-thrush is less in evidence now, but the song-thrush, skylark, blackbird, and hedge-sparrow and wren take heart and practise more regularly; the fact that earthworms appear now and other foods are more plentiful has much to do with the musical programme; we can't expect hungry birds to waste vital energy in song. The genial house sparrow is chirpy; he has found the first crocus of the year, and, having eaten the bud, has done some mischief, wherefore he is happy. Indoors the cricket is chirruping as gaily as ever; neither to him nor to the cock-

"CHIRPY."



"TOO GENIAL."

roach do the seasons make any difference; hot-house flowers these, who live behind the kitchen-range and love best the cook who does not rake out the fire at night. Wise in his generation, the cricket does not abuse hospitality; cheery and sociable though his nature be, he seldom collects about him his relations, friends, and acquaintances with their respective families and hangers-on. He keeps the cook's welcome for himself. The cockroach owes his unpopularity to his belief in "the more the merrier"; he cannot do without society, and he never tries. His disposition is too friendly, too genial. He finds a basin of beer on the kitchen floor, pauses on the brim to call his friends and neighbours, toboggans gaily down and drinks, not wisely but too well.

When lights are out and maids in bed
The cockroach seeks good cheer,
He steals the meat and eats the bread
And takes the proffered beer.

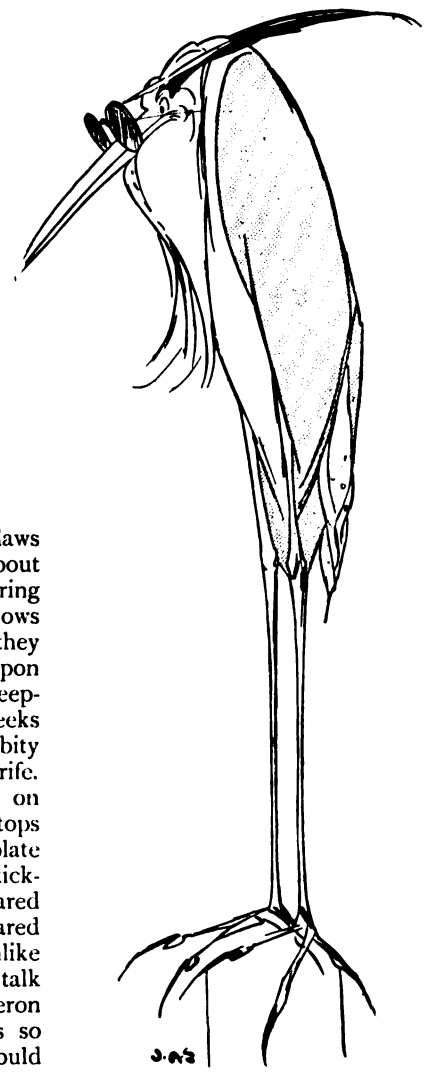
Oh, the cockroach is a festive soul,
His happiest hour's here,
Pledging his friends in a pudding-bowl
Of flat but amber beer!

The cricket is not a teetotaler: opportunity serving, he exceeds like his friend the cockroach.

The pigeons in the yard are beginning to coo sweet somethings, and the fancy of the ring-dove in the wood lightly turns to thoughts of love. Also the tawny owl yields to the tender passion: the amorous owl hooting his tale of love must feel acutely defects of his voice, but he, at any rate, is not so heavily handicapped in this respect as his cousin, the barn owl, who can only screech, snore, and hiss. The tawny owls do not give themselves much trouble about house and furniture: they are fond of a hole in some decayed tree, but they will lease an old nest of rook or magpie with a light heart, or take an unfurnished hole in a ruin. Some of the crow family are now on matrimony intent. The raven lays aside his habitual solemnity of demeanour and seeks to win the heart of his bride by uncouth gambols unbefitting his character and appearance. The voice of the love-making raven is soft, almost musical; he performs wild and fantastic feats of agility

ROOK MORALITY.

on the wing, even turning somersaults and pretending to fall on his back with folded wings, while she looks on, let us hope, not laughing at him. The raven, if left alone, returns to his old nest year after year, adding a few odds and ends and refurnishing with wood and hair. He rarely is left alone in this country. Sheep-stealing is still a capital offence when a raven is the culprit, and it is to be feared that he does kill young and weakly lambs. The rooks are gathering on the rookery: they don't mean to begin building just yet, but rooks are thieves of a sort among whom there is no honour, and steal each other's sticks of furniture impartially. A rook cannot trust his own father, and would think his father was suffering from senile decay if the old bird trusted him. The jackdaws are beginning to hang about the church tower, peering through the belfry windows at their old nests; they won't enter seriously upon the business of housekeeping for another six weeks at least, but where probity is flexible suspicion is rife. The herons foregather on the heronry in the tree-tops and solemnly contemplate the flat, commodious stick-heaps whereon they reared their children or were reared themselves last year. Unlike the rooks, they neither talk nor quarrel. The heron is of pensive habit, as so ardent a fisherman should be, and he thinks long and gravely.



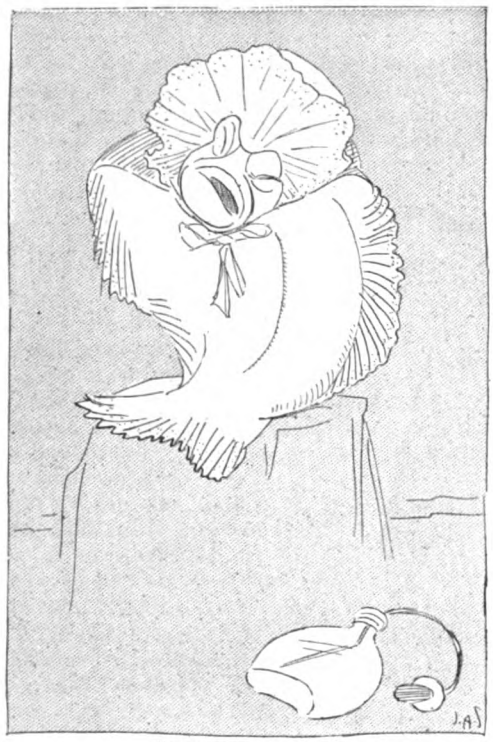
"A LONG THINK."

The frog wakes up and comes to the surface to look round, solemnly enjoining his friends to "Work! work! work!" without the least idea of doing a hand's turn himself. All he wants to do is to drink: he is a "soaker" in the fullest meaning of the word, for when dry he absorbs moisture at every pore; there is an air of smug contentment almost seraphic about the frog's expression as he treads water with his eyes uplifted and expands under the soothing influence of wet. His foe the viper has come out, drawn from his winter retreat by the warmth, to lie basking in the sun for an hour. The summit of viper ambition is to lie basking in the sun; but this accessible ambition is not peculiar to vipers, as the aspect of the London parks on any fine day will convince you.

The cookery-book says the flounder is "now at its best," which is not saying much. The flounder was soured in infancy. Child of nearly the most improvident parents that swim (they think nothing in flounder circles of launching a family of a million or a million and a half of helpless babies on a cold, wet world), the flounder, like other flat fish, was born upright as a John Dory, with an eye on each side of his head. When about a week old he became conscious that he was growing top-heavy and leaning more and more to one side. Then he got tired of seeing nothing but sand with one eye and tried to peer round his nose. Obliging Nature helped him to rectify the mistake she had made, and gradually the eye came round—sometimes it comes right through the soft cartilages of the head — and settled down beside its fellow. And then the young flounder resigned himself to his fate.

What must the flounder feel
Launched on an even keel,
By turn of Nature's wheel
Degraded to a flat-fish?

Is this the reason why
He twists his mouth awry,
As if about to cry?
Is this the bane of *that* fish?

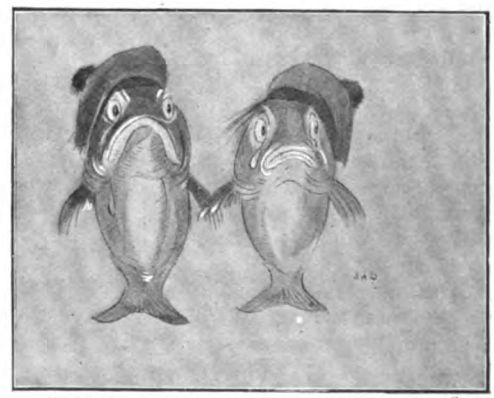


"SOURED IN INFANCY."

The startled expression in the eye of the cod suggests that the fish suffers life-long anxiety concerning the fate of her children; but this theory won't hold water, because, although a 30lb. cod lays seven million eggs or more, she divests herself of all parental responsibility as soon as she has done it. The ugly, big-headed babies which result from such eggs as other fish and the gulls don't eat are left to make their own way in the world.

The field-cricket opens his hole for the summer and sits at the door ready to dart in if anyone passes, as if he knew that the police were always after him. He lives his own retired life solacing the passing hour with the music produced by rubbing the base of one scale-like fore-wing against the other. His defective ear for music *may* be due to the curious site Nature has selected for his organs of hearing: he wears what answer for ears on his forelegs. A few butterflies, the brimstone and small tortoiseshell conspicuously, who have passed the winter in butterfly form, now come out and flutter round. The attire of these survivals of last summer is often rather ragged and unkempt; their wings look as if the insects had folded them up hurriedly and carelessly when they were going to bed; or as if they had slept in them.

The house-fly crawls out of his winter hiding-place and goes to the window; he feels grimy and dull, but he washes his face and hands vigorously, shampoos his bald head as if parting his hair at the back, and with a brave show of jollity



"LEFT TO MAKE THEIR OWN WAY IN THE WORLD."

resumes his life-long task of thumping his head on the glass. He doesn't keep it up long at first; perhaps it makes his head ache. Flies and other small insects, by the way, consider that there is no bedroom to equal the interior of a straw for economy and comfort. Eligible straws in stack or thatch are in great demand for winter quarters; the drawback is that the tits pull out the straws and catch the fly before he can jump out of bed. All these early insects receive cordial welcome from the birds.

PULLING HIMSELF TOGETHER.

The early lamb has entered upon a career which for the first few hours consists of baaing and blunders. The first thing he does is to lose his mother; and forthwith, skipping

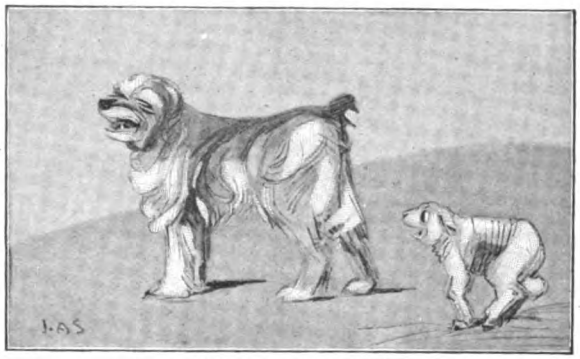
like a large geometer, he starts for whatever object catches his eye.

"O, mother mine! you're found at last.
Wherever have you been?"
The sheep-dog coldly wards him off: "I
don't know what you mean."

"Then *you* are she!" The eager lamb
his woolly carcass shoots
Against the shepherd's legs, to learn ewes
don't wear hob-nail boots.

Some passing stranger next he tries, then
tree-stump, bush, or rock;
And last, by happy accident, he stumbles
on the flock.

"Bless me! the world is full of ma's as
far as I can see.
Well, well, I'm not particular, the first
will do for me."



"I'M NOT YOUR MA-A!"

While foisting himself on every ewe in the field in turn, his anxious mother catches sight of him and comes up at a canter, baa-ing affectionate reproaches and declaring she will never, never let him out of her sight again.

In the poultry-yard the turkey-cock, full of self-importance, is gobbling and strutting with his wing feathers stiffly brushing the ground and his tail spread fan-wise. Mr. Turvey-drop must have founded his idea of Deportment (with a capital D) on the turkey-cock. When a pretty young turkey-hen crosses his path his attitude stiffens still more, but he shakes aside the wattle that droops over his beak to smile at her. The fowls are busy; they have begun to lay, and convinced as they are that "All life comes from the (hen's) egg," they give themselves airs which are rather discounted by the extraordinary excitement into which the sight of a newly-laid egg throws the responsible hen. She stalks fussily out of the fowl-house quivering with self-congratulation. "Cock, cock, cock! I've laid an egg! An Eeg-g! An Eeeg-g! Come and look; come and look, look, loo-ook!" And the cock, scratching on the dust-heap, chuckles, "You *don't* say so; never heard of such a thing!" without turning his head. The cock treats his wives with lofty contempt except when one needs punishment, then he throws dignity, restraint, and reserve to the winds and hunts her round the yard, calling her all the names in chicken vocabulary.

"DEPORTMENT!"

A Story for Children. By R. E. Vernède.

IT is related in the Fairy Chronicles that once upon a time Moralia was the topsy-turviest country in the world. Pigs flew about there and fishes were to be seen walking on land, and if you decided that the tree in your garden was a pear tree it was pretty certain to grow strawberries in the winter and apples in the spring. That kind of thing, of course, had happened before in other kingdoms, but in Moralia it went to extremes. Take pigs, for instance. The trouble was not to drive them to market, but to get them to settle down when they had arrived there. Often, when a farmer thought he had his pigs fixed safely in the pig-market and was bargaining with a trader for a fair price, whir-r-r—there would be a flutter of wings, and off the pigs would sail to the highest palm tree, leaving him agape!

"What can you expect in Moralia?" the intending purchaser would say, and would betake himself to some more certain market.

Again, travellers would often find the highways blocked by a shoal of herrings that had strolled ashore, and everyone would have to turn to and salt them where they stood, and in the meantime people could only get about by way of the canals, unless those were also blocked by cats and horses swimming for their pleasure.

It was annoying, too, to order a pound of greengages and find when you opened the bag that they had turned into mangoes or some sort of fruit that you didn't like nearly so much; or to purchase periwinkles and discover that they were really only pins. You cannot eat pins, at least, very few people can, and you cannot fasten dresses with periwinkles; and, naturally enough, trade soon fell away from Moralia. For nobody ever knew what was going to be what. At school the children used to write things with their india-rubber and erase them with their pencils. The schoolmaster used to say that he wouldn't have *his* pupils writing copper-plate. And certainly their copybooks did not resemble it.

Altogether, matters in Moralia were in a very bad way. People in other countries shook their heads over it and said that it couldn't go on like that. They said that if that was Moralia's boasted civilization they didn't think much of it. All the same, it did go on until what I have to tell had happened. And the cause of the topsy-turviness, as very few people knew, was that the King of Moralia had offended a Wizard.

It happened in this way. The King, who was the most prim and proper gentleman in the world, a little too proper and prim, perhaps, was invited to attend a banquet the Wizard was giving. He didn't like to refuse, because that sort of invitation is equivalent to a command. But at the same time he disapproved of the whole thing. He disliked the Wizard and he hated anything magical—which is a foolish thing to do. As a result, he wore a very glum face throughout. When he opened his mouth at all it was to criticise the dresses and the behaviour of the fairies present or to speak sharply to the invisible hands that waited on him. Also, at the end of the feast, when the gnomes and trolls began to exchange cigars, and the Wizard himself, a little excited with nectar, perhaps, began to talk what seemed nonsense, the King could contain himself no longer.

"I can't agree with you," he exclaimed, at last.

"What about?" the Wizard inquired, frowning. He had noticed the King's behaviour already, and was by no means pleased.

"That two and two make five," said the King.

"Ah, but you don't make allowances," began the Wizard, "for what we——"

"They only make four," said the King, abruptly.

Now, if there is one thing that Wizards dislike more than being contradicted, it is being interrupted, and this one, though courteous for a Wizard, glowered.

"It seems to me," he said, very slowly and distinctly, "that you don't make allowances for what we call magic."

"No, I don't," snapped the King.

"Why not?"

"Because I think it's grossly exaggerated," said the King.

"Indeed!"

There was a dead pause as the Wizard spoke, and the King became aware that the eyes of all present were fixed upon him. There were green eyes, and red eyes, and white eyes, some fiery and some dull, but they all stared at him until he felt dizzy. He almost expected to be turned into a stone or a stock-pot or a stork. But as a matter of fact nothing, as it seemed, happened at all. Only, when the King arrived back in Moralia, having slept all night on the road, the magic had taken effect and Moralia was topsy-turvy.

The King's feelings may be imagined. He had been so orderly, and now everything was so contrary. He tried to wring his hands, but found himself walking on them instead, and he had to be content with wringing his legs. Anyone who has tried the process knows that it makes things appear even more curious than they are. For a moment the King fancied that it was only he that was bewitched, but he was mistaken. The Lord Chamberlain came in, and he was holding one arm to his side like a handle and the other curved outward like a spout.

"Is—is anything the matter with you, sire?" he asked, observing his Royal master in so unusual and undignified an attitude as is involved in trying to wring one's legs.

"No," said the King, sharply, "why should there be?"

"I don't know," said the Chamberlain, hurriedly. "But I fancied that you were ups——"

"What's the matter with you, though?" cried the King.

"Nothing," said the Chamberlain, who still held his left hand in the shape of a spout. "Nothing—nothing at all—but—er—it's a curious thing—very. I feel as if I were a tea-pot."

"A tea-pot?" repeated the King. He was about to say that, in that case, the Chamberlain had better resign his office, but, instead of doing so, he found himself crying out:—

"Hurrah! I'm a tea-pot too. Let's all be tea-pots!"

Tea-pots the King and all his Court were for the rest of the day, in so far as curving their arms and wearing a strainer on their left hands could make them so. Next day the King suggested in a shamefaced way that they should all fly kites. And so they did, or rather the kites flew them. For the kites ran along the ground, while the King and all his Ministers performed the most curious gyrations in the air at the end of pieces of string, with long tails fastened on to them. Next day they fancied they were Polar bears, and insisted on climbing up poles and having buns thrown to them.

And so matters went from bad to worse.

The strange thing was that nobody laughed at them, for everyone in Moralia was afflicted with some absurd fancy or other, and though all felt ashamed and ill at ease there was no one who could see precisely what was ludicrous and extravagant.

For the King had brought up his people to be very stiff and to disbelieve in magic, and though they were now bewitched they were all as solemn as ever. And at the end of sixteen years, when the King's daughter, the Princess Marianna, came of an age to be married, she was the most eccentric and most solemn person in the kingdom. It was natural enough that this should be so. The Queen-Mother had died when the Princess was but an infant, and Marianna had done as she pleased in the enchanted country all her days. Now she was the most beautiful Princess that has probably ever existed. Her hair was all gold and came below her knees, and her eyes were like violets, and she was lithe as a panther. The fame of her great beauty had induced many Kings and Princes to journey even to Moralia, which, for several reasons, had become one of the most perilous as well as one of the most trying places in the world to travel through. One reason was that the inhabitants would sit on the tree-tops and throw cocoa-nuts down on anyone passing; another, that the sign-posts were all put wrong, so that one wandered round and round as if in a maze, and as often as not got into some morass or fell into some hole that had been dug for an afternoon's amusement. But the chief reason was that the King had put at the head of affairs the most monstrous creature—a Sea Prince—who had come up out of the sea to make mischief in Moralia. The poor King thought he must be a genius because he was so ugly. He resembled a cod-fish with whiskers, and he walked sometimes on his fins and sometimes on his tail. And as he had determined to wed the Princess Marianna himself, despite his gruesome ugliness, he naturally encouraged her in all her eccentricities and cast every possible obstacle in the way of the Kings and Princes who came to woo her. Many of these had perished already, and it seemed likely on the day of Marianna's coming of age that no more would venture after her. Nor could her wedding be much longer delayed, since the King was getting old and must have some successor.

The cod-fish sat in the Cabinet that day and chuckled and rubbed his fins.

"I shall wed Marianna to-morrow," he gurgled to himself. And he opened and shut his great slit of a mouth in a way that one might suppose would have made even the most daft Princess shudder, if she could have seen it. But, as a matter of fact, Marianna was up and away in the woods, swinging in the high boughs of an acacia. She had not permitted any of her maidens to do anything for her. She would not have her hat on nor her shoes, and only at the last moment, in a spirit of fancifulness, she had caught up her opal slippers and taken them with her. The inhabitants of Moralia had given up the pastime of throwing cocoa-nuts from the trees at wayfarers, for, truth to tell, no wayfarers came along now. But Marianna had taken the radiant slippers because they were hard and easy to throw, and if anyone happened to pass by she should have something to hurl. Now, she was swinging in the acacia tree. Blossoms of the white, sweet flower dropped in showers about her, as the boughs swayed to and fro, and the sunlight caught in her hair. And she never gave a thought to anything or anybody, least of all to the Prince who at that moment was coming on horseback through the forest towards the acacia tree.

Nor, indeed, did Prince Rideo, for that was the young man's name, give very much thought to the Princess Marianna. He had heard vaguely of her beauty and of the topsy-turvy country where she lived. Being young and adventurous, and rashly fond of comedy, he had set out to see Moralia. That it was so perilous only added to the charm of journeying in it; and as for the Princess—if she were so lovely as was reported, why, he would see her at least. He might fall in love with her, perhaps, but he doubted it.

So he rode on, laughing to himself. He had encountered many strange things already, the finger-posts that led all wrong, and some winged pigs that started away like a covey of partridges, and lizards that lay in the shade to bask, and flies catching spiders in their webs, and sheep driving a flock of shepherds to their folds. Prince Rideo was greatly amused, though he had escaped with difficulty out of a morass and had been compelled to cut to pieces with his sword a herd of geese that attacked him. But he was more greatly astonished when he rode under the acacia tree and an opal slipper, very hard and pointed, hit him on the chest. He caught it before it fell to the ground, and then looked up into the tree.

"Who's there?" he demanded.

Marianna peeped out from among the blossoms, and he thought he had never seen

anyone so beautiful. She was sitting on a bough, very fearless, and cried out:—

"Give me back my slipper!"

"Did you drop it?" asked the Prince, smiling.

Marianna opened her eyes wide to see a man smile. She had never seen anyone in Moralia smile before, for their lack of humour was what made the enchantment work so successfully.

"No; I threw it," she said.

"Then I sha'n't give it to you again," said the Prince, putting it in his pocket.

"Why not?" asked Marianna.

"You might throw it again."

"I do as I please," said Marianna, haughtily. "Give it me back at once or I shall throw the other slipper."

As the Prince only laughed she threw the other.

"Now I have both," he said. "And if you are the Princess Marianna, I will only give them back to you on your wedding-day."

"AS THE PRINCE ONLY LAUGHED SHE THREW THE OTHER SLIPPER."

He was so strange and unusual a person to see in that topsy-turvy country that the Princess, in spite of her anger, could not resist talking to him a little. She swung to a lower bough, and her hair was all about her like a cloth of gold.

"But I am to be wedded to-morrow," she said, seriously, "so that I must have my slippers."

"To whom?" asked Rideo, eagerly.

"To the Fish Prince," she said. "He is my father's councillor, and to-day my father is building the church, so that it may be ready for to-morrow."

Prince Rideo was so taken aback by this news that he hardly knew what to do. For he had fallen in love with her on the spot, and to think that Marianna should wed a Fish Prince disgusted him.

"Do you love him?" he asked her.

"Love?" Marianna repeated the word. "I don't know," she said. "I never thought of it."

"Then you shall not wed him," said the Prince, decidedly.

He was laughing again now, for he was light-hearted and saw no difficulties in the way.

"I shall ride straight to the King, your father," he said, "and tell him that I love you."

"Oh," said Marianna, thoughtfully.

That was all she said, for she did not understand what he meant. Everything was so topsy-turvy in Moralia that love was as unconsidered as laughter. But she did not

ask for the opal slippers again, and the Prince rode on with them in his pocket to the Court of the King. He rode so fast that he came to the end of the woods in no time, and, in the open land beyond, a curious sight met his eyes. Not only the capital city of Moralia stood there, and the great gates of entrance, and the palace, a stately mass of domes and minarets, but also the beginning of a building, such as Prince Rideo thought he had never seen before. It resembled more than anything the steeple of a church stuck the wrong way up in the ground, and all about it was a great concourse of people, working at it in a fashion quite their own. Some men stood with their tools balanced on their noses, one trying in this attitude to plane a log of wood, a second to hammer at a nail that a third was delicately balancing; others stood on their heads, mixing hods of mortar or holding buckets full of red-hot coals, such as workmen use, to the sides of bellows, as if the buckets could make a draught and the bellows a fire. Nobody paid any attention to Prince Rideo, until he asked:—

"Which is the King?"

"AN ELDERLY MAN, WITH A REDDISH-GREY BEARD AND THIN LEGS, WAS RUNNING AIMLESSLY ABOUT BALANCING A LADDER ON HIS HEAD."

Then several pointed to an elderly man, with a reddish-grey beard and thin legs, who was running aimlessly about balancing a ladder on his head. A crown, fastened to his waist by a cord, dangled at his heels. He stopped as Prince Rideo went up to him.

"What do you want?" he cried.

"The hand of your daughter," said the Prince.

"Ah!" said the King, and he looked worried. "I'm sorry you can't stop now."

"But I can," the Prince objected.

"Ah—well—I can't," said the King. "You see, I'm trying to get this ladder up."

"What for?"

The King, who had started off, paused a moment at this question and put his hand to his head.

"Why, of course," he said, at last; "it's the church, you see. I'm building a church for my daughter to be married in to-morrow. Most churches are built on a wrong principle with their steeples at the top. This one's going to have it at the bottom. It's quick work—quick work."

And he began trotting round the steeple again, balancing the ladder and dragging the crown in the same absurd manner. When he completed the circuit, and saw the Prince still standing there, he cried out again:—

"What do you want?"

"The hand of your daughter."

"But she's engaged," said the King.

"She's going to be married to the Fish Prince, who is my Prime Minister, to-morrow. It's a very suitable match. I'm sorry you can't stay for the wedding. But the fact is there isn't a room in the palace to offer you. They're full up—full up."

"Full of what?" asked Prince Rideo, who knew that no strangers had come to Moralia for a long time.

"Full of water," the King explained. "It's a scheme I've got for breeding canaries under water. Quite new—quite new."

"Indeed!" said the Prince, politely. But the King was running round the steeple again, for the ladder would not remain balanced if he stopped for any length of time. So Prince Rideo rode on, hardly knowing whether to laugh or to cry. Coming to the palace, he inquired of the janitor for the Fish Prince.

"He is in the cabinet," said the janitor.

So the Prince rode on without dismounting till he came to the cabinet, and he beat on the door of it with the handle of his sword. The Fish Prince rose in great fear and came sidling to the door on his tail, for usually no one dared to disturb him. When he saw the Prince he blinked his lidless eyes and snapped his mouth up and down. "What do you want?" he asked, though he knew quite well what the Prince wanted.

"The hand of the Princess Marianna."

"That is impossible," gurgled the Fish Prince. "I am going to wed her to-morrow."

"You!" Prince Rideo looked at him with such scorn that the Fish Prince shook with shame, like a jelly-fish.

"The King has promised her to me," he choked out.

"Well," said Prince Rideo, "I will promise you something also. And that is, if you are not gone to the lowest ooze of the sea by to-morrow when I return, I will kill you with my own sword."

Then he turned his horse's head and rode away into the country. How was he to keep his promise? Moralia was in so topsy-turvy a state that the Fish Prince could do as he pleased in it and no one detected his hideousness. Prince Rideo ground his teeth to think of it, and his horse took the first road that happened and carried him into a woodless country of rock and sand. Quite suddenly the vision of the foolish King, balancing the ladder on his head, came to Prince Rideo's mind and, despite his disappointment, he laughed aloud.

"Did you laugh?" An old, old man came out from behind a rock and put the question.

Prince Rideo replied courteously that he did.

"Who could help it?" he added.

"And yet," said the old man, "you are the first who has laughed in Moralia for many years. Lack-a-day!"

He looked so miserable that the Prince almost laughed again, and perhaps it was as well that he did not quite laugh. For the old man was, in reality, the Wizard who had cast the spell in Moralia; and the Fish Prince, who had taken such advantage of it, was his deadliest foe. But even wizards cannot always undo their mischief when they will. And it had been ordained by the fairies that only when a man who could laugh came to Moralia and brought to it a phial of the water from the fountain that is in the middle of the sea could the land regain its former state. So the Wizard was naturally very pleased to hear the Prince laugh, and explained why.

"Will you fill the phial from the fountain?" he asked.

The Prince turned his horse's head.

"I will go at once," he said.

"Ah," said the Wizard, smiling, "you are bold, Sir Prince. But remember one thing. The Fish Prince is your foe and has endless power over the sea. He will cast every obstacle in your way——"

"Give me the phial!" said the Prince, smiling.

"Here it is," said the Wizard. "And with your permission I will shoe your horse's feet, that they may not slip in the waves."

"Make haste, then," said Prince Rideo. "For by to-morrow I must be back to give Marianna her opal slippers."

The Wizard shod the horse swiftly with enchanted shoes, and it was well that he did so, for when Prince Rideo came to the sea-shore it seemed that he could go no farther, for the deep lay all around to the horizon, and there was no boat at hand or any wood with which to build a raft. But the horse galloped, and the Prince perceived that he was on a narrow causeway of rocks that ran out seaward just under the water's surface. It was more slippery than ice, but the horse sped on, until land became dim and indistinct behind him and then faded away.

"This is easier than I imagined," said Prince Rideo.

Hardly had he spoken when the sea became black with thousands of monstrous crabs, as big as men. They had claws like pincers and their beady eyes glared venomously. The Prince struck at them with his sword

bravely enough as they scuttled up the causeway; but the steel rang vainly on their backs, and the Prince would have been wrenched down and devoured had not the horse galloped like lightning along the rocks so that the crabs could not keep pace with him.

"The Fish Prince can do nothing," said Prince Rideo, exhilarated with the speed.

As he uttered this there arose a most rich and entrancing music to the left and to the right of him, and the Prince looking out in the sunset saw far off in the sea the most beautiful maidens singing to the melody of golden harps. They and their songs were so beautiful that the Prince pulled at the reins and would have ridden off the causeway to greet them; but the horse galloped on, on, on. And though the Prince was angry at first he saw later that there was good reason for it. For these were the sirens who wait for men in the sea to drag them down; and, as the sun sank on them, he saw that the maidens had sharks' tails and were a part of the Sea Prince's conspiracy.

"I had best be careful," he said.

And at the words the sun went down in the sea and a great storm rose. Billows swept hundreds of feet over the causeway, and the foam seemed to lash the very sky. But the horse galloped on, and Prince Rideo clung to the saddle manfully, though he was almost suffocated with surge. Sea-snakes swam alongside in that tempest, spitting, and squids, like branching trees, reached at him with their suckers, and giant rocks moved to and fro trying to clap him between them. But Prince Rideo spurred forward. And then quite suddenly the storm ceased, and the darkness was drawn apart like a curtain and the full moon came out. And there, just ahead of him, a fountain spirted out of the middle of the sea.

"THE SEA BECAME BLACK WITH THOUSANDS OF MONSTROUS CRABS, AS BIG AS MEN."

You may be sure that Prince Rideo filled his phial with no loss of time and set out on the return speedily. No peril threatened him now, but he had come farther than he supposed, and dawn broke before he had got to land and arrived in sight of the palace once more.

A great procession was moving towards the steeple, which still remained unfinished. The crowd of people was in every conceivable attitude except that of ordinary mortals walking on their two feet, and everyone was doing something intensely absurd

in the solemnest manner. At the head of the procession the King was walking on one leg with his crown round one knee, with the Archbishop beside him trying to roll his mitre like a hoop. Behind them walked the Princess Marianna, bare-foot, leaning on the fin of the Fish Prince. She looked so lovely that Prince Rideo's wrath knew no bounds, and he thundered up with his drawn sword and broke the phial violently in the fish's face.

The effect was instantaneous. Everyone came to their feet, stared, and burst out into laughter. The Archbishop ceased rolling his mitre, and the King slipped his crown on to his head. As for the Princess, she shrank back and looked with disgust on the Fish Prince.

"Who is this monster?" she cried, and shut her eyes. In that moment, while the creature still leared and snapped, Prince Rideo ran him through with his sword, as he had promised. All the crowd cheered and laughed.

But Prince Rideo held up his hand for silence.

"Moralia has been bewitched," he said, "for many years, but to-day the water of the Fountain of Laughter has broken the spell, as you all see. And now Moralia has become itself again."

Then he turned to Marianna.

"Will you wed me now?" he asked.

She smiled and blushed and looked more beautiful than ever.

"I have no shoes to go to church in," she said.

Prince Rideo drew out the opal slippers from his pocket.

"These will fit," he said, and she put out her foot for him to try them on.

"But—they are my own!" she exclaimed; and then it came back to her how the Prince had ridden under the acacia tree and all that had happened after, and she smiled and blushed again.

"Now you must marry me," said Prince Rideo.

"I will," said Marianna, and she did. For they went straight to one of the proper churches, with its steeple the right side up, and the Archbishop superintended the ceremony. Then the people asked the Prince to be King, and the old King asked him too.

"PRINCE RIDEO RAN HIM THROUGH WITH HIS SWORD."

So he was given the crown and ruled wisely and well. And no country in all the world was less topsy-turvy than Moralia, and probably no country ever will be.

An Eighteen-mile Switchback.

By Reginald H. Cocks.

To rattle down a mountain-side continuously for nine miles, at a speed attaining sixty miles an hour, is probably one of the most exhilarating sensations that it is possible to experience, and one that few people have ever heard of.

Amongst examples of the railroad's slender and sinuous tentacles which continue to spread throughout the world, none displays more daring originality in construction than the switchback, or gravity railroad, at Mauch Chunk, U.S.A.

The whole idea can be traced back to a man stumbling over "something black" on a certain dark night in the year 1791. The man was a hunter, Philip Ginter by name. The cause of the stumble proved to be a large lump of coal, and this is how anthracite coal was first discovered. Directly this wealthy coal district was struck there naturally sprang up difficulties with regard to transportation at so great an altitude, for, be it remembered, the discovery was made in wild and mountainous country.

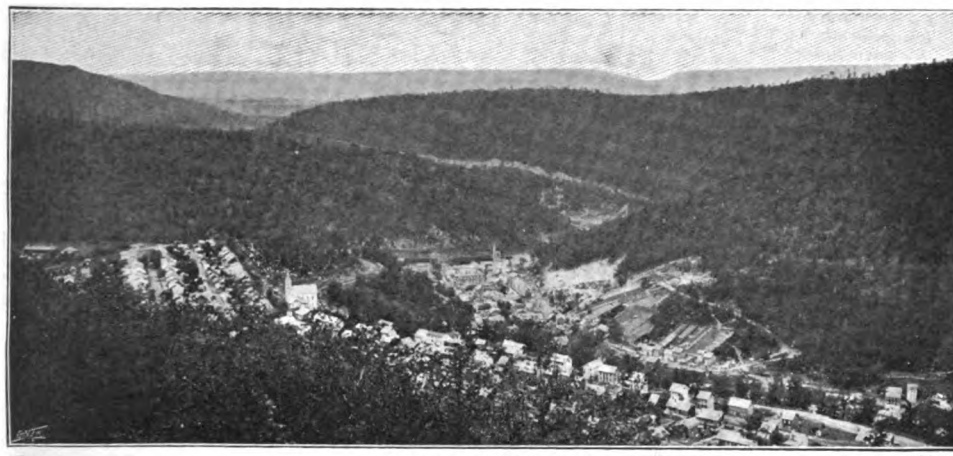
The following year the Lehigh Coal Mine Company was formed, but the mines were not worked to any extent until 1812, when certain improvements were made for bringing coal to market by navigation. In 1818 a road was cut from the river to the mines to facilitate transportation, and this, nine miles in length, constitutes the grading of the present railway. A pair of horses would bring down from four to six tons in two waggons; but it was found next to impossible to keep the roads in good order, so in the natural course of events a railroad was laid down on the track in 1827. The whole transportation was worked by gravity, the empty cars being returned to the mines by mules, the latter riding down with the coal, but in their own "saloons."

The mules travelled about forty miles a day, and so enamoured of the trip did they become that not one could be persuaded to walk downhill when, on one occasion, the train was sent up without the mule-car. In fact, the drivers had to go down to the bottom and push up the waggon themselves in order to satisfy the mules and afford these animals the opportunity once again of having a free ride down and enjoying the natural scenery which it is said they love to dwell upon.

From a] LOOKING UP MOUNT PISGAH. [*Photo.*

With the increase of business a return track was added in 1844, and the railroad then stretched over Mount Pisgah, along its side to Jefferson Plane, again to the summit (Sharp Mountain), and down the ridge to the mines at Summit Hill, where it joins the old-mule-track, and thence back to the river. Thus the discovery of the black diamond opened up "modern civilization," and the Switchback Railway, as the old coal-track is now styled, is exclusively used for pleasure, being operated only from the middle of May to the 1st of November.

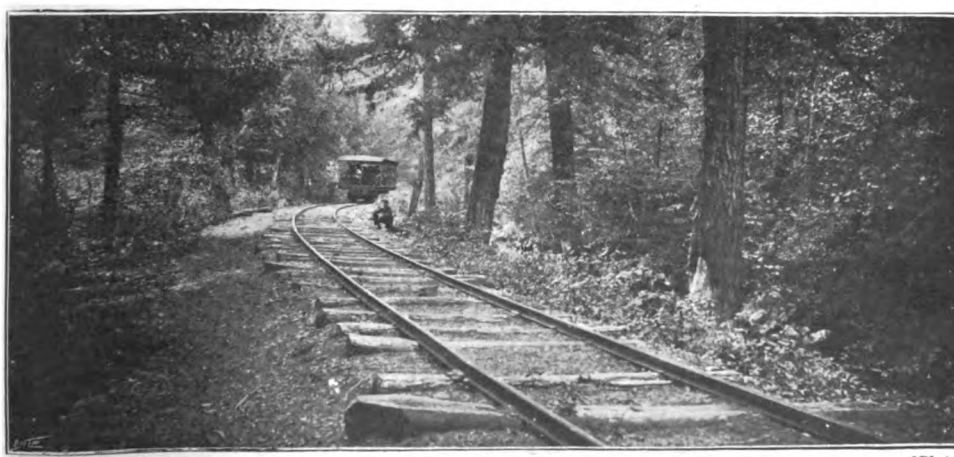
The starting-point of this gravity railroad may be best



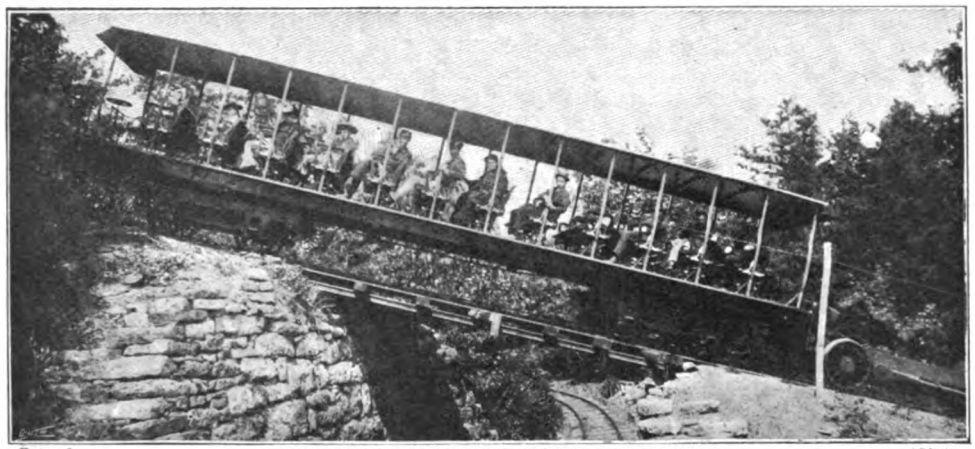
From a] VIEW FROM MOUNT PISGAH. *[Photo.*

reached by electric-car from Mauch Chunk, about five hours' rail from New York, and, embarking at the station, which is situated on the brow of a hill, we first experience the fact that a switchback can be made a genuine means of locomotion. The single car in which we commence our lightning trip differs but little from the ordinary cable-car in America, except that the brakesman, who, by the way, has sole control of the running, sits inside the car and in the front of it. The signal being given, the brakes are released and the car runs by gravity to the foot of Mount Pisgah Plane. At this juncture we face what at first sight appears to be the perpendicular side of a mountain, with four shimmering threads of steel connecting foot and summit in an undeviating line. A momentary halt is made and, the engineer at the top of the mountain having been apprised of our progress, a safety or "Barney" car is slowly drawn up from a pit under the track at our rear and, pushing us from behind, we start off to climb the mountain-side. The gradient the whole way up is one foot in three, and when we reach the summit of Mount Pisgah we are no less than 900ft. above our starting-point and 1,500ft. above tide-water. There are two tracks, and upon each runs a safety-car, to which is attached two steel bands, each 7½in. wide. These bands are fastened to iron drums, 28ft. in diameter, situated in the engine-house at the top of the plane, the motive power being two stationary engines, each developing 120 horse-power.

The ascent just made looks perilous enough to unstring the nerves of the most venturesome, but it is reassuring to know that in all the years that this enterprise has been in operation not a single passenger has met with any accident. Every possible precau-



From a] "TWO-MILE TURN." *[Photo.*

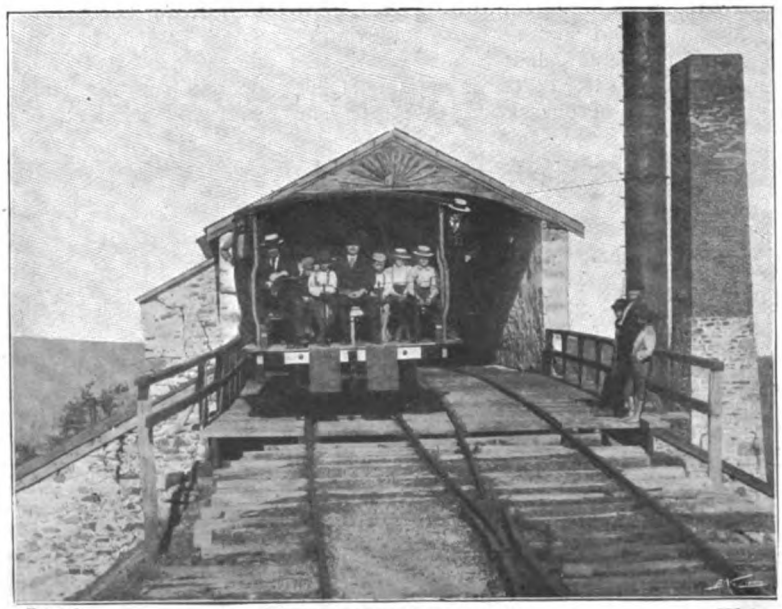


From a] GOING UP MOUNT JEFFERSON—CROSSING DOWN-TRACK. *[Photo.*

tion is taken. The safety-car which hauls up the one in which we travel has an iron arm which extends from the side over a ratchet-rail between the two tracks: should the steel bands break, or even the machinery fail, the slightest backward movement causes the arm to drop into the notches of the ratchet-rail, holding the car stationary.

The panorama opening up as we make the ascent is one of appalling grandeur. Mountain-tops which, but a few moments ago, towered above us now become insignificant, and the vastness of the scene as viewed from the summit is awe-inspiring. Tier upon tier of long blue ridges loom, as far as the eye can see, and below us, spread out like a vast flower-bed, valleys, ravines, villages, and mining settlements lie scattered in strange confusion. Mount Pisgah Plane, up which we have now come, is 2,322ft. in length, and we proceed along through the engine-house, where the safety-car is detached, and slowly on over a trestle spanning a ravine, where again a magnificent bird's-eye view is obtained. We are now running by force of gravitation only, and two miles from Mount Pisgah pass the old tunnel and hamlet of Hackelbernie. The fall of the grade to the next plane is about 47⅜ft. to the mile, and we have left Mount Pisgah 6¼ miles away. The motion of the car is so easy that you do not realize the velocity at which you are travelling, nor have you time to absorb the rugged, broken grandeur through which you are passing at locomotive speed.

Four miles farther we come to Bloomingdale Valley and the plane of Mount Jefferson. Here a brief pause is made, and, as was the case at Mount Pisgah, a safety-car is hitched on behind us and we are slowly hauled up a distance of 2,070ft., the earth appearing to recede from us. After reaching the summit, which is 1,660ft. above sea-level, we gain



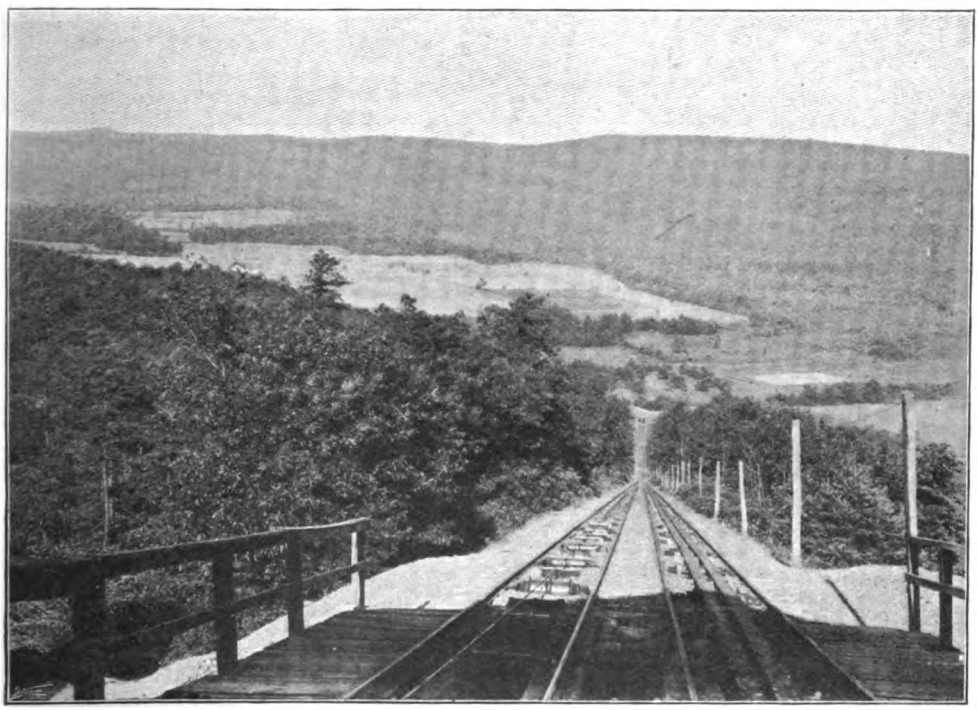
From a] ON THE TOP OF JEFFERSON PLANE. *[Photo.*

momentum (the safety-car having been unhitched) and rush along by gravity for another mile and a dip of 45ft. Here we arrive at Summit Hill, an interesting mining village with a population of 3,000. At this place you will find the famous burning mines, which have been on fire since 1858.

The last lap of our sensational journey now remains to be accomplished, and it is without a doubt the most thrilling of any. Our road lies along down the old mule-track, nine miles' continuous descent, with a grade of 96ft. to the mile. The brakes are gradually released at Summit Hill and we at once gain momentum, down, down, descending in serpentine zig-zags through shaded woods, around the sharpest of curves, along the edge of precipices, on and on, our speed increasing at every revolution of the wheels.

The kaleidoscopic glimpses of scenery which the passenger may be able to snatch here and there serve to keep him wrapt in excitement and almost callous as to the manner in which the car will swing round the next sharp bend, for it is during this last lap that we attain the speed of sixty miles an hour, the cars not being heavy enough to warrant faster running with assurance of safety. The pace at length perceptibly slackens and the car is gradually brought to a standstill at Mauch Chunk, at the very same platform whence we set out.

The entire journey has taken us just two hours to accomplish, and, although the distance covered has not exceeded eighteen miles, it must be remembered that quite twenty minutes were occupied at Summit Hill where we halted, and yet another thirty minutes must be deducted for the climb of 2,070ft. up Mount Jefferson Plane; these, together with one or two other allowances, will materially improve the times of running if compared from point to point. The cost of this circuitous journey is about three shillings, this including the ride up in the electric-car to the starting terminus at Mauch Chunk.



From a] VIEW FROM THE TOP OF JEFFERSON PLANE. *[Photo.*

The idea of utilizing hilly country as a means to locomotion by aid of gravity suggests itself as being both cheaper to construct, and also to maintain, than any other form of railway, where tunnelling and other costly operations are necessary.

In fact, a genuine switchback ride, such as the one described, claims first place for utility and pleasure (not excluding the aerial or wire railways) of any kind of locomotion.

*Curiosities.**

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

A HUMAN MANGLE.

"This photo. may prove acceptable for inclusion among your 'Curiosities.' The three gunners shown in the picture had extemporized a very efficient and ingenious mangle out of a form, a table, and the cook's rolling-pin. The man seated on the upturned form only lends his weight to the proceedings, the other two push the form to and fro, until the article on the table has been sufficiently mangled by the rolling-pin."—Mr. F. R. Needham, Master Gunner, R.G.A., Lenan Head Battery, near Clonmany, Co. Donegal.

UNDER A VIADUCT.

"I send you a curious photograph which may interest some of your readers. It is a telescopic view of the inside of the arches of Chappel Viaduct, Essex. These arches, thirty-two in number, are 74ft. high, and form a very imposing structure in the Colne Valley. I took the photo. with 'No. 4 Cartridge Kodak.'"—Miss Eva Brooks, Wakes Colne, Essex.

"THE PEARLIE KING."

"The photo. I send you is of Mr. F. Croft, the Pearlie King of Somers Town. He has 4,900 buttons on his suit — *i.e.*, as follows: 700 on cap, 1,500 on waistcoat, 1,500 on trousers, 700 on belt, 500 on straps (wrist); total, 4,900."—Mr. J. Bremell, 7, Star Street, Paddington, W.

* Copyright, 1902, by George Newnes, Limited.

A PORTRAIT.

"I beg to send you the enclosed photo. as a contribution to your 'Curiosity' pages. A brother of mine tried to step through a long window, thinking it was open. He found it was closed, but succeeded in opening part of it, leaving the profile of Sir Wm. Harcourt in the gap. This is just as the glass remained when the noise subsided."—Mr. Arthur R. Mills, 38, Billing Road, Northampton.

A CURIOUS UMBRELLA.

"I send you a photograph of a peculiar umbrella, which I came across in an old farmhouse in this neighbourhood. It is made of white silk, with a turned ivory handle and round ivory ball at the top. Holes are pierced through to represent stars. It is more of a sphere than shown in the photograph, and will not stand opening to the fullest extent."—Mr. A. C. Meader, Stalbridge, Dorset.

EXTRAORDINARY BEE-HIVES.

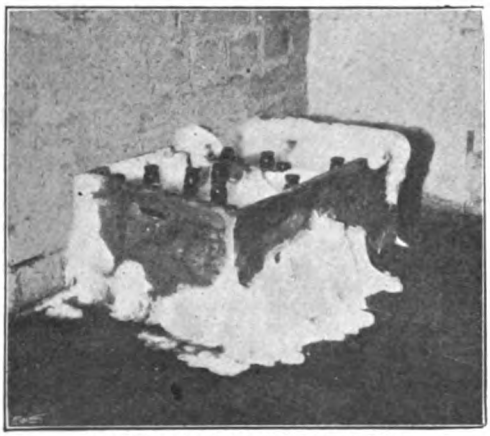
"In the forests of Mysore there are four varieties of bees, the largest of which is called, in the Canarese language, 'Hejjainoo.' These construct enormous hives of a semicircular form, measuring frequently 5ft. by 3ft., under the large, spreading branches of the loftiest trees in the jungle. There are often as many as 100 to 120 hives on a single tree, and when these are disturbed by a species of eagle, which preys upon the larvæ, it is extremely dangerous to go anywhere in the vicinity, as these bees are so aggressive and so persistent in their attacks that they have been frequently known to pursue people for miles; and it is asserted that, even if the person dives under water in order to avoid them, they will remain hovering over the surface, and unless he is able to swim under water a considerable distance he will certainly be attacked when he reappears. The honey, although its flavour does not commend itself to Europeans, is much appreciated by the natives. The ladders used by the toddy-men consist of single notched poles, placed one above the other, and it is remarkable how skilfully they carry out this dangerous operation. The bees are dispersed at night by means of straw torches, and the hives are removed with a sickle and lowered to the ground with a basket attached to a rope."—Mr. T. Anderson, Barguai, Saklaspur, Hassan, India.

A GIANT TOAD-STOOL.

"The toad-stool shown in the photograph was, in reality, about 1ft. in height. A photograph was taken of it, the camera being placed about 18in. behind the plant and on the ground. Being so close to the camera its height is enormously exaggerated, the house in the background adding to this effect."—Mr. R. F. Bransby, Easingwold, Yorks.

AN ORIGINAL "POSE."

"I send you a photograph, taken in mid-Pacific on board ss. *Doric*, of a young lady taken in a disused air-shaft. Being extremely agile she climbed in entirely without assistance, and was there snapped by an American friend of mine." —Mr. J. W. Glenny, 95, New Bond Street, W.



A CURIOUS MOULD FORMATION.

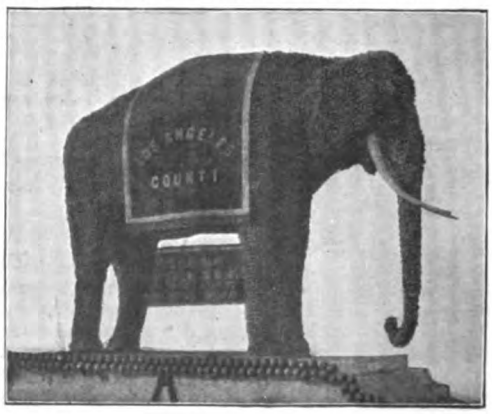
"The enclosed photograph was taken by me, by flashlight, specially for THE STRAND MAGAZINE, and represents a case containing bottles of home-brewed ginger-beer, which was placed in a corner of a damp cellar, where it remained untouched for several months. Upon going to it a few days ago to get a bottle I found the whole of the inside filled with a soft, white mould, which had also worked its way out through every joint on to the floor, where it was banked up around the case, giving it exactly the appearance of having been out in a heavy snowstorm. None of the bottles had burst or leaked, and the only way I can account for such a curious formation is that in filling them a small quantity of the ginger-beer must have been spilt."—Mr. Herbert J. Mason, Carlton House, Edgbaston.

AN INGENIOUS ADVERTISER.

"I enclose for the 'Curiosities' section of your Magazine a photograph that I took, in a wild part of British Columbia, on the 'Snowshoe' Mine, 5,000ft. above the sea, thinking that it may, perhaps, be of some interest. The sign, which is that of a cabinet-maker, reads as follows: 'You will be dead a long time. While you live make your home a paradise. Buy furniture at J. W. Jones, Grand Forks, B.C.'"—Mr. Geo. G. Waterlow, Uplands, Fareham, Hants.

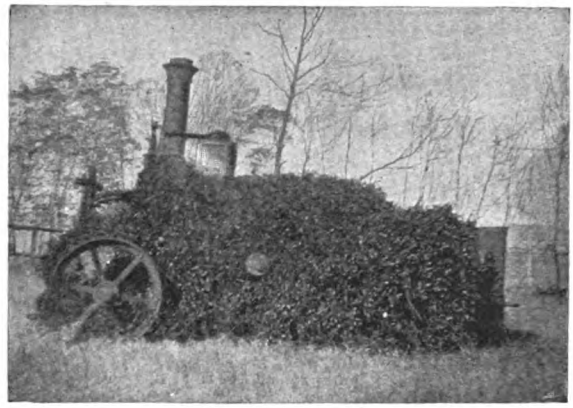
A WALNUT JUMBO.

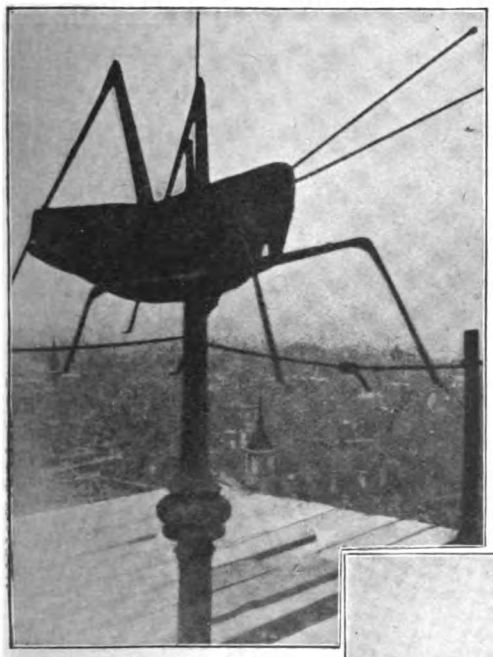
"Most of the elephants in the United States are those used in connection with circuses, and come from the Old World. This elephant, however, is a production of the New World, and was raised in California. It is composed of walnuts grown near Los Angeles; its bones are made of wood, and the walnuts were fastened upon a cloth covering the wooden framework with glue. The tusks—also made of wood—are whitened so that they closely resemble ivory. The elephant, which was on exhibition at the Pan-American Exposition, is as large as an ordinary baby elephant, being about 15ft. in length and over 6ft. in height."—Mr. D. A. Willey, Baltimore.



THE "GRESHAM" GRASSHOPPER.

"I send you what I believe to be the only photograph that has ever been taken of this huge insect. I photographed it myself from the top of the scaffolding which was erected round the steeple of the Royal Exchange some time ago. Thousands of people must have noticed this insect as it slowly moves its great head towards the point of the compass from which the wind may be blowing. The dimensions not being generally known, I give them as follows: The grasshopper is situated 185ft. above the level of the ground. The spindle upon which it revolves is 16ft.





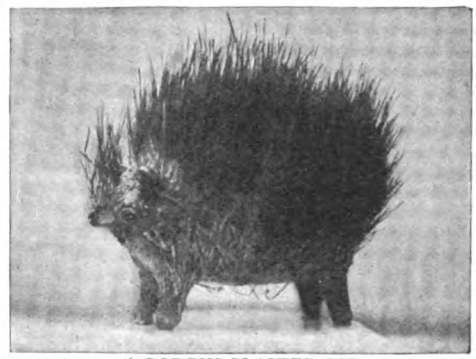
in height. The insect is 8ft. 8in. over all, 6ft. 4in. from the head to the tail, and from the back to the chest 1ft. 3in."—Mr. Paul S. Holtorp, 105, Forest Road, Dalston, N.E.

"SWEETS TO THE SWEET!"

"I send you a photo. which represents an old staircase in a manor-house in the Midlands, and was taken by pointing the camera upwards. The reason of the serious faces of the ladies looking over the banisters was that I promised them a box of chocolates if you reproduced the picture in THE STRAND, and, consequently, they did not wish to spoil the result by any movement on their part. The best effect is obtained by holding the picture over one's head." — Mr. Robert B. A. Ellis, 19, Artillery Buildings, Victoria Street, S.W.

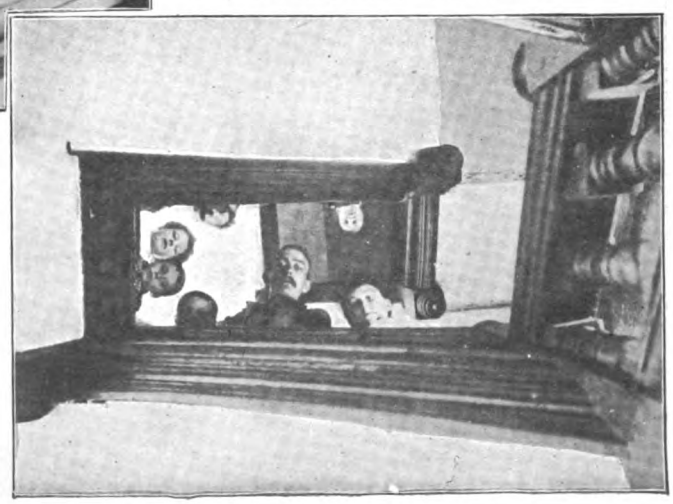
A PEACEFUL ENDING.

"The subject of the photo. I send you is a disused traction-engine, which has become overgrown with the grenadilla (passion flower). Both the flower and the fruit are distinguishable in the photo. The subject is on a farm near the main road between Durban and Maritzburg in this Colony." —Mr. J. Nolan, Camperdown, Natal.



A POROUS-PLASTER PIG.

"My photo. is that of a porous-plaster pig on which I sowed grass seed, and the effect is so ludicrous that I had it photographed solely for the edification of your many readers. I call it, 'What is it—an animal, vegetable, or mineral?' In one way it is all three."—Miss Edith A. Lewer, Workham Lodge, No. 1, Queen's Place, Southsea.

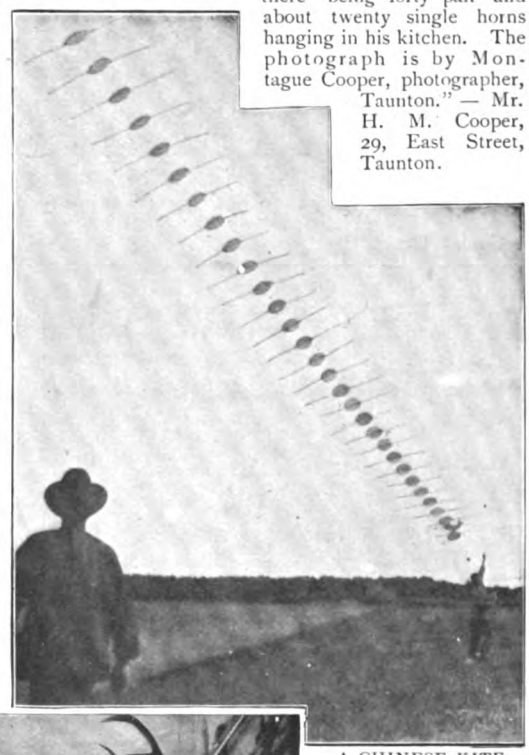


A METEORIC TOMBSTONE.

"Ten years ago a meteor fell on the farm of Mr. T. B. Lane, Talmadge, Ohio. It penetrated 16ft. into the earth. It was afterwards dug up, and upon the death of Mr. Lane some years later was placed upon the family monument in Glendal Cemetery, Akron, Ohio, where it is one of the greatest attractions. It resembles a great lump of iron ore." —Photo. by F. R. Archibald, 114, Balch Street, Akron, Ohio.

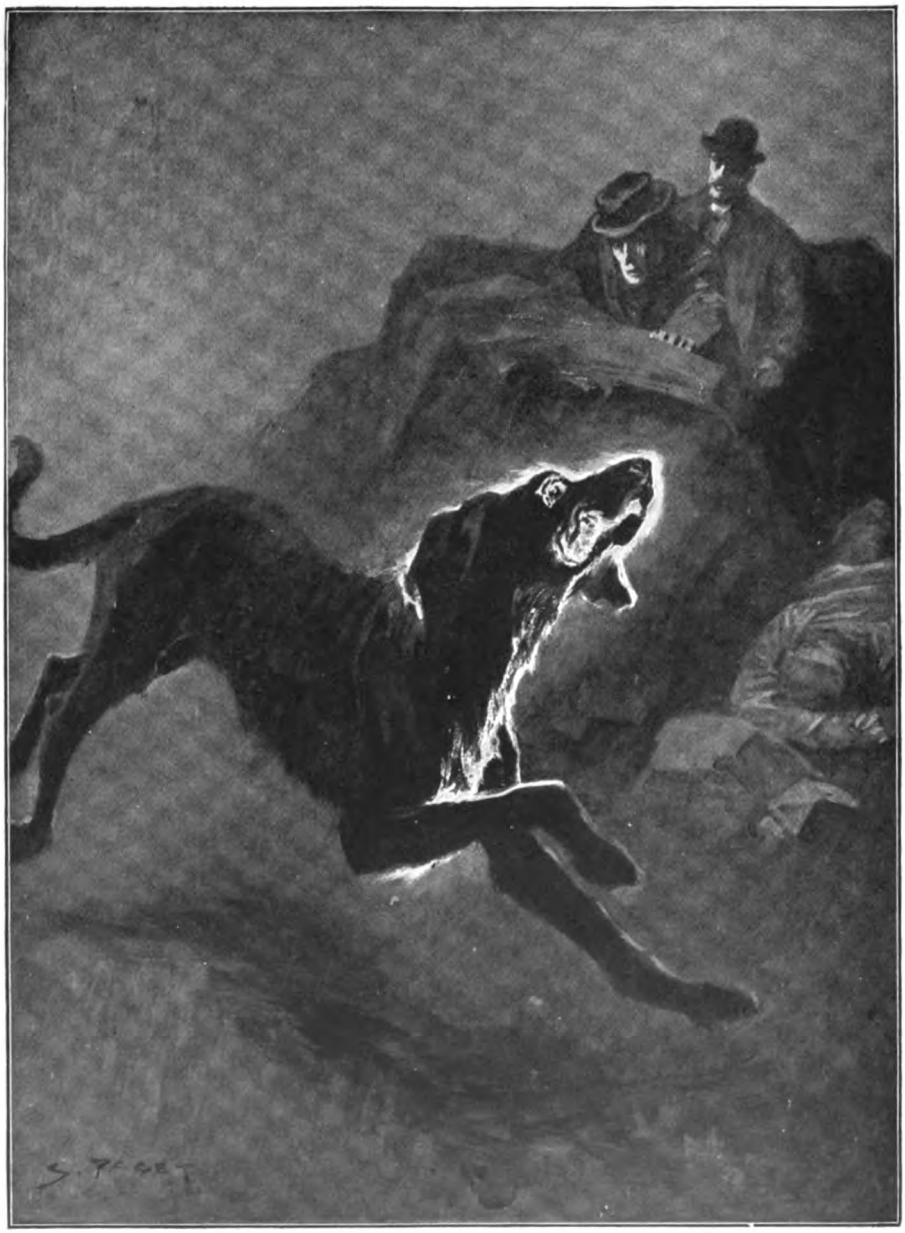
A CURIOUS FRIEZE.

"The horns shown in this picture are the property of Mr. Jno. Barber, who for fifty-two years has lived on the estate of the late Mr. Fenwick Bissett, at Bagborough, so long the popular master of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds. The wild red deer are now to be found in England only in the counties of Somerset and Devon, roaming the tract of country contained in lines drawn from the Quantock Hills across Exmoor, to Barnstaple on the west and Dulverton on the east. The deer shed the horns annually about the month of April, and they grow again to their full size by the middle of August; the weight of a good pair averaging 8lb. They are usually shaken off in the open, though sometimes one is found at the foot of a tree, showing it to have been knocked off when only one had fallen previously. The horns are at their best on a stag of about eight summers, when they should possess all their rights, with brow, bray, and tray, and sometimes four on top; after this they begin to deteriorate. Mr. Barber has been collecting the specimens for many years, there being forty pair and about twenty single horns hanging in his kitchen. The photograph is by Montague Cooper, photographer, Taunton." — Mr. H. M. Cooper, 29, East Street, Taunton.



A CHINESE KITE.

"Each year the Chinese employed in the salmon canneries at Fairhaven, Washington, make kites in a variety of shapes and sizes, which sing or hum when flying in the air. The kite shown here won a prize in the kite-flying contest, and the Chinamen who made it were very proud of it and held it outstretched so that the picture could be taken. The photo. shows the kite flying in the air. It might be mentioned that kite-flying is a national pastime of the Chinese people." — Taken at Fairhaven, Washington, by Mr. F. A. Agar, Great Falls, Montana.



"THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES."

(*See page* 252.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxiii. MARCH, 1902. No. 135.

The Hound of the Baskervilles.

ANOTHER ADVENTURE OF

SHERLOCK HOLMES.

By CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER XIII.

FIXING THE NETS.

SIR HENRY was more pleased than surprised to see Sherlock Holmes, for he had for some days been expecting that recent events would bring him down from London. He did raise his eyebrows, however, when he found that my friend had neither any luggage nor any explanations for its absence. Between us we soon supplied his wants, and then over a belated supper we explained to the Baronet as much of our experience as it seemed desirable that he should know. But first I had the unpleasant duty of breaking the news of Selden's death to Barrymore and his wife. To him it may have been an unmitigated relief, but she wept bitterly in her apron. To all the world he was the man of violence, half animal and half demon; but to her he always remained the little wilful boy of her own girlhood, the child who had clung to her hand. Evil indeed is the man who has not one woman to mourn him.

"I've been moping in the house all day since Watson went off in the morning," said the Baronet. "I guess I should have some credit, for I have kept my promise. If I hadn't sworn not to go about alone I might have had a more lively evening, for I had a message from Stapleton asking me over there."

"I have no doubt that you would have had a more lively evening," said Holmes, drily. "By the way, I don't suppose you appreciate that we have been mourning over you as having broken your neck?"

Sir Henry opened his eyes. "How was that?"

"This poor wretch was dressed in your clothes. I fear your servant who gave them to him may get into trouble with the police."

"That is unlikely. There was no mark on any of them, so far as I know."

"That's lucky for him—in fact, it's lucky for all of you, since you are all on the wrong side of the law in this matter. I am not sure that as a conscientious detective my first duty is not to arrest the whole household. Watson's reports are most incriminating documents."

"But how about the case?" asked the Baronet. "Have you made anything out of the tangle? I don't know that Watson and I are much the wiser since we came down."

"I think that I shall be in a position to make the situation rather more clear to you before long. It has been an exceedingly difficult and most complicated business. There are several points upon which we still want light—but it is coming, all the same."

"We've had one experience, as Watson has no doubt told you. We heard the hound on the moor, so I can swear that it is not all empty superstition. I had something to do with dogs when I was out West, and I know one when I hear one. If you can muzzle that one and put him on a chain I'll be ready to swear you are the greatest detective of all time."

"I think I will muzzle him and chain him all right if you will give me your help."

"Whatever you tell me to do I will do."

"Very good; and I will ask you also to do it blindly, without always asking the reason."

"Just as you like."

"If you will do this I think the chances are that our little problem will soon be solved. I have no doubt——"

He stopped suddenly and stared fixedly up over my head into the air. The lamp beat upon his face, and so intent was it and so still that it might have been that of a clear-cut classical statue, a personification of alertness and expectation.

Copyright, 1902, by George Newnes, Limited.

"What is it?" we both cried.

I could see as he looked down that he was repressing some internal emotion. His features were still composed, but his eyes shone with amused exultation.

"Excuse the admiration of a connoisseur," said he, as he waved his hand towards the line of portraits which covered the opposite wall. "Watson won't allow that I know anything of art, but that is mere jealousy, because our views upon the subject differ. Now, these are a really very fine series of portraits."

"Well, I'm glad to hear you say so," said Sir Henry, glancing with some surprise at my friend. "I don't pretend to know much about these things, and I'd be a better judge of a horse or a steer than of a picture. I didn't know that you found time for such things."

"I know what is good when I see it, and I see it now. That's a Kneller, I'll swear, that lady in the blue silk over yonder, and the stout gentleman with the wig ought to be a Reynolds. They are all family portraits, I presume?"

"Every one."

"Do you know the names?"

"Barrymore has been coaching me in them, and I think I can say my lessons fairly well."

"Who is the gentleman with the telescope?"

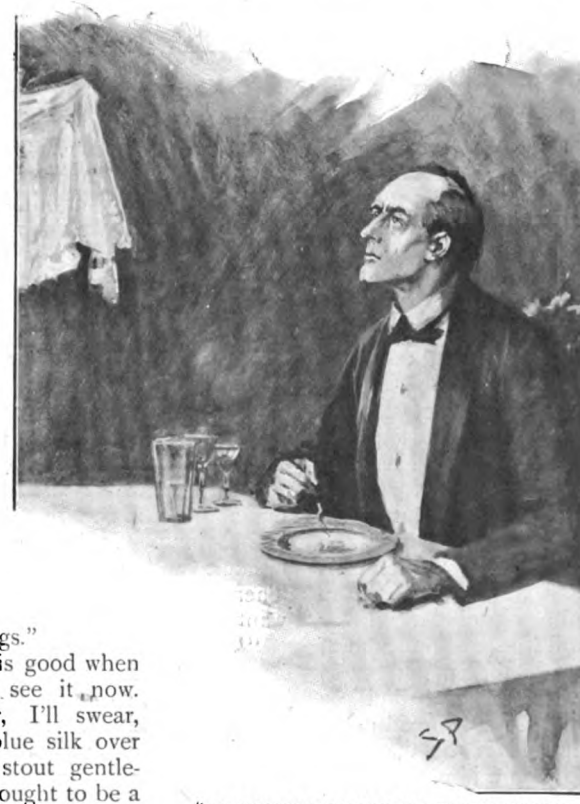
"That is Rear-Admiral Baskerville, who served under Rodney in the West Indies. The man with the blue coat and the roll of paper is Sir William Baskerville, who was Chairman of Committees of the House of Commons under Pitt."

"And this Cavalier opposite to me—the one with the black velvet and the lace?"

"Ah, you have a right to know about him. That is the cause of all the mischief, the wicked Hugo, who started the Hound of the Baskervilles. We're not likely to forget him."

I gazed with interest and some surprise upon the portrait.

"Dear me!" said Holmes, "he seems a quiet, meek-mannered man enough, but I daresay that there was a lurking devil in his eyes. I had pictured him as a more robust and ruffianly person."



"HE STOPPED SUDDENLY AND STARED FIXEDLY UP OVER MY HEAD INTO THE AIR."

"There's no doubt about the authenticity, for the name and the date, 1647, are on the back of the canvas."

Holmes said little more, but the picture of the old roysterer seemed to have a fascination for him, and his eyes were continually fixed upon it during supper. It was not until later, when Sir Henry had gone to his room, that I was able to follow the trend of his thoughts. He led me back into the banqueting-hall, his bedroom candle in his hand, and he held it up against the time-stained portrait on the wall.

"Do you see anything there?"

I looked at the broad plumed hat, the curling love-locks, the white lace collar, and the straight, severe face which was framed between them. It was not a brutal countenance, but it was prim, hard, and stern, with a firm-set, thin-lipped mouth, and a coldly intolerant eye.

"Is it like anyone you know?"

"There is something of Sir Henry about the jaw."

"Just a suggestion, perhaps. But wait an instant!" He stood upon a chair, and holding up the light in his left hand he curved

his right arm over the broad hat and round the long ringlets.

"Good heavens!" I cried, in amazement.

The face of Stapleton had sprung out of the canvas.

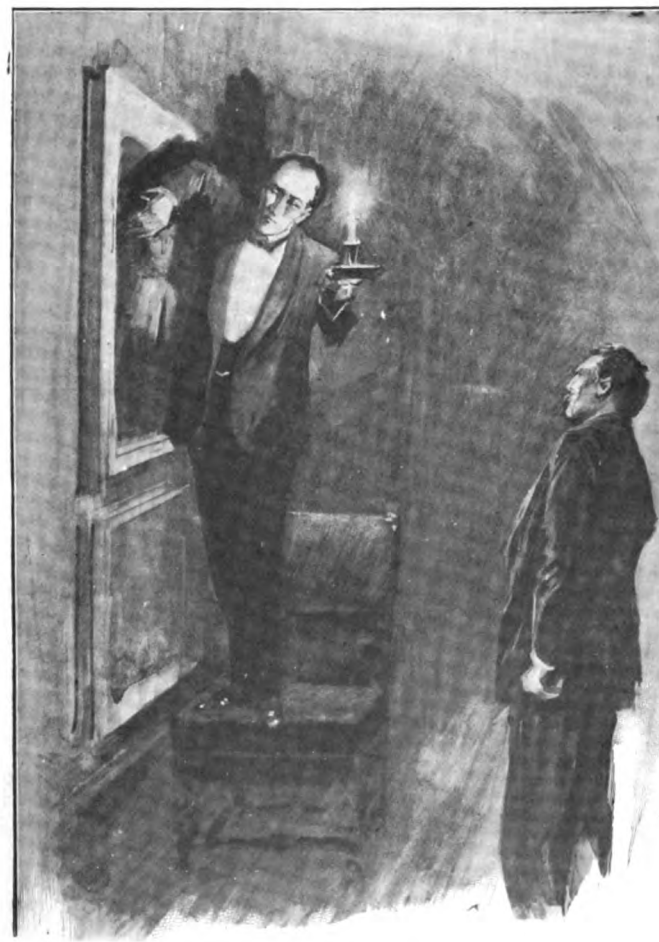
"Ha, you see it now. My eyes have been trained to examine faces and not their trimmings. It is the first quality of a criminal investigator that he should see through a disguise."

"But this is marvellous. It might be his portrait."

"Yes, it is an interesting instance of a throw-back, which appears to be both physical and spiritual. A study of family portraits is enough to convert a man to the doctrine of reincarnation. The fellow is a Baskerville—that is evident."

"With designs upon the succession."

"Exactly. This chance of the picture has supplied us with one of our most obvious missing links. We have him, Watson, we have him, and I dare swear that before to-morrow night he will be fluttering in our net as helpless as one of his own butterflies. A



"'GOOD HEAVENS!' I CRIED, IN AMAZEMENT."

pin, a cork, and a card, and we add him to the Baker Street collection!" He burst into one of his rare fits of laughter as he turned away from the picture. I have not heard him laugh often, and it has always boded ill to somebody.

I was up betimes in the morning, but Holmes was afoot earlier still, for I saw him as I dressed coming up the drive.

"Yes, we should have a full day to-day," he remarked, and he rubbed his hands with

the joy of action. "The nets are all in place, and the drag is about to begin. We'll know before the day is out whether we have caught our big, lean-jawed pike, or whether he has got through the meshes."

"Have you been on the moor already?"

"I have sent a report from Grimpen to Princetown as to the death of Selden. I think I can promise that none of you will be troubled in the matter. And I have also communicated with my faithful Cartwright, who would certainly have pined away at the door of my hut as a dog does at his master's grave if I had not set his mind at rest about my safety."

"What is the next move?"

"To see Sir Henry. Ah, here he is!"

"Good morning, Holmes," said the Baronet. "You look like a general who is planning a battle with his chief of the staff."

"That is the exact situation. Watson was asking for orders."

"And so do I."

"Very good. You are engaged, as I understand, to dine with our friends the Stapletons to-night."

"I hope that you will come also. They are very hospitable people, and I am sure that they would be very glad to see you."

"I fear that Watson and I must go to London."

"To London?"

"Yes, I think that we should be more useful there at the present juncture."

The Baronet's face perceptibly lengthened.

"I hoped that you were going to see me through this business. The Hall and the moor are not very pleasant places when one is alone."

"My dear fellow, you must trust me implicitly and do exactly what I tell you. You can tell your friends that we should have been happy to have come with you, but that urgent business required us to be in town. We hope very soon to return to Devonshire. Will you remember to give them that message?"

"If you insist upon it."

"There is no alternative, I assure you."

I saw by the Baronet's clouded brow that he was deeply hurt by what he regarded as our desertion.

"When do you desire to go?" he asked, coldly.

"Immediately after breakfast. We will drive in to Coombe Tracey, but Watson will leave his things as a pledge that he will come back to you. Watson, you will send a note to Stapleton to tell him that you regret that you cannot come."

"I have a good mind to go to London with you," said the Baronet. "Why should I stay here alone?"

"Because it is your post of duty. Because you gave me your word that you would do as you were told, and I tell you to stay."

"All right, then, I'll stay."

"One more direction! I wish you to drive to Merripit House. Send back your trap, however, and let them know that you intend to walk home."

"To walk across the moor?"

"Yes."

"But that is the very thing which you have so often cautioned me not to do."

"This time you may do it with safety. If I had not every confidence in your nerve and courage I would not suggest it, but it is essential that you should do it."

"Then I will do it."

"And as you value your life do not go across the moor in any direction save along the straight path which leads from Merripit House to the Grimpen Road, and is your natural way home."

"I will do just what you say."

"Very good. I should be glad to get away as soon after breakfast as possible, so as to reach London in the afternoon."

I was much astounded by this programme, though I remembered that Holmes had said to Stapleton on the night before that his visit would terminate next day. It had not crossed my mind, however, that he would wish me to go with him, nor could I understand how we could both be absent at a moment which he himself declared to be critical. There was nothing for it, however, but implicit obedience; so we bade good-bye to our rueful friend, and a couple of hours afterwards we were at the station of Coombe Tracey and had dispatched the trap upon its return journey. A small boy was waiting upon the platform.

"Any orders, sir?"

"You will take this train to town, Cartwright. The moment you arrive you will send a wire to Sir Henry Baskerville, in my name, to say that if he finds the pocket-book which I have dropped he is to send it by registered post to Baker Street."

"Yes, sir."

"And ask at the station office if there is a message for me."

The boy returned with a telegram, which Holmes handed to me. It ran: "Wire

received. Coming down with unsigned warrant. Arrive five-forty.—LESTRADE"

"That is in answer to mine of this morning. He is the best of the professionals, I think, and we may need his assistance. Now, Watson, I think that we cannot employ our time better than by calling upon your acquaintance, Mrs. Laura Lyons."

His plan of campaign was beginning to be evident. He would use the Baronet in order to convince the Stapletons that we were really gone, while we should actually return at the instant when we were likely to be needed. That telegram from London, if mentioned by Sir Henry to the Stapletons, must remove the last suspicions from their minds. Already I seemed to see our nets drawing closer round that lean-jawed pike.

Mrs. Laura Lyons was in her office, and Sherlock Holmes opened his interview with a frankness and directness which considerably amazed her.

"I am investigating the circumstances which attended the death of the late Sir Charles Baskerville," said he. "My friend here, Dr. Watson, has informed me of what you have communicated, and also of what you have withheld in connection with that matter."

"What have I withheld?" she asked, defiantly.

"You have confessed that you asked Sir Charles to be at the gate at ten o'clock. We know that that was the place and hour of his death. You have withheld what the connection is between these events."

"There is no connection."

"In that case the coincidence must indeed be an extraordinary one. But I think that we shall succeed in establishing a connection after all. I wish to be perfectly frank with you, Mrs. Lyons. We regard this case as one of murder, and the evidence may implicate not only your friend Mr. Stapleton, but his wife as well."

The lady sprang from her chair.

"THE LADY SPRANG FROM HER CHAIR."

"His wife!" she cried.

"The fact is no longer a secret. The person who has passed for his sister is really his wife."

Mrs. Lyons had resumed her seat. Her hands were grasping the arms of her chair,

and I saw that the pink nails had turned white with the pressure of her grip.

"His wife!" she said, again. "His wife! He was not a married man."

Sherlock Holmes shrugged his shoulders.

"Prove it to me! Prove it to me! And if you can do so——!" The fierce flash of her eyes said more than any words.

"I have come prepared to do so," said Holmes, drawing several papers from his pocket. "Here is a photograph of the couple taken in York four years ago. It is indorsed 'Mr. and Mrs. Vandeleur,' but you will have no difficulty in recognising him, and her also, if you know her by sight. Here are three written descriptions by trustworthy witnesses of Mr. and Mrs. Vandeleur, who at that time kept St. Oliver's private school. Read them, and see if you can doubt the identity of these people."

She glanced at them, and then looked up at us with the set, rigid face of a desperate woman.

"Mr. Holmes," she said, "this man had offered me marriage on condition that I could get a divorce from my husband. He has lied to me, the villain, in every conceivable way. Not one word of truth has he ever told me. And why—why? I imagined that all was for my own sake. But now I see that I was never anything but a tool in his hands. Why should I preserve faith with him who never kept any with me? Why should I try to shield him from the consequences of his own wicked acts? Ask me what you like, and there is nothing which I shall hold back. One thing I swear to you, and that is, that when I wrote the letter I never dreamed of any harm to the old gentleman, who had been my kindest friend."

"I entirely believe you, madam," said Sherlock Holmes. "The recital of these events must be very painful to you, and perhaps it will make it easier if I tell you what occurred, and you can check me if I make any material mistake. The sending of this letter was suggested to you by Stapleton?"

"He dictated it."

"I presume that the reason he gave was that you would receive help from Sir Charles for the legal expenses connected with your divorce?"

"Exactly."

"And then after you had sent the letter he dissuaded you from keeping the appointment?"

"He told me that it would hurt his self-respect that any other man should find the money for such an object, and that though he was a poor man himself he would devote his last penny to removing the obstacles which divided us."

"He appears to be a very consistent character. And then you heard nothing until you read the reports of the death in the paper?"

"No."

"And he made you swear to say nothing about your appointment with Sir Charles?"

"He did. He said that the death was a very mysterious one, and that I should certainly be suspected if the facts came out. He frightened me into remaining silent."

"Quite so. But you had your suspicions?"

She hesitated and looked down.

"I knew him," she said. "But if he had kept faith with me I should always have done so with him."

"I think that on the whole you have had a fortunate escape," said Sherlock Holmes. "You have had him in your power and he knew it, and yet you are alive. You have been walking for some months very near to the edge of a precipice. We must wish you good morning now, Mrs. Lyons, and it is probable that you will very shortly hear from us again."

"Our case becomes rounded off, and difficulty after difficulty thins away in front of us," said Holmes, as we stood waiting for the arrival of the express from town. "I shall soon be in the position of being able to put into a single connected narrative one of the most singular and sensational crimes of modern times. Students of criminology will remember the analogous incidents in Grodno, in Little Russia, in the year '66, and of course there are the Anderson murders in North Carolina, but this case possesses some features which are entirely its own. Even now we have no clear case against this very wily man. But I shall be very much surprised if it is not clear enough before we go to bed this night."

The London express came roaring into the station, and a small, wiry bulldog of a man had sprung from a first-class carriage. We all three shook hands, and I saw at once from the reverential way in which Lestrade gazed at my companion that he had learned a good deal since the days when they had first worked together. I could well remember the scorn which the theories of the reasoner used then to excite in the practical man.

"Anything good?" he asked.

"The biggest thing for years," said Holmes. "We have two hours before we need think of starting. I think we might employ it in getting some dinner, and then, Lestrade, we will take the London fog out of your throat by giving you a breath of the pure night air of Dartmoor. Never been there? Ah, well, I don't suppose you will forget your first visit."

"WE ALL THREE SHOOK HANDS."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES.

One of Sherlock Holmes's defects—if, indeed, one may call it a defect—was that he was exceedingly loth to communicate his full plans to any other person until the instant of their fulfilment. Partly it came no doubt from his own masterful nature, which loved to dominate and surprise those who were around him. Partly also from his professional caution, which urged him never to take any chances. The result, however, was very trying for those who were acting as his agents and assistants. I had often suffered under it, but never more so than during that long drive in the darkness. The great ordeal was in front of us; at last we were about to make our final effort, and yet Holmes had said nothing, and I could only surmise what his course of action would be. My nerves thrilled with anticipation when at last the cold wind upon our faces and the dark, void spaces on either side of the narrow road told me that we were back upon the moor once again. Every stride of the horses and every turn of the wheels was taking us nearer to our supreme adventure.

Our conversation was hampered by the presence of the driver of the hired wagonette, so that we were forced to talk of trivial matters when our nerves were tense with

emotion and anticipation. It was a relief to me, after that unnatural restraint, when we at last passed Frankland's house and knew that we were drawing near to the Hall and to the scene of action. We did not drive up to the door, but got down near the gate of the avenue. The wagonette was paid off and ordered to return to Temple Coombe forthwith, while we started to walk to Merripit House.

"Are you armed, Lestrade?"

The little detective smiled.

"As long as I have my trousers I have a hip-pocket, and as long as I have my hip-pocket I have something in it."

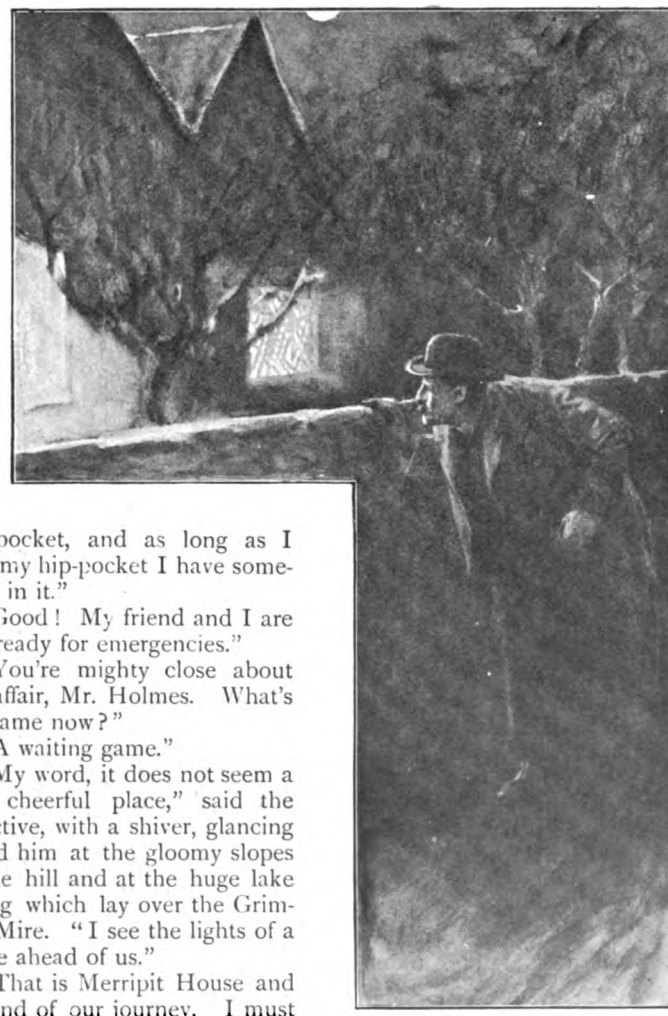
"Good! My friend and I are also ready for emergencies."

"You're mighty close about this affair, Mr. Holmes. What's the game now?"

"A waiting game."

"My word, it does not seem a very cheerful place," said the detective, with a shiver, glancing round him at the gloomy slopes of the hill and at the huge lake of fog which lay over the Grimpen Mire. "I see the lights of a house ahead of us."

"That is Merripit House and the end of our journey. I must request you to walk on tiptoe and not to talk above a whisper."



"I COULD LOOK STRAIGHT THROUGH THE UNCURTAINED WINDOW."

We moved cautiously along the track as if we were bound for the house, but Holmes halted us when we were about two hundred yards from it.

"This will do," said he. "These rocks upon the right make an admirable screen."

"We are to wait here?"

"Yes, we shall make our little ambush here. Get into this hollow, Lestrade. You have been inside the house, have you not, Watson? Can you tell the position of the rooms? What are those latticed windows at this end?"

"I think they are the kitchen windows."

"And the one beyond, which shines so brightly?"

"That is certainly the dining-room."

"The blinds are up. You know the lie of the land best. Creep forward quietly and see what they are doing—but for Heaven's sake don't let them know that they are watched!"

I tip-toed down the path and stooped behind the low wall which surrounded the stunted orchard. Creeping in its shadow I reached a point whence I could look straight through the uncurtained window.

There were only two men in the room, Sir Henry and Stapleton. They sat with their profiles towards me on either side of the round table. Both of them were smoking cigars, and coffee and wine were in front of them. Stapleton was talking with animation, but the Baronet looked pale and distrait. Perhaps the thought of that lonely walk across the ill-omened moor was weighing heavily upon his mind.

As I watched them Stapleton rose and left the room, while Sir Henry filled his glass

again and leaned back in his chair, puffing at his cigar. I heard the creak of a door and the crisp sound of boots upon gravel. The steps passed along the path on the other side of the wall under which I crouched. Looking over, I saw the naturalist pause at the door of an out-house in the corner of the orchard. A key turned in a lock, and as he passed in there was a curious scuffling noise from within. He was only a minute or so inside, and then I heard the key turn once more and he passed me and re-entered the house. I saw him rejoin his guest, and I crept quietly back to where my companions were waiting to tell them what I had seen.

"You say, Watson, that the lady is not there?" Holmes asked, when I had finished my report.

"No."

"Where can she be, then, since there is no light in any other room except the kitchen?"

"I cannot think where she is."

I have said that over the great Grimpen Mire there hung a dense, white fog. It was drifting slowly in our direction and banked itself up like a wall on that side of us, low, but thick and well defined. The moon shone on it, and it looked like a great shimmering icefield, with the heads of the distant tors as rocks borne upon its surface. Holmes's face was turned towards it, and he muttered impatiently as he watched its sluggish drift.

"It's moving towards us, Watson."

"Is that serious?"

"Very serious, indeed — the one thing upon earth which could have disarranged my plans. He can't be very long, now. It is already ten o'clock. Our success and even his life may depend upon his coming out before the fog is over the path."

The night was clear and fine above us. The stars shone cold and bright, while a half-moon bathed the whole scene in a soft, uncertain light. Before us lay the dark bulk of the house, its serrated roof and bristling chimneys hard outlined against the silver-spangled sky. Broad bars of golden light from the lower windows stretched across the orchard and the moor. One of them was suddenly shut off. The servants had left the kitchen. There only remained the lamp in the dining-room where the two men, the murderous host and the unconscious guest, still chatted over their cigars.

Every minute that white woolly plain which covered one half of the moor was drifting closer and closer to the house. Already the first thin wisps of it were curling across the golden square of the lighted window. The farther wall of the orchard was already invisible, and the trees were standing out of a swirl of white vapour. As we watched it the fog-wreaths came crawling round both corners of the house and rolled slowly into one dense bank, on which the upper floor and the roof floated like a strange ship upon a shadowy sea. Holmes struck his hand passionately upon the rock in front of us, and stamped his feet in his impatience.

"If he isn't out in a quarter of an hour the path will be covered. In half an hour we won't be able to see our hands in front of us."

"Shall we move farther back upon higher ground?"

"Yes, I think it would be as well."

So as the fog-bank flowed onwards we fell back before it until we were half a mile from the house, and still that dense white sea, with the moon silvering its upper edge, swept slowly and inexorably on.

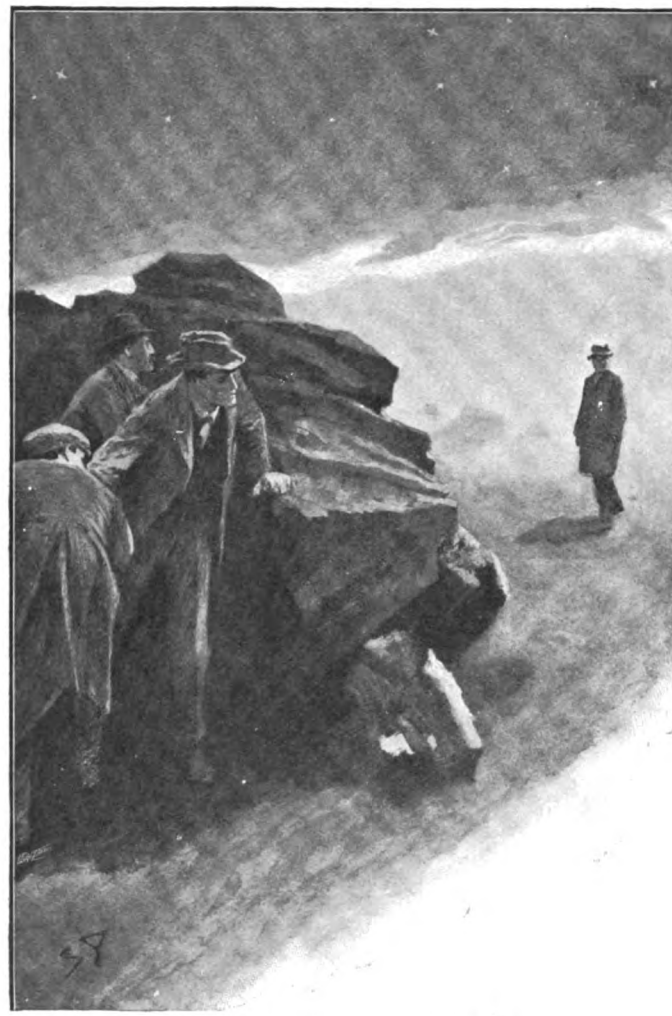
"We are going too far," said Holmes. "We dare not take the chance of his being overtaken before he can reach us. At all costs we must hold our ground where we are." He dropped on his knees and clapped his ear to the ground. "Thank Heaven, I think that I hear him coming."

A sound of quick steps broke the silence of the moor. Crouching among the stones we stared intently at the silver-tipped bank in front of us. The steps grew louder, and through the fog, as through a curtain, there stepped the man whom we were awaiting. He looked round him in surprise as he emerged into the clear, star-lit night. Then he came swiftly along the path, passed close to where we lay, and went on up the long slope behind us. As he walked he glanced continually over either shoulder, like a man who is ill at ease.

"Hist!" cried Holmes, and I heard the sharp click of a cocking pistol. "Look out! It's coming!"

There was a thin, crisp, continuous patter from somewhere in the heart of that crawling bank. The cloud was within fifty yards of where we lay, and we glared at it, all three, uncertain what horror was about to break from the heart of it. I was at Holmes's elbow, and I glanced for an instant at his face. It was pale and exultant, his eyes shining brightly in the moonlight. But suddenly they started forward in a rigid, fixed

stare, and his lips parted in amazement. At the same instant Lestrade gave a yell of terror and threw himself face downwards upon the ground. I sprang to my feet, my

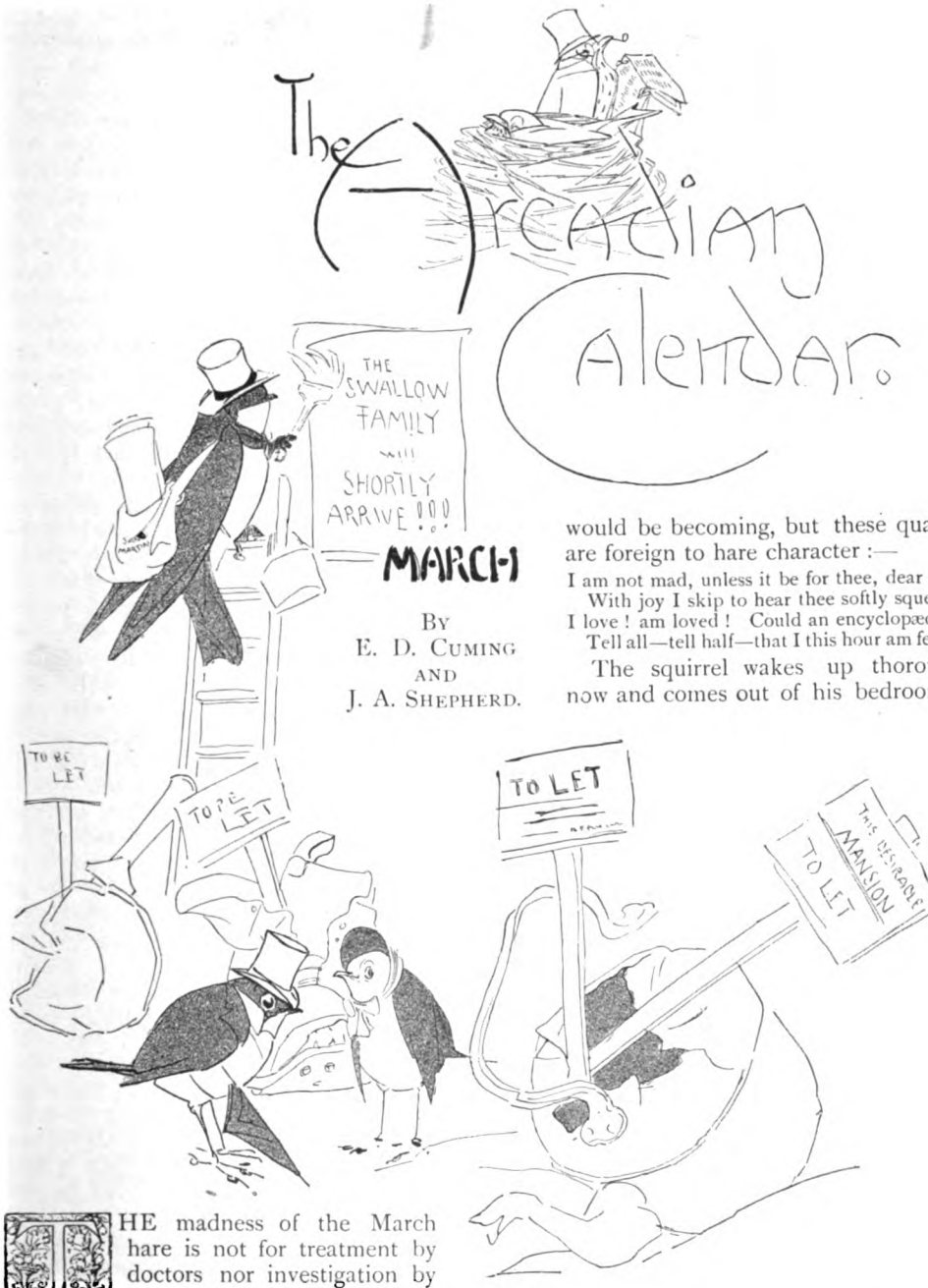


"HE LOOKED ROUND HIM IN SURPRISE."

inert hand grasping my pistol, my mind paralyzed by the dreadful shape which had sprung out upon us from the shadows of the fog. A hound it was, an enormous coal-black hound, but not such a hound as mortal eyes have ever seen. Fire burst from its open mouth, its eyes glowed with a smouldering glare, its muzzle and hackles and dewlap were outlined in flickering flame. Never in the delirious dream of a disordered brain could anything more savage, more appalling, more hellish be conceived than that dark form and savage face which broke upon us out of the wall of fog.

(*To be concluded.*)

The Arcadian Calendar.



MARCH

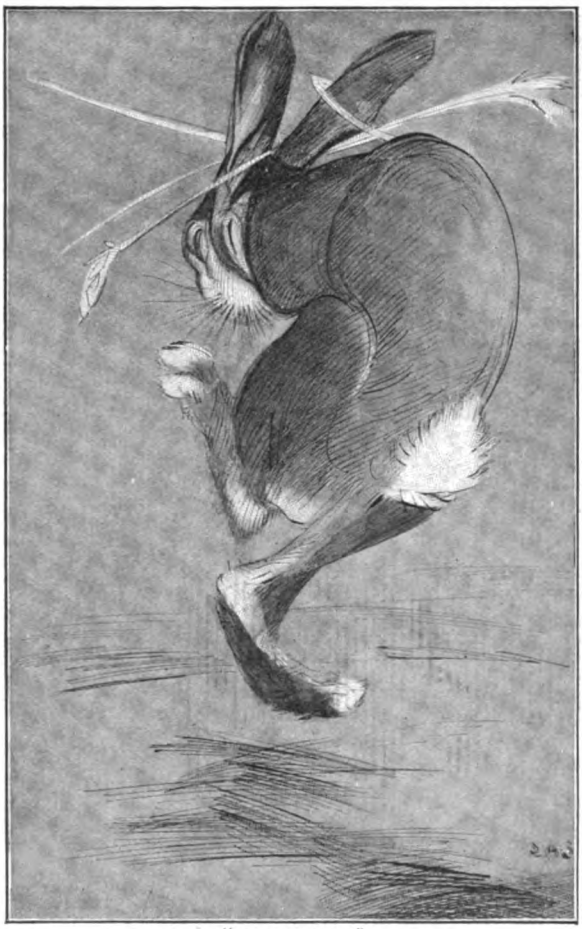
By
E. D. Cuming
and
J. A. Shepherd.

THE madness of the March hare is not for treatment by doctors nor investigation by Commissioners in Lunacy. He is in love: nothing else is the matter with him; but high spirits submerge a weak head, and, intoxicated by thoughts of "her," he indulges in the antics and follies that have made him a by-word. A little self-control, a little dignified reserve, would be becoming, but these qualities are foreign to hare character:—

I am not mad, unless it be for thee, dear;
With joy I skip to hear thee softly squealing.
I love! am loved! Could an encyclopædia
Tell all—tell half—that I this hour am feeling?

The squirrel wakes up thoroughly now and comes out of his bedroom for the year. The gnats and various flies respond to the increasing warmth of the sun and come out to enjoy it. The bats, who have sent out a messenger to report on the weather a score of times since they went to bed, get up, or, rather, get down, and, blinking and winking,

come out to enjoy the gnats. The bat's system of catching insects is simple and efficacious: his wings, as you know, extend to the tip of his tail; when he flies he bends his tail under and makes a neat little pouch in which he nets insects as he swoops through the swarm, and there he keeps them until he goes home. He can't eat their wings; for if he did they would probably choke him, so he always nips them off: with praiseworthy refinement he always puts his wing before his mouth while eating; thus other bats are not offended by this little habit. The toad is about again: it takes him some time to collect his faculties after five months' unbroken slumber, and he sits gazing thoughtfully upwards to assure himself that the sky remains where he left it. Having fully realized the fact that suspension of his interest in creation has produced no serious effect upon the solar system he goes to look for a worm. His sight is indifferent, and he is never sure whether a worm *is* a worm until it moves: then he pounces on it open-mouthed and swallows it alive. The worm is prone to return under this treatment, but the toad thrusts him back with a firm, unsparing hand.



"HE IS IN LOVE."

The cock pheasant is crowing bravely; it is his method of inquiring whether anyone knows just cause or impediment to his union with the pretty young hen who has accepted his advances. If there be another cock within hearing there will be a fight. A pheasant-fight is an affair of honour—even less serious than a hare-fight: half-a-dozen pecks and kicks on either side and it is over, then more crowing and wing-clapping to announce that both combatants won. The cock pheasant marries with discretion. The young bird unversed in matrimony begins with one wife, to whom he pays some attention. As he grows older and finds wedded life has for him no responsibilities at all, he marries profusely: six or eight wives are no more trouble than one when each supports herself. The birds who gathered together in flocks for the winter have broken up their parties now, and separate on "urgent private affairs." The linnets are pairing; so are the chaffinches, whose courtship, by the way, is worth watching. The cock is a smartly-dressed fellow, and he knows it; and he shows off his clothes with an ingenuous vanity that is charming.

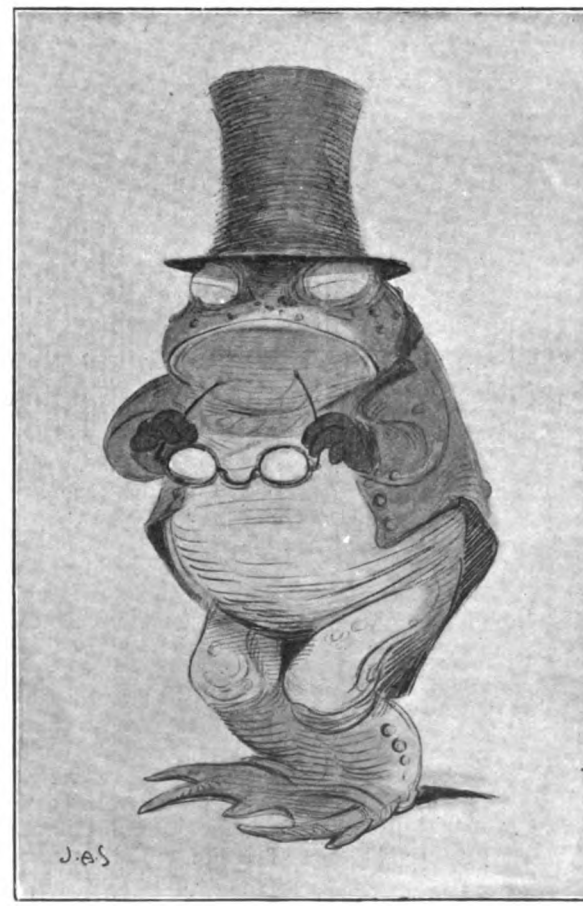
When a bird goes in search of a bride,
And he favour would find in her sight,
False modesty goes to one side,
For what use is there hiding one's light?
Though she doesn't attend when he talks,
And only looks bored when he sings,
She's impressed when she sees how he walks,
And admires the good taste of his "things."

The chaffinch has a proper sense of his own importance, however, and does not waste time on a hen who is slow to make up her mind.

The golden plovers, who generally spend the winter at the seaside, come inland: those who mean to start housekeeping in this country resort to the moors and high-lying wastes, and those who prefer a cooler climate take

wing for Northern Europe. Many of the woodcock who came to see us in October make up their minds to stay: the increase of plantations in these islands during recent years has won the woodcock's hearty approval, and those who don't care for travelling are glad to nest in our coverts. The majority, though, like many other migrants, pack up and go north, by night, as if leaving unpaid bills behind them. The snipe are on the move, too, either northward bound or to the marshes where they breed; the teal, smallest of our ducks, is also looking out for a home. These birds do not intend to start housekeeping already—though the woodcock does not lose much time: like sensible parents, they like to seek at leisure a place where they can bring up a family in comfort and security.

The earliest of the spring arrivals from the South are coming now. The cock pied-wagtails who went away for the winter are back, and their wives will appear a little later. The pied-wagtail puts on a little extra swagger in these days: he seems to be bragging about his travels, as they brag who seldom leave their own parish; so many of his species find this country quite good enough for them in the cold weather. The goldfinches—those of them who fled the English winter—are coming back, too, and are joining in the concerts, now increasing every day. These early spring arrivals find the homeward journey rather too much for them when the equinoctial gales are blowing, and, like more highly organized beings after a gale in the Channel, stop the moment they reach the shore to rest before continuing their journey inland. The equinoctial gales are responsible for many accidents that would demand staring head-lines and large type to describe, did birds conduct newspapers. Travelling, as many species on migration do, at night, there is always the risk of coming against a telegraph wire when descending, and the risk is doubled when there is a high wind. Birds are apt to take too much for granted when moving from place to place. When the first wires were stretched along the Highland railway the men working on the line found it well worth while to keep their eyes open when going to work in the morning; the grouse committed suicide by dozens every night against telegraph and fence wires.

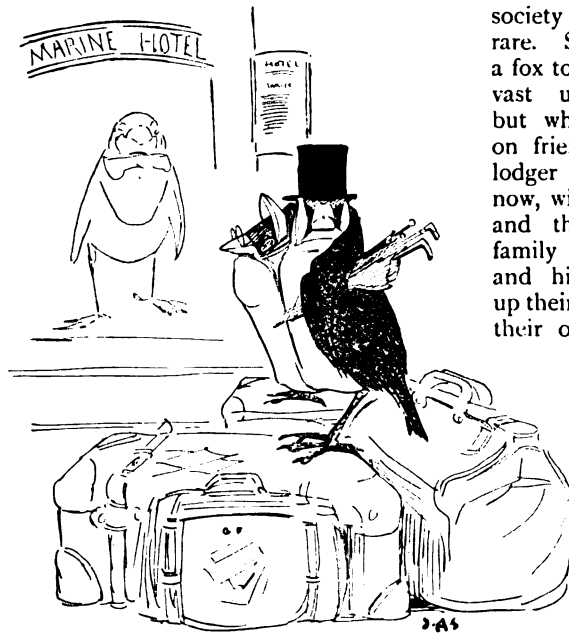


"THE TOAD IS ABOUT AGAIN."

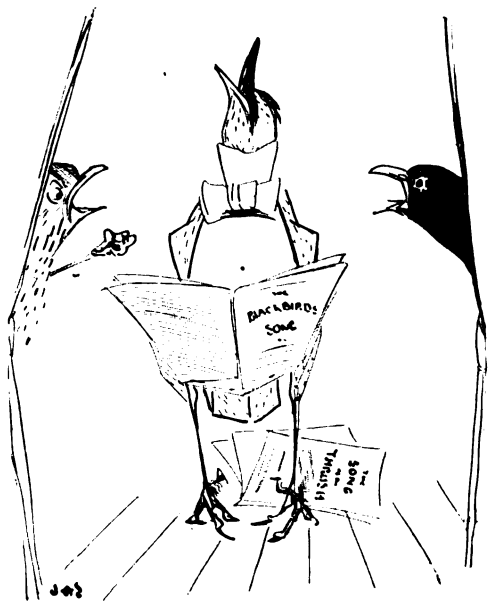
The golden-crested wren, smallest of European birds, is creeping about in the pine-tops, singing to himself in a diffident whisper. The gold crest's is hardly a song that flattery itself would applaud: indeed, the conscientious listener only calls it a song as a concession to diminutive beauty. The blackbird and thrush are singing vigorously, and the starling, with cheerful disregard of the copyright laws, is singing by turns as much of the song of each as he can remember. It must be exasperating to a blackbird to hear that spurious imitation of his best notes attributed to himself.

The mole is busier than ever, for his wife

is nursing five children in the nest under the big mole-hill where two tunnels cross, and he can't collect worms and grubs fast enough to satisfy her. A hungry mole has not a shred of manners: he or she grabs at anything eatable and tears it to pieces like a famishing wolf. Hunger seems to drive the mole frantic. The badgers are very busy too. These, the nearest British representatives of the bears, are the county families among wild creatures, in virtue of their fidelity to their cete,



"MR. AND MRS. GOLDFINCH BREAK THEIR JOURNEY AT THE COAST."



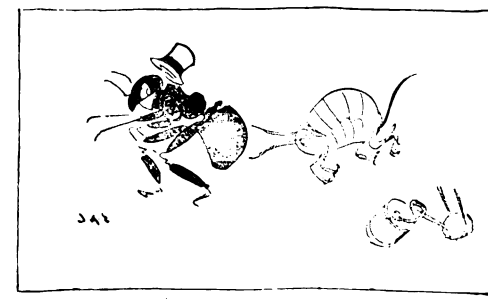
"THE PLAGIARIST STARLING."

as the badger's residence is called. There are old family cetes in England which have been occupied for centuries. The badger is commoner than many people suppose: his retiring habits and avoidance of society make him appear rare. Sometimes he allows a fox to take a room in his vast underground house, but whether he is always on friendly terms with the lodger is doubtful. Just now, winter being well over and the appearance of a family being imminent, he and his wife are cleaning up their ancestral home with their own hands, bringing out barrow-loads of bracken and leaves during the night.

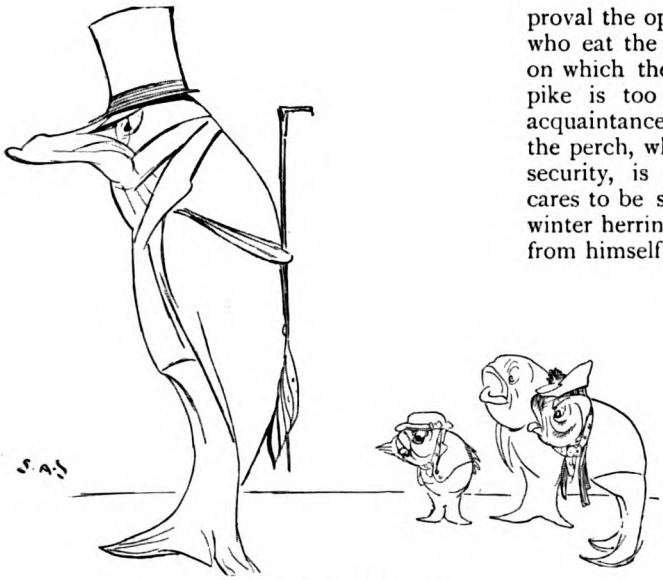
Gone is our greatness! Let it be confest
That we, compelled by poverty, alas!
Must take the fox in as a paying guest.
Nay! things are come with us to such a pass
I do spring-cleaning in an apron drest.

The badger possesses the unique accomplishment of being able to walk and trot backwards: a talent which stood him in ill stead when the "sport" or cruelty of badger-drawing had vogue.

The little brown ants come out and run about doing nothing with feverish industry. If they could make up their minds which way to go and what to do when they got there, and didn't get in one another's way at every turn, their application to business might be more fruitful of results; but who shall take it upon him to judge the ant? Even now in the ant-hill the eggs of the plant-louse are hatching out in their special cells: the ant carried them in last autumn, with an eye to his own needs this summer. The lice produce a secretion which the ant likes, so in his foresight and wisdom he rears them from the egg and pets and feeds and



"PLAYING AT FARMING."

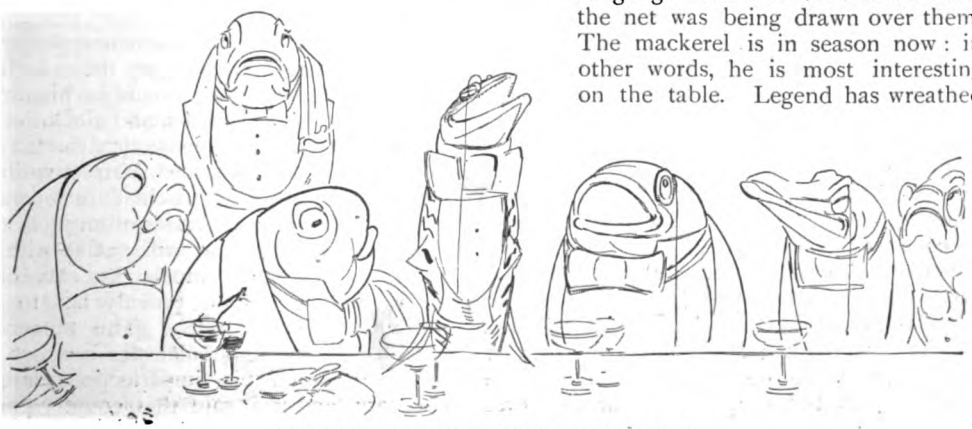


"THE PIKE IS UNPOPULAR."

cares for them, as a man who plays at farming pets his Jersey cows. André, one of the great authorities upon ant economics, counted 584 kinds of tiny insects, 542 of them belonging to the beetle persuasion, which are kept in domestication by various species of ant. We have learned something about the ant's social system: when we are clever enough, perhaps, we shall be able to pick up hints from them concerning the management of streets and political obstruction.

The pike withdraw from the deep pools and seek the seclusion of comparatively shallow, weedy streams, where they spawn. The pike lays about 800 eggs for each pound of her own weight, and other fish view with approval the operations of ducks and water-fowl who eat the eggs in thousands off the weeds on which they were placed for safety. The pike is too much addicted to eating his acquaintances to be popular among them: the perch, whose prickly back fin gives him security, is the only respectable fish that cares to be seen near him. In the sea the winter herring, so called to distinguish him from himself as a summer visitor, has arrived off the coast under his usual escort of whales, dogfish, and gulls, to receive his usual welcome in the nets. The herrings hang about for a few weeks, then come into the shallows and stick their eggs carelessly upon stones and shells: then they put out to sea again. Herrings are said on good authority to be able to utter musical sounds: you are not to picture the shoal singing the National Anthem: their vocal efforts are limited to a sound like a deep-toned bell or gong which has been heard while the net was being drawn over them. The mackerel is in season now: in other words, he is most interesting on the table. Legend has wreathed

"THE HERRING HAS ARRIVED OFF THE COAST."



"THE MACKEREL IS MOST INTERESTING AT TABLE."

itself round the personal history of the mackerel. Ælian says that fishermen used to train selected specimens to decoy their fellows into the net: equally remarkable, the children of these highly-educated fish inherited the accomplishment from their parents. Either the intelligence of the mackerel has undergone very great deterioration since Ælian wrote in the second century, or inventive fisher-boys imposed upon the credulity of that gentleman.

Down in the underwood the wrens, tails up as usual, are hopping from one eligible building lot to another, and find it difficult to make a choice, for that beautiful domed nest must be hidden so carefully that nobody shall find it. At last they decide on a bramble-smothered bush and get to work. One day when the nest is half finished the jenny wren drops a thread of grass with a scream and turns pale—if birds can turn pale. Somebody has touched the nest: a shred of grass on the door-sill has been moved half a hair's breadth, and nothing will induce either of the pair to touch it again. They find a new place and, with luck, build a new nest without being discovered; but the cock wren has the mortification of hearing humans say that he built that deserted house all by himself in defiance of his wife, and call it a "cock nest." Cock nests are common, for wrens will abandon work if they even think they have been seen building.

The ravens have built or repaired their house and the hen is sitting on her four or five eggs, while he forages around. He prefers lamb, but is quite content with a rat in default: so good a ratcatcher is the raven that were he only allowed scope for his skill on the farm where rats are not wanted he might by his services in this direction recover a shred of good character. He has no more character now than a ticket-of-leave man. The rookery is a chaos of theft, mendacity, and strife: the young and inexperienced couples, married, according to tradition, on March 18th, are bringing sticks, and the old hands are stealing them. These young rooks would gladly go and start nesting on the trees a couple of fields away, but that would not be tolerated for an hour: the old ones would send a deputation with instructions not to leave one stick lying on another. So the unfortunate young couples stay and do what stealing they can on their own account. The rooks do not sleep in the rookery while building is in progress, but adjourn by consent to distant trees: so the sensible rook remains after working hours and steals industriously from the other nests.

"HE HAS NO MORE CHARACTER NOW THAN A TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN."

A few more insects make their appearance: the quaker moth in his grey dress and the virgin moth nearly as sober in his attire. The carrion beetle appears, and him known to housewives as the bacon beetle: the latter is domestic in his tastes and destructive in his habits: his powers of mischief are surprising in a creature only a quarter of an inch long. He loves fat bacon, but will put up with old boot if necessity compel: he eats corks for a change, but, it is only fair to say, without ulterior motive. The universally distributed and unpopular flea reaches the perfect stage of his imperfections late in February, and it is said that country people in Kent make a practice of keeping the

cottage door shut all day on March 1st under the impression that this simple measure will keep him out of the house for twelve months. The active and intelligent earwig emerges from retirement with an invigorated appetite for flowers. The earwig for ages has been misrepresented and misunderstood: we shall meet him, or his wife, later on.

"A KENT HOPPER."

The blackbird and the thrush are deep in their domestic labours now: each species brings up two or three families during the season, so it behoves them to begin early. Both blackbird and thrush rear their children on sound utilitarian principles, requiring those of the first brood to lend assistance in tending their younger brothers and sisters. The cock thrush sets a good example by taking an occasional turn on the eggs when his wife wants to go out to tea, but the blackbird is less accommodating: fighting is far more in his line than nursery-work. The thrush considers her nest incomplete without a nicely smoothed and water-tight lining made of mud. Most birds of her size prefer a bed of soft, dry grass, but there is no accounting for tastes. The missel thrushes are nesting, too, for they mean to bring up a second family by-and-by. The missel thrush can take care of herself and her eggs. Even the magpie and jay think twice before trying to rob her nest while she or her mate is near. The hedge sparrow is sitting on her first clutch of blue eggs; the linnet is nesting also. All these early birds, save the missel thrush, who thinks the weather too mild, are singing their loudest and longest at this time, as is the skylark.

And who shall ask us song-birds the reason of our singing,
When all our wives are sitting and we are free from care?
When later spring's upon us, paternal duties bringing,
We have to feed the babies and sha'n't have time to spare.

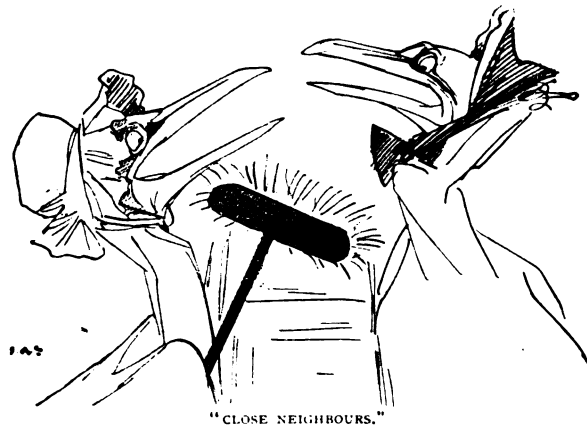
The robins are building their nest: the orthodox site is some shallow hole in a bank, but the robin is often at pains to prove himself superior to family tradition. An old kettle tossed into the hedge, a ploughboy's discarded boot, an old jam-pot, commends itself to him; and having in mind the character of the robin one can imagine other birds accusing him of self-advertisement. If open windows offer opportunity he will build on a bookshelf, and has been known to take on lease a nook made between prayer-books and a corner of the book-ledge in a pew. He is always trying to qualify for a place in the "Curiosities" page of THE STRAND.

"TENDING THEIR YOUNGER BROTHERS AND SISTERS."

The resident meadow pipit or

titlark is nesting. It is early, but perhaps the titlark's idea is to get the best places before the return of those of their relations who have been abroad for the winter. The early-nesting titlark has another advantage: she will hatch out her first brood before the cuckoo arrives, the cuckoo being particularly fond of imposing upon her.

The vixen has laid up her cubs in the main earth in the wood and discharges her maternal duties, comfortably conscious that hounds will not be allowed to hunt her. She does not welcome visitors' kind inquiries concerning the health of herself and family; in fact, if anyone calls she takes the first



"CLOSE NEIGHBOURS."

opportunity of moving her children to a new nursery, and if disturbed there seeks other lodgings at once.

The trout are rising now; in other words, sucking in flies as they float down stream: it appears an insignificant action, but has been known to send a grave and soberly conducted citizen home at a rate of ten miles an hour to fetch his rod, to make him forget his meals, and inspire his wife with the conviction that he has been drowned. Down by the horse-pond the ducks are waking the echoes with joyful and noisy laughter, because they have found the first frog spawn of the season. "Ha, ha, ha, haa! Kwa, kwa, kwa, kwa, kwah!" There is something suggestive of the kitchen in the unbridled joviality of the duck. The true spring migrants begin to come home during the latter end of March: the wheatear, who has nothing to do with wheat nor with ears, and who is almost as fond of experiments in nesting-places as the robin himself; the chiff-chaff, who, in spite of a delicate constitution, occasionally tries to brave an English winter, and if it be severe pays with his life for the experiment; the sand-martin, smallest of the swallow family and the first to return, appears to warn all whom it may concern that the swallows will soon be here bringing the spring.

On the coast the solan geese bethink them of family affairs and repair to the rock-stacks to begin quarrelling. The solan goose or gannet is not a more reputable character than the rook; and, as the birds nest in a colony, the storm of squabbling that goes on when building and stealing begin can be heard a mile away.

The calm, deliberate snail is out carrying the house in which he spent the winter: there is a majestic repose in the demeanour of the snail which suggests conscious superiority, but which is too often rudely disturbed. The song thrush is his great enemy, and the snail must regret the good old fifteenth-century days when man kept the thrush in dove-cotes and fattened him on pounded figs and flour for the table: snails might walk abroad in peace then. The little field-mouse is nursing her first babies of the season in her underground nest. The field-mice are too active to go to bed for five or six months like some of their relations: with greedy providence they lay up a vast store of acorns, beech-mast, peas, beans, and corn, and live in luxury; unless some intrusive pig scents the store, never very deeply buried, when it disappears to the last grain. Mrs. Field-mouse presents her lord with a family about once a month from March to September. Foxes, weasels, hawks, and owls love the grown-ups; and the rook and the crow are said to dig the youngsters out of the nest and eat them: in fact, the supply of field-mouse is equalled only by the demand.

The blackcock keeps up the grand old knightly exercise of the tournament, but the character of the ceremony is somewhat marred, from the sentimental point of view, by the fact that he marries with more than Moslem profusion. The tournament is held at dawn on some secluded spot consecrated to the purpose. Each male challenges all and sundry to fight: and all and sundry are so willing that triangular duels are common. While the feathers are flying, for it is no sham fight, the grey hens appear from the surrounding bushes, and, regardless of the laws of chivalry, would enter the lists themselves if allowed. The jousts over, beauty bestows its hands on the victor.

The long-eared bat shakes off dull sloth by degrees, and after much sneezing and coughing spreads his stiff wings and smooths out his ears. This bat is supposed to possess worse sight than others, wherefore these ears in compensation: to say that he can hear a gnat sigh is to convey but a feeble idea of the acuteness of his hearing. The pipistrelle is now making eyes at the young ladies of his acquaintance; it would be interesting to know if they use their wings as fans to hide their blushes.

The wood pigeons are nesting: they are content with a mere platform of loose twigs when they build for themselves, but evidently appreciate better quarters, as they often take lodgings for the season in a rook's old nest or the forsaken drey of a squirrel. The grouse have begun to lay: the eggs, yellowish white, closely blotched and mottled with rich chestnut and dark brown, are very beautiful, but the colours are not "fast" when the eggs are first laid, and the careless bird often scratches and smudges the paint before it dries. The nest is a disgrace: the merest scratching, with any odds and ends of dry stuff that may be lying handy scraped in to furnish it. The young stag drops his antlers now, old ones postpone doing so till later; the red deer can't bear to waste his trophies, so he eats them, possibly as medicine. The stag must receive a terrible shock the first time he sees his discrowned head reflected in a pool: he is sensitive about his appearance, for he goes quietly away into secluded places where frivolous hinds won't see and laugh at him. The roebuck's horns, which he shed at Christmas, are fully grown again ere now.

"FROM MARCH TO SEPTEMBER."

THE GODDESS IN THE CAR

By C. N. and A. M. Williamson.

WITH a whirr like the beating of mighty wings, the giant automobile rushed through the night along a solitary part of the broad, white road between Paris and Chartres. Its blazing acetylene lights rent the darkness with a blinding glare; behind it travelled a pillar of dust; stones and twigs were swirled into the air-vortex created by its passage. Goggled, masked, clothed all in black leather, Raoul Jullien bent over the steering-wheel. Crouched at his feet was a slighter enshrouded figure (like a familiar attending a demon), stop-watch in hand, looking eagerly for the kilomètre stones as they flickered by, one every forty seconds.

Suddenly on the driver's ears there fell a sound which caused him to stiffen in his seat and slightly turn his head to listen. The crouching shape at his feet heard it also, for there was a quick lifting of the head, and through the round goggles that protected the eyes shot a questioning gleam. The sound became each instant more insistent; it seemed in Raoul's bewildered ears like a cataract with a heart throbbing in it. Then there was the loud clanging of a gong, a reverberation that might have been the shouting of a human voice. If he had dared, Raoul would have turned to look; but a moment after the strange sounds smote upon his consciousness he had their explanation. There was a rush of air that left him gasping, a blaze of light that blinded. A large automobile dashed by, just shaving his left wheel, and leaving him enveloped in a swirling cloud of dust with which his head-lights contended as ineffectually as the rays of a lighthouse with a sea-fog. His face was stung with flying stones; he could scarcely breathe; he could not see a yard ahead. With a curse he threw out the clutch and put on the brakes. The great car came to a sudden stop. Far away was the dying murmur of the car that had outpaced it. Raoul strained his senses to listen till the throbbing beats melted into the silence of the night. Then he jumped down on to the road, whipped off his cap, his goggles, and his silken mask, stamped furiously on the ground, and shook his fist in the air. At that moment Jullien's handsome face was not agreeable to gaze upon.

"Why, father, you have what I call your

Satan look," said a half-taunting voice at his elbow, in very melodious French. The malignity died out of Raoul's eyes, and he turned upon the speaker with a satirical smile. It was a tall girl who faced him—a girl of perhaps nineteen, in a grey, close-fitting, tailor-made dress that showed the beauty of a well-poised figure. In one leather-gauntleted hand she swung her cap and mask, the other still held the stop-watch with which she had been timing the speed of the car. The night breeze sighing along the poplar-shaded road ruffled the rings of bright hair that framed her broad, low forehead. Her hazel eyes looked black in the reflection of the acetylene lamps, the half-laughing curve of her red lips with an inner sparkle of white teeth was full of resolution, of recklessness, and of humour.

"That was the English car; you're done," the girl went on, half-mockingly. Then, with a rapid change of tone, "I'm sorry," she added.

"That, as you say," came the quiet answer, "was the English car. I have not made you an expert automobilist for nothing. There is no French or German car whose motor makes a beat like that; it is something very new."

"It is also something very fast," suggested the girl.

"Also something very fast," assented the man. "So fast," he went on, slowly, "that if it runs in the Paris-Bordeaux race there is no chance for me—for us."

"That's what I have been thinking," replied the girl. She was studying the man's face intently. Her gaze suggested confidence, admiration, and expectation. It seemed to say: "I know you're in a difficulty, but I am sure you will get out of it. I am only interested in wondering what means you will adopt."

With an ostentatious politeness the man motioned the girl towards the car and mounted again to his place. He had not stopped the motor, which had gone humming rhythmically on during the brief talk on the road; now he turned the car on the broad highway and set her head towards Paris. He went at speed, perhaps at forty miles an hour—not the furious racing pace at which the car had been travelling when she was passed by the other. There was no need now to yell into his companion's ear if he wished to make himself heard; they could speak in ordinary conversational tones.

"This is a serious business, Diane," the man began. "I have told you how much depends on my winning this race. The prize is large; I believed there was no competing car that could go as fast or stay as well as mine. If I win the race we are in clover again; if I lose, it's bankruptcy at the least—perhaps worse things than that. On this car I have spent all my skill, all my experience. With decent luck I might look upon the prize as in my pocket. Now comes this cursed Englishman with his infernal car! It's lucky we saw him to-night, eh? Knowing how dangerous he is, we can take steps——"

"What steps?" asked the girl.

"Wait a little; let me think—then I'll tell you."

They were at the outskirts of Paris, and dawn was stealing over the city, when the man bent down and spoke long and earnestly into the girl's ear. She flushed as she listened, then clapped her leather-gloved hands when she fully understood what was expected of her.

"I'll do it, father," she cried, as the car stopped at last and swung into a large *garage* in the Avenue de la Grande Armée; "you know I'd risk more than that for you. Besides, it's an adventure I shall revel in. I'll sleep now, and after breakfast I'll lose no time in getting on the war-path."

Raoul Jullien kissed his step-daughter on the forehead.

The apartment where the inventor and famous automobilist lived with his beautiful half-English step-daughter was over the workshop; but when Diane peeped into his study between eight and nine o'clock the same morning he was not there. The girl went quickly out into the street and took an omnibus that led to the outskirts of the city. She was simply dressed in rather shabby black, with her masses of bright brown hair brushed up and hidden under a wide-brimmed hat. Her mended gloves, the worn purse she carried in her hand, the sadness of her beautiful face, from which, with an effort, she had chased all gaiety, gave her the air of a girl struggling with poverty, and compassion mingled with admiration in the looks men cast upon her. Where the omnibus stopped she got down, asked a question of a policeman, then picked her way towards a thoroughfare of workshops.

As she approached a certain number she slackened her pace and strolled carelessly by the door. A notice-board with the words "*à louer*" hung by one corner. The high doors of the workshop were shut, but Diane's quick eyes saw the tracks of enormous "pneus" in the dust, disappearing

under them, and she knew she had come to the right place. She formed a sudden resolution and gave a hesitating pull at the rusty bell. She heard it tinkle inside, then stood waiting with a fast-beating heart. There was a firm step within, two heavy bolts were withdrawn, the large doors swung open a little way, and a young man stood looking at her.

He was dressed in the blue blouse of the French mechanic, yet he was unmistakably English. Aged about twenty-six or seven, he was erect, broad-shouldered, virile. He had clean-cut features, his clear skin was darkly sunburnt, and a pair of bright blue eyes looked out from the brown face with peculiar and pleasant frankness.

Diane's own father, long dead, had been English. The language which she had first learned to speak was English; but her mother had returned to France when the girl was nine or ten years old, and had soon after married Raoul Jullien. For ten years, therefore, Diane's associations had been wholly French. She had been taught to dislike her father's countrymen, and the few she had chanced to meet had not been of an attractive type. Whether or not her dead father had been of finer clay, she had no means of knowing, for her mother had died while she was still a child, and Raoul, who had kept her constantly with him, hated England and the English.

But this Englishman in the mechanic's blouse had a face that won her respect and a curious, unwilling sympathy, with the first glance. Diane was brave to recklessness herself, and she adored courage in a man. This man looked as if he would fear nothing. And his eyes were so true that it would be difficult not to believe all he might say.

"CAN I SEE THE MASTER HERE?"

"*Bon jour*," he began. But Diane, whose mind had travelled miles in the seconds since their glances met, answered him in English, which (as it had been the language of her infancy and childhood) she spoke without foreign accent. "Good morning," she said. "You, too, are English. Can I see the master here?"

"Master?" echoed the young man, smiling. "There's no master here, unless I'm master."

Diane was surprised. Her adventure was likely to be more dramatic than she had fancied; yet—she wished that the fight were to be waged with a different man. However, there was nothing to do but go on with the programme as it had been mapped out.

She let her eyelids droop, and tottering slightly, caught with one shabbily-gloved hand at the doorpost as if for support. "I beg your pardon," she murmured. "I'm a little faint. I—I haven't had any breakfast. I'm looking for work. I thought, as you're English here, there might be something—typewriting—almost anything. But I'm afraid——" she paused, with a tremor in her voice that was not wholly feigned.

"Please come in," the man said, eagerly. "This isn't a workshop. But do let me get you something from the *café* close by. I shall be so glad. And——we're both English."

"Yes, I trust you. And I shall be thankful," Diane answered. With this she looked up, and met such a kind, pitying, and admiring gaze, that she dropped her eyes hastily, the shamed blood mounting guiltily to her forehead.

The young man opened the door, and she passed into a large, bare workshop, with a partitioned space at the farther end. A mingled odour of oil, hot metal, and petrol greeted her nostrils.

The proprietor pulled forward a chair for his guest. "Please sit down," he begged. "I'll be at the *café* and back in five minutes."

He snatched his hat and ran out, shutting the door behind him.

The instant that the sound of his steps died away Diane jumped up and darted to the partition. She was no longer drooping, but as keen and alert as a hunter on the trail. Five minutes and he would be back. She had five minutes.

Behind the screen stood a great racing automobile.

Its shape puzzled her. There was no bonnet in front covering the motor, no coiling radiator; the engines seemed to be concealed within the body of the carriage, which was of dull grey aluminium. Hastily she pulled down the wooden front of the car, and there was revealed to her a motor of a new kind, differing entirely from the French and German types, with all of which she was familiar.

Skilled as she was in mechanical contrivances, she could not at once grasp the idea of the new machine before her; but, lifting out the floor of the car, she saw a curious arrangement of eight horizontal cylinders placed in fours, crosswise, and in a second she realized that this meant the abolition of water-cooling, which necessitates an apparatus cumbersome, heavy, and expensive. This motor was cooled by air; the shafts were fixed, causing the cylinders to rotate in a horizontal plane. In thus rotating they would keep themselves cool by means of fan-shaped flanges cast upon them. There was no separate fly-wheel; the cylinders formed the fly-wheel, thus giving compactness, great power in a small space, and, above all, extreme lightness. Of these eight cylinders, each one looked to Diane's practised eye as if it might develop about five-horse power, making forty-horse power altogether; but owing to the lightness of the car it might successfully be backed against another of sixty-horse power.

Diane's eyes brightened with admiration for the audacity of the invention and the brilliant way in which it was worked out; but suddenly came the recollection that this very cleverness meant ruin for her step-father. He would assuredly—unless the Englishman met with some untoward accident—be beaten in the great race, and then—the deluge!

The girl did not love her step-father, but she had grown so used to his unscrupulous ways that she hardly realized they were unscrupulous—often dishonourable. He had such an amusing method of justifying himself; he was so witty, so gloriously audacious; his smart twistings and turnings of fortune to suit his own ends had afforded so much sport to them both in their eventful life. Besides, Diane believed (Raoul had impressed it upon her often enough) that she was penniless and owed everything to her step-father's generosity. And one of her virtues was a capacity for passionate gratitude.

This poor English inventor, so clever, so young! What a pity it was! How she hated herself! And yet—and yet—— Oh, when Raoul knew what a rival he had he would surely set some strange scheme on foot.

Into the midst of her reflections came a distant sound, or she imagined it. With lightning speed and deftness she replaced the floor, closed the car, flew back to her chair, and had dropped into it just as her unsuspecting host awkwardly opened the door, bearing in one hand a tray with a steaming coffee-pot, fresh rolls, and crisp curls of yellow butter.

That he was unsuspecting was the cruel part. Diane liked fighting; but the fight must be fair and above-board. She tried to salve her conscience as she played at eating the Englishman's food by telling herself that, after all, she was doing him no great harm. She would merely report what she had seen to Raoul. What he would then think fit to do she did not know, and she was not responsible; but her sophistries, worked out under those honest eyes, brought no consolation.

He trusted her, this Sidney Armstrong. He told her things about himself, and even confided to her that he had a motor-car which he had entered for the great race to-morrow morning. To win meant everything to him—just as it did to Raoul Jullien; yet instinctively she knew that this man would sooner lose the race, and his life too, than win by means which were dishonourable. He asked questions concerning herself, which she answered with lies that choked her; and he was eager to help. Were they not both young, both English? Was she not a girl alone? And what was a countryman in a strange land for, if not to help?

But Diane made excuses; said that she had an address or two at which to call. She was much better now and could go on. But she wished him luck, and—perhaps—she would let him know by-and-by how she fared.

Then, somehow, she got away; and the warm, cordial pressure of his hand set her nerves tingling.

As Diane reached home she met the postman at the door, just in time to take in a letter addressed in a business-like hand. It was a rare thing for her to receive a letter, as she had no friends; but before opening it she inquired of their one servant if M. Jullien were in. He had been obliged to go out for a little while, said the woman, but had left word that he particularly wanted to see mademoiselle, and would soon be back. Then Diane opened the letter. It was from a firm of solicitors in London. She read it once, twice, then again, still scarcely understanding what it meant, unable to realize all that was involved in these formal words: "The annual allowance made to her for the last ten years by her uncle in England would in future be increased from twelve thousand five hundred francs to twenty-five thousand francs per annum, owing to the death of a cousin, whose share would now go to her." Why, she had received no allowance, she did not even know she had an English uncle! She had always imagined herself penniless, supported out of kindness of heart by her step-father. What, then, had become of all this money that was hers—this one hundred and twenty-five thousand francs? A hot flush mounted to her forehead as the truth forced itself into her mind.

"INTO THE MIDST OF HER REFLECTIONS CAME A DISTANT SOUND."

At that instant the door opened, and Raoul, the *débonnaire*, the easy-going, unscrupulous schemer, came gaily in.

"Has Denis been here?" he asked, brightly, looking round the room. "Ah, I see he hasn't. I called to see him, missed him, left word for him to come on here, and thought that he might have arrived before me."

"Denis!" exclaimed the girl. "What do you want with Denis? He is a horrible man."

"Oh, Denis is not such a bad fellow. But why is my little step-daughter so tragic to-day? What is that paper in your hand?"

Silently she handed him the letter. His dark eyes comprehended its purport in a flash, and, when he looked up at her, she read guilt in his face.

"It is true, then?" she said, coldly. "You have taken my money and spent it all these years, making me believe that I was dependent on you. You have intercepted my letters——"

"Had I not the right?" broke in Raoul. "Am I not your guardian? Have I not educated you, clothed you, fed you? But let us talk of this later, and I can explain everything. The urgent question is: What have you found out about the English car?" He had changed again to his usual manner.

"Everything. You have no chance against it. It is an air-cooled motor, quite new in design. It is both powerful and light." Raoul looked black. "Now I have done my part of the business, you must keep your promise and tell me what are your plans. What do you mean to do?"

"To do?" answered her step-father,

innocently. "Why, what can be done? Make the best fight possible, I suppose; and, if I'm beaten, take it as well as I can."

Diane knew that he was not speaking the truth. There was challenge in his eyes. He realized that everything was changed between his step-daughter and himself. She had found him out, and would trust him no longer. Therefore he would not trust her. Whatever plans he had in his mind he would carry out alone. Each understood this, though no word was spoken. Hitherto Diane had believed that, however Raoul might behave to others, to her he was loyal. From this belief she had been rudely awakened, and she began to look with new eyes on the schemer with whose fate the chances of life had linked her own. She was sure that some plot was being hatched by Jullien against the young English inventor, and already she hated herself for the ready acquiescence with which, for the sake of "adventure," she had consented to play the spy. The man Denis, whom Raoul sometimes employed in shady transactions, was her special detestation. She resolved to watch, and if possible frustrate any underhand scheme the two might set on foot.

As the day wore on Diane's strong nerves were keyed almost to the breaking point. Raoul avoided her, spending all his time in the *garage* superintending the mechanics who were preparing his great automobile for the early morning start in the morrow's momentous race. Once, when Diane had restlessly followed her step-father to the workshop, she saw the stealthy-footed Denis come in, draw him apart, and talk with him in whispers, then glide out again. Raoul dined at his usual restaurant; Diane ate at home alone. The start of the race was at 2.30 in the morning, and competitors had to be at their places, for the examination of papers, half an hour beforehand. It took half an hour to reach Ville d'Avray through the crowded traffic of cycles, carriages, cabs, and motor-cars; and the girl knew that her step-father would start about half-past one o'clock.

He had promised to take her with him to the starting-point, where he would be joined by the mechanic who was to accompany him to Bordeaux; but since their conversation of the morning he had not mentioned this again, and she supposed that he now wished her to remain at home.

Towards eleven o'clock at night Diane was fully dressed in her room when she heard her step-father come upstairs. He moved softly about in the hall—seemed to approach her door and listen, then went to the *salon*. She noticed that he left the outer door of the flat unfastened, and ten minutes later there came another step on the staircase. She recognised the thin voice of Denis. Raoul called him in; the door of the *salon* was closed with a bang. Diane reasoned that whatever plot was afoot against the Englishman was now probably ripe for execution, and her heart knocked against her side. It took but a few moments to persuade herself that if it were lawful to play the spy upon an innocent man in the morning it was certainly lawful to do the same by two conspirators at night, and accordingly she stole on tiptoe to the door of her room. It was locked! At the instant of this discovery it flashed into Diane's mind that there was still a way by which she could overhear what her step-father and Denis were saying. She crept to the window of her room, pushed open the wooden sun-blinds, and peeped out. A stream of light issued from the *salon* window. Some 3ft. below her was a cornice of stone, perhaps 10in. broad, which ran along the house. As a daring child she had more than once made the passage from one room to another along this perilous way, and her nerve was not less steady now. True, if she slipped, there was a fall of 60ft. into the dark courtyard below; but she did not mean to fall. She pulled off her little high-heeled shoes, lowered herself on to the ledge, and, with her face to the wall of the house, her open hands pressed against it for support, moved cautiously along the narrow ledge. When she reached the *salon* window she crouched down, holding on by the half-open *persienne*, and peered in between its lattices.

Her step-father and Denis were standing up, facing each other under the circle of light thrown from the hanging-lamp, a scar across Denis's cheek standing out vividly like a scarlet thread.

"No need for that," Raoul was saying. "A strong sleeping-draught will keep him quiet for the next twelve hours, and is all that's necessary. Your plan for getting in is good. We can disable the car also by taking away the sparking-plugs. Come; there is no time to lose."

They each took a *fine champagne* from a carafe on the table, Raoul lowered the lamp, and they went out. As the *salon* door closed Diane heard the lock click, and realized that she was to be kept a prisoner till all danger of her intervention was past.

"HER STEP-FATHER AND DENIS WERE STANDING UP FACING EACH OTHER."

It was dark and very still in the large bare workshop Sidney Armstrong had rented. The vague roar of traffic came muffled from the street, and the insistent voices of hawkers crying newspapers rose above the other sounds.

The young Englishman lay motionless upon his back, his head pillowed on a block of wood. His breathing was deep and regular. At last he opened his eyes, but the lids closed heavily, and he was still for half an hour more. Then his eyes opened again and he lay staring up into the darkness. He could not remember where he was. His brain was acting confusedly and great billows of vapour seemed to be rolling over him. He tried to think, but could not piece things together consecutively. He wondered what time it was, and, with an effort, felt for the match-box in his pocket, struck a light, and looked at his watch. It had stopped at two o'clock. But two o'clock *when?* What day was this? Then suddenly, as with a lightning flash, all became clear: this was the day of the great race! His heart gave a bound and he struggled to his feet, feeling unaccountably weak and shattered. He remembered now that he had determined not to leave his car last night, but to stay by it, and have supper sent in from the adjacent *café*. The supper had come, brought by a strange waiter whose face he did not know, a loquacious fellow with a red scar across his cheek, who stood talking to him as he ate and drank. There was a bottle of beer, which the waiter opened and poured out. He was thirsty, and drank a glass right off. Then things had seemed blurred and dim, the waiter's face had grown larger and larger; and he was laughing hideously. After that Armstrong remembered nothing.

Two o'clock! His watch had stopped at two. Why, the start for the race was at half-past two, away at Ville d'Avray. He had overslept himself; he could not get there in time; he was ruined!

Instinctively he turned his head to the partitioned space behind which he kept the car hidden from prying eyes. The doors were open; the car was gone! Armstrong reeled as though he had been struck on the head. The thing which had happened seemed so monstrous that his mind refused to believe it. For an instant he imagined that he must be the victim of a delusion.

As he stood thus, overwhelmed, there came the hoarse cry of a hawker from the street outside, "*Le Vélo*, *Le Vélo*—result of the Paris-Bordeaux race." Armstrong stamped his foot on the ground to make sure that he was awake, and not the prey of some spell of magic. The race over? Impossible! He felt that he must go mad if he did not rend the mystery which was stifling him. He hurried, unsteadily, to the outer door and looked into the street. The lamps were

lighted. It was dark. He beckoned the man who had a bundle of newspapers under his arm, asked for *Le Vélo*, and demanded the time. "Getting on for ten o'clock," said the fellow, putting the sheet into his hand and hurrying away.

Armstrong leaned against the doorpost of his workshop and looked at the paper. Again there swept over him the same overwhelming sense of unreality as his eyes took in these words in large type on the front page: "Paris-Bordeaux—Victory for the English Car — Armstrong, the English Inventor, Breaks the Record on his Air-Cooled Motor—Full Description of the Great Race—Scenes on the Road, by Our Special Correspondents."

The Englishman passed a hand over his forehead and read on: "Paris-Bordeaux this year has resulted in an overwhelming victory for the dark horse—the English car. French automobilists have been humiliated—crushed: it is the only word to use. Everyone is stupefied. After the previous performances of English cars little attention was paid to the one English automobile entered for this year's race, though a rumour somehow crept out that the car was a very powerful one. The young English inventor (to whom, though he has humbled our national pride, all honour must be given) arranged for us a series of dramatic surprises. He was almost late at the starting-point. The officials of A.C.F. had thrice called his name, without reply, when there was a wave of excitement among the spectators, and the great car came tearing to the starting-point. Its novel shape caused intense astonishment. The inventor, Sidney Armstrong, is young and extremely slight. He wore his goggles and mask, so that his face could scarcely be seen; but many spectators said that so frail-looking a *chauffeur* would never be able to stand the terrific strain of the race to Bordeaux. Contrary to universal practice, Armstrong was unaccompanied by a *mécanicien*. His papers were in due order. The French favourite, Raoul Jullien, who started second, had departed, amid loud cheering, before the English car, which started eighteenth, had come upon the scene. When the judge gave the word 'Go' there was a cry of astonishment at the marvellous way in which the English automobile bounded forward, and the spectators lining the road beyond the railway-bridge said that the car had scarcely come into view at the bottom of the hill before it was out of sight at the top. It makes a strange whirring noise, different to the sound of any French automobile."

Then followed a minute account of every phase of the race, sent by correspondents stationed along the route. Everywhere there was unbounded surprise when the English car was seen to be going faster than all the others, overhauling them and passing them one by one. "Between Châtellerault and Poitiers Armstrong was gaining rapidly on the leading French car driven by Raoul Jullien. Here there was a sensational incident. Jullien, not dreaming that any other car could overtake him, was holding the centre of the road and going at great speed. Suddenly his *mécanicien* drew his attention to the fact that the English car was gaining on him. At the sound of the loud clanging of the gong on the English car just behind him the intrepid Jullien seemed to lose his nerve. He looked over his shoulder, which was, of course, an act of madness. His car swerved, and just as Armstrong came alongside him Jullien's car ran off the road and overturned in a broad ditch. Jullien and his *mécanicien* were sent flying, and the spectators thought they must certainly be killed. Seeing what had happened, the Englishman stopped his car within a few yards and ran to the help of the French champion, who was lying motionless. Armstrong showed great agitation at the unhappy accident; but when a local doctor who had been among the spectators assured him after a hasty examination that there were no bones broken, and that Jullien was merely stunned by his fall, the young Englishman ran to his car, started again amid the cheers of the bystanders (touched by his obvious feeling at the distressing incident), and in a few moments was out of sight." Finally there was an account of his triumphal entry into Bordeaux far in advance of any other competing cars, and in fifty-five minutes less than the time in which Fournier had accomplished the distance.

Armstrong read these details like a man dazed. It was as unreal as if a mesmerist had hypnotized him, and he wondered vaguely when all this was going to end and he was to enter again into real life—the real life where miracles do not happen. Then a sound smote on his ears. It was like familiar music to his bewildered senses. He looked up. Along the crowded street came speeding a great racing-car, the people separating to give it a clear course. It slackened pace opposite to him, turned in a graceful curve, and ran gently past him into the work-

shop. It was his own car, its aluminium body yellow now with dust; and from the chair-seat there sprang a slight figure, clothed in the black leather knickerbockers and black leather coat of a *chauffeur*. One movement of a little gauntleted hand

Armstrong thought himself still dreaming. Yet it was she, more beautiful than in the hour which had only seemed long because he had fallen fathoms deep in love as its sixty minutes passed.

He stared at the vision, and as he stared

"JULLIEN AND HIS MÉCANICIEN WERE SENT FLYING."

and the disfiguring mask, the large, close-fitting cap, were plucked off, and down tumbled a mass of bright brown hair which had been tucked underneath the cap.

Dressed in his own leather clothes, which had lain ready for him to wear, with his papers in the pockets (he had not even noticed their loss), stood the girl to whom he had given shelter and food yesterday morning—or was it years ago? And Sidney

the vision broke into tears. In his dream she sobbed and laughed, and explained strange things, hardly seeming to know in her excitement that he had caught her outstretched hands and was holding them tightly — so tightly that the pressure must have hurt.

In the dream she was begging him to forgive her and some man who had injured him —to forgive the man for her sake, and forgive

her because she had won the race for him to make up for some sin which he did not even know that she had committed. And she was telling how she had been locked up in a house somewhere, and had cut a hole in the panel of the door with a knife ; how she had heard of a plot to drug him so that he would sleep until the great race was run, and to disable the car, also, lest by any chance he should recover too soon.

"I had to make up to you somehow," she sobbed, still in the dream. "I thought it all out—what I should do. I took sparking-plugs from his workshop, for I knew he would have stolen yours. It was midnight when I got away and came to your place. I had to get in, so I climbed through that little window up there. You were lying insensible on the floor, looking like death, but I was sure you were not dead—that you would wake up, well enough, when it was too late. So I did what I could for you in a moment or two to make you comfortable, and then turned to the car. That was what you would wish most. Afterwards — oh, I hardly know what happened — I am dazed still. There was only one thing to do if your car was to have its chance. These clothes—I had to put them on, and be *you*. The race! Why, it seems to me now as I look back like a flickering picture in a cinematograph. I think it will never be clearer in my mind. I'd only ten minutes in Bordeaux—I wouldn't stay ; for, you see, I *had* to come back and tell you—everything. You would be breaking your heart with anxiety, and, after doing my best to ruin you, I owed you that. Nothing they could say would stop me, and I came back by a different road, not to be delayed, for each moment would be an hour to you. Here I am at last—at last! And your car has won. I've done my best to atone. *Can you forgive me?*"

"Forgive—you!" he echoed. "When I owe you everything? When you've won the race, and half killed yourself — for me? You're not a woman—you're a goddess! I ought to be on my knees to you——"

"No! If you let me go I shall fall," she laughed and cried together, clinging to him. "I'm weak and broken, but so happy!"

"I worship you!"

"I know. Your eyes said it. That's why I'm happy. And I've won the race."

"You've won me—every fibre of me. Don't be angry. Just because I'd never seen you till yesterday, you think, perhaps——"

"Oh, it's a lifetime since yesterday."

"And I've known you always."

Sidney Armstrong was no longer dreaming. His happiness was real.

"CAN YOU FORGIVE ME?"

The Inter-'Varsity Sports; and Some Records.

By C. B. Fry.

From Photographs by Stearn, Cambridge.

THE annual contest in track-athletics between Oxford and Cambridge is distinguished from the generality of such meetings, indeed from practically all our first-class meetings, in that its main idea is not man against man but team against team. The point at issue being whether Light or Dark Blue is to succeed in gaining first place in the greater number of "events," each of the various competitions included in the programme has a double interest, first for its own sake and then for its bearing upon the collective result; a race once over is not straightway done with, for not until either side has won more than half the total number of "events" is the question of victory decided. Thus the Inter-'Varsity Sports are invested with a thorough-going unity and a sustained plot-interest, both of which are wanting, for instance, in the Amateur Championships, where each race is independent and, beyond the accident of being held on the same afternoon, has no relation to the rest. This collective character, however, so far from diminishing the interest of each particular event, rather increases it by investing the part with the importance of the whole. Then, over and above, there remains the personal interest in the style and achievements of the individual athlete, and the subsidiary interest in the performances that stand out as "best on record."

The features of the sports and their place in the world of athletics may perhaps be suggested by a review of the ten "events" of which they are composed, together with some mention of the prominent feats and records.

The hundred yards race makes a good introduction to the sports. In anticipation the race is always exciting, because none, even of the *cognoscenti*, with full information about previous performances, can surely pick the winner. Times recorded for sprints in trial races are notoriously deceptive, because watches and time-keepers, to say nothing of conditions such as tracks, wind, and weather, differ considerably.

Since, too, the race run all fair is usually decided by a narrow margin, often by a few inches, seldom by more than a couple of feet, a slight mistake at the start or in the running may retard the fastest man enough to lose him the race. For instance, not many years ago one of the Cambridge sprinters, who on form had a fine chance of winning, was easily beaten because during the race he was thrown out for a stride or two by treading on the tag of a careless shoelace. And again, an Oxford man leading his field by a clear foot within some twenty yards of the finish, where he could not well have been caught, foolishly turned his head for a nervous glimpse of the other runners, and therein not only lost his lead but was clean passed by two of his rivals. One Old Blue declares he lost the hundred purely because he allowed his mind to wander for one flash of time from the supreme idea of reaching the tape; in wondering where his colleague was the relaxation of his mind from the intense effort of full speed seemed to ungear his pace just enough to allow the second string, who as a matter of fact was running level with him, to forge the necessary inches ahead.

No wonder the sprinters feel that hollow, lonely sensation as they wait before the fire in the long dressing-room at Queen's Club for the steward to call them out. An anxious man is the sprinter before the race. He feels a trifle better as he emerges from the barrier and takes his preliminary trot round the starting-post. There he finds Mr. Wilkinson, the Sheffield professional starter, who always officiates at these meetings, waiting serenely with loaded pistol. Such a pistol, too! Stubby barrel, muzzle-loading, about ten bore, rammed brimful of black powder. Wilkinson will have none of new-fangled revolvers; he prefers his old-fashioned little cannon, with its copper caps, which "never misses fire and makes a noise." He is an adept at starting sprint-races—a ticklish job, because, if the highly-strung nerves of the runners are flurried, there is sure to be trouble with contagious unsteadiness on the mark and false starts. In the Inter-'Varsity Sports there is no such thing as enforcing the rigour of the A.A.A. law which puts back a yard the man who makes a false start. But Wilkinson will not let the runners go till he has them rigidly steady. Usually, he secures this immediately. The moment the four "strings" arrive and begin to strip he informs

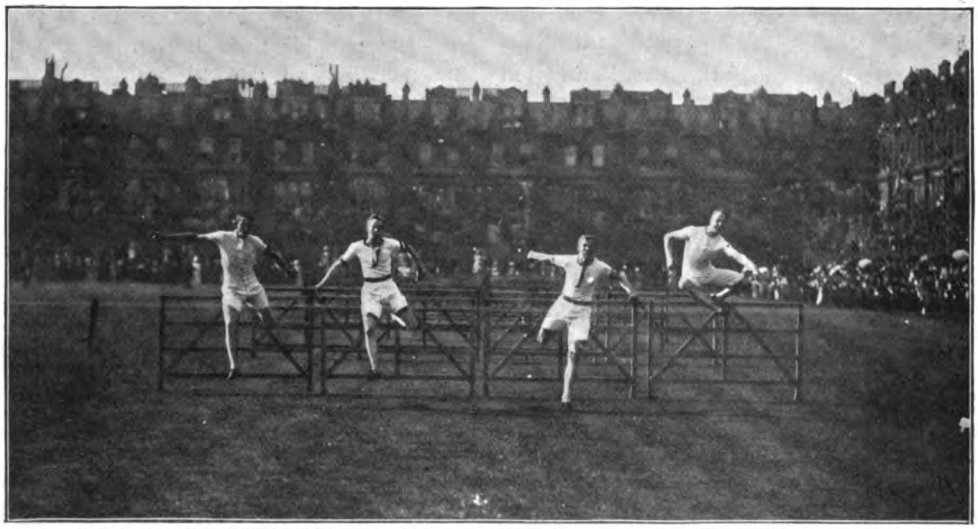
THE 100 YARDS—A. E. HIND WINNING, 1901.

them, with a brief geniality suggestive of his desire that all four may win, that he will tell them to get on their marks and will fire when he sees them steady. Bang! And almost before the reverberation dies away the worsted is broken. There is a momentary comparison of opinions by the judges, and then the little flag, dark or light blue as the case may be, is run up to the head of the white mast in front of the pavilion, and the gentleman at the megaphone informs the assembly of all the details of the race, who has won, by how much, and in what time.

A good average time for the inter-'Varsity hundred yards is 10 2-5th sec., and only now and again is the race run faster. The inter-'Varsity record is 10sec., or, as it is called, level time; it dates back to the early seventies and is shared by three Oxford men—J. P. Tennant, J. H. Wilson, and G. H. Urmson. This equals the British amateur record standing to the credit of Wharton, Bradley, Downer, Duffey, and several others, but is not accepted as such on the books of the A.A.A. Many Old Blues consider Montagu Shearman as fast as any sprinter who has yet run for either 'Varsity: his time was 10 1-5th sec. More recently, C. J. B. Monypenny, of Cambridge, and A. Ramsbotham and G. Jordan, of Oxford, showed a high degree of pace, but none of them were particularly smart starters. Ramsbotham travelled marvellously fast in the last thirty or forty yards, but, slow at getting up his speed, spoilt his time at the beginning of the race. Both Jordan and Monypenny were comparatively better at 120 or 150 yards. The latter, indeed, equalled the British amateur record of 14 4-5th sec. for 150 yards, a splendid time. Last year the Cambridge sprinter, A. E. Hind, was timed on the Fenners track as having run the hundred in 9 4-5th sec. He did not, however, at Queen's Club succeed in approaching this phenomenal performance; but the track then was a trifle heavy and there was an appreciable head wind. Possibly he was capable of even time, but 9 4-5th sec. appears rather too good, since it means that Hind would have beaten Bradley and Downer on their championship form by about two yards. A recent Oxford sprinter, C. R. Thomas, achieved level time on the Iffley Road track. Judging partly by the times and partly by reminiscent inspection, I doubt whether more than a few 'Varsity sprinters, at any rate accord-

THE 100 YARDS—C. R. THOMAS WINNING, 1900.

ing to their running in the Oxford and Cambridge Sports, have been quite up to championship form. Still, it must not be forgotten that the Inter-'Varsity Sports are held in the early spring, when the track is usually not dry and when the weather is cold and bleak, whereas the championship is held in the summer, usually under more favourable conditions. Another point to remember is that some of the best 'Varsity sprinters have blunted the extra fine edge of their speed by training for the quarter-mile. There is no doubt, too, that 'Varsity sprinters would make better times if they paid as much attention as the Americans to perfecting themselves in the art of starting.



THE HURDLES—E. T. GARNIER WINNING, 1898. HIS FOOT IS ON THE GROUND, WHILE THE OTHER RUNNERS ARE IN THE AIR.

On one count the hurdle race is *par excellence* the University event. Hurdling, for some inexplicable reason, has never been much practised anywhere except at Oxford and Cambridge. In years gone by it was fairly popular in the Nottingham district, and the London and provincial clubs have produced here and there an exceptionally fine hurdler, but none of them can show consistent quality in this branch of athletics. The high standard maintained by the 'Varsities is remarkable; indeed, it is not an exaggeration to say that, with scarcely an exception, the inter-'Varsity winner has been absolutely first-class, and it may be added that the second man has often been so too. And not long ago E. A. Parkes, who ran third at Queen's Club, actually won the championship.

The sprinters' steeplechase, requiring a strong turn of speed combined with consummate art in fencing, though perhaps it yields to the quarter-mile in dramatic excitement, is generally regarded as the prettiest of all the events. To run 120 yards in 12 2-5th sec. on the flat is a fair performance, yet A. C. Kranzlein, the famous American hurdler, who holds the world's record, has run that distance over hurdles in 15 2-5th sec. The mechanical precision with which an adept hurdler takes three strides of equal length in between his obstacles, and slithers over the hurdle in his fourth, covering about 12ft. from rise to fall, is strikingly beautiful. A. B. Loder, W. R. Pollock, and W. G. Paget-Tomlinson, all of them Cantabs, hold the inter-'Varsity record of 16sec., a time exactly equal to the amateur record that stood for many years, until first Godfrey Shaw and then Kranzlein knocked it out. It must be remarked that as the inter-'Varsity hurdles have often been run on turf heavy with rain, some of the comparatively moderate times have actually been notable achievements. Paget-Tomlinson stripped a light-weight sprinter rather above middle height and finely proportioned. He had great speed between the hurdles, an elastic style in fencing, and a light foot. E. T. Garnier, who won three times and numbered Paget-Tomlinson among his conquered, was not nearly as fast between his hurdles, but cleared them so low and so completely without hang that he gained in the air what he lost on the flat. It is curious to note that his father, E. S. Garnier, won in 1871, and his younger brother, G. R. Garnier, in 1901.

The quarter-mile, long enough to provide

sustained suspense and run at a pace sufficient to stimulate intense excitement, is a most popular race. From the athlete's point of view it has the doubtful interest of being the most exacting of all races. And often, to add to the dramatic feeling, it happens that the dread quarter is the turning-point of the sports. The skilled observer watches the race keenly, for, as it happens, the Queen's Club course for this race involves two sharp corners, so sharp as to be almost hazards; much may happen at either of them, and luck or judgment in negotiating them has often decided the race; it is quite easy to get jammed at either, or to be thrown on to an outside berth, and thus lose an irrecoverable yard or two. I have heard an old winner declare that the best tactics are to lead round both corners, which is easier said than done. Preconcerted plans for this race often "gang agley": the second string is afflicted with nice problems of how and when to get out of the way. One way and another the quarter is three races in one—a race for the first corner, a race for the second, and then a race for the tape.

THE QUARTER-MILE—W. FITZHERBERT BEATING G. JORDAN, 1896.

The 'Varsities are deservedly proud of their quarter-milers and these runners proud of their race. In cases when, as often happens, the same man is first string both in the hundred and in the quarter, his heart yearns rather for success in the latter. The history of the race is full of great struggles, and the times recorded have been consistently good ever since R. H. Macaulay in 1880 scored the first of his three successive wins for Cambridge. C. J. B. Monypenny in 1892 was the first to bring the time below 50sec.—he won by eight yards and in 49 4-5th sec. But this record was lowered yet another 1-5th sec. by another Cantab, W. Fitzherbert, in the second of his four duels with G. Jordan, in which each man won twice. Jordan in his second win equalled Monypenny's time. These three cracks differed in style. Monypenny, a lean, greyhound man, very light of limb, lifting his feet only a little from the ground, ran persistent and level, as though strung on a wire; he was a machine with multiplying gear in his action, so regular, smooth, and unflagging was the repetition of his long stride. Jordan, built somewhat like him but on bigger lines and more muscular, ran with a higher knee action, a fine, free stepper with fire and devil in his stride, making great play with his ankles and alighting each time on the very ball of his toe. It was a fine sight to see him about forty yards from home arch his eyebrows, set his teeth, and gather himself with a tigerish tug to his supreme effort. Fitzherbert, very tall and long of limb, swallowed up the track with a huge, lunging stride, little knee action or ankle play, but tremendous reach and power. He swayed just a trifle from side to side, like an American pacer; and sometimes at the end of the race the sway increased into a roll, but it was just then that his stride grew longer than ever. The power of his style saved it on the verge of ungainliness and made it pleasing to the eye. His races with Jordan, strong wine of athletic strife, were the finest things I have ever seen on a running track. Fitzherbert won the championship with 49 3-5th sec. in 1895, beating both E. C. Bredin and Jordan. Jordan ran the race in America in what is described as "a hair over 49." But the fastest of all 'Varsity quarter-milers, though he did not make his best time until after he had gone down, was H. C. L. Tindall, who still shares with E. C. Bredin the British amateur record of 48½sec.

As to the half-mile, its distinguishing characteristic is its late introduction into the Oxford and Cambridge programme. It is strange

THE HALF-MILE—H. E. GRAHAM, RECORD-HOLDER, WINNING, 1900.

indeed that the race should not have been included until four years ago. Admittedly a fine race, the distance, besides being the common meeting-ground of the quarter-miler who is a good stayer and of the long-distance man who can go fast, brings out a distinct class of runner. In past years there have been many men at Oxford and Cambridge who would have gained their full Blues for the half, yet have had to content themselves with being second strings in the quarter and the mile. Nothing phenomenal has yet happened in the race at Queen's Club; the fastest time recorded in its brief history was done by H. E. Graham, of Cambridge, in 1900 — 1min. 58 3-5th sec. But the finest half-miler of 'Varsity fame ran before the event was included in the programme; this was F. J. K. Cross, who in 1888 ran the distance at Oxford in 1min. 54 3-5th sec., a magnificent time that stands to this day as the British amateur record. Cross ran in masterful style, combining consummate grace and strength in his long, low, sweeping action. The pace at which he could ply the stride of a middle-distance man made him formidable even at 100 yards; at a quarter-mile he was exceptional, actually on one occasion running the distance in 49 4-5th sec.; the mile he won for Oxford four times, making a fast time on each occasion and breaking the previous record in his final victory in 1889. F. S. Horan also, the great Cambridge three-miler, and W. E. Lutyens, the miler, were both first-class at the half; while H. W. Workman, another Cambridge three-miler, proved himself capable of running the half in 1min. 54 4-5th sec. at Montreal, when the combined Oxford and Cambridge team met the Canadian Universities, McGill and Toronto, last year. With such men in view, it is impossible not to regret that the half-mile was not included from the beginning in the inter-'Varsity programme.

In the two long-distance races, the mile and the three miles, the peculiar characteristic of the Inter-'Varsity Sports as a match between team and team is clearly brought out. Here is seen the self-denying duty of the pace-maker. Six men take part in each of these races, but, allowing for occasional disturbances of the normal, only two of them run to win; the rest provide their first strings with

THE MILE—W. E. LUTYENS, RECORD-HOLDER, WINNING, 1895.

a register of the pace. Each champion desires to run the whole distance at the highest uniform pace of which he is capable; he must, of course, in the actual race depend to a large extent upon circumstances and his own judgment, but he finds it useful to have with him a prepared pace-maker. During training, therefore, the second and third strings are taught, by dint of numerous rehearsals, to run certain parts of the distance at a pace exactly suited to the requirements of the first string, in the hope that on the day of the race he may thus be prevented from running the body of the race either too fast or too slow, and may be kept fancy-free and unworried for the final struggle home. Of course, a pace-maker, after having fulfilled his duty in running his third or two-thirds of the distance at the exact pace prescribed, is at liberty to continue the race as he chooses and take what place he can, provided he in no way interferes with the chances of his own as against the opposing first string. Roughly speaking, pace-making comes to this, that the extra men have to run a certain part of the race faster than they would naturally run it if they were running in their interests alone, in order to facilitate the progress of the man picked out to win for his side. The necessity for pace-making explains why the men who come in second and third in the trial sports at Oxford and Cambridge are sometimes not chosen to be second and third strings in the inter-'Varsity contest; for it does not follow that the men who are second or third best over the whole distance are the best to run one or two-thirds of the distance at a given pace. It is often remarked how small a part of the field actually finishes in the long distances; but, of course, the pace-makers often stop, not because they could not finish, but because their task is done.

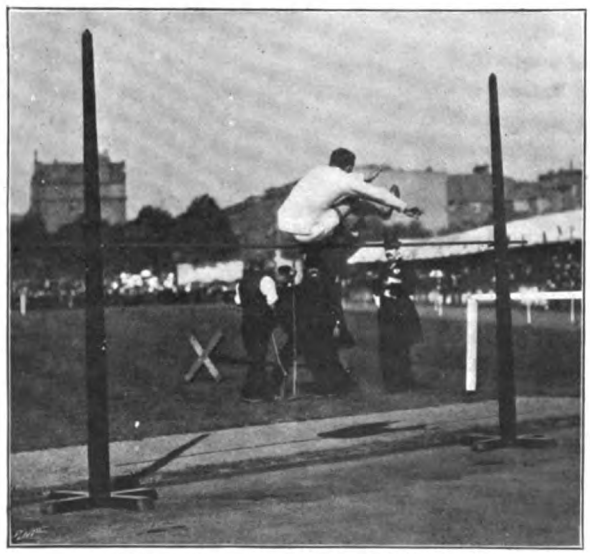
The mile at one time was almost a monopoly for Oxford, for the Dark Blues won twenty-one times in the first twenty-eight years; but in the last ten years Cambridge has scored nine wins in this event. Between them the 'Varsities can boast a fine tale of milers. During the first twenty years of the contest the recorded times, it is true, were only on four occasions below 4min. 30sec., but since then they have been only twice above it. G. E. H. Pratt, of Oxford, in scoring a narrow win in 1884, set the record at 4min. 26 2-5th sec., but five years later F. J. K. Cross, in the fourth of his easy wins, lowered this by 2 4-5th sec. The very next year W. Pollock-Hill, of Oxford, brought the time down to 4min. 21 3-5th sec., winning by sixty yards. But in 1894 W. E. Lutyens, of Cambridge, who, like Cross, won four times, set up the present record of 4 min. 19 4-5th sec. It is a great pity that neither Cross nor Pollock-Hill met Lutyens; the winner would have made a marvellous time, not far from the amateur record held by F. E. Bacon—4min. 17sec. Pollock-Hill, a tall, sparely-built, and very tough runner of notable stamina, combined a typical long-distance stride with a fine turn of pace. At Oxford he made the amateur record for 1,000 yards, a record since lowered at Cambridge by Lutyens, but for inter-'Varsity purposes he devoted himself, except on one occasion, to the three miles. Lutyens, a man of medium height, finely shaped for running and by nature a polished mover, travelled with a beautiful feathery stride, using his ankles to the full in giving himself the upward rise.

THE THREE MILES—F. S. HORAN WINNING, 1895.

Honours in the three miles have been fairly equally divided. It is rather curious to note that five times during thirty-three years—that is, on nearly half the available occasions—this race has been won three years running by the same man. And, in addition, W.

Hough won three times, though not consecutively, out of the four he ran. The greatest distance by which the race has been won is 280 yards, by F. R. Benson; the least, seven yards, by F. M. Ingram. Hough set the record at 15min. 1 1-5th sec. in 1880, and this stood for thirteen years, when F. S. Horan, before mentioned, reduced it to 14min. 44 3-5th sec., which is 20 3-5th sec. worse than the amateur record by Sid Thomas. On a comparision of times it certainly appears that Horan was much the best man ever produced by the 'Varsities at the three miles. Like Pollock-Hill, he possessed great pace; he seems to have been a better man than Lutyens in the half-mile, and, indeed, better than any British contemporary except Bredin. In America, on a fast track and a favourable day, he ran the half in 1min. 56sec. He had a free, untiring stride and never failed for pace. A curious sideway action with his shoulders and arms in running rather detracted from the ease of his style.

The four remaining events, the two jumps, the hammer, and the weight, have never been very popular as entertainments; so few of the spectators are near enough to follow intelligently the progress of the competition, which is at best somewhat long drawn out.



THE HIGH JUMP—M. J. BROOKS, RECORD-HOLDER.

Even the high jump is liable to be tedious during the preliminary stages, and, indeed, is rarely interesting unless the two best men have a pointed struggle or unless one man achieve a really considerable height. To the jumpers themselves the contest is exciting enough, for high-jumping is much more tricky and complicated than it looks. When a man approaches his limit he knows that the least mistake in taking off will ruin his jump. Therefore, he samples the lath long and carefully. It is very easy for a man to lose confidence if in one of his attempts his foothold gives way; and confidence means much in jumping. To do his best a man must take off almost exactly on the same spot each time. One of the objections to a fixed place for jumping, like that at Queen's Club, is that the uprights cannot be moved for a new foothold. A heavy-weight jumper is often handicapped towards the end of the competition by the track having been cut up and loosened during the earlier stages. The attendant, pat he never so busily with the back of a spade, can only partially restore the surface. There is little doubt that firm, natural turf of good quality, closely cropped, is better than the cinder track; it is more springy and quite as solid. Good turf is not friable like cinder track and does not jar the legs nearly as much.

The 'Varsities have not been notably rich in first-class high jumpers, but the inter-'Varsity record, 6ft. 2½in., by M. J. Brooks, is indeed a fine one. Even in America, where high-jumping has been developed to scientific excellence, 6ft. is not done too often; in Britain very, very rarely. Brooks's famous jump compares not unfavourably with the amateur record by P. H. Leahy, the Irishman—6ft. 4¾in. From all accounts Brooks's natural style somewhat resembled in essentials the scientific method cultivated in America, of which M. Sweeney, holder of the world's record at 6ft. 5 5-8th in., has proved the greatest exponent. Brooks took a short run, quite slow, and then jumped straight up, lifted his legs over the bar while his body was still below it on the near side, and then levered his body up afterwards, using his hips as a fulcrum. It is this gymnastic leverage of the body that distinguishes the American style. G. Howard Smith, who won the high jump for Cambridge last year with 5ft. 10½in., though he depends chiefly on his native springiness, has just a touch of this

method in clearing the bar; he is the only 'Varsity man besides Brooks who has surmounted 6ft. in a competition: this he did at Montreal last year. In the Inter-'Varsity Sports E. D. Swanwick is second to Brooks with 5ft. 11in. Swanwick, a tall, slight, but very strong man, took the lath obliquely, but much more neatly than most jumpers in this style. He was capable of 6ft.; in fact, in practice he managed it. Besides the above-mentioned, only one man, W. P. Montgomery, also of Oxford, has done over 5ft. 10in. in the sports. The average height attained is not strikingly good; some of the winning jumps during the first ten years, possibly owing to wet or rough turf, were decidedly mediocre. During the last ten years, however, the height has only once fallen below 5ft. 8in. It must be admitted, however, that only very occasionally have both 'Varsities in any given year been able to boast a first-class jumper.

For long-jumping the conditions at Queen's Club are perfect. Straight in front of the pavilion is laid a miniature track between forty and fifty yards long and 3½ft. broad, which is as carefully tended as any part of the running path. At each end of this a thickish board of tough wood is let into the ground flush with the surface, so that one edge of it about 2in. broad, which is painted white, affords a stable mark to take off from. Immediately beyond the board there is a sheer drop of several inches into the shallow some 13ft. long which extends to the pit into which the jumpers alight. The ends of this pit are open, but each side is contained by a piece of wood marked off in feet and inches.

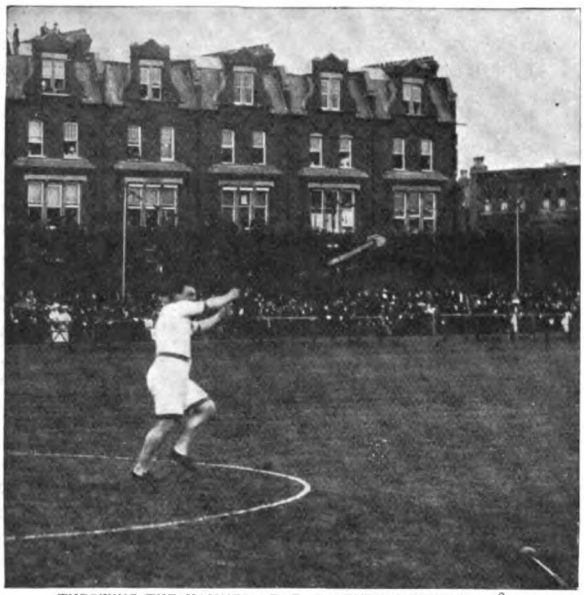
Formerly the pit was filled with soft earth mixed with saw-dust raked smooth and patted level with a spade; but as it was found that this soft earth broke away too much after the jumper alighted to admit of accurate measurement, the middle part of the pit has now been filled with a kind of clay invented by the ground-man at Fenners. Into this the heel of the jumper cuts as clean as may be, and measurement is easy.

Each jumper has four tries, and is placed according to his best effort. The order of jumping, as in the case of the high jump, is pre-arranged, and may not be departed from. If a man refuses without crossing the mark he may go back and have another try, but if he crosses the mark it counts as a jump. The distant spectator may, as a rule, safely conclude that the man who jumps highest in the air is also covering the greatest distance. Moderate long-jumping is not very taking to the eye, but the good is worth watching. To make a fine jump a man must artfully unite speed and spring in an all-out effort.

Inter-'Varsity long-jumping has on the average been very poor. Twenty-one feet is a schoolboy jump, yet on nearly half the occasions the winner has failed to compass that distance. E. J. Davies, who won three times running, jumped 22ft. 10½in. in 1874, and this stood as a record till 1892, when it was broken and set at 23ft. 5in.,* which is still the record, though G. C. Vassall came within 2in. of it in 1899. Davies, a very fast sprinter, is said to have secured his length of jump chiefly by pace. Vassall was a very consistent jumper; his run-up was strong, level, and accurate; he generally struck square on the mark and then rose high, gathering himself compactly in the air. Another good 'Varsity jumper was J. L. Grieg, who on one occasion beat 22ft. with all four jumps; he was methodical and possessed fine nerve.

* Mr. Fry's natural modesty has prevented him from stating that this record-breaker was himself.—Ed.

THE LONG JUMP—C. B. FRY MAKING THE RECORD LONG JUMP OF 23FT. 5IN., 1892.



THROWING THE HAMMER—G. F. ROBERTSON WINNING, 1895.

The hammer and the weight, generally known as the "strong-man" events, are the ugly ducklings of the sports. For years now there has been heated discussion as to whether they ever ought to have been included in the programme. Some people say that they are not in keeping with an athletic meeting, while others urge that being unique in kind they ought to be preserved. The truth appears to be that "strong-man" events performed by men skilful as well as strong are good sport, but are otherwise both feeble and uninteresting. It is a great mistake to suppose that hammer-throwing and weight-putting are feats of brute strength; they depend equally upon skill, for success is due not to the amount of strength possessed, but to the amount applied, and the application of strength to the projection of a 16lb. hammer or a weight is neither simple nor easy. On the whole, "strong-man" events have not been much cultivated at the Universities; in fact, the practice of them for their own sake has been scantily maintained, and would probably have lapsed into desuetude but for their inclusion in the sports. Recently there has been a revival of interest in them, which dates to the first visit of the Yale team, when Hickock showed what fine work was possible. Also it happened that for the last few years the "strong-man" idea has been a power in the land and the subject of much general interest.

The great name in hammer-throwing is G. H. Hales, of Cambridge, who compassed 138ft. In his days the throwers were allowed unlimited run and length of handle. Later the hammermen were reduced to a 30ft. circle and a 4ft. handle, and more recently to the regulation A.A.A. 9ft. circle. Among more recent performers G. F. Robertson, J. D. Greenshields, and E. E. B. May have been the best. Robertson's longest throw was 116ft. 7in. E. E. B. May threw 128ft. 3in. at New York last year, but was beaten by W. A. Boal, of Harvard, with 136ft. 8in. This sort of distance is no mean athletic performance, and is decidedly worth looking at.

The 'Varsity standard for the weight has been low; anything over 36ft. has won more often than not. The record is held by J. H. Ware, with 39ft. 1in., a distance which would not be thought much of in America. The British record for the weight is 46ft. 5½in., by D. Horgan; the world's record, 47ft., by G. R. Grey, a Canadian.

PUTTING THE WEIGHT, 1899.

At Sunwich Port.

By W. W. Jacobs.

CHAPTER XX.

CHARMED at the ease with which he had demolished the objections of Mr. Adolphus Swann and won that suffering gentleman over to his plans, Hardy began to cast longing glances at Equator Lodge. He reminded himself that the labourer was worthy of his hire, and it seemed moreover an extremely desirable thing that Captain Nugent should know that he was labouring in his vineyard with the full expectation of a bounteous harvest. He resolved to call.

Kate Nugent, who heard the gate swing behind him as he entered the front garden, looked up and stood spellbound at his audacity. As a fairly courageous young person she was naturally an admirer of boldness in others, but this seemed sheer recklessness. Moreover, it was recklessness in which, if she stayed where she was, she would have to bear a part or be guilty of rudeness, of which she felt incapable. She took a third course, and, raising her eyebrows at the unnecessarily loud knocking with which the young man announced his arrival, retreated in good order into the garden, where her father, in a somewhat heated condition, was laboriously planting geraniums. She had barely reached him when Bella, in a state of fearsome glee, came down the garden to tell the captain of his visitor.

"Who?" said the latter, sharply, as he straightened his aching back.

"Young Mr. Hardy," said Bella, impressively. "I showed 'im in; I didn't ask 'im to take a chair, but he took one."

"Young Hardy to see me!" said the captain to his daughter, after Bella had returned to the house. "How dare he come to my house? Infernal impudence! I won't see him."

"Shall I go in and see him for you?" inquired Kate, with affected artlessness.

"You stay where you are, miss," said her father. "I won't have him speak to you; I won't have him look at you. I'll——"

He beat his dirty hands together and strode off towards the house. Jem Hardy rose from his chair as the captain entered the room and, ignoring a look of black inquiry, bade him "Good afternoon."

"What do you want?" asked the captain, gruffly, as he stared him straight in the eye.

"I came to see you about your son's marriage," said the other. "Are you still desirous of preventing it?"

"BELLA, IN A STATE OF FEARSOME GLEE, CAME DOWN THE GARDEN TO TELL THE CAPTAIN OF HIS VISITOR."

Copyright, 1902, by W. W. Jacobs in the United States of America.

"I'm sorry you've had the trouble," said the captain, in a voice of suppressed anger; "and now may I ask you to get out of my house?"

Hardy bowed. "I am sorry I have troubled you," he said, calmly, "but I have a plan which I think would get your son out of this affair, and, as a business man, I wanted to make something out of it."

The captain eyed him scornfully, but he was glad to see this well-looking, successful son of his old enemy tainted with such sordid views. Instead of turning him out he spoke to him almost fairly.

"How much do you want?" he inquired.

"All things considered, I am asking a good deal," was the reply.

"How much?" repeated the captain, impatiently.

Hardy hesitated. "In exchange for the service I want permission to visit here when I choose," he said, at length; "say twice a week."

Words failed the captain; none with which he was acquainted seemed forcible enough for the occasion. He faced his visitor stuttering with rage, and pointed to the door.

"Get out of my house," he roared.

"I'm sorry to have intruded," said Hardy, as he crossed the room and paused at the door; "it is none of my business, of course. I thought that I saw an opportunity of doing your son a good turn—he is a friend of mine—and at the same time paying off old scores against Kybird and Nathan Smith. I thought that on that account it might suit you. Good afternoon."

He walked out into the hall, and reaching the front door fumbled clumsily with the catch. The captain watching his efforts in grim silence began to experience the twin promptings of curiosity and temptation.

"What is this wonderful plan of yours?" he demanded, with a sneer.

"Just at present that must remain a secret," said the other. He came from the door and, unbidden, followed the captain into the room again.

"What do you want to visit at my house for?" inquired the latter, in a forbidding voice.

"To see your daughter," said Hardy.

The captain had a relapse. He had not expected a truthful answer, and, when it came, in the most matter-of-fact tone, it found him quite unprepared. His first idea was to sacrifice his dignity and forcibly eject his visitor, but more sensible thoughts prevailed.

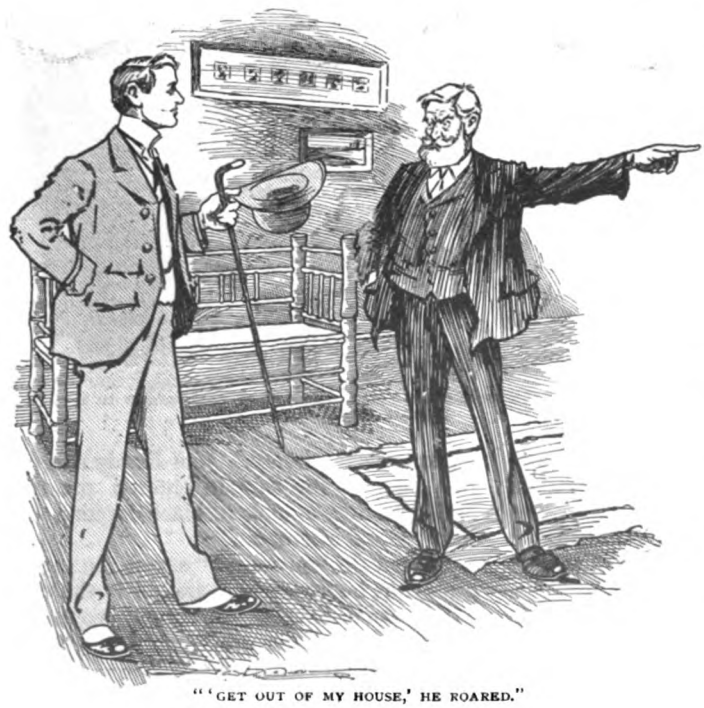
"You are quite sure, I suppose, that your visits would be agreeable to my daughter?" he said, contemptuously.

Hardy shook his head. "I should come ostensibly to see you," he said, cheerfully; "to smoke a pipe with you."

"Smoke!" stuttered the captain, explosively; "smoke a pipe with ME?"

"Why not?" said the other. "I am offering you my services, and anything that is worth having is worth paying for. I suppose we could both smoke pipes under pleasanter conditions. What have you got against me? It isn't my fault that you and my father have quarrelled."

"I don't want anything more to say to you," said the captain, sternly. "I've shown you the door once. Am I to take forcible measures?"



"'GET OUT OF MY HOUSE,' HE ROARED."

Hardy shrugged his broad shoulders. "I am sorry," he said, moving to the door again.

"So am I," said the other.

"It's a pity," said Hardy, regretfully. "It's the chance of a lifetime. I had set my heart on fooling Kybird and Smith, and now all my trouble is wasted. Nathan Smith would be all the better for a fall."

The captain hesitated. His visitor seemed to be confident, and he would have given a great deal to prevent his son's marriage and a great deal to repay some portion of his debt to the ingenious Mr. Smith. Moreover, there seemed to be an excellent opportunity of punishing the presumption of his visitor by taking him at his word.

"I don't think you'd enjoy your smoking here much," he said, curtly.

"I'll take my chance of that," said the other. "It will only be a matter of a few weeks, and then, if I am unsuccessful, my visits cease."

"And if you're successful, am I to have the pleasure of your company for the rest of my life?" demanded the captain.

"That will be for you to decide," was the reply. "Is it a bargain?"

The captain looked at him and deliberated. "All right. Mondays and Thursdays," he said, laconically.

Hardy saw through the ruse, and countered. "Now Swann is ill I can't always get away when I wish," he said, easily. "I'll just drop in when I can. Good day."

He opened the door and, fearful lest the other should alter his mind at the last moment, walked briskly down the path to the gate. The captain stood for some time after his departure deep in thought, and then returned to the garden to be skilfully catechized by Miss Nugent.

"And when my young friend comes with his pipe you'll be in another room," he concluded, warningly.

Miss Nugent looked up and patted his cheek tenderly. "What a talent for organization you have," she remarked, softly. "A place for everything and everything in its place. The idea of his taking such a fancy to you!"

The captain coughed and eyed her suspiciously. He had been careful not to tell her Hardy's reasons for coming, but he had a shrewd idea that his caution was wasted.

"To-day is Thursday," said Kate, slowly; "he will be here to-morrow and Saturday. What shall I wear?"

The captain resumed his gardening operations by no means perturbed at the prophecy. Much as he disliked the young man he gave him credit for a certain amount of decency, and his indignation was proportionately great the following evening when Bella announced Mr. Hardy. He made a genial remark about Shylock and a pound of flesh, but finding that it was only an excellent conversational opening, the subject of Shakespeare's plays lapsed into silence.

It was an absurd situation, but he was host and Hardy allowed him to see pretty plainly that he was a guest. He answered the latter's remarks with a very ill grace, and took covert stock of him as one of a species he had not encountered before. One result of his stock-taking was that he was spared any feeling of surprise when his visitor came the following evening.

"It's the thin end of the wedge," said Miss Nugent, who came into the room after Hardy had departed; "you don't know him as well as I do."

"Eh?" said her father, sharply.

"I mean that you are not such a judge of character as I am," said Kate; "and besides, I have made a special study of young men. The only thing that puzzles me is why you should have such an extraordinary fascination for him."

"You talk too much, miss," said the captain, drawing the tobacco-jar towards him and slowly filling his pipe.

Miss Nugent sighed, and after striking a match for him took a seat on the arm of his chair and placed her hand on his shoulder. "I can quite understand him liking you," she said, slowly.

The captain grunted.

"And if he is like other sensible people," continued Miss Nugent, in a coaxing voice, "the more he sees of you the more he'll like you. I do hope he has not come to take you away from me."

The indignant captain edged her off the side of his chair; Miss Nugent, quite undisturbed, got on again and sat tapping the floor with her foot. Her arm stole round his neck and she laid her cheek against his head and smiled wickedly.

"Nice-looking, isn't he?" she said, in a careless voice.

"I don't know anything about his looks," growled her father.

Miss Nugent gave a little exclamation of surprise. "First thing I noticed," she said, with commendable gravity. "He's very good-looking and very determined. What

are you going to give him if he gets poor Jack out of this miserable business?"

"Give him?" said her father, staring.

"I met Jack yesterday," said Kate, "and I can see that he is as wretched as he can be. He wouldn't say so, of course. If Mr. Hardy is successful you ought to recognise it. I should suggest one of your new photos. in an eighteenpenny frame."

She slipped off the chair and quitted the room before her father could think of a suitable retort, and he sat smoking silently until the entrance of Mrs. Kingdom a few minutes later gave him an opportunity of working off a little accumulated gall.

While the junior partner was thus trying to obtain a footing at Equator Lodge the gravest rumours of the senior partner's health were prevalent in the town. Nathan Smith, who had been to see him again, ostensibly to thank him for his efforts on his behalf, was of opinion that he was breaking up, and in conversation with Mr. Kybird shook his head over the idea that there would soon be one open-handed gentleman the less in a world which was none too full of them.

"We've all got to go some day," observed Mr. Kybird, philosophically. "'Ow's that cough o' yours getting on, Nat?"

Mr. Smith met the pleasantry coldly; the ailment referred to was one of some standing and had been a continual source of expense in the way of balsams and other remedies.

"He's worried about 'is money," he said, referring to Mr. Swann.

"Ah, we sha'n't 'ave that worry," said Mr. Kybird.

"Nobody to leave it to," continued Mr. Smith. "Seems a bit 'ard, don't it?"

"I DO HOPE HE HAS NOT COME TO TAKE YOU AWAY FROM ME."

"P'r'aps if 'e 'ad 'ad somebody to leave it to 'e wouldn't 'ave 'ad so much to leave," observed Mr. Kybird, sagely; "it's a rum world."

He shook his head over it and went on with the uncongenial task of marking down wares which had suffered by being exposed outside too long. Mr. Smith, who always took an interest in the welfare of his friends, made suggestions.

"I shouldn't put a ticket marked '*Look at this!*' on that coat," he said, severely. "It oughtn't to be looked at."

"It's the best out o' three all 'anging together," said Mr. Kybird, evenly.

"And look 'ere," said Mr. Smith. "Look what an out-o'-the-way place you've put this ticket. Why not put it higher up on the coat?"

"Becos the moth-hole ain't there," said Mr. Kybird.

Mr. Smith apologized and watched his friend without further criticism.

"Gettin' ready for the wedding, I 'spose?" he said, presently.

Mr. Kybird assented, and his brow darkened as he spoke of surreptitious raids on his stores made by Mrs. Kybird and daughter.

"Their idea of a wedding," he said, bitterly, "is to dress up and make a show; my idea is a few real good old pals and plenty of licker."

"You'll 'ave to 'ave both," observed Nathan Smith, whose knowledge of the sex was pretty accurate.

Mr. Kybird nodded gloomily. "'Melia and Jack don't seem to 'ave been 'itting it off partikler well lately," he said, slowly. "He's getting more uppish than wot 'e was when 'e come here first. But I got 'im to promise that he'd settle any money that 'e might ever get left him on 'Melia."

Mr. Smith's inscrutable eyes glistened into something as nearly approaching a twinkle as they were capable. "That'll settle the five 'undred," he said, warmly. "Are you goin' to send Cap'n Nugent an invite for the wedding?"

"ARE YOU GOIN' TO SEND CAP'N NUGENT AN INVITE FOR THE WEDDING?"

"They'll 'ave to be asked, o' course," said Mr. Kybird, with an attempt at dignity, rendered necessary by a certain lightness in his friend's manner. "The old woman don't like the Nugent lot, but she'll do the proper thing."

"O' course she will," said Mr. Smith, soothingly. "Come over and 'ave a drink with me, Dan'l; it's your turn to stand."

CHAPTER XXI.

Gossip from one or two quarters, which reached Captain Nugent's ears through the medium of his sister, concerning the preparations for his son's marriage, prevented him from altering his mind with regard to the visits of Jem Hardy and showing that painstaking young man the door. Indeed, the nearness of the approaching nuptials bade fair to eclipse, for the time being, all other grievances, and when Hardy paid his third visit he made a determined but ineffectual attempt to obtain from him some information as to the methods by which he hoped to attain his ends. His failure made him suspicious, and he hinted pretty plainly that he had no guarantee that his visitor was not obtaining admittance under false pretences.

"Well, I'm not getting much out of it," returned Hardy, frankly.

"I wonder you come," said his hospitable host.

"I want you to get used to me," said the other.

The captain started and eyed him uneasily; the remark seemed fraught with hidden meaning. "And then——?" he inquired, raising his bushy eyebrows.

"Then perhaps I can come oftener."

The captain gave him up. He sank back in his chair and crossing his legs smoked, with his eyes fixed on the ceiling. It was difficult to know what to do with a young man who was apparently destitute of any feelings of shame or embarrassment. He bestowed a puzzled glance in his direction and saw that he was lolling in the chair with an appearance of the greatest ease and enjoyment. Following the direction of his eyes, he saw that he was gazing with much satisfaction at a photograph of Miss Nugent which graced the mantelpiece. With an odd sensation the captain suddenly identified it as one which usually stood on the chest of drawers in his bedroom, and he wondered darkly whether charity or mischief was responsible for its appearance there.

In any case, it disappeared before the occasion of Hardy's next visit, and the visitor sat with his eyes unoccupied, endeavouring to make conversation with a host who was if anything more discourteous than usual. It was uphill work, but he persevered, and in fifteen minutes had ranged unchecked from North Pole explorations to poultry farming. It was a relief to both of them when the

door opened and Bella ushered in Dr. Murchison.

The captain received the new arrival with marked cordiality, and giving him a chair near his own observed with some interest the curt greeting of the young men. The doctor's manner indicated polite surprise at seeing the other there, then he turned to the captain and began to talk to him.

For some time they chatted without interruption, and the captain's replies, when Hardy at last made an attempt to make the conversation general, enabled the doctor to see, without much difficulty, that the latter was an unwelcome guest. Charmed with the discovery he followed his host's lead, and, with a languid air, replied to his rival in monosyllables. The captain watched with quiet satisfaction, and at each rebuff his opinion of Murchison improved. It was gratifying to find that the interloper had met his match.

Hardy sat patient. "I am glad to have met you to-night," he said, after a long pause, during which the other two were discussing a former surgical experience of the captain's on one of his crew.

"Yes?" said Murchison.

"You are just the man I wanted to see."

"Yes?" said the doctor, again.

"Yes," said the other, nodding. "I've been very busy of late owing to my partner's illness, and you are attending several people I want to hear about."

"Indeed," said Murchison, with a half-turn towards him.

"How is Mrs. Paul?" inquired Hardy.

"Dead!" replied the other, briefly.

"Dead!" repeated Mr. Hardy. "Good heavens! I didn't know that there was much the matter with her."

"There was no hope for her from the first," said Murchison, somewhat sharply. "It was merely a question of prolonging her life a little while. She lived longer than I deemed possible. She surprised everybody by her vitality."

"Poor thing," said Hardy. "How is Joe Banks?"

"Dead," said Murchison again, biting his lip and eyeing him furiously.

"Dear me," said Hardy, shaking his head; "I met him not a month ago. He was on his way to see you then."

"The poor fellow had been an invalid nearly all his life," said Murchison, to the captain, casually.

"Aye, I remember him," was the reply.

"I am almost afraid to ask you," continued Hardy, "but shut up all day I hear so little. How is old Miss Ritherdon?"

Murchison reddened with helpless rage; Captain Nugent, gazing at the questioner with something almost approaching respect, waited breathlessly for the invariable answer.

"She died three weeks ago; I'm surprised that you have not heard of it," said the doctor, pointedly.

"Of course she was old," said Hardy, with the air of one advancing extenuating circumstances.

"Very old," replied the doctor, who knew that the other was now at the end of his obituary list. "Are there any other of my patients you are anxious to hear about?"

"ARE THERE ANY OTHER OF MY PATIENTS YOU ARE ANXIOUS TO HEAR ABOUT?"

"No, thank you," returned Hardy, with some haste.

The doctor turned to his host again, but the charm was broken. His talk was disconnected, owing probably to the fact that he was racking his brain for facts relative to the seamy side of shipbroking. And Hardy, without any encouragement whatever, was interrupting with puerile anecdotes concerning the late lamented Joe Banks. The captain came to the rescue.

"The ladies are in the garden," he said to the doctor; "perhaps you'd like to join them."

He looked coldly over at Hardy as he spoke to see the effect of his words. Their eyes met, and the young man was on his feet as soon as his rival.

"Thanks," he said, coolly; "it is a trifle close indoors."

Before the dismayed captain could think of any dignified pretext to stay him he was out of the room. The doctor followed and the perturbed captain, left alone, stared blankly at the door and thought of his daughter's words concerning the thin end of the wedge.

He was a proud man and loth to show discomfiture, so that it was not until a quarter of an hour later that he followed his guests to the garden. The four people were in couples, the paths favouring that formation, although the doctor, to the detriment of the border, had made two or three determined attempts to march in fours. With a feeling akin to scorn the captain saw that he was walking with Mrs. Kingdom, while some distance in the rear Jem Hardy followed with Kate.

He stood at the back door for a little while watching; Hardy, upright and elate, was listening with profound attention to Miss Nugent; the doctor, sauntering along beside Mrs. Kingdom, was listening with a languid air to an account of her celebrated escape from measles some forty-three years before. As a professional man he would have died rather than have owed his life to the specific she advocated.

Kate Nugent, catching sight of her father, turned, and as he came slowly towards them, linked her arm in his. Her face was slightly flushed and her eyes sparkled.

"I was just coming in to fetch you," she observed; "it is so pleasant out here now."

"Delightful," said Hardy.

"We had to drop behind a little," said Miss Nugent, raising her voice. "Aunt and Dr. Murchison *will* talk about their complaints to each other! They have been exchanging prescriptions."

The captain grunted and eyed her keenly.

"I want you to come in and give us a little music," he said, shortly.

Kate nodded. "What is your favourite music, Mr. Hardy?" she inquired, with a smile.

"Unfortunately, Mr. Hardy can't stay," said the captain, in a voice which there was no mistaking.

Hardy pulled out his watch. "No; I must be off," he said, with a well-affected start. "Thank you for reminding me, Captain Nugent."

"I am glad to have been of service," said the other, looking his grimmest.

He acknowledged the young man's farewell with a short nod and, forgetting his sudden desire for music, continued to pace up and down with his daughter.

"What have you been saying to that—that fellow?" he demanded, turning to her, suddenly.

Miss Nugent reflected. "I said it was a fine evening," she replied, at last.

"No doubt," said her father. "What else?"

"I think I asked him whether he was fond of gardening," said Miss Nugent, slowly. "Yes, I'm sure I did."

"You had no business to speak to him at all," said the fuming captain.

"I don't quite see how I could help doing so," said his daughter. "You surely don't expect me to be rude to your visitors? Besides, I feel rather sorry for him."

"Sorry?" repeated the captain, sharply. "What for?"

"Because he hasn't got a nice, kind, soft-spoken father," said Miss Nugent, squeezing his arm affectionately.

The appearance of the other couple at the head of the path saved the captain the necessity of a retort. They stood in a little knot talking, but Miss Nugent, contrary to her usual habit, said but little. She was holding her father's arm and gazing absently at the dim fields stretching away beyond the garden.

At the same time Mr. James Hardy, feeling, despite his bold front, somewhat badly snubbed, was sitting on the beach thinking over the situation. After a quarter of an hour in the company of Kate Nugent all else seemed sordid and prosaic; his own conduct in his attempt to save her brother from the consequences of his folly most sordid of all.

He wondered, gloomily, what she would think when she heard of it.

He rose at last and in the pale light of the new moon walked slowly along towards the town. In his present state of mind he wanted to talk about Kate Nugent, and the only person who could be depended upon for doing that was Samson Wilks. It was a never-tiring subject of the steward's, and since his discovery of the state of Hardy's feelings in that quarter the slightest allusion was sufficient to let loose a flood of reminiscences.

"HE WONDERED WHAT SHE WOULD THINK WHEN SHE HEARD OF IT"

It was dark by the time Hardy reached the alley, and in most of the houses the lamps were lit behind drawn blinds. The steward's house, however, was in darkness and there was no response when he tapped. He turned the handle of the door and looked in. A dim figure rose with a start from a chair.

"I hope you were not asleep?" said Hardy.

"No, sir," said the steward, in a relieved voice. "I thought it was somebody else."

He placed a chair for his visitor and, having lit the lamp, slowly lowered the blind and took a seat opposite.

"I've been sitting in the dark to make a certain party think I was out," he said, slowly. "She keeps making a excuse about Teddy to come over and see me. Last night 'e talked about making a 'ole in the water to celebrate 'Melia Kybird's wedding, and she came over and sat in that chair and cried as if 'er 'art would break. After she'd gone Teddy comes over, fierce as a eagle, and wants to know wot I've been saying to 'is mother to make 'er cry. Between the two of 'em I 'ave a nice life of it."

"He is still faithful to Miss Kybird, then?" said Hardy, with a sudden sense of relief.

"Faithful?" said Mr. Wilks. "Faithful ain't no word for it. He's a sticker, that's wot 'e is, and it's my misfortune that 'is mother takes after 'im. I 'ave to go out afore breakfast and stay out till late at night, and even then like as not she catches me on the doorstep."

"Well, perhaps *she* will make a hole in the water," suggested Hardy.

Mr. Wilks smiled, but almost instantly became grave again. "She's not that sort," he said, bitterly, and went into the kitchen to draw some beer.

He drank his in a manner which betokened that the occupation afforded him no enjoyment, and, full of his own troubles, was in no mood to discuss anything else. He gave a short biography of Mrs. Silk which would have furnished abundant material for half-a-dozen libel actions, and alluding to the demise of the late Mr. Silk, spoke of it as though it were the supreme act of artfulness in a somewhat adventurous career.

Hardy walked home with a mind more at ease than it had been at any time since his overtures to Mr. Swann. The only scruple that had troubled him was now removed, and in place of it he felt that he was acting the part of a guardian angel to Mr. Edward Silk.

(To be continued.)

From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

LXXI.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

WRITTEN SPEECHES.

COMPLAINT is sometimes made by admirers of Sir William Harcourt—and they sit on both sides of the House—that so habile a debater, so witty a conversationalist, should hamper himself with voluminous notes when he makes an important speech. That the precaution is not necessary is proved when on chance provocation he flings himself into debate. Sir William defends his practice upon clearly defined principles. He affirms that no speech delivered extemporaneously survives the week of its birth. All great orators, from Demosthenes past Burke down to—well, to John Bright, have always first written out their speeches, then committed them to memory, and, possibly with the assistance of skilfully condensed notes, recited them.

SIR W. HARCOURT'S NOTES.

Going down to Lancashire in 1868 as a kind of understudy to John Bright, Sir William, not yet launched in politics, prospering richly at the Parliamentary Bar, had opportunity of observing the Master's oratorical manner. When he delivered one of the speeches illuminating the historical campaign that first placed Mr. Gladstone in power, he brought with him to the platform some eight, ten, or a dozen small cards, held in the palm of his left hand. Each contained headings of a division of his speech. At the top a catch-word or two, opening the leading sentence. His peroration, ever a carefully prepared effect, was written out verbatim.

Sir William admits that, except in supreme cases—such as that of John Bright, where, as far as actual evidence went, the machinery of the MS. is practically out of sight of the audience—the immediate effect of an unstudied speech is greater than what follows on recitation of a carefully prepared oration. But he holds the congregation before him, be it large or small, as a secondary concern compared with the multitude listening at the doors. For that wider circle, peradventure for posterity, it is worth while to take pains with a speech. Composing one in the quietness and solitude of the study has, he insists, a double advantage. It not only enables a man to place in effective order his line of argument, causing him to say what he has to say in the best form of words. It delivers him from the danger lurking in the heat of extemporaneous speaking, of saying what he had better have left unsaid.

HANG POSTERITY.

These, the slowly formed opinions of one of the greatest Parliamentary and platform speakers of the last quarter of the nineteenth century, compel respectful attention. Having given it, I do not think a statesman of to-day need trouble himself much as to what posterity will think of the speech he is contemplating. Most of us probably have in our bookcases the speeches of Burke and Bright. I am not sure we frequently find time to read them. Sufficient to the day are the speeches thereof. With respect to the Man in the Street (who has perforce remained there whilst a speech was delivered

in Parliament or on the platform) it is undoubtedly an advantage that an address should be prepared on Sir W. Harcourt's plan. As far as the immediate audience is concerned and the effect wrought upon it is valued, an imperfect speech flashed forth in the heat of the moment is worth far more than a perfect oration painstakingly produced in the study. This is more especially the case in debate in the House of Commons, where, indeed, the reading of written speeches is considerately, but not always effectively, forbidden.

SOME MODERN INSTANCES.

Mr. Disraeli prepared his great oratorical efforts with the painstaking care that marks the system of his former young friend, Mr. Vernon Harcourt. There was a gentleman on the Parliamentary staff of the *Times* who had a good deal to do with Mr. Disraeli's platform triumphs. When preparing for one he invited Mr. Neilson to stay with him, whether at Hughenden or his town address, and rehearsed his speech. The first draft, taken down in shorthand, was fairly written out, studied by the master of impromptus, here and there fresh effects tried, and, finally, the whole thing was fairly written out before Mr. Disraeli stepped on the platform. Mr. Neilson, following the MS. before him, made such verbal alterations, addenda, or elimination as circumstances demanded for his report.

"REHEARSING."

This was very well at certain political crises. But those familiar with Disraeli's manner in the House of Commons after he assumed the Leadership will remember how dreary were long stretches of his speech when they passed beyond the limits of an hour; how pointed and potent his contributions to debate wrapped within the limits of twenty minutes.

MR. GLADSTONE.

When Mr. Gladstone was called upon for sustained effort, on explaining one of his Budgets or in introducing one of his epoch-making Bills, he necessarily had more or less voluminous notes. But they were the meagre skeleton of his oration, head-lines pointing to division of subject or containing rows of figures. He never read a sentence, much less a passage, from the MS. Some of his most delightful House of Commons speeches were delivered on Tuesday or Friday evening, when private members still had the privilege of moving resolutions or pressing forward Bills. At such times, leaning on the desk, he, without raising his voice beyond conversational pitch, chatted to the charmed circle. On more important occasions, when a sudden turn had twisted debate, he was accustomed to spring up obviously, necessarily, without a moment's preparation and pour forth a torrent of persuasive argument.

UNCLE AND NEPHEW.

In this respect the Leaders of both Houses in the present Parliament resemble their ancient foeman. Neither Lord Salisbury nor Mr. Arthur Balfour enters the lists of debate hampered by MS. notes. The Prime Minister does not vary this habitude even when contributing a long speech to a full-dress debate. Gifted with a splendid memory, trained to public speaking from early youth, he never falters in the delivery of a series of perfectly phrased sentences.

Mr. Balfour upon occasion, when he has to speak on an unfamiliar topic demeaned by commonplace facts and vulgar fractions, lays a sheaf of notes on the brass-bound box before commencing his speech. Invariably they prove a trap to his impatient feet. He gets hold of the wrong figure or puts the cart before the horse in connection with some prosaic fact. When Lord Salisbury rises in the House of Lords on great or small occasion he is a terror to his colleagues on the Front Bench. They never know what blazing indiscretion may not flash forth before he resumes his seat. Mr. Balfour is safe enough on his legs when unhampered by notes. With these before him he is sure to stumble.

Recurrent accident brings forth his inimitable "Exactly." When the Attorney-General

or the Minister specially informed on the subject before the House corrects an assertion—as when Mr. Balfour says "North" when he means "South," speaks of "400" when he means "4,000," or mixes up the two hemispheres—he turns upon his colleague with a winning smile, an encouraging nod, and says, "Exactly." The impression conveyed is that his interlocutor has blundered in a statement of fact, has made another shot and this time has hit the mark. Nothing is farther from Mr. Balfour's desire, nothing more remote from his nature, than to discourage well meant effort. So in urbanest manner he smiles and nods and says, "Exactly," repeating the performance when, ten minutes later, he again stumbles in taking a fence of facts or figures.

"EXACTLY."

To such length does he carry his indifference to opportunity for preparing his speeches that I have seen him, when, in his former capacity as Leader of the Opposition, it fell to his lot to second a vote of condolence, scribble a note or two on his knee as the mover of the Address proceeded with his laboured oration.

LYON PLAYFAIR.

I have known in the House of Commons three men who when they took part in important debates wrote out their speeches, learnt them off by heart, and recited them. One was Lyon Playfair, who successfully hid his stratagem. Opportunity never enticed him into oratorical flights. There was ever much of the professorial lecture about his Parliamentary addresses. His happiest effort, certainly the one most enjoyed by himself, was when, a question of margarine turning up, he brought down to the House a collection of pots of various compounds, illustrating his lecture by occasional display of the samples to the profoundly interested class.

"HIS HAPPIEST EFFORT."

P. J. SMYTH.

Another member of quite a different class who recited his speeches was P. J. Smyth, a representative from the north of Ireland. A plainly-dressed, quiet-mannered, slightly-lame person, he did not often catch the Speaker's eye. Once a Session was the full average of his intervention. His speech when declaimed proved to be modelled on the ancient style of Burke even more closely than of Fox. To the modern ear the style of the oration was ornate. I don't suppose his most successful effort fluttered the resolution of a member who had come down to vote. It was magnificent, but it was not debate. Nevertheless it was a rare intellectual treat which the House greatly enjoyed.

JOE COWEN.

Joseph Cowen is the third member in the category of reciters. He equalled P. J. Smyth in the glow and colour of his oration, whilst he far excelled him in force of argument and application to practical politics. The echoes of his speech on the Royal Titles Bill, delivered a quarter of a century ago, still linger with old members. An extensive reader with a marvellous memory, Cowen gave to his political speeches that embroidery of literary reference which finds quick response in a cultured audience. His personal appearance and the deep Northumbrian burr of his voice added to the interest of his too rare appearance.

So complete was his command over his studiously-penned oration that he did not bring

with him a page of notes. Now and then, whether by design or accident, he hesitated, laid hold of the lapels of his coat—after a fashion familiarized by Mr. Arthur Balfour—and, for a moment, bent his head in silence. Uplifting it he continued the stream, at lava heat, of scholarly, impassioned declamation.

THE KING AND PARLIAMENT.

Towards the end of last Session a rumour ran through the House of Commons that the King intended to pay a visit to Westminster, and was expected to look in at the House of Lords during the course of the sitting. Nothing came of it, and what was looked forward to as a notable spectacle was withheld from the gaze of spectators.

Some denied the probability of the rumour being verified on the ground that it would be unconstitutional for the Sovereign to be present in either House of Parliament whilst debate was going forward. That may be so; but there is certainly precedent for such procedure. Charles II. frequently sat in the House of Lords whilst debate was going forward. "It was," he graciously said, "better than going to a play," which suggests that noble lords were livelier in Stuart days than in these degenerate times. Writing in 1670, when the Merry Monarch dropped in on the peers, not even hoping he did not intrude, Andrew Marvell observes: "It is true this has been done long ago. But it is now so old that it is new, and so disused that at any other but so bewitched a time as this it would have been looked on as a high usurpation and breach of privilege."

The last time King Charles was present at debate in the House of Lords was in the Session of 1680. The sturdy Commons had passed a Bill excluding the Duke of York from reversion to the throne on the ground that he was a Papist. The House of Lords, after a fashion not unknown in modern times, flouting the deliberate purpose of the representatives of the people, threw out the Bill. The King sat out the debate, enjoying it so much that he not only dined in the House, but stayed for supper.

MR. BIGGAR SPIES STRANGERS.

STRANGERS IN THE HOUSE.

Whilst still Prince of Wales, Edward VII. showed keen and abiding interest in Parliamentary debate. Twenty years ago, when the Parnellites were in full force, he rarely passed a week without spending an hour or two in the Gallery over the clock. He happened to be there on a Tuesday afternoon in the spring of 1875, on which Mr. Chaplin had secured the first place for a motion relating to the breed of horses. Mr. Biggar had a peculiar animosity towards Mr. Chaplin, and seized this opportunity of gratifying it. The orator had just risen and was preparing to discourse, when Joseph Gillis "spied strangers." At that date the House was at the mercy of any single member exercising this antique privilege. There was no appeal against the potency of the member for Cavan. The Prince of Wales and his entourage, including the German Ambassador, were compelled to withdraw with other strangers in the Gallery.

Of late years, the House of Commons becoming portentously dull under the wet blanket of an overwhelming Ministerial majority, the Prince of Wales was an infrequent visitor to the House of Commons. But if in town he rarely missed an important debate in the Lords. He never took part in debate, nor voted in any division save one. Exception was made in favour of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, in whose favour His Royal Highness always voted, occasionally presenting a petition on its behalf.

Whilst it is not probable that His Majesty will recur to the practice of Charles II. and attend debates in the Lords, he may be counted upon to bring closer the personal relations between the Sovereign and Parliament which lapsed through long stages of the last reign. He will not only regularly open Parliament in person, but will doubtless revive the custom in vogue when Queen Victoria came to the throne of proroguing it without the agency of a Royal Commission. This ceremony was contemplated last Session, but was foregone owing to the death of the Empress of Germany, renewing the partially

dispelled gloom of her Royal mother's passing away.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S PRIVATE FORTUNE.

I hear from one who speaks with authority (not, like myself, one of the scribes) that the amount of personalty left by Queen Victoria did not exceed £800,000. This will be a shock to the slowly built-up convictions of those who regarded her late Majesty as one of the richest Sovereigns in Europe. It certainly is at variance with conclusions founded on acknowledged facts. When, on the Queen's Accession, the Civil List was settled it was based on a most liberal estimate. To a Committee of the House of Commons were remitted the accounts of income and expenditure of the Civil List of William IV. in the last full year of his reign. The charges incurred in various departments were gone through, and with slight variations the aggregate sum was allotted for the Civil List of the Girl-Queen.

SIR GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS.

How this worked is illustrated by the vote for the Lord Chamberlain's department. The Committee discovered that tradesmen's bills paid by the Lord Chamberlain amounted exactly to £41,898. William IV.'s successor being a lady they chivalrously made the sum the round figure of £42,000. In the way of addition that was quite immaterial. But as appears on the face of the accounts, the expenditure in this particular department was quite exceptional. William IV., looking forward to further length of years, spent large sums on renovating his residence. Exceptional expenditure, divided amongst upholsterers, cabinet-makers, locksmiths, ironmongers, joiners, and the like, amounted to over £20,000. By the action of the House of Commons' Committee that sum was permanently allotted as additional annual subsidy to the Lord Chamberlain's department under the new Sovereign.

Embarrassment of riches—afflicting other departments when, on the death of the Prince Consort, Queen Victoria retired into private life—was averted by an ingenious automatic arrangement. It was ordered that wherever surpluses presented themselves in particular departments the money should be handed over to the keeper of the Privy Purse. The sum, whatever its varying amount might be, was during the twenty years after the death of the Prince Consort, when ceremonial usages involving expenditure specially provided were abrogated, added to the £60,000 a year allotted by the Civil List to the Queen's Privy Purse.

In 1873 the swelling of many rivulets leading into this reservoir became so embarrassing that a special Act of Parliament was passed for its relief. Under the Statute law then existing the Sovereign was precluded from holding hereditary property. The case is succinctly and authoritatively stated by Sir George Cornewall Lewis, Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1857. Supporting a vote for a dowry for the Princess Royal, Sir George did so on the specific ground that the nation had of its wisdom deprived the Queen of a parent's opportunity for making such provision. "It has been deemed a matter of policy in this country," said Sir George, "to strip and denude the Sovereign of all hereditary property, and to render him during his life entirely dependent upon the bounty of Parliament." In 1873 Mr. Gladstone changed all that, adding to the Statute-book what was called "The Crown Private Estates Act." This enabled the Sovereign to invest his or her savings after the manner of the private citizen.

A Wonderful Girl.

By Richard Marsh.

AS a small girl I must have been a curiosity; at least, I hope so; because if I were only an average child what a time parents, and guardians, and schoolmistresses, and those sort of persons, must have of it. To this hour I am a creature of impulse. But then——! I did a thing; started to regret it when it was about half done; and if I ever thought at all about the advisability of doing it it was certainly only when everything was over.

Take the case of my very fleeting association with Bradford's Royal Theatre.

So far as I can fix it, at the time I must have been about twelve—a small, elf-like creature, with eyes which were ever so much too big for my face, and a mass of unruly, very dark brown hair. Some people have told me that then it was black, but I doubt it; for there are those who tell me that it is black now, which I have the very best of reasons for knowing it is not. At that school they called me "The Witch," in allusion, I believe, not only to my personal appearance, but also to my uncanny goings-on.

The school was in a Sussex village. To that village there used to come each year a travelling theatre—it took the form of a good-sized oblong tent which was erected in a field which was attached to the Half Moon Hotel. I imagine that the whole country-side must have patronized Bradford's Royal Theatre, because sometimes it would stay there for two months at a time. It put in its first appearance so far as I was concerned during my second term at Miss Pritchard's school. We girls were not supposed to know anything about it; but well do I remember the awe with which I used to gaze at the exceedingly dingy canvas structure as we passed it in our walks. And once when Nelly Haynes, with whom I was walking, pointing to an individual who was lounging in his shirt-sleeves at the entrance to the field, observed that that was one of the principal actors—though what she knew about it I have not the faintest notion—I could not have stared at him with greater curiosity had he been the slave of Aladdin's wonderful lamp.

Even yet, when I am in the mood, I read everything in the way of print that I can lay my hand on. In that respect, also, I fear that the girl was mother to the woman. I had recently come across an article in a magazine treating of Infant Phenomena; I am not quite sure if the plural ought to be written with an *a* or an *s*, when using the word in that particular sense; but, any way, I will leave it. How I had lighted on the magazine I cannot remember; but I rather fancy that it must have been the property of one of the governesses who had left it lying about, and that I borrowed it without going through the form of asking leave. I know that I took it to a corner of the orchard, of which we had the freedom when there was no fruit upon the trees, and that I devoured that

"I TOOK IT TO A CORNER OF THE ORCHARD."

article. It was all about precocious children, recording how Mozart had composed masses—whatever they were—at the age of two, or less; and how some little girl had won fame as a dancer at the age of three, or perhaps a trifle more. But in particular it told of the Infant Roscius. The story of that wonderful boy—he was throughout alluded to as the wonderful boy—set my brain in a whirl. I do not think that I have read much—if anything—about William Henry West Betty since; but I do believe that I recollect nearly all that I read then. He took London by storm when he was twelve years old—my age! the tale of my own years nearly to a tick! As Selim, in "Barbarossa"—when one thinks of it it must have been a wonderful part in a truly wonderful play for that wonderful boy—the whole world of wit and wealth and fashion was at his feet. In the course of a single season he gained over seventeen thousand pounds!

Those are facts and figures for you—especially were they facts and figures for me then. By the time I had reached the end of that article my mind was firmly resolved upon one point: that I would be an Infant Phenomenon. There should be a Wonderful Girl as well as a Wonderful Boy. It seemed clear to me that girls of the proper type might be made quite as attractive as boys. The mystery was that there should not have been a Wonderful Girl already. But the want should be immediately supplied.

Of course one or two difficulties were in the way. I had never acted myself or seen anybody else act, and knew as much about plays as about Mars. And then, Betty was encouraged, while I had an inward conviction that that would not be the case with me. Under these circumstances I did not quite see, at the moment, how I was to play the principal part at Covent Garden; nor even begin to charm the world, as young Betty had done, at a theatre in Ireland. But not for one moment did I allow myself to be daunted by considerations of that kind.

I think it was the very next day—my enthusiasm lasted all through the night, which was not always the case, for I have gone to sleep intending to marry a missionary and woke up bent on being a queen of the cannibals—that Fate threw in my way the very opportunity I wanted at Bradford's Royal Theatre.

I imagine that it must have been pretty bad weather about that time: when it was not raining it was blowing; and when, as the Irishman said, it was doing neither it was doing both. Climatic conditions unfavourably affected the attendance at Bradford's Royal Theatre. I know such was the case because I heard the governesses saying so. It all comes back to me. It was after morning lessons; I was in the schoolroom writing to someone at home—in those days I was a tremendous correspondent—and some of the governesses were talking together close to where I sat. They paid no attention to the pair of large ears attached to the small person close at hand. The theme of their conversation was Bradford's Royal Theatre, and they were expressing their fears that things had lately gone very badly with the company thereof. Two remarks stick in my memory: that on one occasion there had only been one-and-ninepence taken at the door, and that at the close of a recent week there had been less than two pounds to divide among seven people. What warrant they had for their statements I cannot say; but I know that they made a vivid impression on me at the time. And when they spoke of certain individuals being in actual want it was all I could do to refrain from showing more interest in the topic under discussion than, under the circumstances, would have been discreet.

Because, as I listened, it burst in upon me in one of those sudden flashes of illumination to which I was singularly liable, that here was the very opening I wanted: here was a chance to figure, in a double sense, as a Wonderful Girl.

On the one hand, I would dower these unfortunate people with the wealth of which they stood so much in need; on the other, I would take the world by storm. At Bradford's Royal Theatre, in the guise of a benevolent fairy, I would commence the career compared to which that of the Infant Roscius would be as nothing.

I did not stop to consider; it was not my custom. Stealing from the schoolroom, taking my hat from its peg, crossing the playground, paying no attention to the girls who spoke to me, through the gate out into the road I marched right straight away to Bradford's Royal Theatre.

When I think of it I hardly know whether to laugh or cry. The eager little creature that I was, with my heart swelling in my bosom, my head full of unutterable things, striding along the country road; now breaking into a run, now compelled to relax my speed for want of breath. It must have been nearly one o'clock—our dinner-time at school. I remember that I had twopence in

my pocket. I fancy that at Miss Pritchard's —my first boarding-school—my allowance was threepence a week, and as that was paid on Saturday, and I still had twopence left, it is probable that I adventured in the regions of infant phenomena upon a Monday. My way lay past a solitary shop. I got hungry as I walked—in those days I did get hungry; the presence of that shop brought the fact vividly home to me. I paused to see what might be bought: my instinct pointed to sweets. Just as I was about to follow my instinct I perceived, on a dish in the corner of the window, a German sausage, or, rather, a portion of one. I thought of the hungry folk at Bradford's Royal Theatre. My mind was made up on the instant. Into the shop I went, and asked for twopennyworth of German sausage.

"I ASKED FOR TWOPENNYWORTH OF GERMAN SAUSAGE."

Whoever it was that served me must have stared; for I can hardly have looked like an individual who might be expected to make a purchase of the kind. But, anyhow, I got what I desired, and with it in my hand, wrapped in a piece of newspaper, I pursued my way.

I would not only present these unfortunates with the first-fruits of my great gifts; I would furnish them with food as well.

Whether, while I was being served with the German sausage, I had time to begin to reflect, I cannot say; but I have a clear recollection that, after quitting that emporium of commerce, my steps were not marked by the enthusiasm which had originally sent me speeding like an arrow from a bow. Probably the whole distance was not more than three-quarters of a mile; and of that less than two hundred yards remained. But that two hundred yards took me longer than all the rest had done.

I was beginning—positively!—to be afraid. When I reached a point at which the histrionic temple was only on the other side of the road I stood still. I was conscious of considerable reluctance to cross from the side on which I was to the side on which it was. For one thing, I was appalled by the peculiar dreariness of its appearance. I could not fancy the Infant Roscius commencing his career in that. The tent itself did look so shabby; the living-waggons, which stood disconsolately together in the mud, were so much in want of painting; about the whole there was such an atmosphere of meanness, such a wealth of mire, that my heart began to sink. A small girl ran from the tent to a waggon, and from the waggon back to the tent. She struck me as being the dirtiest and most disreputable-looking creature I had ever seen. I called to her, meaning to give her that twopennyworth of German sausage, and then retire, postponing the opening of my career until a future time. But either I did not call loud enough, or she was in too much haste to heed: she disappeared without a glance in my direction.

The moment she was gone sudden consciousness of the shameful thing that I would do swept over me. I had come to help those poor people, and just because they evidently were so much in want of help I proposed to leave them to their fate. Was I attempting to quiet my conscience by pretending that it would be enough to present them with twopennyworth of German sausage? What—my thoughts flying back to what the governess had said—was twopennyworth of German sausage among seven? Why, I could eat it all myself, and more! Over the road I tore, clattered along the boards which formed a causeway through the thick, upstanding filth; in a flash was through the entrance and in the theatre.

Then I paused. Without, the day was dull; inside, to my unaccustomed eyes, all at first was darkness. I have not forgotten the anguish with which I began to realize some of the details of my surroundings. It was all so dreadful, so different to anything I had expected. To begin with, there was the smell. As the merest dot I never could stand odours of any kind; even now whoever presents me with a bottle of scent makes of me an enemy. That tent smelt as if all the bad air was kept in and all the good kept out. Then it was so small; to me it, perhaps, appeared smaller than it actually was, because I thought that Miss Pritchard's pupils would have filled it. And dirty—untidy—comfortless beyond my powers of description. There was nothing on the ground to protect one's feet from the oozing damp. On what the audience sat I could not think—I saw nothing in the way of seats, unless they were represented by some boards which were piled upon each other at one side. At one end, raised a little from the ground, was a platform of rough planks, so small that there could hardly have been room on it for half-a-dozen persons standing abreast. It never occurred to me till afterwards that that was the stage. I kept wondering where the stage was—I knew that theatres had stages.

While, as they became used to the light, my keen young eyes were taking these things in, I perceived that the place had occupants. There were four men and three women. I should have put them down as the seven I had heard alluded to, had there not also been a litter of children. It was only the children who seemed to take any interest in me. They clustered round—a ragamuffin crowd—regarding me as if I were some strange beast. At last one of them exclaimed: "Mother, here's a little girl!"

The woman whom I suppose the child addressed looked up from some potatoes which she was washing in a pail of water.

"Well, little girl, what is it you're wanting?"

The place, the people, their surroundings, everything was so altogether different to the vague something I had anticipated that, like the creature of moods I was, I seemed, all at once, to have passed from a world of fact into a world of dream. It was like one in a dream I answered.

"I have come to be the Infant Roscius."

Not unnaturally the lady who was washing the potatoes failed to understand.

"What's that?" she demanded.

I repeated my assertion.

"I have come to be the Infant Roscius."

Other of the grown-ups roused themselves to stare at me.

"What's she talking about?" inquired a second woman, who had a baby at her breast.

An elderly man, who was perched on the edge of the platform smoking a pipe, hazarded an explanation.

"She's after tickets; that's what it is she wants."

The potato-washer seemed to be brightened by the hint.

"Has your mother sent you to buy some tickets?"

I shook my head solemnly.

"I have come to act."

"To—what?"

That my appearance, words, and manner together were creating some sort of sensation I understood; that these were ignorant people I had already—with my wonted promptitude—concluded. It seemed to me that it would be necessary to treat them as children—and dull of comprehension at that—to whom I, as a grown-up person, had to explain, in the clearest possible manner, exactly what it was that had brought me there. This I at once proceeded to do; with what, I have no doubt whatever, was an air of ineffable superiority.

"I am going to be a wonderful girl. I am nearly twelve, and young Betty was only twelve, and he earned over seventeen thousand pounds in one season, and if I earn as much as that I will give it all to you." I paused to reflect. "At least, I would give you a great deal of it. Of course, I should like to keep some; because a wonderful girl mayn't go on long, and when I stop of course I should want to have a fortune to live upon—like young Betty had. But still, that wouldn't matter, because there'd be plenty for seven."

Amid my confused imaginings I had pictured the announcement of my purpose being received with wild applause. Those who heard would cast themselves at my feet, throw their arms about me, and rain tears upon my head. Not that that sort of thing would be altogether agreeable; but something of the kind would have to be put up with. When people were beside themselves with gratitude at seeing themselves snatched from the gaping jaws of famine some latitude for the expression of their feelings had to be allowed them. If, however, the persons to whom my explanation was actually addressed were beside themselves with gratitude, they managed to conceal the fact with astonishing success. It struck me that they did not understand me even yet, which showed that they must be excessively dull—more stupid even than the teeny-weeny tots in the first class who could not be got to see things.

The seven looked from me to each other, then back again to me. The woman with the baby repeated her former question—as if she had no sense of comprehension. I wondered if she were deaf.

"What's she talking about?"

The man who had dropped the hint about the tickets, descending from his perch upon the platform, came sauntering in my direction. As he moved he placed his hand against his forehead.

"Barmy on the crumpet," he observed.

What he meant I had not a notion. It moved a third woman—whose girth precluded any notion of her being on the verge of famine—to exclaim: "Poor dear!"

The potato-washer began to put me through an examination.

"What's your name?"

"Molly Boyes."

"Where d'ye live?"

"West Marden."

"You ain't come all the way from West Marden here?"

"I've come from Miss Pritchard's school."

The statement seemed to fill the man with illuminating light.

"Ah, that's just what I thought! D'rectly I see her that's just what I thought. Miss Pritchard's—that's the girls' school on the Brighton road—house is inside a wall. I went there to try to get them for 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' First the lady said there wasn't to be no flogging, then that she couldn't possibly bring her pupils if there wasn't any chairs for them to sit upon. I told Mr. Biffin what she said, and he said: 'Well, there wasn't any chairs and there was an end of it.'"

The woman with the baby interposed an observation.

"We should do better if there was chairs. It isn't likely that the front-seat people will want to sit on boards."

The big woman proffered a reminder.

"On the front seats there's baize."

Which the woman with the baby spurned.

"What's baize?"

The man addressed himself to me. He was a thin man, with iron-grey hair, and there was something about his face which made me think that, though he was untidy and I wished he would not wear such a very greasy cap, I might induce myself in time to like him. Never once did he remove his pipe from his mouth or his hands from his trouser-pockets.

"Well, Miss Boyes, it's a pity you should have come to act, seeing that there's a good many of us here that does that sort of thing already. The difficulty is to get people to come and see us do it. Do you think that many of your friends would come and see you act?"

"Well—not many of my friends."

"That, again, is unfortunate."

"But strangers would."

"It's that way with you, is it? With us it's different. We look to friends for our support; strangers are sometimes disagreeable. What plays were you thinking of acting?"

"I don't know any plays as yet, but I soon could."

"Of course; that's easy enough. 'Hamlet,' I suppose, and that kind of thing. And what sort of part were you thinking of playing?"

"I really haven't thought."

"No; you wouldn't, such a trifle being of no consequence. You weren't thinking of playing old women?"

"Well, I don't think I could act old women, but I might try. Young Betty acted an old man."

"Young Betty did. Is that so? And who might young Betty be? A friend of yours? That young lady over there, her name's Betty."

He jerked his elbow towards the woman with the baby. I was shocked; although, having already taken their ignorance for granted, I was able to conceal my feelings with comparative ease.

"He was a boy."

"A boy? With a name like Betty? What was his father and mother up to, then?"

"His name was William Henry West Betty. He was the Infant Roscius."

"Was he?"

"He was the Wonderful Boy. I am going to be a Wonderful Girl."

"You're that already. Seeing that you are a Wonderful Girl, what might have put it into your head to come here?"

"You are very poor, aren't you?"

"Poor? That's what you might call a leading question. We're not rich. Who told you we were poor?"

"Didn't you only take one-and-ninepence at the door one night?"

By this time general interest was being roused in our conversation. As soon as the words were out of my mouth I was aware that they had been heard with more attention than anything I yet had said. Though why that should be the case was beyond my capacity of perception.

"Only took one-and-ninepence at the door one night, did we? Oh! Looks as if someone had been talking. From whom might you have heard that piece of news?"

"And one week weren't there less than two pounds to divide among seven? You could not live on that; no one could; it's not to be done. It simply means starvation."

I merely repeated, with all the earnestness of which I was capable, what I had heard the governesses saying. My remarks were followed by what even I felt was a significant silence. My interlocutor, bringing forward with his foot what looked like an empty egg-box, placed himself upon a corner. It creaked under his weight.

"It would seem as if somebody knows almost as much about this temple of the drama as it knows about itself. And it certainly is true that, regarded as a week's earnings, two pounds isn't much between seven. So you thought——"

"I thought I'd come and help you."

"Come and help us? By acting?"

"I THOUGHT I'D COME AND HELP YOU."

"If I'm going to be a Wonderful Girl—and I am going to be—it's quite time I was beginning. Young Betty was at the height of his fame when he was twelve. So I thought I would commence by making a lot of money for you here—which would keep you all from starving; and then, of course, I shall go on to London and make the rest of my fortune there."

"I see. Well! this bangs Banagher—Banagher it bangs."

What he meant I could not say. But he should have been a capital actor, because not a muscle of his face moved. A man behind him laughed—stinging me as with the lash of a whip.

The big woman delivered herself of her former ejaculation.

"Poor dear!"

The potato-washer remarked :—

"Strikes me, my girl, that you've a good opinion of yourself."

The grey-headed man had his eyes upon what I had in my hand.

"What might you happen to have there?"

"It's some food which I have brought for you."

"For me in particular, or for all the lot of us?"

"It's for the seven."

"The seven? I see. The seven who divided those two sovereigns?"

"Yes. It's some German sausage. I hope you like German sausage."

"It's my favourite joint."

I endeavoured to correct what I imagined to be a still further display of his ignorance.

"I don't think that German sausage is a joint. It's not generally looked upon as such. It's a long, round, cold thing, off which, you know, they cut slices."

I passed him the parcel; he—removing, for the first time, one of his hands from his pockets for the purpose of taking it—balanced it on his open palm as if on a scale. It was a pretty grimy piece of newspaper; and was not of a size to suggest extensive contents. I became more and more conscious of its wretched smallness as, with every outward appearance of care and gravity, he slowly unwrapped it. The others gathered closer round, as if agog with curiosity. Finally there were revealed three or four attenuated slices. He held them out at arm's length in front of them.

"For seven!"

"There isn't much," I managed to murmur, oppressed all at once by the discovery of what a dreadful little there really was. "But I had only twopence."

"You had only twopence, so you purchased twopennyworth of German sausage for seven?"

"Of course I'll earn a deal of money for you, besides."

A girl came rushing into the tent behind me. The interruption was welcome, for I instinctively felt that matters had reached a point at which a diversion of any sort was to be desired. But I was far from being prepared for the proclamation which she instantly made.

"Here's the lady come. I've been and fetched her."

To my blank astonishment there appeared Miss Pritchard. That intelligent young woman, having a shrewd eye for a possible reward, had availed herself of the information which had been extracted from me to rush off to the school to proclaim my whereabouts; receiving, as I afterwards learnt, a

"ESCORTED BY MISS PRITCHARD BACK TO SCHOOL."

shilling for her pains. Never before had I seen Miss Pritchard in such a state of agitation; and no wonder, considering the pace at which she must have torn along the road.

"Molly! Molly Boyes, what is the meaning of this?"

The sight of her had driven me speechless: I could not have told her for everything the world contained. My interlocutory friend explained instead, in a fashion of his own.

"It's all right, madam, everything's quite right. Having heard that things were in a bad way with us in this temple of the drama, this young lady has brought us twopennyworth of German sausage to save us from actual starvation; and has expressed her intention—I don't quite follow that part, but so far as I can make out she's proposing to make our fortunes by beginning to be a Wonderful Girl; which it isn't necessary for her to begin to be, seeing as how I should say that she's been a Wonderful Girl ever since the moment she was born."

"I GAVE HER AS FULL AND COMPLETE AN EXPLANATION AS SHE COULD POSSIBLY HAVE DESIRED."

Of what immediately followed I have but a dim appreciation. I know that, on the instant, I was turned into a common butt, or I felt as if I was. The children pointed their fingers at me and jeered; the grown-ups were all talking at once; there was general confusion. The whole rickety tent was filled with a tumult of scorn and laughter.

Presently I was being escorted by Miss Pritchard back to school, the children standing in the middle of the road to point after me as I went. I was in an agony of shame. With that keenness of vision with which I have been dowered I perceived, as I was wont to do, too late, what an idiot I had been! What a simpleton! What a conceited, presumptuous, ignorant little wretch! How I had made of myself a mock and a show for the amusement of the company of Bradford's Royal Theatre! I felt as if the hideous fact were written on my face—on every line of me. All I wanted was to hide; to bury myself somewhere where none might witness my distress. Although my worthy schoolmistress was walking faster than I ever saw her walk before or afterwards, I kept tugging at her hand—she was not going fast enough for me.

So soon as we reached the school she took me into her little private sitting-room, and required from me an immediate explanation of my conduct. Amid my blinding sobs I gave her as full and complete an explanation as she could possibly have desired. The bump of frankness was, and is, marked on my phrenological chart as developed to an even ridiculous extent. When I have been indulging in one of my usual escapades nothing contents me but an unrestrained declaration of all the motives which impelled me to do the thing or things which I ought to have left undone. I told her about the article in the magazine, and about my resolve to be a female Infant Roscius, and about what I had heard of the pitiful state of things at Bradford's Royal Theatre, and my determination to assist them while starting on my meteoric career; and before I had gone very far, instead of scolding, she had her arm about me and was endeavouring to soothe my sobs. She must have been a very sensitive person for a schoolmistress—though I do not know why I should say that, because I have not the least idea why schoolmistresses should not be as sensitive as anybody else, since they are human; for when I began to tell her of how I had expended my capital on the purchase of what that grey-headed man had called his "favourite joint," she drew me quite close to her, and in the midst of my own anguish I actually felt the tears upon

her cheeks. She took me on her knee, and instead of sending me to bed, or into the corner, or punishing me in any way whatever, she kissed and comforted me as if I had not been the most ridiculous child in the world. It might not have been the sort of treatment I deserved, but I loved her for it ever afterwards.

What was more, she promised not to betray me to the governesses, or to my schoolfellows, or to anyone, but I think that she wrote and told my mother, though mother never breathed a hint of her having done anything of the sort to me, but I always thought so. It was weeks and weeks before I could bear the slightest allusion to anything "wonderful" without becoming conscious of an internal quiver. I fancy Miss Pritchard must have given instructions as to the direction our walks were to take: it was some little time before the governess led us past the site of Bradford's Royal Theatre. When next we went that way every vestige of the "temple of the drama" had disappeared: the dingy—and odious—tent had gone.

It was with a positive gasp of satisfaction that I recognised the fact. A weight seemed lifted off my bosom, and my heart grew lighter there and then. When, the walk being over, we returned, before anyone could stop me or had an inkling of my intention, I dashed headlong into Miss Pritchard's private room. She was seated at the table, writing.

"It's gone!" I cried.

She must have been very quick of understanding. She did not ask me what had gone; she just put her arm about me, as she had done before; and pushed my hair from off my brow — and, I think, she laughed.

"'IT'S GONE!' I CRIED."

The Humorous Artists of America.—I.

By Thomas E. Curtis.

[Attention is drawn to the fact that the present series of articles on the Humorous Artists of the World have already dealt with English artists in January, 1902; with those of Germany in April, 1901; and with those of France in December, 1901.]

Make No Mistake!—Careful Wife: "Now, Henry, don't forget. The band around your hat means that you must order that medicine at the druggist's; the string around your finger is for the theatre tickets; the bow on your arm is to remind you to post my letter to mother; and the knot in your handkerchief is for that paper of needles. Good-bye, dear, and be careful of yourself."

DRAWN BY F. OPPER FOR "PUCK."

WE leave to others the happy task of defining that which appears indefinable—namely, the American comic drawing, or, in longer phrase, the humorous draughtsmanship of America. It is funny—that is admitted by fun-lovers on two Continents. It is topical—who that follows the comic Press of America could say otherwise? It is often full of exaggeration, but exaggeration is an adjunct to successful caricature; and it is clean and good. But how it differs from the comic drawings of England, Germany, and France — what the peculiar quality that makes it so attractive—are questions to which few would be able to give a comprehensive and satisfying reply.

In lieu, therefore, of definition we give example. From the pages of the leading American humorous journals we have made, in this and the article to follow, a selection of drawings by the leading humorists of the United States—and this selection may be said fairly to show the best features of American humorous work. The artists represented include men who have been at work for years, as well as those who have recently obtained recognition, and if some names familiar to many are missing it is not because their work is valueless, but because the mass of material demanded the selection only of work most characteristic.

There is little doubt that many of our readers have already laughed over the drawings signed "F. Opper," which appear herewith. The familiar signature thinly veils the personality of Mr. Frederick Burr Opper, who, until the New York *Journal* tempted him away, worked steadily on *Puck*, and helped to make the name of that paper famous.

Simple, but Effective.—"'Tis an illigant invintion of me own; whin the burglars lifts the windy, down comes the rock!"

DRAWN BY F. OPPER FOR "PUCK."

THIS OLD GENTLEMAN WANTED TO REDUCE HIS WEIGHT.—His doctor ordered him to run around his garden for twenty minutes before breakfast every day. This shows him doing it, assisted by the small boys of the neighbourhood.

DRAWN BY F. OPPER FOR "PUCK."

Opper began life in Ohio, and after working in a village "store" and in a composing-room found himself in New York, expressing his artistic nature in the writing of window-cards or price tickets. He spent his leisure in drawing for the comic papers, and at the age of twenty went on the staff of *Leslie's Weekly* as a humorous draughtsman and special artist. Three years later he became connected with *Puck*, and remained there till 1898, when he went to the *Journal*.

Opper's work has made him, probably, the best-known funny man in America. Its felicity is remarkable. There are many better artists — indeed, some artists have expressed opinions regarding Opper's drawing which, in the words of one writer, would have made "strong men turn pale"—but if the draughtsmanship is open to criticism the richness of his fun is undeniable. His work rarely stings, and his power of invention never seems to slacken. "I read the newspapers," he says, "and follow current events, keep myself posted, and draw from this information. I always carry a sketch-book with me wherever I go."

Opper was the creator of the "Suburban Resident"—the man with a high hat and an anxious expression who was always running for a train—over whom countless thousands have laughed. His farmers and countrymen are famous, and in his recent work for the *Journal* his "Dinkelspiel" drawings, his "Wouldn't It Make You Mad" series, his "Willie and

EQUAL TO BOOTH.—Amateur Actor (to friend): "What did you think of my 'Hamlet,' Charley?'
Dear Friend: "Immense! In one part of the play you were equal to Booth.'
Amateur Actor: "What part was that, Charley?"
Dear Friend: "Where 'Polonius' gives his parting advice to 'Laertes.'"
Amateur Actor: "But I was behind the scenes then."
Dear Friend: "So is Booth."

DRAWN BY F. OPPER FOR "PUCK."

His Papa," and the "McKinley Minstrels"—the latter satirical cartoons—all have maintained a fine reputation won by fertile brain and hard work. The drawings which we reproduce are taken from *Puck*, and include some of Opper's earliest work.

Much of the work appearing in *Puck* and *Judge* is of the broadly humorous kind, exaggerated in treatment—work which appeals immediately to the eye and leaves little to the imagination. The consistency with which these two papers have maintained their success shows not only that they are admirably edited for the public they appeal to, but also that there are thousands in America who care little for an appeal to imagination. Those who do care for it get it in *Life*, which as a humorous "society" paper has been as consistently edited and as successful as its contemporaries. *Life*, it is true, does not taboo the exaggerated—indeed, some of its most marked "hits" have been made with the drawings of Mayer and others, who are not at all times rigidly exact, but its characteristic drawings are the quietly satirical ones, social skits, fad probing, with now and then a political cartoon that hits the public and politicians hard and makes them think. The artistic quality of *Life* is high, and to be represented in it is looked upon by the aspirant to honours in humorous draughtsmanship as no small evidence of merit.

IT MADE HIM SMILE.—Good O'd Fellow: "Ah, how it warms my heart to see them playing their little inn cent tricks on the first of April! Used to do it myself when I was a boy. But they can't fool *me*, though—I'm too old a bird for that."

DRAWN BY F. OPPER FOR "PUCK."

THEY MET BY CHANCE.—Thin Bather: "I beg pardon, sir. Have we not met before?"
Stout Bather: "Possibly, sir. I am Blobson, the inventor of 'Blobson's Great Anti-Fat Remedy.'"
Thin Bather: "Ah, I knew I could not be mistaken. I am Professor Dingbats, of the School of Physical Culture. Shake!"

DRAWN BY F. OPPER FOR "PUCK."

MR. F. OPPER.
From a Photo. by Pach, New York.

In England the work of Mr. C. D. Gibson is perhaps better known than that of Mr. Opper. It has, at all events, been more widely published. His "Education of Mr. Pipp" series and the "Widow and Her Friend" series have been as highly appreciated here as in America. As a satirical draughtsman he has no superior in the United States, and his capacity for hard work and the prosperity that has come to him are undisputed. "There was a time," in the words of one who knows him, "when Gibson's hardest hard work produced small results, when printers used to carry home his originals because no one else wanted them," but that time is past. "He had no one to help him. He worked for a living and studied at the same time," says another. "While he was making an artist of himself, he supported himself and several others who needed him." He began by offering a certain periodical a drawing for 50 cents. The paper paid him 4 dollars for it. He is now said to receive £5,000 a year. Mr. Gibson is thirty-four.

MR. C. D. GIBSON.
From a Photo.

One either likes Gibson's work or doesn't. Some artists see nothing in it except mere black lines. Other artists revel in the expressiveness and accuracy of those lines. All his work is pen-and-ink. He says himself, "I thought it all out long ago, and decided that pen-and-ink was the best thing to use, and I've stuck to it in spite of temptations. It's a hard medium, a cruel medium—crueller than all others—but that only makes it valuable." He was once asked about the "Gibson Girl"—whom merely to mention calls up to mind at once a hundred and one drawings in which this "girl" has appeared.

"Pshaw! That's nonsense," he answered. "There is no Gibson girl. There never was."

"But people say," remarked the inter-

HIS CURE.—Nightmare of a young man who contemplated marrying for money.
DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON FOR "LIFE."

viewer, "that there is, and that you invented her, and that she's the type of American girl, and all the rest of it."

"There's no reason why any particular type should be called the—er—Gibson girl. I've drawn scores of girls."

"Well, I'd like to have you tell me about the—I won't call her the Gibson girl, since you don't like it—but the American girl, the one with the patrician eyebrows and the deliciously disdainful pout."

"Yes?"

"When you created her, did you think you were expressing a national type—that you had discovered the American girl?"

"Very humdrum. Came to New York to study. Spent a year in Paris, a few years at Julien's; studied by myself a good deal."

"Did you dream of being a great painter or a great illustrator?"

"Didn't dream of being anything great; just wanted to learn how to draw."

The boy's wish has been gratified.

The work of the American artist, especially that of Mr. Gibson, has already attained considerable vogue in England owing to the arrangements made by Messrs. James Henderson and Sons, of Red Lion House, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, for the reproduction in England of the drawings

MATRIMONIAL MISFITS.—12.30 A.M.: The husband who wants to go home and the wife who doesn't.
DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON FOR "LIFE."

"There is no American girl. I mean, there are hundreds of types of American women."

"You liked that type yourself?"

"Yes, and made a few drawings of it, and found that other people liked it, but as for having it accepted as the American girl, why, I never dreamed of such a thing."

Which was about as far as the interviewer got on this particular point.

The artist was also asked about his life. "Have any early struggles? Live in a garret and cook your own meals? Work for a living in the daytime and study at night? Anything like that?"

"No, nothing like that," he answered.

appearing in *Puck*, *Judge*, and *Life*, which, it is almost needless to add, are the principal humorous papers in the United States. In thanking Messrs. Henderson for the wide privilege given us for reproducing the drawings which illustrate this and the following article, we would take occasion to compliment them upon the attractiveness of *Pictorial Comedy* and *Snap Shots*, in which the work of the American artist has been put before the English public, a compliment in which the American artist will willingly join.

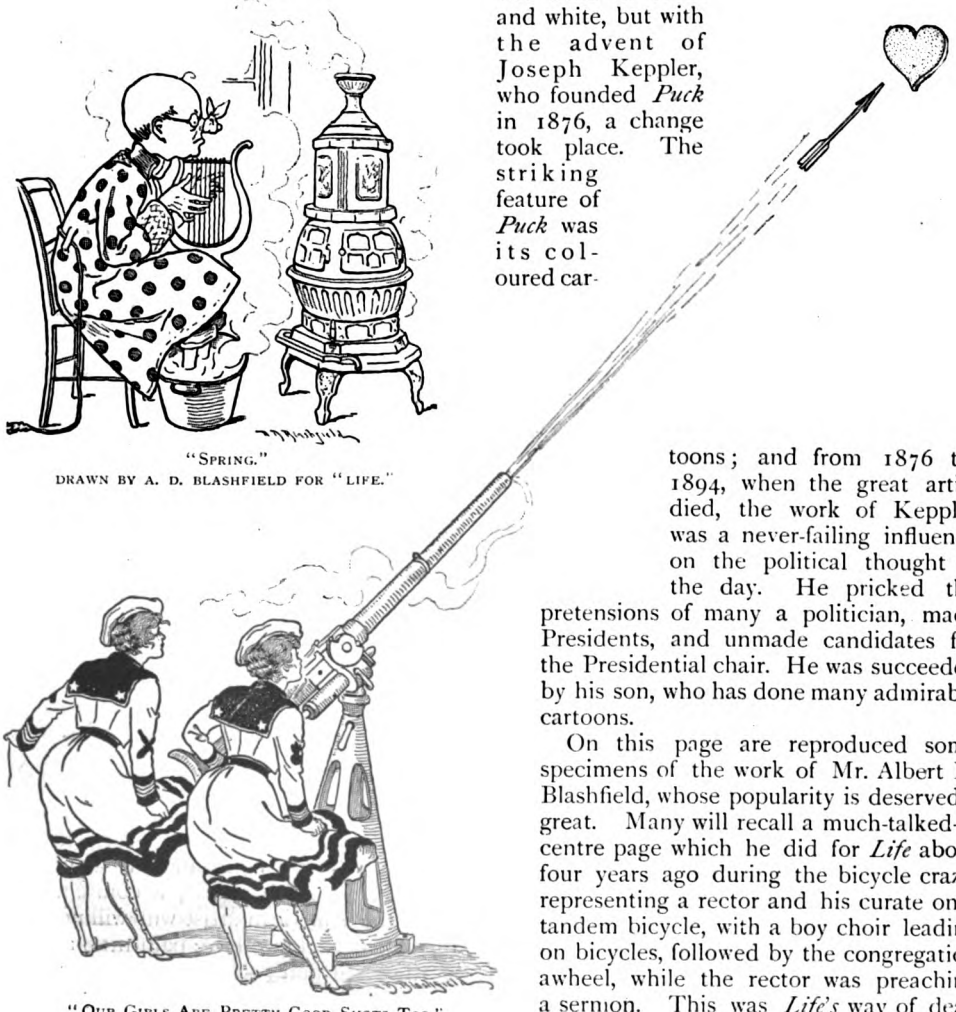
In this article we have paid little attention to the "cartoon"—that form of humorous or satirical draughtsmanship which plays such an important part in the political history

of the United States—mainly because this article is written for English people, who, although they might appreciate the skill of the cartoonist, might have difficulty in catching the spirit of his cartoon. Except when dealing with an international topic—and sometimes even then—the American cartoon is distinctly insular, and being devoted almost exclusively to politics, national and municipal, wealth, its sociological merits and demerits, and like subjects, can hardly find a proper place here.

MR. ALBERT D. BLASHFIELD.
From a Photo. by Horner, Brooklyn.

If cartoonists may thus lightly be ridden over, not so with the cartoon itself. The development of the political cartoon in America is part—we had almost written part and parcel—of the development of American humorous illustration. Its potency as a weapon of politics was shown when Thomas Nast — now almost forgotten as a name—drew for *Harper's Weekly* his unforgetable cartoons which exposed the manipulations of the "Tweed Ring" and laid low the greatest of America's "bosses." All of Nast's work was done in black and white, but with the advent of Joseph Keppler, who founded *Puck* in 1876, a change took place. The striking feature of *Puck* was its coloured cartoons; and from 1876 till 1894, when the great artist died, the work of Keppler was a never-failing influence on the political thought of the day. He pricked the pretensions of many a politician, made Presidents, and unmade candidates for the Presidential chair. He was succeeded by his son, who has done many admirable cartoons.

"SPRING."
DRAWN BY A. D. BLASHFIELD FOR "LIFE."



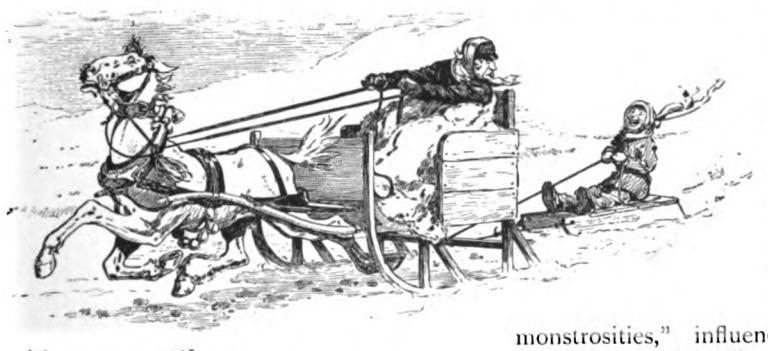
"OUR GIRLS ARE PRETTY GOOD SHOTS TOO."
DRAWN BY A. D. BLASHFIELD FOR "LIFE."

On this page are reproduced some specimens of the work of Mr. Albert D. Blashfield, whose popularity is deservedly great. Many will recall a much-talked-of centre page which he did for *Life* about four years ago during the bicycle craze, representing a rector and his curate on a tandem bicycle, with a boy choir leading on bicycles, followed by the congregation awheel, while the rector was preaching a sermon. This was *Life's* way of dealing with the effect of the craze on church

attendance—and a more spirited and pointed drawing has rarely been seen in that paper. Mr. Blashfield was born in New York City and educated at the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute. He received his art-training at the Art Students' League in New York City, after which he visited most of the European art centres. His work has appeared also in *Puck* and *Harper's Bazaar.*

MR. F. T. RICHARDS.
From a Photo.

Another well-known *Life* artist is Mr. F. T. Richards, some specimens of whose work we reproduce. Mr. Richards got his first instruction in art at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia (where he was born), and later entered the studio of Edmund B. Bensell, where he served three years as an illustrator. "I have always considered these three years," he writes, "to have been the most valuable of any during my early career. I drew constantly on the wood block—a method that has gone entirely out of use now—and the necessity of having work finished in a limited time and the variety of subjects that came to hand proved a valuable though arduous discipline."



"Ye won't get off, hey!"

In 1890, after some training in pen-drawing, Mr. Richards went to New York and there met Mr. John A. Mitchell, of *Life.* "It is," Mr. Richards says, "to Mr. Mitchell's generous treatment and able criticisms that I owe whatever merit my later work may possess." That it possessed merit was shown by the fact that he was represented in the American exhibit at the Paris Exhibition of 1900, and by the offer of the position of cartoonist on the *New York Herald* in May, 1901, a position that Mr. Richards still holds.

It is with regret that we find ourselves unable to reproduce a notable cartoon drawn by Mr. Richards for the *Herald* during the recent anti-Tammany campaign. It represented the Democratic forces in full retreat from Moscow, "Boss" Croker being the Napoleon of the cartoon. This particular cartoon attracted wide attention, and the original was secured by Mr. Seth Low, the successful candidate for Mayor of New York.

The success of *Puck*, which has, as one writer has said, for twenty-six years "kept the American people in good humour with its social eccentricities and in bad temper with its political monstrosities," influenced the foundation of *Judge*, which, like *Puck*, has made a

"Whoa!—thar!"
DRAWN BY F. T. RICHARDS FOR "LIFE."

feature of coloured cartoons. *Life*, which makes no feature of coloured work, was established by Mr. John A. Mitchell on January 3rd, 1883. It broke new ground in American humorous journalism, and its success has been due not only to the artists who have been encouraged and developed by it, but also to the admirable qualities which Mr. Mitchell possesses as an editor and satirist.

It may be added that nearly every artist whose work has appeared in *Puck*, *Judge*, and *Life* has, at some time or other, done cartoons. Some have been successes, others have not, for cartooning requires not always that which is merely funny, but that which enforces truth. Those who have been successful have quickly found their way to special positions on the daily Press, for the political cartoon in the American daily paper has rapidly become an institution. Opper, for instance, is now on the *Journal*, and much of his best—certainly his latest and most mature work, as we have remarked—is appearing therein. Davenport also draws for the *Journal*, Richards for the *Herald*, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific there is a cartoonist on nearly every paper, who tries as best he can to reflect and comment upon the doings of the day in picture. Such illustration is topical, uniformly good, often really funny, and, alas! ephemeral. It passes from view quickly, having done its work.

Apart from cartoons, there is a growing and substantial demand by the American Press for all forms of humour, and this demand gives employ to thousands of artists whose work never gets into the great comic weeklies. The American Sunday newspaper—that colossal and all-comprehending product of modern journalism—in nine cases out of ten has a supplement devoted entirely to funny drawings and fugitive fun. The material is provided by staff-artists, outside contributors, and the scissors. If truth must be told, the art is not of the highest. The drawings are often abominations, exaggerated and vulgar, and compare in their quality—or absence of quality—with many of the cheap forms of comic journalism in vogue in England. Many of these supplements are turned out in colour, and are fairly good examples of this class of rapid work. The public likes it, apparently, but one must not forget that the best and most respected journals in America avoid it. Such "art" is left to the "largest circulations," which appeal, we think we may say rightly, to the semi-cultured of America's great municipal populations.

A Joyous Thanksgiving in Old New England.
DRAWN BY F. T. RICHARDS FOR "LIFE."

The demand for humour has been fol-

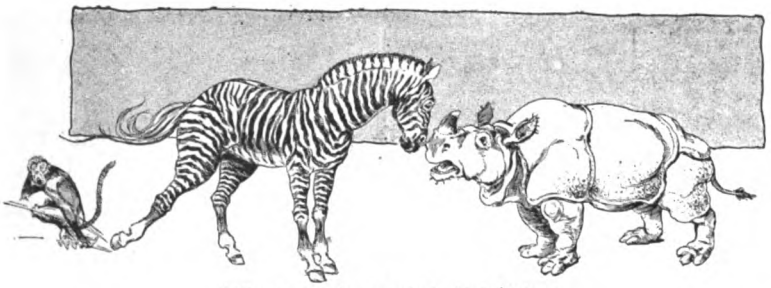
lowed up by the establishment of syndicates —to which some clever artists are usually attached—which supply some of the journals in large cities with a "comic page" or individual drawings. These are syndicated and "re-leased" by a certain date in order that theft may be prevented. The drawings are rarely of high quality, but the artist gets an enormous public by the simultaneous publication of his work in different parts of the great continent. Readers of the comic Press both of America and England have perhaps noticed that many of these drawings have also been reproduced in London. This is explained by the fact that English agents have been appointed by these various syndicates for the disposition of their wares in London.

MR. HENRY MAYER.
From a Photo. by Wolfgang, Grünstadt.

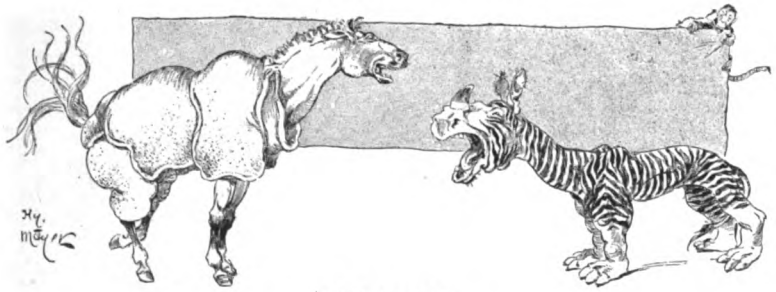
The versatility of Mr. Henry Mayer's work is exceeded only by its cosmopolitanism. Its versatility is, perhaps, best shown by the drawings which we reproduce. Its cosmopolitanism has been proved by the avidity with which the humorous papers in America, England, Germany, and France have accepted his original work. It has appeared in nearly every American publication that pays attention to the light side of life, and it is as cordially welcomed by *Fliegende Blätter* in Germany, *Le Rire* in Paris, and *The King* in London as it has been by the publications of his adopted country. For Mr. Mayer is not American, but German in parentage. His father was a London merchant, but Mayer was born in Germany, to which he later returned for education in Worms on the Rhine. He began as a clerk in London, then wanted to see the world, went to Mexico, Texas, and landed in Cincinnati and Chicago. His first trip back to Europe was made in 1890, when he formed the pleasurable connection with *Fliegende Blätter* that has existed to this day.

Such a wide experience of the world has

SPAGHETTI AND GESTICULATION.—A TALE OF AN ITALIAN DINNER TABLE,
DRAWN BY HENRY MAYER FOR "LIFE."



"'Suppose we change suits,' said the Zebra."



"And they did."
DRAWN BY HENRY MAYER FOR "LIFE."

naturally developed the cosmopolitan quality already mentioned. The man who, when he was in Mexico, worked in a "store" and sold, as he put it, "coal-oil, beer, 'pants,' molasses, rails, and other household furnishings," was at that time gaining a knowledge of human life and character that has stood him in excellent stead, and if his work is essentially German in touch, the full humour of it belongs not to one people, but to the laugh-loving world.

To recount all the subjects touched by Mayer's facile pen would be to recount the uncountable. Politics, street-cars, telephones, heraldry, Democrats, Republicans, Populists, "kids," horses, ostriches, Jews, Irishmen, rhinoceroses, barbers, soldiers, Egyptians, dogs, cats, gentlemen, bicycles, schoolteachers, cows, servants, astronomy, giraffes—in fact, it would tire one to read the amazing list. Each subject is treated with care and precision, with a noteworthy manipulation of heavy blacks and tints. He is one of the few American artists who are not known by a "trade-mark." There is in America, for instance, a "Gibson girl," a "Taylor-maid," a "Stanlaws girl," a "Wenzell woman," and a "Sullivant manikin," just as in London humorous art there is a "Phil

AN ILLUSION.—"What a small waist she has!"

"Why, that's her neck."

DRAWN BY HENRY MAYER FOR "LIFE."

"I want thet big one over there!"

"Sir! That's me husband!"

DRAWN BY HENRY MAYER FOR "LIFE."

May 'Arriet," but in Mayer's work there is little that suggests the slavish self-imitation and fatiguing repetition of types that not uncommonly mark the beginning of a clever artist's retrogression.

"I believe," said Mr. Mayer once, "that my 'Worms' Eye Views' are about as original as anything I have ever created. In line, I believe 'Spaghetti and Gesticulation' to be the best." The latter series of drawings is among those we reproduce. Mention of the former recalls the distinct sensation which these remarkably clever specimens of "upside-down-ery" — if that expresses it — caused in the United States when they first appeared in *Life*. In themselves they were sufficient to give the artist a lasting name in American humorous art.

Mayer is something more than a mere humorous artist. He is a born humorist. He differs from many in that he makes all his own jokes and thus gets that happy combination which inevitably results when a clever artist illustrates his own bright thought. The jokes are terse and to the point, and instantaneous effect is attained by sheer simplicity. He is a good mimic and possesses peculiar powers of facial distortion. He draws, at times, before a mirror, in order to get accurate effects of such distortion, although in the finished drawing it is difficult to detect any trace of the artist's face.

"Do you wish all four moustaches curled?"

DRAWN BY HENRY MAYER FOR "LIFE."

(To be continued.)

The House Under the Sea.

By Max Pemberton.

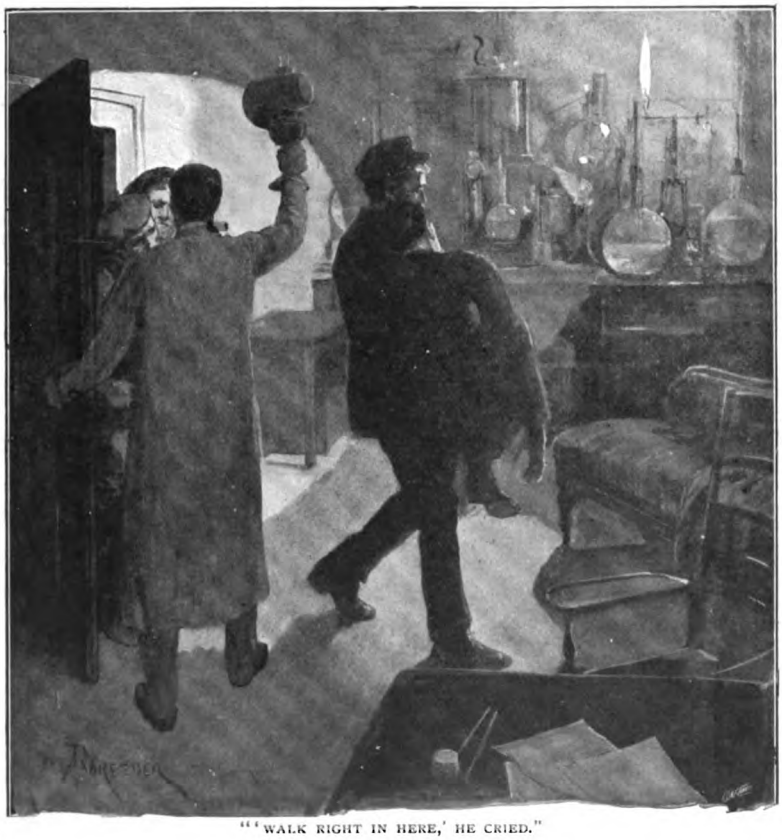
CHAPTER XII.

THE DANCING MADNESS.

IT was a great surprise to me that there should have been one of Edmond Czerny's men left in the bungalow; and when I heard his voice I stood for a full minute, uncertain whether to go on or to draw back. The light of the lamp was very bright; I had Dolly Venn in my arms, remember, and it was all Seth Barker's work to bring in Mister Bligh, so that no one will wonder at my hesitation, or the questions I put to myself as to how many men were in the house with the stranger, or what business kept him there when the island was a death-trap. These questions, however, the man answered for himself before many minutes had passed; and, moreover, a seaman's instinct seemed to tell me that he was a friend.

"Walk right in here," he cried, opening a door behind him and showing me a room I had not entered when I visited Madame Czerny. "Walk right in and don't gather daisies on the way. You've been a pleasure cruise in the fog, I suppose—well, that's a sailor all the time—just all the time."

He opened the door, I say, upon this, and when we had followed him into the room he shut it as quickly. It was not a very large apartment, but I noticed at once that the windows were blocked and curtained, and that half the space was lumbered up with great machines which seemed made up of glass bowls and jars; while a flame of gas was roaring out of an iron tube and a current of delicious fresh air blowing upon our faces. Whatever we were in for, whether friendship or the other thing, a man could breathe here, and that was something to be thankful for.



"'WALK RIGHT IN HERE,' HE CRIED."

"We were caught in the woods and ran for it," said I, thinking it time to make my explanations; "it may have been a fool's errand, but it has brought us to a wise man's door. You know what the lad's trouble is, or you wouldn't be in this house, sir. I'll thank you for any kindness to him."

He turned a pleasant face toward me and bade me lay Dolly on the sofa near the flaming burner. Peter Bligh was sitting on a chair, swearing, I fear, as much as he was coughing. Seth Barker, who had the lungs of a bull, looked as though he had found good grass. The fog wasn't made, I do believe, which would harm him. As for the doctor himself, he seemed like a perplexed man who has time for one smile and no more.

"The lad will be all right in five minutes," said he, seriously; "there is air enough here, we being five men, for," he appeared to pause, and then he added, "for just three days. After that—why, yes, we'll begin to think after that."

I did not know what to say to him, nor, I am sure, did the others. Dolly Venn had already opened his eyes and lay back, white and bloodless, on the sofa. A hissing sound of escaping gas was in the room. I breathed so freely that a sense of excitement, almost of intoxication, came upon me. The doctor moved about quietly and methodically, now looking to his burners, now at the machines. Five minutes came and went before he put another question.

"What kept you from the shelter?" he asked, at last. I knew then that he believed us to be Edmond Czerny's men; and I made up my mind instantly what to do.

"Prudence kept us, doctor," said I (for doctor plainly he was); "prudence, the same sense that turns a fly from a spider's web. It is fair that you should know the story. We haven't come to Ken's Island because we are Edmond Czerny's friends; nor will he call us that. Ask Madame Czerny the next time you meet her, and she'll tell you what brought us here. You are acting well toward us and confidence is your due, so I say that the day when Edmond Czerny finds us on this shore will be a bad one for him or a bad one for us, as the case may be. Let it begin with that, and afterwards we shall sail in open water."

I said all this just naturally, not wishing him to think that I feared Edmond Czerny or was willing to hoist false colours. Enemy or friend, I meant to be honest with him. It was some surprise to me, I must say, when he went on quietly with his work, moving from place to place, now at the gas-burner, now at his machine, just for all the world as though this visitation had not disturbed him. When he spoke it was to ask a question about Miss Ruth.

"Madame Czerny," said he, quietly; "there is a Madame Czerny, then?"

Now, if he had struck me with his hand I could not have been more surprised at his ignorance. Just think of it—here was a man left behind on Ken's Island when all the riff-raff there had fled to some shelter on the sea; a man working quietly, I was sure, to discover what he could of the gases which poisoned us; a man in Mistress Ruth's own house who did not even know her name. Nothing more wonderful had I heard that night. And the way he put the question, raising his eyebrows a little, and looking up over his long, white apron!

"Not heard of Madame Czerny!" cried I, in astonishment, "not heard of her—why, what shore do you hail from, then? Don't you know that she's his wife, doctor—his wife?"

He turned to his bottles and went on arranging them. He was speaking and acting now at the same time.

"I came ashore with Prince Czerny when he landed here three days ago. He did not speak of his wife. There are others in America who would be interested in the news—young ladies, I think."

He paused for a little while, and then he said, quietly:—

"You would be friends of the Princess's, no doubt?"

"Princess be jiggered," said I; "that is to say, Heaven forgive me, for I love Miss Ruth better than my own sister. He's no more a prince than you are, though that's a liberty, seeing that I don't know your name, doctor. He's just Edmond Czerny, a Hungarian musician, who caught a young girl's fancy in the South, and is making her suffer for it here in the Pacific. Why, just think of it. A young American girl——"

He stopped me abruptly, swinging round on his heel and showing the first spark of animation he had as yet been guilty of.

"An American girl?" cried he.

"As true as the Gospels, an American girl. She was the daughter of Rupert Bellenden, who made his money on the Western American Railroad. If you remember the *Elbe* going down, you won't ask what became of him. His son, Kenrick Bellenden, is in America now. I'd give my fortune, doctor,

to let him know how it fares with his sister on this cursed shore. That's why my own ship sails for 'Frisco this day—at least, I hope and believe so, for otherwise she's at the bottom of the sea."

I told the story with some heat, for amazement is the enemy of a slow tongue; but my excitement was not shared by him, and for some minutes afterwards he stood like a man in a reverie.

"You came in your own ship!" he exclaimed next. "Why, yes, you would not have walked. Did Madame Czerny ask you here?"

"It was a promise to her," said I. "She left the money with her lawyers for me to bring a ship to Ken's Island twelve months after her marriage. That promise I kept, doctor, and here I am and here are my ship-mates, and Heaven knows what is to be the end of it and the end of us!"

He agreed to that with one of those expressive nods which spared him a deal of talk. By-and-by, without referring to the matter any more, he turned suddenly to Peter Bligh and exclaimed:—

"Halloa, my man, and what's the matter with you?"

Now, Peter Bligh sat up as stiff as a board and answered directly.

"Hunger, doctor, that's the matter with me! If you'll add thirst to it, you've about named my complaint."

"Fog out of your lungs, eh?"

"Be sure and it is. I could dance at a fair and not be particular about the women. Put me alongside a beef-steak and you shall see some love-making. Aye, doctor, I'll never get my bread as a living skeleton, the saints be good to me, my hold's too big for that!"

It was like Mister Bligh, and amused the stranger very much. Just as if to answer Peter, the doctor crossed the room and opened a big cupboard by the window, which I saw to be full of victuals.

"I forget to eat, myself, when the instruments hustle me," said he, thoughtfully; "that's a bad habit, anyway. Suppose you display your energy by setting supper. There are tinned things here and eggs, I believe. You'll find firewood and fresh meat in the kitchen yonder. Here's something to keep the fog out of your lungs while you get it."

He tossed a respirator across the table, and Peter Bligh was away to the kitchen before you could count two. It was a relief to have something to do, and right quickly our fellows did it. We were all sitting at the supper table when half an hour had passed and eating like men who had fasted for a month. To-morrow troubled the seamen but little. It did not trouble Peter Bligh or Seth Barker that night, I witness.

"WE WERE ALL SITTING AT THE SUPPER TABLE."

A strange scene, you will admit, and one not readily banished from the memory. For my part, I see that room, I see that picture many a time in the night watches on my ship or in the dreaming moments of a seaman's day. The great machines of glass and brass rise up again about me as they rose that night. I watch the face of the American doctor, sharp and clear-cut and boyish, with the one black curl across the forehead. I see Peter Bligh bent double over the table, little Dolly Venn's eyes looking bravely at me as he tries to tell us that all is well with him. The same curious sensations of doubt and uncertainty come again to plague me. What escape was there from that place? What escape from the island? Who was to help us in our plight? Who was to befriend little Ruth Bellenden now? Would the ship ever come back? Was she above or below the sea? Would the sleep-time endure long, and should we live through it? Ah! that was the thing to ask them. More especially to ask this clever man, whose work I made sure it was to answer the question.

"We thank you, doctor," I said to him, at one time; "we owe our lives to you this night. We sha'n't forget that, be sure of it."

"I'll never eat a full meal again but I'll remember the name of Doctor—Doctor—— which reminds me that I don't know your name, sir," added Peter Bligh, clumsily. The doctor smiled at his humour.

"Dr. Duncan Gray, if it's anything to remember. Ask for Duncan Gray, of Chicago, and one man in a thousand will tell you that he makes it his business to write about poisons, not knowing anything of them. Why, yes, poison brought me here and poison will move me on again; at least, I begin to imagine it. Poison, you see, holds the aces."

"It's a fearsome place, truly," said I, "and wonderful that Europe knows so little about it. I've seen Ken's Island on the charts any time these fifteen years, but never a whisper have I heard of sleep-time or sun-time or any other death-talk such as I've heard these last three days. You'll be here, doctor, no doubt, to ascertain the truth of it? If my common sense did not tell me as much, the machinery would. It's a great thing to be a man of your kind, and I'd give much if my education had led me that way. But I was only at a country grammar school, and what I couldn't get in at one end the master never could at the other. Aye, I'd give much to know what you know this night!"

He smiled a little queerly at the compliment, I thought, and turned it off with a word.

"I begin to know how little I know, and that's a good start," said he. "Possibly Ken's Island will make that little less. The master of Ken's Island is generously sending me to Nature's university. I think that I understand why he permitted me to come here. Why, yes, it was smart, and the man who first set curiosity going about Prince Czerny in Chicago is well out of Prince Czerny's way. I must reckon all this up, Captain—Captain——"

"Jasper Begg," said I, "at one time master of Ruth Bellenden's yacht, the *Manhattan*."

"And Peter Bligh, his mate, who is a Christian man when the victuals are right."

Seth Barker said nothing, but I named him and spoke about Dolly Venn. We five, I think, began to know each other better from that time, and to fall together as comrades in a common misfortune. Parlous as our plight was, we had food and drink and tobacco for our pipes afterwards; and a seaman needs little more than that to make him happy. Indeed, we should have passed the night well enough, forgetting all that had gone before and must come after, but for a weird reminder at the hour of midnight, which compelled us to recollect our strange situation and all that it betided.

Comfortable we were, I say, for Dr. Gray had found fine berths for us all: Dolly on the sofa, his skipper in an arm-chair, Peter Bligh and Seth Barker on rugs by the window, and he himself in a hammock slung across the kitchen door. We had said "good-night" to one another and were settling off to sleep, when there came a weird, wild call from the grounds without; and so dismal was it and so like the cries of men in agony that we all sprang to our feet and stood, with every faculty waking, to listen to the horrible outcry. For a moment no man moved, so full of terror were those sounds; but the doctor, coming first to his senses, strode toward the window and pulled the heavy curtain back from it. Then, in the dazzling light, that wonderful gold-blue light which hovered in mist-clouds about the gardens of the bungalow, I saw a spectacle which froze my very blood. Twenty men and women, perhaps, some of them Europeans, some natives, some dressed in seamen's dress, some in rags, were dancing a wild, fantastic, maddening dance which no foaming Dervish could have surpassed, aye, or imitated, in his cruellest moments. Whirling round and

round, extending their arms to the sky, sometimes casting themselves headlong on the ground, biting the earth with savage teeth, tearing their flesh with knives, one or two falling stone-dead before our very eyes, these poor people in their delirium cried like animals, and filled the whole woods with their melancholic wailing. For ten minutes, it may be, the fit endured; then one by one they sank to the earth in the most fearful contor-

"ONE BY ONE THEY SANK TO THE EARTH."

tions of limb and face and body, and, a great silence coming upon the house, we saw them there in that cold, clear light, outposts of the death which Ken's Island harboured.

We saw the thing, we knew its dreadful truth, yet many minutes passed before one among us opened his lips. The spell was still on us—a spell of dread and fear I pray that few men may know.

"The laughing fever," exclaimed the doctor, at last, letting the curtain fall back, with trembling hand. "Yes, I have heard of that somewhere."

And then he said, pointing to the lamp upon the table:—

"Three days, my friends, three days between us and that!"

CHAPTER XIII.

THE STORM.

You have been informed that Dr. Gray promised us three days' security in the bungalow, and I will now tell you how it came about that we quitted the house next morning, and set out anew upon the strangest errand of them all.

There's an old saying amongst seamen that the higher the storm the deeper the sleep, and this, maybe, is true, if you speak of a ship and of an English crew upon her. It takes something more than a capful of wind to blow sleep from a sailor's eyes; and though you were to tell him that the Judgment was for to-morrow, I do believe he would take his four hours off all the same. But at Ken's Island things went differently; and two, at least, of our party knew little sleep that night. Again and again I turned on my bed to see Dr. Gray busy before his furnace and to hear Peter Bligh snoring as though he'd crack the window-glass. Nevertheless, sleep came to me slowly, and when I slept I dreamed of the island and all the strange things which had happened there since first we set foot upon it. Many sounds and shapes were present in my dream, and

the sweet figure of Ruth Bellenden with them all. I saw her, brave and patient, in the gardens of the bungalow; the words which she had spoken, "For Heaven's sake come back to me!" troubled my ears like the music of the sea. Sometimes, as dreams will, the picture was but a vague shadow, and would send me hither and thither, now to the high seas and an English port, again to the island and the bay wherein I first landed. I remember, more than all, a dream which carried me to the water's edge, with my hand in hers, and showed me a great storm and inky clouds looming above the reef and the lightning playing vividly, and a tide rising so swiftly that it threatened to engulf us and flood the very land on which we stood. And then I awoke, and the dawn-light was in the room and Dr. Gray himself stood watching by the window.

"Yes," he said, as though answering some remark of mine, "we shall have a storm—and soon."

"You do not say so!" cried I; "why, that's my dream! I must have heard the thunder in my sleep."

He drew the curtain back to show me the angry sky, which gave promise of thunder and of a hurricane to follow; the air of the room seemed heavy as that of a prison-house. In the gardens outside a shimmer of yellow light reminded me of a London fog as once I breathed it by Temple Bar. No longer could you distinguish the trees or the bushes or even the mass of the woods beyond the gate. From time to time the loom of the cloud would lift and a beam of sunlight strike through it, revealing a golden path and a bewitching vision of grass and roses all drooping in the heat. Then the ray was lost again, and the yellow vapour steamed up anew.

"A storm undoubtedly," said the doctor, at last, "and a bad one, too. We should learn something from this, captain. Why, yes, it looks easy—after the storm the wind."

"And the wind will clear Ken's Island of fog," cried I. "Ah, of course, it will. We shall breathe just now and go about like sane men. I am younger for hearing it, doctor."

He said, "Yes, it is good news," and then put some sticks into the grate and began to make a fire. The others still slept heavily. Little Dolly Venn muttered in his sleep a name I thought I had heard before, and, truth to tell, it was something like "Rosamunda." The doctor himself was as busy as a housemaid.

"Yes," he continued, presently, "we should be pretty well through with the sleep-time, and after that, waking. Does anything occur to you?"

I sat up in the chair and looked at him closely. His own manner of speech was catching.

"Why, yes," said I, "something does occur. For one thing, we may have company."

He lit a match and watched the wood blazing up the chimney. A bit of fire is always a cheerful thing, and it did me good to see it that morning.

"Czerny has more than a hundred men," said he, after some reflection. "We are four and one, which make five; five exactly."

Now, this was the first time he had confessed to anything which might let a man know where his sympathies lay. Friend or enemy, yesterday taught me nothing about him. I learnt afterwards that he had once known Kenrick Bellenden in Philadelphia. I think he was glad to have four comrades with him on Ken's Island.

"If you mean thereby, doctor, that you'd join us," was my reply, "you couldn't tell me better news. You know why I came here and you know why I stay. It may mean much to Madame Czerny to have such a friend as you. What can be done by five men on this cursed shore shall be done, I swear; but I am glad that you are with us—very glad."

I really meant it, and spoke from my heart: but he was not a demonstrative man, and he rarely answered one directly as one might have wished. On this occasion, I remember, he went about his work for a little while before he spoke again; and it was not until the coffee was boiling on the hob that he came across to me and, seating himself on the arm of my chair, asked, abruptly:—

"Do you know what fool's errand brought me to this place?"

"I have imagined it," said I. "You wanted to know the truth about the sleep-time."

He laughed that queer little laugh which expressed so much when you heard it.

"No," said he, "I do not care a dime either way! I just came along to advertise myself. Ken's Island and its secrets are my newspaper. When I go back to New York people will say, 'That's the specialist, Duncan Gray, who wrote about narcotics and their uses.' They'll come and see me because the newspapers tell them to. We advertise or die, nowadays, captain, and the man who gets a foothold up above must take some risks. I took them when I shipped with Edmond Czerny."

It was an honest story, and I liked the man the better for it. No word of mine intervened before he went on with it.

"Luck put me in the way of the thing," he continued, the mood being on him now and my silence helping him; "I met Czerny's skipper in 'Frisco, and he was a talker. There's nothing more dangerous than a loose tongue. The man said that his master was the second human being to set foot on Ken's Archipelago. I knew that it was not true. A hundred years ago Jacob Hoyt, a Dutchman, was marooned on this place and lived to tell the story of it. The record lies in the library at Washington; I've read it."

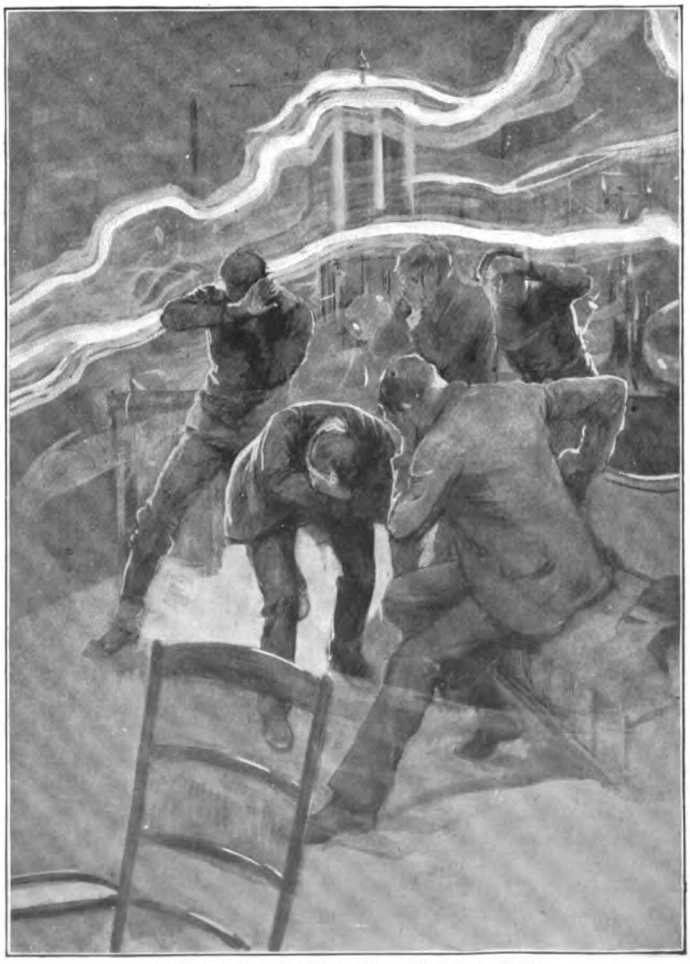
He said this with a low chuckle, like a man in possession of a secret which might be of great value to him. I did not see the point of it at the time, but I saw it later, as you shall hear.

"Yes," he rattled on, "Edmond Czerny holds a full hand, but I may yet draw fours. He's a clever man, too, and a deep one. We'll see who's the deeper, and we will begin soon, Captain Begg—very soon. The sleep-time's through, I guess, and this means waking."

Now, this was spoken of the storm without, and a heavy clap of thunder, breaking at that moment, pointed his words as nothing else could have done. I had many questions yet to ask him, such as how it was that he persuaded Czerny to take him aboard (though a man who knew so much would have been a dangerous customer to leave behind), but the rolling sounds awoke the others, and Peter Bligh, jumping up half asleep, asked if anyone knocked.

"I thought it was the devil with the hot water—and bedad it is!" cries he. "Is the house struck, or am I dreaming it, doctor? It's a fearsome sound, truly."

Peter meant it as a bit of his humour, I do believe; but little he knew how near the truth his guess was. The storm, which had threatened us since dawn, now burst with a splendour I have never seen surpassed. A very sheet of raging fire opened up the livid sky. The crashing thunder shook the timbers of the house until you might have thought that the very roof was coming in. In the gardens themselves, leaping into your view and passing out of it again as a picture shuttered by light, great trees were split and broken, the woods fired, the gravel driven up in a shower of pelting hail. I have seen storms in my life a-many, but never one so loud and so angry as the storm of that ebbing sleep-time. There were moments when a whirlwind of terrible sounds seemed to envelop us, and the very heavens might have been rolling asunder. We said that the bungalow could not stand, and we were right.



"A WHIRLWIND OF FIRE SWEEPING ABOUT US."

Now, this was a bad prophecy; but the fulfilment came more swiftly and more surely than any of us had looked for. Indeed, Dolly Venn was scarce upon his feet, and the sleep hardly out of Seth Barker's eyes, when the room in which we stood was all filled by a scathing flame of crimson light, and, a whirlwind of fire sweeping about us, it seemed to wither and burn everything in its path and to scorch our very limbs as it passed them by. To this there succeeded an overpowering stench of sulphur, and ripping sounds as of wood bursting in splinters, and beams falling, and the crackling of timber burning. Not a man among us, I make sure, but knew full well the meaning of those signals or what they called him to do. The bungalow was struck: life lay in the fog without, in the death-fog we had twice escaped.

"She's burning—she's burning, by ——!" cried Seth Baker, running wildly for the door; and to his voice was added that of Duncan Gray, who roared:—

"My lead, my lead—stand back, for your lives!"

He threw a muffler round his neck and ran out from the stricken bungalow. The whole westward wing of the house was now alight. Great clouds of crimson flame wrestled with the looming fog above us; they illumined all the garden about as with the light of ten thousand fiery lamps. Suffocating smoke, burning breezes, floating sparks, leaping tongues of flame drove us on. Cries you heard, one naming the heights for a haven, another clamouring for the beach, one answering with an oath, another, it may be, with a prayer; but no man keeping his wits or shaping a true course. What would have happened but for the holding fog and the sulphurous air we breathed, I make no pretence to say; but Nature stopped us at last, and, panting and exhausted, we came to a halt in the woods, and asked each other in the name of reason what we should do next.

"The sea!" cries Peter Bligh, forgetting his courage (a rare thing for him to do); "show me the sea, or I'm a dead man!"

To whom Seth Barker answers:—

"If there's breath, it's on the hills; we'll surely die here!"

And little Dolly, he said:—

"I cannot run another step, sir; I'm beat—dead beat!"

For my part I had no word for them; it remained for Dr. Gray to lead again.

"I will show you the road," cried he, "if you will take it."

"And why not?" I asked him. "Why not, doctor?"

"Because," he answered, very slowly, "it's the road to Edmond Czerny's house."

CHAPTER XIV.

A WHITE POOL—AND AFTERWARDS.

We must have been a third of a mile from the shore when the doctor spoke, and three hundred yards, perhaps, from the pool in the glens. It is true that the storm seemed to clear the air; but not as we had expected, nor as fair argument led us to hope. Wind there was, hot and burning on the face; but it brought no cool breath in its path, and did but roll up the fog in banks of grey and dirty cloud. While at one minute you would see the wood, green and grassy, as in the evening light, at another you could scarce distinguish your neighbour or mark his steps. To me, it appeared that the island dealt out life and death on either hand; first making a man leap with joy because he could breathe again; then sending him gasping to the earth with all his senses reeling and his brain on fire. Any shelter, I said, would be paradise to men in the bond of that death-grip. Sleep itself, the island's sleep, could have been no worse than the agony we suffered.

"Doctor," I cried, as I ran panting up to him, "Edmond Czerny's house or another—show us the way, here and now! We cannot fare worse; you know that. Lead on and we follow, wherever it is."

The others said, "Aye, aye, lead on and we follow." Desperation was their lot now; the madman's haste, the driven man's hope. There, in that fearful hollow, lives were ebbing away like the sea on a shallow beach. They fought for air, for breath, for light, for life. I can see Peter Bligh to this day as he staggers to his feet and cries, wildly:—

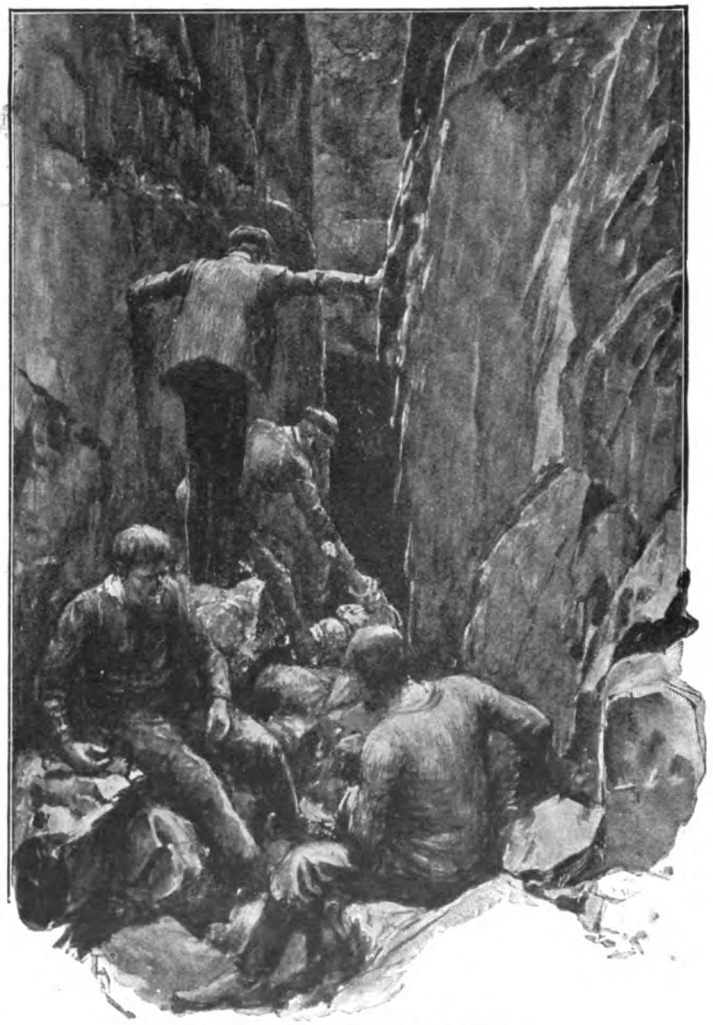
"The mouth of a volcano would be a Sunday parlour to this! Lead on, doctor, I am dying here!"

So he spoke; and, the others lurching up again, we began to race through the wood to a place where the fog lay lighter and the mists had left. Wonderful sights met our eyes—aye, more wonderful than any words of mine could picture for you. In the air above flocks of birds wheeled dizzily as though the very sky were on fire. Round and round, round and round, they darkened the heaven like some great wheel revolving; while, ever and anon, a beautiful creature would close its wings and swoop to death upon the dewy grass. Other animals, terri-

fied cattle, wild dogs, creatures from the heights and creatures from the valleys, all huddled together in their fear, raised doleful cries which no ear could shut out. The trees themselves were burnt and blackened by the storm, the glens as dark as night, the heaven above one canopy of fiery cloud and stagnant vapour.

Now, I knew no more than the dead what Duncan Gray meant when he said that he would lead us to Czerny's house. A boat I felt sure he did not possess, or he would have spoken of it; nor did he mean that we should swim, for no man could have lived in the surf about the reefs. His steps, moreover, were not carrying him toward the beach, but to that vile pool in the ravine wherein a man had died on the night we came to Ken's Island. This pool I saw again as we ran on toward the headland; and so still and quiet it seemed, such a pretty lake among the hills, that no man would have guessed the terror below its waters or named the secret of it. Nevertheless, it recalled to me our first night's work, and how little we could hope from any man in Czerny's house; and this I had in my mind when the doctor halted at last before the mouth of an open pit at the very foot of the giant headland. He was blown with running, and the sweat dropped from his forehead like water. The place itself was the most awesome I have ever entered. On either hand, so close to us that the arms outstretched could have touched them, were two mighty walls, which towered up as though to the very sky beyond the vapour. A black pit lay before us; the fog and the burning wind in the woods we had left. Silence was here—the awful silence of night and solitude. No eye could fathom the depths or search the heights. What lay beyond, I might not say. The doctor had led us to this wilderness, and he must speak.

"See here," he cried, mopping the sweat from his face and rolling up his shirt-sleeves, like a man who has good work to do, "the road's down yonder, and we need a light to strike it. Give me your hand, one of you, while I fetch up the lantern. A Dutchman



"HE STRETCHED OUT A HAND TO ME."

didn't write of Ken's Island for nothing. I guess he knew we were coming his way."

He stretched out a hand to me with the words, and I held it surely while he bent over the pit and groped for the lantern he spoke of.

"Three days ago," said he, "I ran a picnic here all to myself. It is as well to find new

lodgings if the old don't suit. I left my lantern behind me, and this is it, I reckon."

He pulled up from the depths a gauze lantern such as miners use, and, lighting it, he showed us the heart of the pit. It was a deep hole, 30ft. down, perhaps, and strewn with rubbish and fragments of the iron rocks. But what was worth more to us, aye, than a barrel of gold, was the sweet, fresh air which came to us through a tunnel's mouth as by a siphon from the open sea herself; and, blowing freshly on our faces, sent us quickly down toward it with glad cries and the spirits of men who have broken a prison gate.

"The sea, the sea, by all that's precious!" cries Peter Bligh. "Oh, doctor, I breathe, I breathe, as I am a Christian man, I breathe!"

We tumbled down into the pit headlong and sat there for many minutes wondering if, indeed, the death were passed or if we must face it again in the minutes to come. There before us, once we had passed the tunnel's mouth, stood a vast, domed hall which, I declare, men might have cut and not Nature in the depths of that strange cavern.

Open to the day through great apertures high up in the face of the cliff, a soft glow like the light which comes through the windows of a church streamed upon the rocky floor and showed us the wonders of that awesome place. Room upon room we saw, cave upon cave: some round like the mosques a Turk can build, others lofty and grand as any cathedral; some pretty as women's dens, all decked with jewels and ornament of jasper and walls of the blackest jet. These things I saw; these rooms I passed through. A magician might have conjured them up; and yet he was no magician, but only Duncan Gray, the man I knew for the first time yesterday, but already called a comrade.

"Doctor," I said, "it is a house of miracles, truly! But where to now—aye, that's the question; where to?"

He sat upon a stone, and we grouped ourselves about him. Peter Bligh took out a pipe from his pocket and was not forbidden to light it. There was a distant sound in the cave like that of water rushing, and once another sound to which I could give no meaning. The doctor himself was still thinking deeply, as though hazarding a guess as to our position.

"Boys," he said, "I'll tell you the whole story. This place was discovered by Hoyt, a Dutchman. If Czerny had read his book, he would know of it; but he hasn't. I took the trouble to walk in because I thought it might be useful when he turned nasty. It is going to be that, as you can see. Follow through to the end of it, and you are in Czerny's house. Will you go there or hold back? It's for you to say."

I filled my pipe, as Peter had done, and, breathing free for the first time for some hours, I tried to speak up for the others.

"A sailor's head tells me that there is a road from here to the reef; is that true?" asked I at last; "is it true, doctor?"

He put on his glasses and looked at me with those queer, clever eyes of his. I believe to this day that our dilemma almost pleased him.

"A sailor's head guesses right first time," was his answer. "There is a road under the sea from here to Czerny's doorstep. I'm waiting to know if it's on or back. You know the risks and are not children. Say that you turn it up and we'll all go back together, or stay here as wisdom dictates. But it's for you to speak——"

We answered him all together, though Peter Bligh was the first he heard.

"The lodgings here being free and no charge for extras," said Peter, sagely.

And Dolly Venn, he said:—

"We are five, at any rate. I don't suppose they would murder us. After all, Edmond Czerny is a gentleman."

"Who shoots the poor sailormen that's wrecked on his shore," put in Seth Barker, doggedly.

"He'd be of the upper classes, no doubt," added Peter Bligh; "he'll see that we don't sleep in damp sheets! Aye, 'tis the devil of a man, surely!"

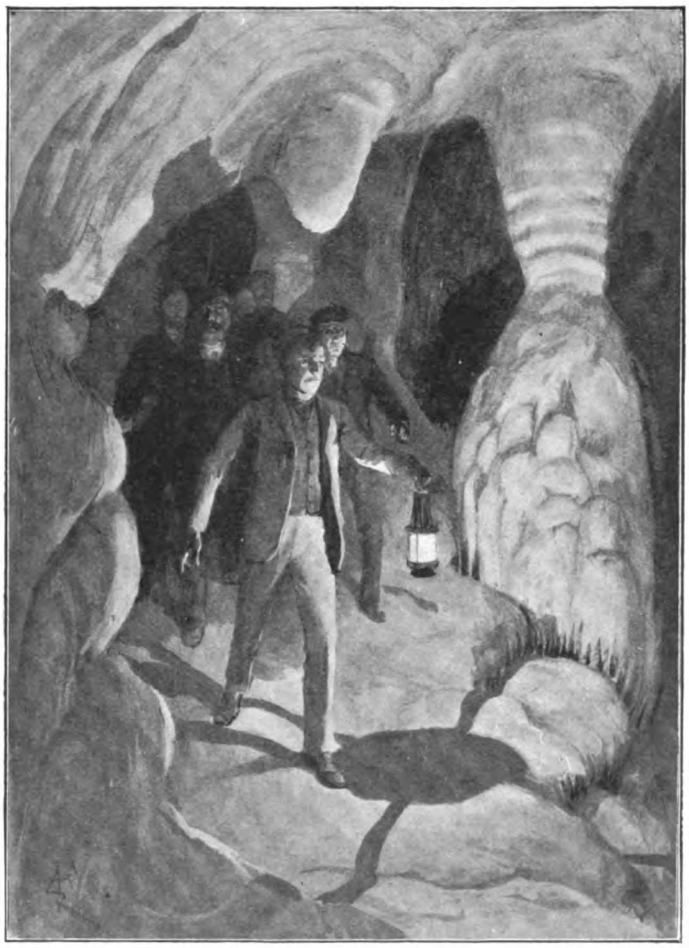
Dr. Gray heard them patiently — more patiently than I did — and then went on again:—

"If you stop here, you starve; if you go on—well, you take your luck. Should the fog lift up yonder, you'll be having Czerny back again. It's a rule of three sum, gentlemen. For my part, I say go on and take your luck, but I won't speak for you unless you are willing."

"None more willing," cried I, coming to a resolution on the spot. "Forward let it be, and luck go with us. We'd be fools to die like rats in a trap when there's light and food not a mile away. And cowards, too, boys—cowards!" I added.

The others said: "Aye, aye, we're no cowards!" And all being of one mind we set out together through that home of wonders. Edmond Czerny's house we sought, and thither this iron road would carry us. A

path more beautiful no man has trodden. From this time the great, church-like grottos gave place to lower roofs and often black-dark openings. By here and there we dived into tunnels wondrously cut by some for-



"FROM GROTTO TO GROTTO."

gotten river of fire in the ages long ago, and, emerging again, we entered a wilderness of ravines wherefrom even the sky was to be seen and the cliffs towering majestically above us. Then, at last, we left the daylight altogether, and going downward as to the heart of the earth I knew that the land lay behind us and that the sea flowed above our heads.

Reader of a plain seaman's story, can you come with me on such a journey as I and four stout hearts made on that unforgotten day? Can you picture, as I picture now, that dark and lonesome cavern, with the sea beating upon its roof and the air coming salt and humid to the tongue, and the echo of distant breakers in your ears, and always the night and the doubt of it? Can you follow me from grotto to grotto and labyrinth to labyrinth, stumbling often by the way, catching at the lantern's dancing rays, calling one to the other, "All's well—lead on"? Aye, I doubt that you can. These things must be seen with a man's own eyes, heard with his own ears, to be understood and made real to him. To me that scene lives as though yesterday had brought it. I see the doctor with his impatient step. I see Peter Bligh stumbling after him. I hear little Dolly Venn's manly voice; I help Seth Barker over the rocks. And these four stand side by side with me on the white pool's edge. The danger comes again. The fear and the loathing are unforgotten.

I speak of fear and loathing and of the dread white pool, and you will ask me why

and how we came thereto. And so I say that the water lay, maybe, a third of a mile from the land in a clear, transparent basin of some quartz or mica, or other shining mineral, so that it gave out crystal lights even to the darkness, and the arched grotto which held it was all aglow, as though with hidden fires. A silent pool it was, we said, and our path seemed to end upon its brink; but even as we stood asking for a road, all the still water began to heave and foam, and, a great creature rising up from the depths, the lantern showed us a monster devil-fish, and we fell back one upon the other with affrighted cries. Nor let any man charge us with that. A situation more perilous I have never been in, and never shall. The fish's terrible suckers searching all the rocks, the frightful eye of the brute, the rushing water, the half-light worse than darkness, might well have driven back a stronger man than I. And upon the top of that was the thought that by such lay the road to safety. We must pass the grotto, or perish of starvation.

Now, the first fright of this encounter was done with in a minute or two, and when it was plain to us that the devil-fish was stuck in the pool which some tide of the sea fed, perhaps, and that his suckers could not reach the higher part of the rock, we began to speak of it rationally, and to plan a way of going over. I was for emptying our revolvers into the fish straightaway; but the doctor would have none of it, fearing the report, and, remembering what he had read in the Dutchman's book, he came out with another notion.

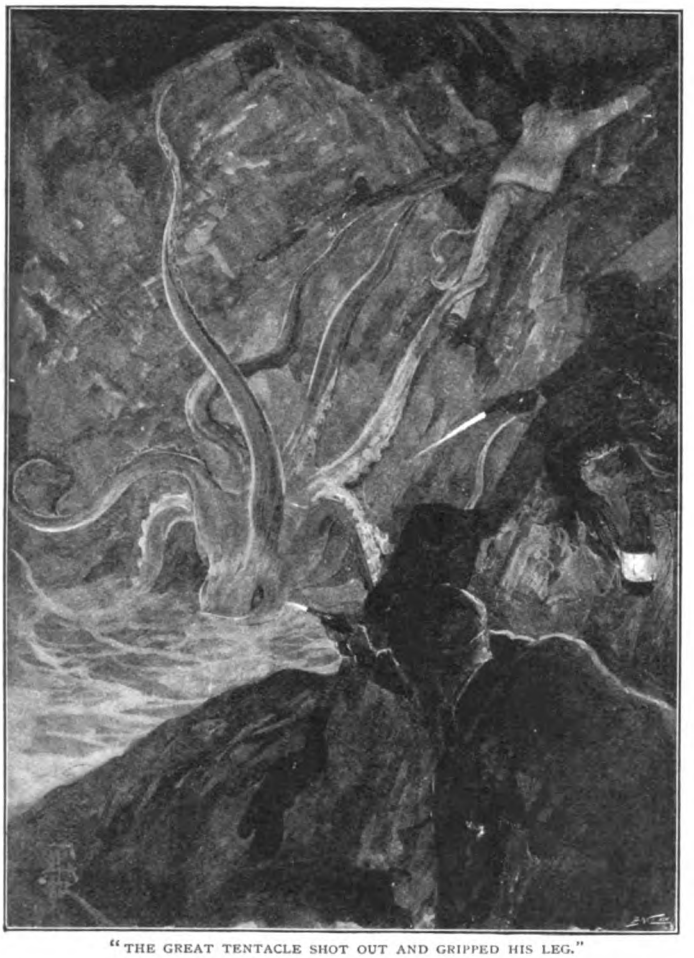
"Hoyt went over the rocks," said he, calmly, while we still drew back from the pool affrighted, our hearts in our boots I make sure, and not one of us that did not begin to think of the fog again when he saw the devil-fish struggling to be free. "It's not a sweet road, but better than none at all. Keep behind me, boys, and mind you don't slip or you'll find something worse than sharks. Now for it, and luck go with us."

With this he began to clamber round the edge of the pool, but so high up that it did not seem possible for the fish to touch him. There was good foothold on the jagged hunks of rock, and a man might have gone across safely enough but for the thought of that which was below him. For my part, I say that my eyes followed him as you may follow a walker on a tight-wire. One false step would send him flying down to a death I would not name, and that false step he appeared to make. By Heaven! I see it all so clearly now. The slip, the frantic clutch at the rocks, the great tentacle which shot out and gripped his leg, and then the flash of my own revolver fired five times at the terrible eyes below me.

There were loud cries in the cave, the wild shouts of terrified men, the smoke of pistols, the foaming and splashing of water, all the signs of panic which may follow a fellow-creature about to die. That the devil-fish had caught the doctor with one of his tentacles you could not doubt; that he would drag him down into that horrid stomach, I myself surely believed. Never was a fight for life a more awful thing to see. On the one hand a brave man gripping the rocks with hands and feet until the crags cut his very flesh; on the other that ghoul-like horror seeking to wind other claws about its prey and to drag it toward its gaping mouth. What miracle could save him, Heaven alone knew; and yet he was saved. A swift act of his own, brave and wonderful, struck the sucker from the limb and set him free. Aye, what a mind to think of it! What other man, I ask, would have let go his hold of the rocks when hold meant so much to him and that fish swam below? Nevertheless, the doctor did so. I see it now—the quick turn—the knife drawn from its sheath—the severed tentacle cut clean as a cork, the devil-fish itself drawing back to the depths of the crimson pool. And then once more I am asking the doctor if he is hurt; and he is answering me, cheerily, "Not much, captain, not much," and we four are following after him as white as women, I do believe, our nerves unstrung, our hearts quaking as we crossed the dreadful pit.

Well, we went over well enough, shirk it as we might. The bullets which sent the devil-fish to the bottom sent him there to die, for all I knew. The pool itself was red with blood by this time, and the waters settling down again. I could see nothing of the fish as I crossed over; and Seth Barker, who came last and, like a true seaman, had forgotten his fear already, swung the lantern down to the water's edge, but discovered nothing. The doctor himself, excited as you might expect and limping with his hurt, simply said, "Well over, lads, well over"; and then, taking the lantern from Seth Barker's hands, he would not wait to answer our curiosity, but pushed on through the tunnel.

"It's not every man who has a back-door with a watch-dog like that," said he, as he went; "Edmond Czerny, maybe, does not know his luck; I'll tell him of it when we're through. It won't be a long while now,



"THE GREAT TENTACLE SHOT OUT AND GRIPPED HIS LEG."

boys, and I'm glad of it. My foot informs me it's there, and I shall have to leave a card on it just now."

"Then the sooner you let us look at it the better, doctor," said I. "Aye, but you were nearly gone. My heart was in my throat all the time you stood there."

"Which is no place for a man's heart to be," said he, brightly; "especially at the door of Edmond Czerny's house."

He stood a moment and bade me listen. We were in an open place of the tunnel then, and a ray of light striking down from some lamp above us revealed an iron ladder and a wooden trap above it. The sea I could hear beating loudly upon the reef; but with the sea's voice came others, and they were human.

"Yes," said the doctor, quietly, "we are in the house all right, and goodness knows when we shall get out of it again!" And then, with a cry of pain, he fell fainting at my feet.

CHAPTER XV.

AN INTERLUDE, DURING WHICH WE READ IN RUTH BELLENDEN'S DIARY AGAIN.*

MAY 5TH. — My message to the sea has been heard. Jasper Begg is on Ken's Island. All that this means to me, all that it may mean, I dare not think. A great burden seems lifted from my shoulders. I have found a friend and he is near me.

May 6th.—I have seen Jasper to-night, and he has gone away again. He is not changed, I think. It is the same honest English face, the same cheery English voice. I have always said that Jasper is one of the handsomest Englishmen I have ever seen. And just as on my own yacht, so here on Ken's Island, the true English gentleman speaks to me. For Jasper is that above all things, one of Nature's gentlemen, whom the rough word will never disguise nor the sea life change. He would be thirty-five years of age now, I remember, but he has not lost his look of youth, and there is the same shy reticence which he never could conquer. He has come here according to his promise. A ship lies in the offing, and he would have me go to it. How little he knows of my true condition in this dreadful place. How may a woman go when a hundred watch her every hour?

May 7th.— Clair-de-Lune, the Frenchman, came to the bungalow very early this morning to tell me of certain things which happened on the island last night. It seems that Jasper is still here, and that the storm has driven away his ship. I do not know whether to be sorry or glad. He cannot help me—he cannot!—and yet a friend is here. I take new courage at that. If a woman can aid a brave man to win her liberty, I am that woman and Jasper is the man. Yesterday

* The Editor has thought it well to give at this point the above extract from Ruth Bellenden's diary, as permitting some insight into the events which transpired on Ken's Island after Jasper Begg's discovery and Edmond Czerny's return.

I was alone; but to-day I am alone no longer, and a friend is at my side, and he has heard me. His ship will come back, I say. It is an ecstasy to dream like this!

May 10th.—I have spent four anxious days—more anxious, I think, than any in my life. The ship has not returned, and Jasper Begg is still a fugitive in the hills. There are three of his companions with him, and we send them food every day. What will be the end of it all? I am more closely watched than ever since this was known. I fear the worst for my friends, and yet I am powerless to help them.

May 10th (later).—My husband, who has now returned from San Francisco, knows that Jasper is here and speaks of it. I fear these moods of confidence and kindness. "Your friend has come," Edmond says; "but why am I not to know of it? Why is he frightened of me? Why does he skulk like a thief? Let him show himself at this house and state his business; I shall not eat him!" Edmond, I believe, has moments when he tries to persuade himself that he is a good man. They are dangerous moments, if all a man's better instincts are dead and forgotten.

May 11th.—Clair-de-Lune, Edmond tells me, has been sent to the lower reef. I do not ask him why. It was he who helped my friends in the hills. Is it all real or do I dream it? Jasper Begg, the one man who befriended me, left to die as so many have been left on this unpitying shore! It cannot be—it cannot be! All that I had hoped and planned must be forgotten now. And yet there were those who remembered Ruth Bellenden and came here for love of her, as she will remember them, for love's sake.

May 13th.—The alarm bell rang on the island last night and we left in great haste for the shelter. The dreadful mists were already rising fast when I went down through the woods to the beach. The people fled wildly to the lower reef. It is not three months since the sleep-time, and its renewal was unlooked for. To-night I do not think of my own safety, but of those we are leaving on the heights. What is to become of Jasper, my friend—who will help him? I think of Jasper before any other now. Does he, I wonder, so think of me?

May 13th (later).—The House Under the Sea is built inside the reef which lies about a mile away on the northern side of the island. There can be nothing like it in the world. Hundreds of years ago, perhaps, this lonely rock, rising out of the water, was the mouth of some great volcano. To-day it is the door of our house, and when you enter it you find that the rocks below have been hollowed out by Nature in a manner so wonderful that a great house lies there with stone-cold rooms and immense corridors and pits seeming to go to the heart of the world. None but a man with my husband's romantic craving would have discovered such a place, or built himself therein a house so wonderful. For imagine a suite of rooms above which the tides surge—rooms lighted by tunnels in the solid rock and covered over with strongest glasses which the sea cannot break. Imagine countless electric lamps lighting this labyrinth until it seems sometimes like a fairy palace. Say that your drawing-room is a cave, whose walls are of jewels and whose floor is of jasper. Night and day you hear the sea, the moaning winds, the breaking billows. It is another world here, like to nothing that any man has seen or ever will see. The people of a city could live in this place and yet leave room for others. My own rooms are the first you come to; lofty as a church, dim as one, yet furnished with all that a woman could desire. Yes, indeed, all I can desire! In my dressing-room are gowns from Dousé's and hats from Alphonsine's, jewels from the Rue de la Paix, furs from Canada—all there to call back my life of two short years ago, that laughing life of Paris and the cities when I was free, and all the world my own, and only my girlhood to regret! Now I remember it all as one bright day in years of gathering night. Everything that I want, my husband says shall be mine. I ask for liberty, but that is denied to me. It is too late to speak of promises or to believe. If I would condone it all; if I would but say to Edmond, "Yes, your life shall be my life, your secrets shall be mine; go, get riches, I will never ask you how." If I would say to him, "I will shut out from my memory all that I have seen on this island; I will forget the agony of those who have died here; I will never hear again the cries of drowning people, will never see hands outstretched above the waves, or the dead that come in on the dreadful tides; I will forget all this, and say, 'I love you, I believe in you'"—ah, how soon would liberty be won! But I am dumb; I cannot answer. I shall die on Ken's Island, saying, "God help those who perish here!"

May 14th.—Three days have passed in the shelter, and Clair-de-Lune, who comes to me every day, brings no good news of Jasper. "He is on the heights," he says; "if food

"THE DRAWING-ROOM IS A CAVE, WHOSE WALLS ARE OF JEWELS AND WHOSE FLOOR IS OF JASPER."

were there he might live through the sleep-time." My husband knows that he is there, but does not speak of it. Yesterday, about sunset, I went up to the gallery on the reef, where the island is visible, and I saw the fog lying about it like a pall. It is an agony to know that those dear to you are suffering, perhaps dying, there! I cannot hide my eyes from others; they read my story truly. "Your friends will be clever if they come to Ken's Island again," my husband says. I do not answer him. I shall never answer him again.

May 15th.—There was a terrible storm on the island last night, and we all went up to the gallery to see the lightning play about the heights and run in rivulets of fire through the dark clouds above the woods. A weird spectacle, but one I shall never forget. The very sky seemed to burn at times. We could distinguish the heart of the thicket clearly, and poor people running madly to and fro there as though vainly seeking a shelter from the fire. They tell me to-day that the bungalow is burnt; I do not know whether to be sorry or glad. I am thinking of my friends. I am thinking of Jasper, thinking of him always.

May 16th.—I learn that there was a stranger left behind in the bungalow, a Dr. Gray, of San Francisco. He landed with Edmond last week, and is here for scientific reasons. My husband says that he does not like him; but allowed him, nevertheless, to come. He was in the bungalow making experiments when the lightning struck the house and destroyed it. It is feared that he must have perished in the fire. My husband tells me this to-night and is pleased to say it. But what of Jasper, my friend; what of him?

May 16th (later).—I was passing through the great hall of the house to-night, going to my bedroom, when something happened which made my very heart stand still. I thought that I heard a sound in the shadows, and imagining it to be one of the servants, I asked, "Who is there?" No one answered me; and, becoming frightened, I was about to run on, when a hand touched my own, and, turning round quickly, I found myself face to face with Jasper himself, and knew that he had come to save me!

(To be continued.)

Half an Hour in a Crevasse.

By W. M. Crook.

[Mr. W. M. Crook, who pens the following narrative of his recent perilous adventure on the Théodule Pass, is a well-known London journalist, an accomplished classical teacher, a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, and an old Alpine climber. The first telegrams reporting the accident were of a very alarming character. The following is the first full and accurate account published, and is almost unique in the annals of mountaineering.]

ON Monday, the 9th of September last, a party of seven, of whom I was one, left the Riffel Alp Hotel for a walk over the Gorner and Lower Théodule Glaciers to the Gandeck hut. We were without a guide, as the glaciers are both "dry" and safe, and four of the party had a very fair amount of mountaineering experience. Only two of us carried ice-axes and I brought a rope, as something had been said about the possibility of some of us proceeding to the upper hut at the top of the Théodule Pass.

The day was beautifully fine and warm, though the weather had been very broken, and there was a good deal of new snow on the lower slopes of the mountains. The Matterhorn was whiter than I had ever seen it before.

We had a very pleasant if uneventful walk up to the Gandeck, where we lunched—so far as I was concerned, most copiously. I had been in Switzerland about a fortnight, and was in excellent health and possessed of an excellent Swiss appetite. Four of the party determined after lunch to return to the Riffel Alp; three of us, Mrs. Bryant, Miss Nicholls, and myself, decided to go on to the upper hut, with which intent we left the Gandeck at five minutes to three.

After delaying on the rocks to take a few snap-shots while one of the ladies was sketching, we took to the glacier. The recent snow had almost entirely obliterated the beaten track which usually traverses the Upper Théodule Glacier during the summer. But I had frequently crossed the glacier before, always, with one exception, without a guide; I had even crossed it alone without seeing a human being between the Upper Théodule hut and the Gandeck. I knew the glacier better than any other in the Alps. I had taken the precaution to look at the Swiss Government map and to compare it with the maps in Whymper's guide, and I had Sir W. M. Conway's Climbers' Guide and a compass with me. I did not anticipate any difficulty in finding my way on a clear day over a course I had so often traversed before.

But glaciers change from year to year, and necessarily, therefore, so do the paths over them. There is no conservatism about a glacier; it is radical, almost revolutionary, in its changes. When we came to new snow we began talking about putting on the rope. Why we did not put it on I really do not know. With the fullest intention of roping up I walked a few steps forward. The apparently solid snow gave way under my right foot. I plunged at once with the left to save myself. The snow gave again, this time all round me, and I was flying downwards through space.

I had often wondered what the sensation was like; now my curiosity was unexpectedly gratified. A friend who had had a somewhat similar experience had once told me that he was conscious of nothing from the moment he slipped till he stuck in the ice below. I had read in the papers that young Carrel, who fell from the Col du Lion when Dr. Black and Miss Bell were killed this summer, remembered nothing, and was conscious of nothing from the time he was dragged down till he found himself lying damaged far below. But when Mr. Whymper fell—I believe at exactly the same spot on the Col du Lion—some 200ft., striking seven or eight times in his fall, he was conscious the whole time, and has written a most graphic description of his sensations in his "Scrambles Amongst the Alps."

My experience was certainly more like Mr. Whymper's. I was not only conscious, but consciousness seemed to be quickened. These are the thoughts that passed through my mind as I fell: "Now I am being killed. Well, if this is what being killed is like, it's

not half so bad as people make out or as I expected." I was conscious, too, though more confusedly, of a rush past me of broken fragments of snow and ice, of a stream of falling water, and that I was passing rapidly between two dark walls of ice. I knew exactly where I was and what was happening. But in far less time than it takes to write these lines, or even to think them now, I was pulled up suddenly, feeling not a bit the worse, and pulled up with much less of a jerk than one would have expected.

One of the greatest surprises to me in this experience was the sensation of falling. I must confess I had always dreaded it. I hate to feel the ground giving way under me. Though I use a lift many times daily, I never can quite reconcile myself to the start downwards; I never enjoy the downward rush of a switchback and, as a child, I hated a swing. The only exception I knew to this rule was a ship at sea. I am never quite happy on board ship unless the vessel is both pitching and rolling. I had always feared that flying through the air in consequence of a fall would have an unpleasant resemblance to the motion of a descending lift—but it hasn't.

The sensation to me, at any rate, has a closer resemblance to tobogganing than to any other sensation I have ever experienced. Though I was quite conscious of the danger I ran, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the rush through the air was almost exhilarating. Of this I feel certain: that had I been killed right out by the fall, a more painless, one might almost say pleasant, death could hardly be conceived. There was no pain, no shock, no anxiety. It is no more formidable than going to sleep.

The moment I stuck I took stock of my position. I was, at the first glance, apparently quite unhurt. I had lost only my cap, of which I could see no trace. My heels had stuck on a tiny ledge of frozen snow, my knees were tightly jammed against the opposite wall of ice. I looked up to see how far I had come down. A round, bright blue hole right above me, apparently some 40ft. or 50ft. overhead, afforded my only glimpse of the outside world. It was a patch of deep and unflecked blue—how beautiful it seemed!

As I looked up at it a curious thing occurred. The following stanza flashed across my mind:—

I never saw a man who looked
With such a wistful eye
Upon that little tent of blue
Which prisoners call the sky,
And at every drifting cloud that went
With sails of silver by.

The quotation is from a sombre poem, the last flicker of great talent expiring in degradation. It is from "The Ballad of Reading Gaol." By C. 3. 3. So far as I can recollect I had only read it once, and the words were not recalled by me quite correctly, but the instantaneousness with which the thought embodied in the stanza came to me struck me very much.

THE MATTERHORN AS IT APPEARED AT THE BEGINNING OF OUR WALK.
The two ladies who were my companions in the adventure are shown walking in front. The steepness of the N. face (right-hand side) of the Matterhorn is seen better from this point. The victims of the first accident slipped in what appears in the photograph as a snow-slope at the very top.
From a Photo.

Meantime, what had been going on overhead? The two ladies who were with me were both climbers of considerable experience, and nothing I can write can give to the mind of the reader an exaggerated conception of their courage, coolness, and presence of mind. To most women, even women of considerable nerve, the experience of finding themselves suddenly in the middle

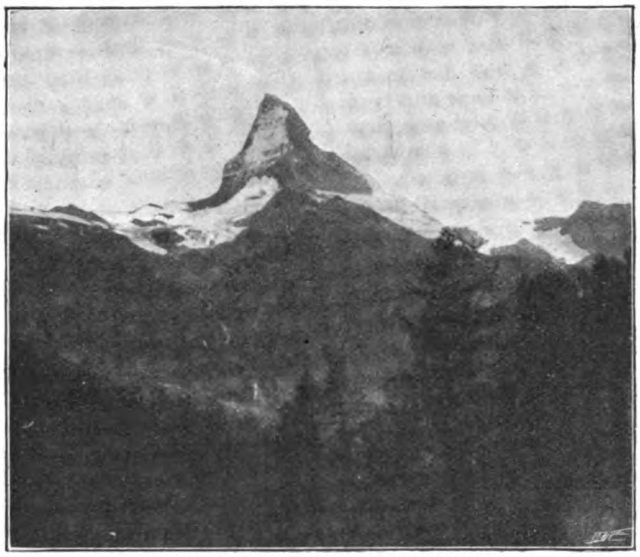
of a dangerously-crevassed glacier, with the only man and the only rope in the party deep down in a crevasse, with no other human being in sight and with the nearest help half a mile or more away, would be sufficiently trying to shake their nerves and possibly render them useless to help. But this is what my companions did.

As I was falling, Miss Nicholls, who was the nearer to me, with remarkable pluck tried to catch the rope which was wound round my shoulders. Fortunately she failed, as she could not possibly have held me, and as I was three stone heavier than she was I should inevitably have dragged her down, and if she had fallen head foremost she would almost certainly have been killed. When she failed to reach my rope, and the apparently solid snow surface was giving way everywhere, she threw herself, with great presence of mind, full length on the ground, so as to distribute her weight and prevent herself from following me down the crevasse.

Then Mrs. Bryant, talking as coolly as if she were sitting at an afternoon tea-table, called down to me to know if I was all right. I said I was, for the present. After a brief consultation Mrs. Bryant decided to remain and watch my temporary tomb, as in the snow-field of a glacier such holes are hard to find again if once you leave them, and Miss Nicholls went back over the glacier to the Gandeck hut to look for help. Mrs. Bryant kept calling down to me a report of all Miss Nicholls's movements, so that I knew what was going on above just as well as if I could see it.

Below, I commenced to study my surroundings carefully. I had fallen most fortunately: I was within a rope's length of the top; I was firmly stuck for the present; I was practically unhurt, and I had retained my ice-axe.

There was only one possible danger—the danger of falling farther. I thought the little snow-ledge on which my heels rested might possibly give way and I might journey farther down. As I knew that everything that presence of mind and pluck could do was being done for me above, I felt, on the principle that God helps those who help themselves, that I must do everything I could to make myself secure.



THE MATTERHORN FROM THE RIFFEL ALP HOTEL.

The angle facing the spectator is the N.E., which forms the easiest way to the top. The dark north face on the right-hand side is that down which the four victims of the first great accident fell in 1865. The bodies of the guide Croz, of Rev. Mr. Hudson, and of Mr. Hadow were found on the Matterhorn Glacier, which is shown partly in sunshine and partly in shadow at the foot of the N. face. The body of Lord Francis Douglas was never found. The height from the top to the part of the glacier in shadow is 4,000ft. The height of the top above sea-level is 14,700ft.

From a P

For the first moment or two considered the possibility of cutting my way up. But I soon came to the conclusion that this was not possible or only to be tried as a last resort. The sides of the crevasse were not straight, but wavy, so that each side overhung in turn. Now, it is impossible to cut your way up an overhanging ice-wall. Just where I was the crevasse was only about 2ft. wide, and I might have got up a little distance by cutting handholds and footholds on each side alternately. But the crevasse widened rapidly and was 6ft. across at the top, where such a process would have been utterly impossible. Besides, even where I was such a process would have been very difficult and dangerous, and as I knew that even if help had to be fetched from the Riffel Alp it could be here in five or six hours, I thought it was better to secure myself where I was within easy reach of a rope.

So I began by cutting two deep, strong handholds in front of me in case my support

gave way. I curved them inwards and downwards by the heat of my fingers, and then left them for use in case of emergency.

As this made my fingers very cold I rubbed them with snow taken from a little ledge within reach. I had a small bottle of liqueur brandy in my left-hand outside jacket pocket. I found this unbroken, so I drank about a teaspoonful of it and rubbed all my fingers with a small quantity of it. In taking the bottle out of my pocket I discovered some blood on the crevasse wall behind me, showing that my head was cut somewhere. I suspected it was merely a flesh-wound inflicted by some tiny spike of ice in my downward passage. I felt my head all over till I discovered where the blood was coming from — a place just above my left ear. I plastered it with some snow, and as a stream of cold water, caused by melted snow, was pouring continually on my head —I was in a cold shower-bath the whole time I was down—I felt that this slight cut would be well on its way to a cure by the time I got to the top. The shower-bath reminded me of one Easter Day in a gully on Tryfan, where the stream flowed in at my collar and flowed out where it could. But the crevasse is more comfortable than the gully in this respect — you have not got the nails of a comrade's boots sticking into your shoulders or your head. I prefer the shower-bath neat to the shower-bath plus nails.

Having attended to the only cut I could discover —all my knuckles were scratched, but so slightly that the cold soon stopped their bleeding — I began step-cutting on both sides of the crevasse and on my right and left hand side, so that I should have something to stand in if my ledge melted away. I found foot-holds much more difficult to make than hand-holds, as they had to be made much bigger, and the narrowness of the space in which I was jammed made it extremely difficult to get any work on the axe. While I was doing this I noticed that my left foot seemed to be extremely wet. This was the grimmest incident of the whole adventure. Everyone who has seen the bodies of those killed in the mountains knows that they almost invariably lose their boots. Unfortunately, I have had at least my share of experience of deaths in climbing. Only last Easter Monday I was one of the bearers who brought in the body of an unfortunate gentleman, Mr. Weightman, of Bootle, who had lost his life on Tryfan the previous day. The very ice-axe which I had down with me in the crevasse was one of the two ice-axes which formed the cross-trees of the bier on which we carried his body down into Cwm Tryfan. I had never known anyone lose a boot and live. Now, as I looked at my left leg, I found that my leather gaiter had been almost stripped off. The top button was gone and all the other buttons were unfastened, except the lowest. It seemed as if a grim dissector had laid me on his dissecting-table and commenced to operate. As I looked down at my gaiter, full of water, I could not help a sort of feeling of sombre satisfaction at the thought that his operation had been interrupted at an early stage.

I think I had made about six not altogether satisfactory steps when an unfortunate accident occurred. In trying to put more weight into my blows I struck the butt-end of my

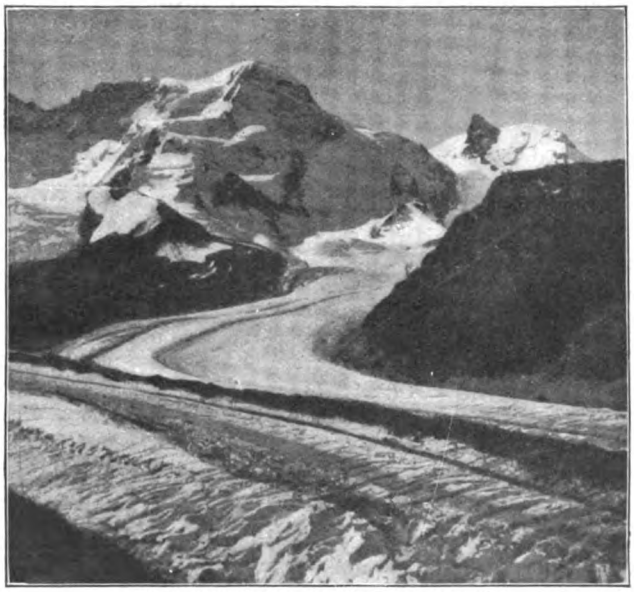
THE GORNER GLACIER.
The Lower Théodule Glacier appears at the extreme right. In the foreground is the path we failed to find in the darkness. Part of the Breithorn, the Twins, and part of the Lyskamm appear in the background.
From a Photo.

ice-axe against the ice-wall behind me and knocked it out of my hand. It went flying down the narrower part of the crevasse beneath me and stuck about 40ft. below, where the crevasse narrowed to about a foot in width and was entirely closed across by a bridge of frozen snow. If I were of a tearful disposition I could have shed tears over its loss. It was a beautiful weapon, specially made for me by Schenk, of Grindelwald. It had been my constant companion for many years in many toils and dangers, and now to see it buried in an ice-tomb appeared almost cruel. I never felt so kindly towards any inanimate thing.

My first determination was to try to recover it. I had 80ft. of rope round my shoulders. The axe did not appear to be more than 40ft. below me. I thought I could loose the rope from my shoulders, possibly loop it round the axe and pull it up again. I had commenced to take the rope off when a shout from Mrs. Bryant attracted my attention. She said people were coming from the Gandeck hut. This made me reconsider. Rescue was now almost certain and not far off. In taking the rope off me in my cramped position I might slip. If I had slipped straight down I don't think it would have been serious. The crevasse was too narrow for me to go farther than, or as far as, my axe. But when you are between two walls of ice you have no guarantee where you will slip, and beneath me on each side the crevasse widened out, like a pair of spectacles, to a diameter of about 5ft., and there on each side a huge, dark hole gaped. No, thanks! I didn't want to get into either of those, or I should have fallen beyond the reach of any help. Where I was there was plenty of light, the clear blue ice admitted any amount, but these holes were black. They may have been 1,000ft. deep for all I know. So I abandoned my poor ice-axe to its fate, and it lies buried 100ft. down in its cold grave. It was cowardly, but I thought it was the wisest thing to do. Perhaps, some thirty years hence, it will come out, with my cap, in some canton where it is not expected, as Mark Twain says.

After the loss of my axe I began to cast about for something to do to make myself still more secure. I had a large penknife in one of my knickerbocker pockets, which I thought might prove a useful weapon. Close to my head on the left-hand side was a curious, projecting, rounded boss of ice. Grasping my knife like a dagger I picked a hole at each side of this, and then connected these two holes by one made at right angles to them behind the projection, partly picked with my knife and partly tunnelled by the warmth of my fingers, all of which I used in turn to melt my tunnel through. When it was big enough I passed the loose end of my rope through it and knotted it tightly. If this boss of ice would have held this might have made me safe, even if all my footholds and handholds had proved useless.

Having now done everything I could, I settled myself to await my rescuers. But all my elaborate efforts had been unnecessary. I had hardly commenced what I anticipated would be the dreariest portion of my imprisonment when Mrs. Bryant called down, "They are here!" Only in those words and when she



THE GORNER GLACIER, SHOWING THE MORAINES,
on one of which we were benighted, in the foreground. The glacier running into it is the Lower Théodule. The Breithorn is the mountain mass in the background, with the Little Matterhorn to its right.
From a Photo.

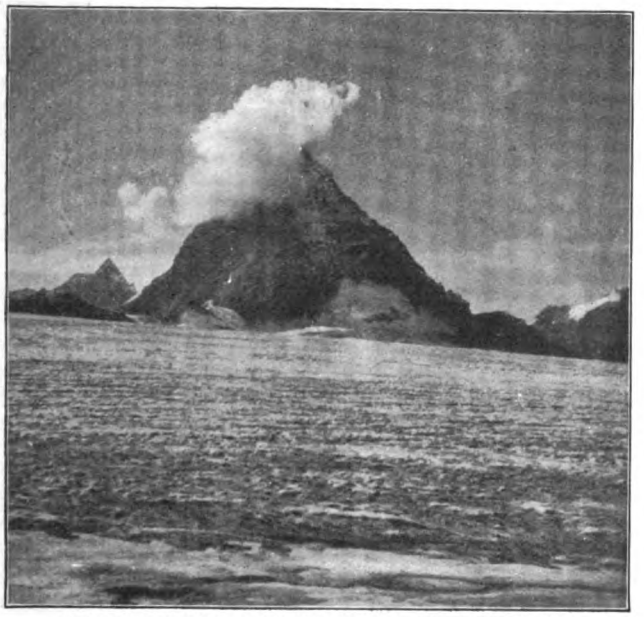
had announced the departure of the rescue party from the hut had her voice varied from the firm, quiet tones in which she had said everything she had to say to me since my fall. A slight difference in her intonation indicated that she was glad to have such an announcement to make.

Immediately I heard a man's bass voice, talking volubly in German-Swiss quite two hundred words to the minute, far above me. What he was saying I could not make out. Being in no mood to listen to an eloquent oration I interrupted him by asking him in a loud tone—remembering other scenes of a similar kind, I was slightly irritated—whether he had a rope. He replied that he had a long one. "Then," I said, in my most commanding tones, "let it down, and let it down quickly." This produced the desired effect. The stream of eloquence stopped and a shower of snow and pieces of ice fell on my head. I knew what that meant, and looked up. Far above in the bright, blue circle a little black string was hanging, moving quickly down. When it was about 20ft. above my head the talking recommenced. He wanted to know if it had reached me yet. I said it had not, and told him to send it on till I instructed him to stop. When I had got hold of it I knotted it twice tightly round my body, and then set to work to undo my own rope from the boss of ice to which I had tied it in front. He did not understand this at all, and my German was not equal to explaining to him what I had done. Had I told him that I was roped on to the ice-wall in front of me he would have thought I was mad. So I simply told him on no account to pull till I gave the word, but I had great difficulty in restraining his impetuous desire to rescue me without delay, and for a second or two I was in fear of being pulled in two different directions by my own rope and his. However, I succeeded in keeping him in check till I had unroped myself from the ice-wall in front, and then I called to him to draw me up slowly. He pulled at a tremendous rate, and my head came bump against an overhanging part adorned with icicles, with the result that I got three more cuts on the head, fortunately very slight ones. In less than no time my right shoulder came bang against the cornice at the top, that part of the frozen snow-covering of the crevasse which, by reason of its proximity to the solid ice, had become almost ice itself. He tugged desperately to get me through this, but much more nearly pulled the rope through me and squeezed the breath out of my body. Unfortunately I did not know the German word for a cornice, and he did not appear to understand either the English or French name for it. At last he said he could not get me through—could I help him? I vainly tried with my foot to reach the other side of the crevasse, but it was 6ft. away. Turning round on the rope, I tried to break away the cornice with my fingers; but I could not do this. Fortunately the landlady of the Gandeck, who had run up with him and who was holding the rope just behind him, saw what was the matter, and turning to Mrs. Bryant, who was third on the rope, asked her for her alpenstock, and with its iron point hammered the cornice away. Immediately I was sprawling, gasping for breath, on the surface. "Gott sei dank!" said the pious landlady, who had come up in her slippers and was still out of breath from the race. She is a devout Roman Catholic, and early in the morning of every Sunday and holiday she hurries down over two glaciers to the little Roman Catholic chapel by the Riffel Alp, attends mass, and hurries back again. Her piety keeps her in excellent training, as I found to my very great gain. We walked back to the Gandeck, where my two companions dressed the cuts on my head with a surgical skill not inferior to their courage, and after we had had some tea we started back to our hotel at a quarter to six o'clock.

But not before one of those Gilbertian touches, of which life is full, had occurred. Naturally, I gave some slight financial recognition to these two poor people, the guide and the woman who had rushed to my rescue the moment they heard of my danger. The man, whose volubility was gone and whose staidness had returned, thanked me very warmly till I reduced him to silence by insisting that the thanks were all due from me to him, not from him to me. Not so the woman. She simply overwhelmed me with thanks. I have never been so thanked for any service I have rendered to anyone in my life as this woman who pulled me out of what might easily have been my grave thanked me. I tried to explain to her that the boot was on the other leg. But her self-possession had now become volubility, and though I can talk two hundred to the minute in my own language I cannot do it in German-Swiss, with the result that I had to retire discomfited. I abandoned the unequal contest, and actually had to leave the hut after she had

finally taken one of my hands in both of hers, shaken it like a pump-handle, repeating all the time, "A thousand, thousand thanks," and other expressions of gratitude. It was a most amusing reversal of things as they ought to be.

One would imagine we had had adventures enough for one day, but the end was not yet. Considering I had two ladies with me I ought to have taken a guide down from the Gandeck with us. We had still two glaciers to cross to reach the Riffel Alp. Though I did not feel damaged, except one rib which was hurt by the final tugging at the rope, it was late in the afternoon, and there was a danger of being caught in the darkness on the glaciers. But I was very angry with myself for having done such a foolish thing as walk into a concealed crevasse. There were a party of Germans at the hut (including a doctor, who kindly proffered his services, which I declined) and several Swiss guides. The thought just occurred to me—nothing more—that I ought to engage one of these last. I drove it away angrily as if it had been an evil thing, because I felt something like this. "We are the only English-speaking people (two of us, at least, were Irish) here; all the rest are foreigners. We must let them see that this sort of thing doesn't knock the stuffing out of English-speaking folk, women or men." So, having poured the water out of my left boot and wrung out my stocking, the wettest part of my garments, we started off. Except for two slight intervals, one or other of the ladies led the whole way down. Miss Nicholls led all down the Lower Théodule Glacier, never once deviating from the right track. No guide could have led more unerringly. She led also down the Gorner to the last moraine, where night suddenly came on. This was serious. For, however easy a "dry" glacier may be in daylight, it is another matter in the dark. So we put on the rope, Mrs. Bryant now leading, as her eyesight proved best in the darkness. I had a notion that we could land from a tongue of ice near the foot of the Matterhorn couloir on the Riffelhorn. Whether that is possible or not in the daylight, we utterly failed to do it in the dark. We crept cautiously down the long tongue of ice leading to the couloir, but apparently a huge bergschrund gaped at its farther end. In succession we tried six or seven tongues of ice, but always with the same result. At last our leader, whom I could not see, called out the welcome news that the tongue we were on had no bergschrund at the end. Gradually Mrs. Bryant ascended over *débris* and boulders. Once on the lateral moraine all danger was past. But to find the path, the only path that led up to the Riffel Alp, was our next difficulty. Vainly we searched, amid multitudinous boulders, in dense darkness, for a path so easy to find by day. We could do nothing without a light. I had two boxes of matches with me, but both were soaked through. I tried to dry some of the matches in my hands, but failed. Miss Nicholls hammered splendid sparks out of the rocks with her axe and attempted to light pages of her sketch-book, but without result. After about two hours of fruitless endeavour we decided to camp out for the night. Fortunately, it was warm and fine. The



THE MATTERHORN FROM THE ROCKS ABOVE THE GANDECK HUT.
The Dent d'Hérens appears to the left. The glacier is the snow-covered Upper Théodule Glacier, into a crevasse of which I fell.
From a Photo.

ladies had some chocolate, and I passed round my little brandy-bottle. As none of us ever drinks brandy under ordinary circumstances we found these little sips of it a great help in keeping warm. I had bought a franc's-worth of liqueur cognac a fortnight before, and we did not succeed in exhausting what remained of it during that night; so our potations were not very deep.

There is a certain fascinating weirdness in a night spent by a glacier. All night long—so my companions tell me, for I slept a good deal—stones kept falling down the Matterhorn couloir, from the sides of the glacier, from the Riffelhorn, and from the rocks opposite us. All night long one could hear the monotonous roar of the Matter-Visp, the stream that issues from the Gorner Glacier. Only one trace of humanity was in sight—the lights in the Schwarzsee Hotel. But they went out early, and we were left in complete darkness till the heavens took up the running with a tolerable display of sheet lightning.

But all things, even sleepless nights, have an end. By about 5.45 a.m. there was light enough to move. The first thing we had to determine was the problem on which side of us the path was. Had we passed it in the darkness or was it still in front? The rapidly-increasing light soon settled that question, and by seven o'clock we were enjoying a hot breakfast in our hotel. For the next twenty-four hours I felt some anxiety as to the health of my two brave companions, but I am happy to be able to say that their constitutions proved as sound as their nerves.

Three days later I discovered that both my ears had been frost-bitten during the half-hour I had spent in my crevasse. Fortunately frost-bitten ears do not appear to be a very serious form of ailment.

One only regret have I in consequence of this experience. I missed the chance of a lifetime. My camera—a No. 2 Bull's-eye Kodak—fell with me. There were ten photographs in it and two unused films. It never occurred to me to take two snap-shots of the crevasse from inside.

A few days after this occurrence I learned from the rescuing guide how far I had fallen. I estimated it at about 40ft. or 50ft. He said he had twenty mètres (about 65ft.) of rope out besides what I had tied round my body.

This makes the third time that I have had to do with a fall into a crevasse, though it was the first time I had fallen in myself. My first experience of it was in a winter attempt on the Schreckhorn. I was out with two of the best guides in the Oberland, and through the deep winter's snow we were wading, as we thought, quite safely, on snow-shoes. Suddenly my leading guide went through, carrying down, as I did, one rope with him. Fortunately we had a second rope; it would have taken about ten hours to get to the nearest help and back again. He had only fallen about 12ft., so we tied loops at each end of the rope, the second guide crossed the crevasse, and we passed down a loop from each side. After the imprisoned guide had put both loops round him I wanted to pull him up. But as he was a very heavy man and we were both very light he thought the risk too great, and made us hold tight till he cut off one of his snow-shoes, which he threw up to the surface, and then cut steps in the side of the crevasse, so that his whole weight should not be on the rope in coming up. As it turned out this precaution was quite unnecessary, as we were able to haul him up without any difficulty after an "immersion" of twenty minutes.

On the second occasion two friends, a guide, and myself were roaming unroped on a dry glacier when one of my companions, in jumping a crevasse, slipped and fell in. Inside two minutes the guide talked as much French down that crevasse as would fill a French newspaper — to a man who didn't understand a word he said. The other friend and myself had to take the rope off that guide's shoulders and let it down before the stream of eloquence dried up. We had our friend up in five minutes. He had fallen 30ft., and, though he lost a considerable quantity of blood, he was not otherwise hurt, and did twelve hours' work before we reached the nearest shelter and in four days was ready for a heavy expedition.

As I have written above, I had ten photographs in my camera when I fell into the crevasse. Four of these did not turn out well, as they had been taken in rather misty weather in the Bernese Oberland. But six were taken in bright sunlight in the Zermatt district, five of them on the day of our adventure. Though the leather case of my Kodak was soaked through, the Kodak itself and its contents were undamaged by the wet. The five photographs accompanying this article are, I should imagine, the only ones in existence which have spent half an hour in a crevasse.

By H. G. Wells.

THE scene amidst which Clayton told his last story comes back very vividly to my mind. There he sat, for the most part of the time, in the corner of the authentic settle by the spacious open fire, and Sanderson sat beside him smoking the Broseley clay that bore his name. There was Evans, and that marvel among actors, Wish, who is also a modest man. We had all come down to the Mermaid Club that Saturday morning, except Clayton, who had slept there overnight—which indeed gave him the opening of his story. We had golfed until golfing was invisible; we had dined, and we were in that mood of tranquil kindliness when men will suffer a story. When Clayton began to tell one, we naturally supposed he was lying. It may be that indeed he was lying—of that the reader will speedily be able to judge as well as I. He began, it is true, with an air of matter-of-fact anecdote, but that we thought was only the incurable artifice of the man.

"I say!" he remarked, after a long consideration of the upward rain of sparks from the log that Sanderson had thumped, "you know I was alone here last night?"

"Except for the domestics," said Wish.

"Who sleep in the other wing," said Clayton. "Yes. Well-——" He pulled at his cigar for some little time as though he still hesitated about his confidence. Then he said, quite quietly, "I caught a ghost!"

"Caught a ghost, did you?" said Sanderson. "Where is it?"

And Evans, who admires Clayton immensely and has been four weeks in America, shouted, "*Caught* a ghost, did you, Clayton? I'm glad of it! Tell us all about it right now."

Clayton said he would in a minute, and asked him to shut the door.

He looked apologetically at me. "There's no eavesdropping of course, but we don't want to upset our very excellent service with any rumours of ghosts in the place. There's too much shadow and oak panelling to trifle with that. And this, you know, wasn't a regular ghost. I don't think it will come again—ever."

"You mean to say you didn't keep it?" said Sanderson.

"I hadn't the heart to," said Clayton.

And Sanderson said he was surprised.

We laughed, and Clayton looked aggrieved. "I know," he said, with the flicker of a smile, "but the fact is it really *was* a ghost, and I'm as sure of it as I am that I am talking to you now. I'm not joking. I mean what I say."

Sanderson drew deeply at his pipe, with one reddish eye on Clayton, and then emitted a thin jet of smoke more eloquent than many words.

Clayton ignored the comment. "It is the strangest thing that has ever happened in my life. You know I never believed in ghosts or anything of the sort before, ever; and then, you know, I bag one in a corner; and the whole business is in my hands."

He meditated still more profoundly and produced and began to pierce a second cigar with a curious little stabber he affected.

"You talked to it?" asked Wish

"For the space, probably, of an hour."

"Chatty?" I said, joining the party of the sceptics.

"The poor devil was in trouble," said Clayton, bowed over his cigar-end and with the very faintest note of reproof.

"Sobbing?" someone asked.

Clayton heaved a realistic sigh at the memory. "Good Lord!" he said; "yes." And then, "Poor fellow! yes."

"Where did you strike it?" asked Evans, in his best American accent.

"I never realized," said Clayton, ignoring him, "the poor sort of thing a ghost might be," and he hung us up again for a time, while he sought for matches in his pocket and lit and warmed to his cigar.

"I took an advantage," he reflected at last.

We were none of us in a hurry. "A character," he said, "remains just the same character for all that it's been disembodied. That's a thing we too often forget. People with a certain strength or fixity of purpose may have ghosts of a certain strength and fixity of purpose—most haunting ghosts, you know, must be as one-idea'd as monomaniacs and as obstinate as mules to come back again and again. This poor creature wasn't." He suddenly looked up rather queerly, and his eye went round the room. "I say it," he said, "in all kindliness, but that is the plain truth of the case. Even at the first glance he struck me as weak."

He punctuated with the help of his cigar

"I came upon him, you know, in the long passage. His back was to me and I saw him first. Right off I knew him for a ghost. He was transparent and whitish; clean through his chest I could see the glimmer of the little window at the end. And not only his physique but his attitude struck me as being weak. He looked, you know, as though he didn't know in the slightest whatever he meant to do. One hand was on the panelling and the other fluttered to his mouth. Like—*so!*"

"What sort of physique?" said Sanderson.

"Lean. You know that sort of young man's neck that has two great flutings down the back, here and here—so! And a little, meanish head with scrubby hair and rather bad ears. Shoulders bad, narrower than the hips; turndown collar, ready-made short jacket, trousers baggy and a little frayed at the heels. That's how he took me. I came very quietly up the staircase. I did not carry a light, you know—the candles are on the landing table and there is that lamp—and I was in my list slippers, and I saw him as I came up. I stopped dead at that—taking him in. I wasn't a bit afraid. I think that in most of these affairs one is never nearly so afraid or excited as one imagines one would be. I was surprised and interested. I thought, 'Good Lord! Here's a ghost at last! And I haven't believed for a moment in ghosts during the last five-and-twenty years.'"

"Um," said Wish.

"I suppose I wasn't there a moment before he found out I was there. He turned on me sharply and I saw the face of an immature young man, a weak nose, a scrubby little moustache, a feeble chin. So for an instant we stood — he looking over his shoulder at me—and regarded one another. Then he seemed to remember his high calling. He turned round, drew himself up, projected his face, raised his arms, spread his hands in approved ghost fashion—came towards me. As he did so his little jaw dropped, and he emitted a faint, drawn-out 'Boo.' No, it wasn't—not a bit dreadful. I'd dined. I'd had a bottle of champagne and, being all alone, perhaps two or three—perhaps even four or five—whiskies, so I was as solid as rocks and no more frightened than if I'd been assailed by a frog. 'Boo!' I said. 'Nonsense. You don't belong to *this* place. What are you doing here?'

"I could see him wince. 'Boo-oo,' he said.

"'Boo—be hanged! Are you a mem-

ber?' I said; and just to show I didn't care a pin for him I stepped through a corner of him and made to light my candle. 'Are you a member?' I repeated, looking at him sideways.

"He moved a little so as to stand clear of me, and his bearing became crestfallen. 'No,' he said, in answer to the persistent interrogation of my eye; 'I'm not a member—I'm a ghost.'

"'Well, that doesn't give you the run of the Mermaid Club. Is there anyone you want to see, or anything of that sort?' And doing it as steadily as possible for fear that he should mistake the carelessness of whisky for the distraction of fear, I got my candle alight. I turned on him, holding it. 'What are you doing here?' I said.

business to haunt here. This is a respectable private club; people often stop here with nursemaids and children, and, going about in the careless way you do, some poor little mite might easily come upon you and be scared out of her wits. I suppose you didn't think of that?'

"'No, sir,' he said, 'I didn't.'

"'You should have done. You haven't any claim on the place, have you? Weren't murdered here, or anything of that sort?'

"'None, sir; but I thought as it was old and oak-panelled——'

"'That's *no* excuse.' I regarded him firmly. 'Your coming here is a mistake,' I said, in a tone of friendly superiority. I feigned to see if I had my matches and then looked up at him frankly. 'If I were you

"'WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?' I SAID."

"He had dropped his hands and stopped his booing, and there he stood, abashed and awkward, the ghost of a weak, silly, aimless young man. 'I'm haunting,' he said.

"'You haven't any business to,' I said, in a quiet voice.

"'I'm a ghost,' he said, as if in defence.

"'That may be, but you haven't any

I wouldn't wait for cock-crow—I'd vanish right away.'

"He looked embarrassed. 'The fact *is*, sir——' he began.

"'I'd vanish,' I said, driving it home.

"'The fact is, sir, that—somehow—I can't.'

"'You *can't*?'

"'No, sir. There's something I've forgotten. I've been hanging about here since midnight last night, hiding in the cupboards of the empty bedrooms and things like that. I'm flurried. I've never come haunting before, and it seems to put me out.'

"'Put you out?'

"'Yes, sir. I've tried to do it several times, and it doesn't come off. There's some little thing has slipped me, and I can't get back.'

"That, you know, rather bowled me over. He looked at me in such an abject way that for the life of me I couldn't keep up quite the high, hectoring vein I had adopted. 'That's queer,' I said, and as I spoke I fancied I heard someone moving about down below. 'Come into my room and tell me more about it,' I said. 'I didn't, of course, understand this,' and I tried to take him by the arm. But, of course, you might as well have tried to take hold of a puff of smoke! I had forgotten my number, I think; anyhow, I remember going into several bedrooms—it was lucky I was the only soul in that wing—until I saw my traps. 'Here we are,' I said, and sat down in the arm-chair; 'sit down and tell me all about it. It seems to me you have got yourself into a jolly awkward position, old chap.'

"Well, he said he wouldn't sit down; he'd prefer to flit up and down the room if it was all the same to me. And so he did, and in a little while we were deep in a long and serious talk. And presently, you know, something of those whiskies and sodas evaporated out of me, and I began to realize just a little what a thundering rum and weird business it was that I was in. There he was, semi-transparent—the proper conventional phantom, and noiseless except for his ghost of a voice—flitting to and fro in that nice, clean, chintz-hung old bedroom. You could see the gleam of the copper candlesticks through him, and the lights on the brass fender, and the corners of the framed engravings on the wall, and there he was telling me all about this wretched little life of his that had recently ended on earth. He hadn't a particularly honest face, you know, but being transparent, of course, he couldn't avoid telling the truth."

"Eh?" said Wish, suddenly sitting up in his chair.

"What?" said Clayton.

"Being transparent — couldn't avoid telling the truth—I don't see it," said Wish.

"*I* don't see it," said Clayton, with inimitable assurance. "But it *is* so, I can assure you nevertheless. I don't believe he got once a nail's breadth off the Bible truth.

"HE SAID HE WOULDN'T SIT DOWN; HE'D PREFER TO FLIT UP AND DOWN THE ROOM."

He told me how he had been killed—he went down into a London basement with a candle to look for a leakage of gas—and described himself as a senior English master in a London private school when that release occurred."

"Poor wretch!" said I.

"That's what I thought, and the more he talked the more I thought it. There he was, purposeless in life and purposeless out of it. He talked of his father and mother and his schoolmaster, and all who had ever been anything to him in the world, meanly. He had been too sensitive, too nervous; none of them had ever valued him properly or understood him, he said. He had never had a real friend in the world, I think; he had never had a success. He had shirked games and failed examinations. 'It's like that with some people,' he said; 'whenever I get into the examination-room or anywhere everything seems to go.' Engaged to be married of course—to another over-sensitive person, I suppose—when the indiscretion with the gas escape ended his affairs. 'And where are you now?' I asked. 'Not in——?'

"He wasn't clear on that point at all. The impression he gave me was of a sort of vague, intermediate state, a special reserve for souls too non-existent for anything so positive as either sin or virtue. *I* don't know. He was much too egotistical and unobservant to give me any clear idea of the kind of place, kind of country, there is on the Other Side of Things. Wherever he was, he seems to have fallen in with a set of kindred spirits: ghosts of weak Cockney young men, who were on a footing of Christian namés, and among these there was certainly a lot of talk about 'going haunting' and things like that. Yes—going haunting! They seemed to think 'haunting' a tremendous adventure, and most of them funked it all the time. And so primed, you know, he had come."

"But really!" said Wish to the fire.

"These are the impressions he gave me, anyhow," said Clayton, modestly. "I may, of course, have been in a rather uncritical state, but that was the sort of background he gave to himself. He kept flitting up and down, with his thin voice going—talking, talking about his wretched self, and never a word of clear, firm statement from first to last. He was thinner and sillier and more pointless than if he had been real and alive. Only then, you know, he would not have been in my bedroom here — if he *had* been alive. I should have kicked him out."

"Of course," said Evans, "there *are* poor mortals like that."

"And there's just as much chance of their having ghosts as the rest of us," I admitted.

"What gave a sort of point to him, you know, was the fact that he did seem within limits to have found himself out. The mess he had made of haunting had depressed him terribly. He had been told it would be a 'lark'; he had come expecting it to be a 'lark,' and here it was, nothing but another failure added to his record! He proclaimed himself an utter out-and-out failure. He said, and I can quite believe it, that he had never tried to do anything all his life that he hadn't made a perfect mess of—and through all the wastes of eternity he never would. If he had had sympathy, perhaps—— He paused at that, and stood regarding me. He remarked that, strange as it might seem to me, nobody, not anyone, ever, had given him the amount of sympathy I was doing now. I could see what he wanted straight away, and I determined to head him off at once. I may be a brute, you know, but being the Only Real Friend, the recipient of the confidences of one of these egotistical weaklings, ghost or body, is beyond my physical endurance. I got up briskly. 'Don't you brood on these things too much,' I said. 'The thing you've got to do is to get out of this—get out of this sharp. You pull yourself together and *try*.' 'I can't,' he said. 'You try,' I said, and try he did."

"Try!" said Sanderson. "*How?*"

"Passes," said Clayton.

"Passes?"

"Complicated series of gestures and passes with the hands. That's how he had come in and that's how he had to get out again. Lord! what a business I had!"

"But how could *any* series of passes——" I began.

"My dear man," said Clayton, turning on me and putting a great emphasis on certain words, "you want *everything* clear. *I* don't know *how*. All I know is that you *do*—that *he* did, anyhow, at least. After a fearful time, you know, he got his passes right and suddenly disappeared."

"Did you," said Sanderson, slowly, "observe the passes?"

"Yes," said Clayton, and seemed to think. "It was tremendously queer," he said. "There we were, I and this thin vague ghost, in that silent room, in this silent, empty inn, in this silent little Friday-night town. Not a sound except our voices and a faint panting he made when he swung. There was

the bedroom candle, and one candle on the dressing-table alight, that was all—sometimes one or other would flare up into a tall, lean, astonished flame for a space. And queer things happened. 'I can't,' he said; 'I shall never——!' And suddenly he sat down on a little chair at the foot of the bed and began to sob and sob. Lord! what a harrowing, whimpering thing he seemed!

"'You pull yourself together,' I said, and tried to pat him on the back, and, you know, my confounded hand went through him. By that time, you know, I wasn't nearly so —massive as I had been on the landing. I got the queerness of it full. I remember

"I GOT THE QUEERNESS OF IT FULL."

snatching back my hand out of him, as it were, with a little thrill, and walking over to the dressing-table. 'You pull yourself together,' I said to him, 'and try.' And in order to encourage and help him I began to try as well."

"What!" said Sanderson, "the passes?"

"Yes, the passes."

"But——" I said, moved by an idea that eluded me for a space.

"This is interesting," said Sanderson, with his finger in his pipe-bowl. "You mean to say this ghost of yours gave away——"

"Did his level best to give away the whole confounded barrier? *Yes.*"

"He didn't," said Wish; "he couldn't. Or you'd have gone there too."

"That's precisely it," I said, finding my elusive idea put into words for me.

"That *is* precisely it," said Clayton, with thoughtful eyes upon the fire.

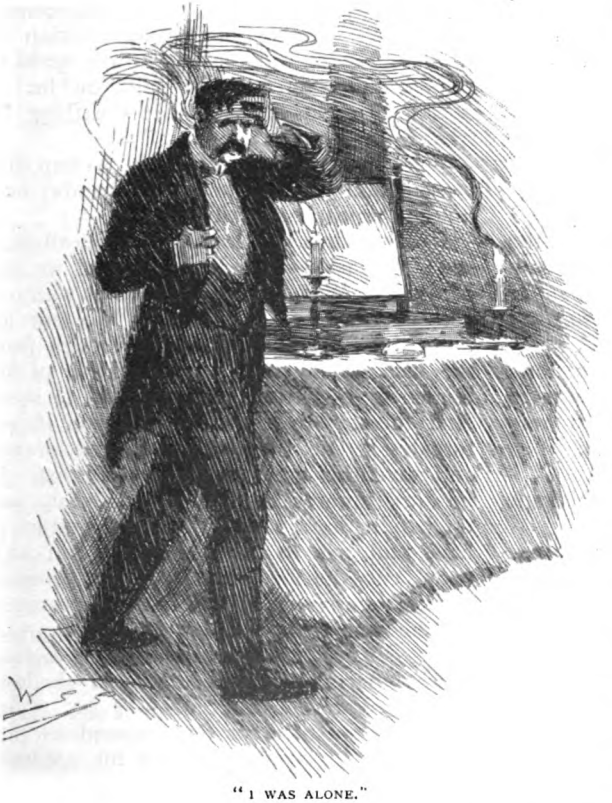
For just a little while there was silence.

"And at last he did it?" said Sanderson.

"At last he did it. I had to keep him up to it hard, but he did it at last—rather suddenly. He despaired, we had a scene, and then he got up suddenly and asked me to go through the whole performance, slowly, so that he might see. 'I believe,' he said, 'if I could *see* I should spot what was wrong at once.' And he did. '*I* know,' he said. 'What do you know?' said I. '*I* know,' he repeated. Then he said, suddenly, 'I *can't* do it if you look at me—I really *can't*; it's been that, partly, all along. I'm such a nervous fellow that you put me out.' Well, we had a bit of an argument. Naturally I

wanted to see ; but he was as obstinate as a mule, and suddenly I had come over as tired as a dog—he tired me out. 'All right,' I said, '*I* won't look at you,' and turned towards the mirror, on the wardrobe, by the bed.

"He started off very fast. I tried to follow him by looking in the looking-glass, to see just what it was had hung. Round went his arms and his hands, so, and so, and so, and then with a rush came to the last gesture of all—you stand erect and open out your arms—and so, don't you know, he stood. And then he didn't! He didn't! He wasn't! I wheeled round from the looking-glass to him. There was nothing! I was alone, with the flaring candles and a staggering mind. What had happened? Had



"I WAS ALONE."

anything happened? Had I been dreaming? . . . . And then, with an absurd note of finality about it, the clock upon the landing discovered the moment was ripe for striking *one*. So!—Ping! And I was as grave and sober as a judge, with all my champagne and whisky gone into the vast serene. Feeling queer, you know — confoundedly *queer!* Queer! Good Lord!"

He regarded his cigar-ash for a moment. "That's all that happened," he said.

"And then you went to bed?" asked Evans.

"What else was there to do?"

I looked Wish in the eye. We wanted to scoff, and there was something, something perhaps in Clayton's voice and manner, that hampered our desire.

"And about these passes?" said Sanderson.

"I believe I could do them now."

"Oh!" said Sanderson, and produced a pen-knife and set himself to grub the dottel out of the bowl of his clay.

"Why don't you do them now?" said Sanderson, shutting his pen-knife with a click.

"That's what I'm going to do," said Clayton.

"They won't work," said Evans.

"If they do——" I suggested.

"You know, I'd rather you didn't," said Wish, stretching out his legs.

"Why?" asked Evans.

"I'd rather he didn't," said Wish.

"But he hasn't got 'em right," said Sanderson, plugging too much tobacco into his pipe.

"All the same, I'd rather he didn't," said Wish.

We argued with Wish. He said that for Clayton to go through those gestures was like mocking a serious matter. "But you don't believe ——?" I said. Wish glanced at Clayton, who was staring into the fire, weighing something in his mind. "I do —more than half, anyhow, I do," said Wish.

"Clayton," said I, "you're too good a liar for us. Most of it was all right. But that disappearance . . . . happened to be convincing. Tell us, it's a tale of cock and bull."

He stood up without heeding me, took the middle of the hearthrug, and faced me. For a moment he regarded his feet thoughtfully, and then for all the rest of the time his eyes were on the opposite wall, with an intent expression. He raised his two hands slowly to the level of his eyes and so began. . . .

Now, Sanderson is a Freemason, a member of the lodge of the Four Kings, which

devotes itself so ably to the study and elucidation of all the mysteries of Masonry past and present, and among the students of this lodge Sanderson is by no means the least. He followed Clayton's motions with a singular interest in his reddish eye. "That's not bad," he said, when it was done. "You really do, you know, put things together, Clayton, in a most amazing fashion. But there's one little detail out."

"I know," said Clayton. "I believe I could tell you which."

"Well?"

"This," said Clayton, and did a queer little twist and writhing and thrust of the hands.

"Yes."

"That, you know, was what *he* couldn't get right," said Clayton. "But how do *you*——?"

"Most of this business, and particularly how you invented it, I don't understand at all," said Sanderson, "but just that phase—I do." He reflected. "These happen to be a series of gestures—connected with a certain branch of esoteric Masonry—— Probably you know. Or else—— *How?*" He reflected still further. "I do not see I can do any harm in telling you just the proper twist. After all, if you know, you know; if you don't, you don't."

"I know nothing," said Clayton, "except what the poor devil let out last night."

"Well, anyhow," said Sanderson, and placed his churchwarden very carefully upon the shelf over the fireplace. Then very rapidly he gesticulated with his hands.

"So?" said Clayton, repeating.

"So," said Sanderson, and took his pipe in hand again.

"Ah, *now*," said Clayton, "I can do the whole thing—right."

He stood up before the waning fire and smiled at us all. But I think there was just a little hesitation in his smile. "If I begin——" he said.

"I wouldn't begin," said Wish.

"It's all right!" said Evans. "Matter is indestructible. You don't think any jiggery-pokery of this sort is going to snatch Clayton into the world of shades. Not it! You may try, Clayton, so far as I'm concerned, until your arms drop off at the wrists."

"I don't believe that," said Wish, and stood up and put his arm on Clayton's shoulder. "You've made me half believe in that story somehow, and I don't want to see the thing done."

"Goodness!" said I, "here's Wish frightened!"

"I am," said Wish, with real or admirably feigned intensity. "I believe that if he goes through these motions right he'll *go*."

"He'll not do anything of the sort," I cried. "There's only one way out of this world for men, and Clayton is thirty years from that. Besides . . . And such a ghost! Do you think——?"

Wish interrupted me by moving. He walked out from among our chairs and stopped beside the table and stood there. "Clayton," he said, "you're a fool."

Clayton, with a humorous light in his eyes, smiled back at him. "Wish," he said, "is right and all you others are wrong. I shall go. I shall get to the end of these passes, and as the last swish whistles through the air, Presto!—this hearthrug will be vacant, the room will be blank amazement, and a respectably dressed gentleman of seventeen stone will plump into the world of shades. I'm certain. So will you be. I decline to argue further. Let the thing be tried."

"*No*," said Wish, and made a step and ceased, and Clayton raised his hands once more to repeat the spirit's passing.

By that time, you know, we were all in a state of tension—largely because of the behaviour of Wish. We sat all of us with our eyes on Clayton—I, at least, with a sort of tight, stiff feeling about me as though from the back of my skull to the middle of my thighs my body had been changed to steel. And there, with a gravity that was imperturbably serene, Clayton bowed and swayed and waved his hands and arms before us. As he drew towards the end one piled up, one tingled in one's teeth. The last gesture, I have said, was to swing the arms out wide open, with the face held up. And when at last he swung out to this closing gesture I ceased even to breathe. It was ridiculous, of course, but you know that ghost-story feeling. It was after dinner, in a queer, old shadowy house. Would he, after all——?

There he stood for one stupendous moment, with his arms open and his upturned face, assured and bright, in the glare of the hanging lamp. We hung through that moment as if it were an age, and then came from all of us something that was half a sigh of infinite relief and half a reassuring "*No!*" For visibly—he wasn't going. It was all nonsense. He had told an idle story, and carried it almost to conviction, that was all! . . . . And then in that moment the face of Clayton changed.

It changed. It changed as a lit house

"HE STOOD THERE, VERY GENTLY SWAYING."

changes when its lights are suddenly extinguished. His eyes were suddenly eyes that are fixed, his smile was frozen on his lips, and he stood there still. He stood there, very gently swaying.

That moment, too, was an age. And then, you know, chairs were scraping, things were falling, and we were all moving. His knees seemed to give, and he fell forward, and Evans rose and caught him in his arms. . . . .

It stunned us all. For a minute I suppose no one said a coherent thing. We believed it, yet could not believe it. . . . . I came out of a muddled stupefaction to find myself kneeling beside him, and his vest and shirt were torn open, and Sanderson's hand lay on his heart. . . . .

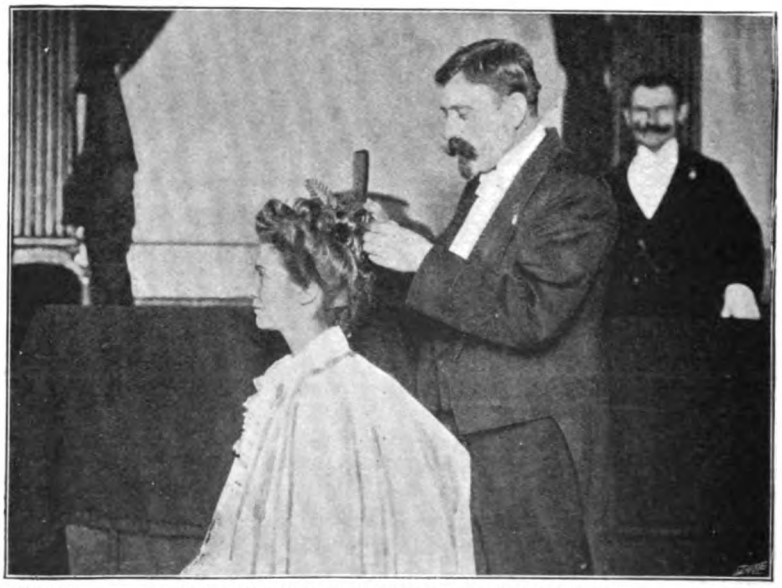
Well—the simple fact before us could very well wait our convenience; there was no hurry for us to comprehend. It lay there for an hour; it lies athwart my memory, black and amazing still, to this day. Clayton had, indeed, passed into the world that lies so near to and so far from our own, and he had gone thither by the only road that mortal man may take. But whether he did indeed pass there by that poor ghost's incantation, or whether he was stricken suddenly by apoplexy in the midst of an idle tale—as the coroner's jury would have us believe—is no matter for my judging; is just one of those inexplicable riddles that must remain unsolved until the final solution of all things shall come. All I certainly know is that, in the very moment, in the very instant, of concluding these passes he changed, and staggered and fell down before us—dead!

A Barbers' University.

By Alder Anderson.

AMONG the "tales of terror" for which a previous generation seems to have had a strange partiality was one relating how a barber in the Rue de la Harpe, in Paris, turned unwary customers into mincemeat. The feline reception: "Pray be seated," then —a dexterous slash with a razor, a tilting chair, a trap-door opening into a cellar, and an underground passage communicating with an adjoining pastrycook's shop. The resultant pies were said to be celebrated all over Paris for the delicacy of their flavour.

With the recollection of this story in my mind I might easily have imagined from the thoughtful expression on my barber's face that he was considering how I would taste in patties. He did not give me time, however, to formulate the idea, and soon showed me that the reason for his preoccupation was much less serious — for me.



From a] A DEMONSTRATION IN HAIR-DRESSING BY PROFESSOR PROPICE. *[Photo.*

Bending down, he whispered confidentially in my ear, as to one of the initiated, "This is the great day!"

A few weeks previously, during the moments of enforced leisure which a station in the chair of tonsorial sacrifice involves, I had read, for the hundredth time perhaps, the gaudy advertisements on the walls setting forth the merits of M. Farceur's Eau Divine and Mme. de la Fumisterie's Régénérateur Capillaire, rival but equally efficacious preparations for making hair sprout on billiard-balls, when my glance fell on a more sober-looking placard behind glass and in a neat wooden frame. It much resembled those parchments which may sometimes be seen adorning the consulting-rooms of young members of the faculty, but though, like them, it began with the word "Diplôme" and terminated with a number of illegible signatures and seals, it proved, on perusal, much less portentous than a legalized permission to kill. It was, in fact, a Diploma of Professor of Hairdressing, awarded to M. Dubois, Knight of the Order of St. Louis and member of the French Academy (of Coiffeurs). M. Dubois was the "patron" of the shop and, as I can personally testify, is very excellent at all barbering operations.

A few inquiries of the *artiste* whose scissors were playing fast and loose with my locks, and I soon learned all about the Parisian Coiffeurs' University. Once a year the University gave a grand *fête de nuit*, an intelligent combination of the useful and the agreeable, various barbering competitions being succeeded by a ball and supper. As soon as Professor Dubois learnt that I was interested in the matter he gave me a cordial invitation to attend. And now the eventful day has arrived!

A profusion of electric lights, a deafening

orchestra, a crowd of fair women and brave men, knights of the comb and razor every one, with immaculate shirt-fronts, white-gloved fingers, and shinily-shod feet—scarcely a trace of Bohemianism. Professor Dubois kindly acted as my cicerone, pointed out the various celebrities, and presented me to many of the leading University dons, his colleagues. I accepted half-a-dozen invitations to visit *salles de coiffure* which, their respective owners each assured me, excelled in magnificence of gilding, marble, and looking-glass all I had ever seen. The conviction began to grow upon me that, compared to hairdressing, no other profession in the world was worth a moment's consideration!

From a] A FANCIFUL ADDITION FOR A BALL COSTUME. *[Photo.*

The serious part of the evening's proceedings consisted, as has been said, in the various competitions. That for ladies' hair-dressing attracted the greatest number of candidates. On each side of deal tables, stretching from end to end of a long room, the models were ranged, and about three-quarters of an hour was accorded for the trial. As soon as the signal to start was given there began such a combing and brushing as never was seen—at any rate by me. Every man worked with a will: curled, frizzled, waved, and tied; gave a pat here, a pull there; retired a few steps in order the better to judge of the effect, like an artist with his picture; piled tier upon tier, and finally completed his work by decking the structure with feathers and tinsel. As the evolution in their headgear proceeded the ladies grew visibly more proud, and she who had sat down a humbly shrinking maid rose up completely transformed in appearance and as haughty as the affianced bride

From a] THE JUDGES INSPECTING THE COMPETITORS' WORK. *[Photo.*

of Lucifer. No wonder the fair sex have paid so little heed to the fulminations of Holy Church against the artificial dressing of hair, stigmatized time after time by councils of learned priests as a direct inspiration of the Fiend.

While the competition was in progress I learned something concerning the profession of barber's model. The principal desideratum in a model is what my obliging informant described as a silky texture of hair growing on a small, well-shaped skull. Regular features are a secondary consideration. A model with good hair and a head of the right shape may aspire to the very highest honours. Talented young barbers will outbid one another for her services, and will gladly *pay her* five shillings for the privilege of doing her hair. With a large, square head, or with hair like tow or wire, the most cunning *artiste* in the world can do little or nothing. So large a share does a good model play in the success of a candidate that the lucky man usually presents her with two louis d'or in addition to the stipulated fee.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE VICE-PRESIDENT CASTING UP THE VOTES.
From a Photo.

By this time, the three-quarters of an hour having expired, the competitors were instructed to leave the room, and the doors were securely fastened. The judging then began with all the grim seriousness of a military inspection. Each of the judges, pencil and paper in hand, examined the heads one after another, prodded them with their forefingers, looked at them from both front and back, making all the while voluminous notes of their impressions. On the conclusion of this ceremony the voting commenced, and the name of the competitor who had received the greatest number of votes was announced by the secretary. The doors were then thrown open and the lucky man solemnly summoned to receive his reward—a professor's diploma.

From a] THE JUDGES. *[Photo.*

In the International contest the prize was awarded to a Dutchman. Last year it fell to an Englishman, I was told.

I congratulated the Dutchman's model on her success. "Might I beg mademoiselle to be so good as to tell me her name?" "Eel Dah!" she replied, graciously. "Eel Dah!" I repeated, somewhat puzzled. Then, remembering I was in France, sudden light

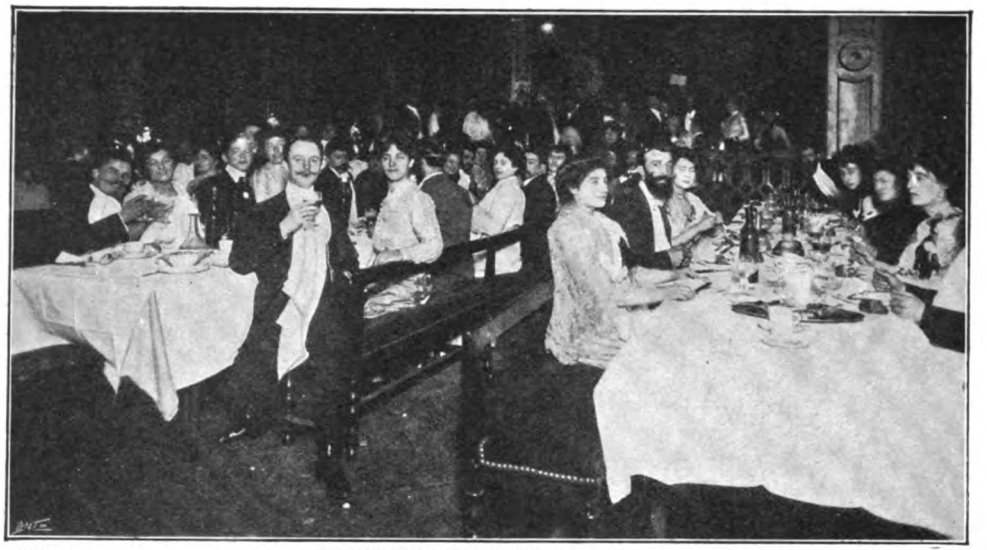
From a] THE EIGHT BEST-DRESSED HEADS IN THE INTERNATIONAL COMPETITION. *[Photo.*

broke in upon me. "You would say Hilda, no doubt, mademoiselle?" The young lady acquiesced with a smile, though I could see it struck her as rather comical, but she had learned evidently that any and every eccentricity of pronunciation is to be looked for from an Englishman. "Eel Dah" was anxious, however, to impress upon me, especially if her portrait were to be published, that she is a coiffeur's model only in her spare moments; her true profession is that of artists' model—for the head. All honour, "Eel Dah," to your industry, though the camera and the flash-light have vilely libelled your pretty face, doubly worthy of respect when allied with so modest a robe as yours.

"EEL DAH," OR HILDA, THE OWNER OF THE BEST-DRESSED HEAD. *From a]* *[Photo.*

In another room a similar competition for men's hair-dressing took place. In this case I imagined I should be more competent to express an opinion of my own, and I narrowly watched the judging. The head of one model appeared to me certain to get the prize, a conclusion in which I was confirmed when I observed with what attention the head was examined by the judges, who pushed their fingers in between the neat little curls and cautiously turned back some tufts of hair, as if they expected to discover springs hidden underneath. It was a most fearful and wonderful-looking work of art, and I would have been ready to plump for it without hesitation had my opinion been asked. There must, however, have been something grievously wrong with that head, though invisible to the eyes of the profane, for not a single vote was cast for it.

The first prize fell to a head of black hair, carefully parted down the back, the owner of which might have passed in the dusk for one of the *attachés* of



From a] THE COMPETITORS AND MODELS AT SUPPER. *[Photo.*

the Bessarabian Legation. He appeared to feel the dignity of his position very keenly, and he certainly looked much prouder than poor "Eel Dah." The curled model, whose head came in last, appeared thunderstruck at the result.

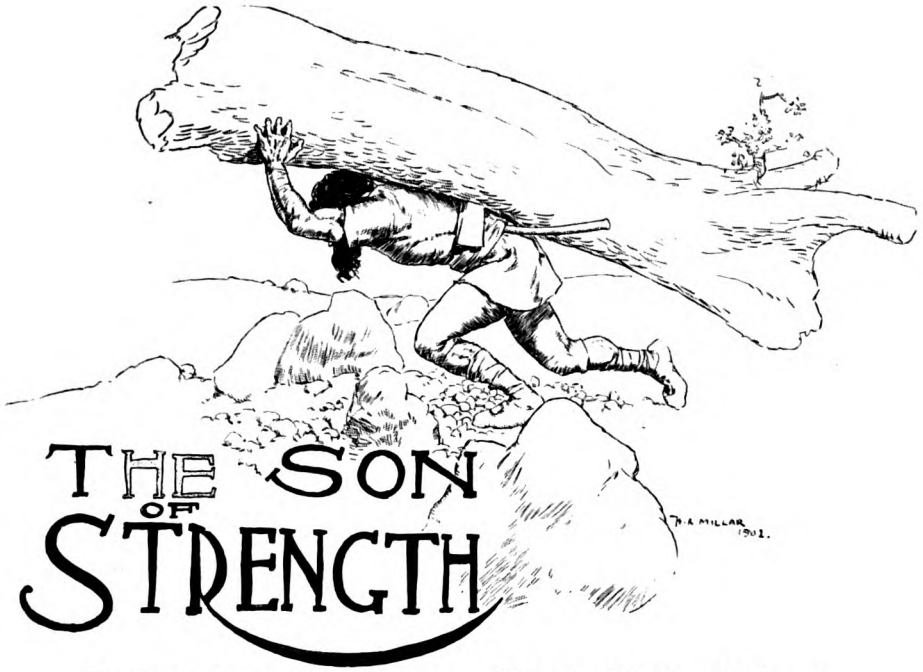
After work came play, and by midnight all the guests were dancing away as fast as an orchestra, anxious to get through the stipulated number of tunes as speedily as possible, could make them.

Then followed supper, when the barbers proved themselves as deft with their knives and forks as with their scissors. The fact of the matter is that "when a barber isn't barbering and his scissors are at rest he's *much* the same as any other man."

Daylight had almost appeared when one of my new-found friends, taking me up to a row of dummy heads, insisted on delivering a homily on the merits of each, explaining how a low forehead and a Roman nose required to be set off by fewer curls than a high forehead with a Greek nose; or perhaps it was the other way about. Which ever it was, however, he conveyed to me the impression that a successful barber must be not only as skilled a physiognomist as Lavater, but able to give points in tact to a Talleyrand. He was a man with a vast store of curious, if somewhat technical, lore. "But, see you, sir, the ideal does not exist!"

It was with this Bacon-like aphorism ringing in my ears that I bade adieu to the Barbers' University—a sadder and a wiser man.

From a] "THE UNATTAINABLE IDEAL." *[Photo.*



THE SON OF STRENGTH

AN IRISH STORY FOR CHILDREN. TOLD BY SEUMAS MACMANUS.

Author of "Through the Turf Smoke," etc.

ONCE upon a time, when pigeons built their nests in old men's beards and the turkeys chewed tobacco, there was a race of rich bad people in the North of Ireland and there was a race of good poor people in Connaught; and these poor people used to have to go to the North of Ireland to work and earn money to support their families. The people they worked for were very bad and very cruel, and the bargain they always made with their servants was that the servant could not claim any wages at the end of the year if he hadn't done everything that was laid before him. And because they offered a big penny in wages the unfortunate poor Connaught people used always to accept the terms. And then, when it would come near the end of the year, there would be some things laid before them to do that would either kill them altogether out and out, or else they would have to refuse to do it, and in that way lose all their wages for the year.

Now, there was a poor man once who hired himself out three times with these bad people; and the first year he went home to his wife with his wages, but with the life just barely in him, for only that he was such a brave man he would never have got through it all and won his wages. But when poverty drove him to it he had to go and hire for a second year, and when he came home at the end of the second year he had his wages bravely with him sure enough, but his life barely. And his poor wife had to nurse him for six months to make him the same man again; but the third time he came home he was only able to stagger as far as his own door's threshold, and there he fell down from the weakness. And he said the last he had got to do, and which killed him out and out, was to carry a big oak tree on his back for three miles from the wood to his master's house, and he said it broke his heart and took his life.

"When I die, wife," says he, "there is closed up in that left fist of mine an acorn of that oak tree. I want you to open my fist when I am dead, and take that acorn and plant it in the garden; and I want you to nurse that little son of mine, Rory, that you have on your knee; I want you to nurse him, until he is able to catch and pull up by the roots the tree that grows from that acorn. When my son is able to do that he will be the Son of Strength, and well fitted to go into the North Country and to break the hearts of the bad people there; and to revenge me and the hundreds of our poor people that they have cheated and killed."

His poor wife promised she would do this, and then he died. When he was dead she opened his fist and took out the acorn and she planted it in the garden, and very soon a

young tree sprang up out of it. And she nursed her little son till he was seven years of age, and on the day he was seven years old she took him out into the garden and gave him a hold of the oak tree with both of his hands and told him to pull, and he pulled with all his might, but he only shook the tree and could not get it up.

Then she nursed him for seven years more. And on the day that he was fourteen years old she took him out into the garden again and gave him a hold of the oak tree, which was now grown big, and told him to pull with all his might. And with all his might Rory did pull: he loosened the tree in the ground, but it just didn't come with him.

So she took Rory and she nursed him for seven years more. And on the day he was twenty-one years old she went out with him into the garden again, and the tree was now a big one, and she told Rory to take hold of the tree and to pull with all his might. And Rory took hold of the tree and he pulled with all his might and it came with him, and he swung it three times round his head and threw it from him over three miles.

'And now, Rory," says his mother, "you are the Son of Strength, and you're surely fit to go into the North Country and break the bad people's hearts there, and revenge your poor father's death."

So she baked for Rory and gave him three cakes of hard bread and her blessing, and sent him off to hire in the North Country. And a long, long journey Rory had of it till he came into the North Country; and when he came there he met a man who asked him where he was going and what he wanted. And Rory said he had come to look for a master.

"That's luck," says the man, says he, "for I was travelling looking for a boy."

"What's your terms?" says Rory.

Says the man: "My terms are, provided," says he, "you do faithful and well all the work I lay afore you, ye'll get a pound for every day of the year."

"Well," says Rory, says he, "it's fine terms surely, and I agree to it"; and home with his new master he went, and he got his supper and a soft bed.

And early in the morning the master had him up and took him out to show him his first work, and he took him to a big barn where there was as much corn as thirteen men could thrash in thirteen weeks and gave Rory a flail, and he told him when he would have all that corn thrashed he might come home for his breakfast; then he went away. Rory looked at the bit of a flail he gave him and then he swung it over his head and fired it away one-and-twenty miles, where it fell upon a city and swept off all the roofs of the houses and the heads of the people. Then he went out to the wood and he pulled up two oak trees by the roots and he made a flail out of them; and he came to the barn and started to thrash, and every time he swung the flail he was knocking a bit out of the roof, and every time he struck, the corn and the straw were flying and falling all over the country for ten miles on every side; and the people didn't know what was happening at all,

'RORY TOOK HOLD OF THE TREE AND HE PULLED WITH ALL HIS MIGHT AND IT CAME WITH HIM.'

and they thought the end of the world must surely be come when it was raining corn and broken straws from the sky. And in a very short time Rory had finished the thrashing, and then there wasn't a patch of roof to the barn. He started for home and he met his master, who asked where he was going and what he wanted.

"As I thought it was too early for breakfast," says Rory, "I come to ask you for another wee job to do between now and then."

"Didn't I give you enough corn to thrash?" says the master, in wonderment.

"Oh, not at all," says Rory, says he; "I have that done long ago"; and at this the master was frightened out and out, and he told Rory he had nothing else for him to do just now, so he could rest until breakfast-time.

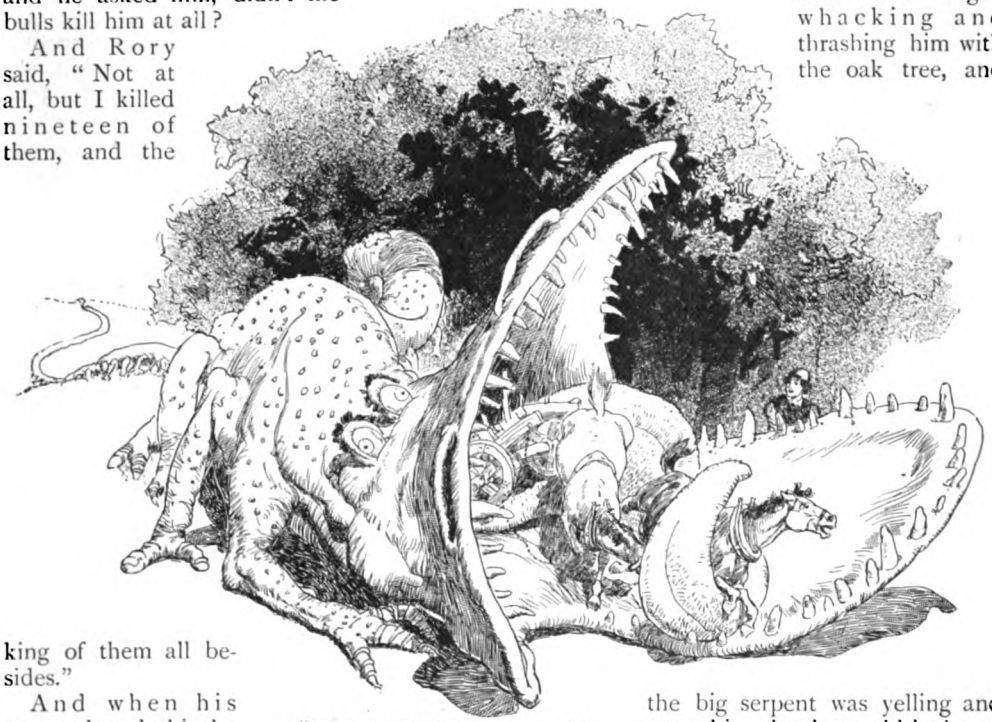
And then he went and he got the people together and he told them about this wonderful fellow that was come from Connaught, and that when he was beginning this way there was no knowing what he would do, for he might take it into his head to kill all of them. So, after they had consulted for long, it was agreed that they should send him to the Wood of the Wild Bulls to bring home a year-old heifer. "And if," says they, "he comes back from there alive it's more than we bargain for." So the master went to Rory after he got his breakfast, and he said he wanted him to fetch home a year-old heifer from the Wood of the Wild Bulls. And Rory said he would do that; so off he set, and when he came into the Wood of the Wild Bulls, the wild bull that was king of the others took a half-mile race at him, meaning to toss him to the stars, and all the other wild bulls came and stood around to watch the play.

Rory said nothing, but stood quietly till the wild bull came tearing into his reach and then he took a hold of him by the two horns, gave him three swings round his head, and began slashing at the other wild bulls with him; and he slashed the life out of nineteen of them before he let him go, and when he laid him down then he was as dead as a door-nail and there wasn't a bone in his body

"HE TOOK A HOLD OF HIM BY THE TWO HORNS AND GAVE HIM THREE SWINGS ROUND HIS HEAD."

that wasn't in jelly. And then he picked the best year-old heifer he could find and drove it home to his master, and when he came home with it his master was in wonderment, and he asked him, didn't the bulls kill him at all?

And Rory said, "Not at all, but I killed nineteen of them, and the king of them all besides."



"THE FIRST THING HE DID WAS TO SWALLOW THE TWO HORSES AND CART AT ONE GULP."

And when his master heard this he went off again and he called the people together and he consulted with them, and they all agreed that if they didn't kill Rory, Rory would surely kill them.

So the best way they thought to get rid of him now was to send him to the Mountain of Oak Woods with horses and a cart to cut down oak trees and draw them home. For no man had ever gone there before and come out of it alive; but the big serpent of the Oak Woods had devoured him and his horses and carts.

A cart and two big horses Rory got. Then he was sent off to draw oak trees from the mountain, and when Rory came to the mountain he tied his horses to one of the trees and he began to cut down. Well, a very short time he was at this till the big Serpent of the Woods appeared, and he was crawling on ninety-nine legs and the open mouth of him was as wide as a mountain, but Rory didn't mind one bit, only went on cutting the trees. Up the serpent came, and the first thing he did was to swallow the two horses and cart at one gulp, and then he started towards Rory, but Rory got hold of an oak tree he was after cutting down, and he gave one jump and jumped clean on the serpent's back and began whacking and thrashing him with the oak tree, and the big serpent was yelling and screeching that he could be heard in the eastern world. But Rory didn't stop whacking and slashing till the serpent begged for his mercy.

"Ye've swallowed my two horses and cart, and it's small mercy I have for ye, for ye have left me without anything to draw the oak trees home, and now it's you yourself that'll have to draw them home for me."

And the big serpent was only too glad to get off on these terms. So Rory got his ropes round the whole oak wood and tied it to the serpent's tail, and then he started driving him with his oak tree; and he drove him till he drove him right up to his master's hall door; and everybody as he came along barred and bolted the doors and windows and went in under their beds. And when Rory had the oak wood safe at his master's door he let the big serpent loose and gave him three whacks of the oak tree and sent him to the mountain again.

And when the people got up courage enough to go out, they got together again and consulted what to do with Rory, for he would surely be the death of all of them. It was agreed that his master should set him to

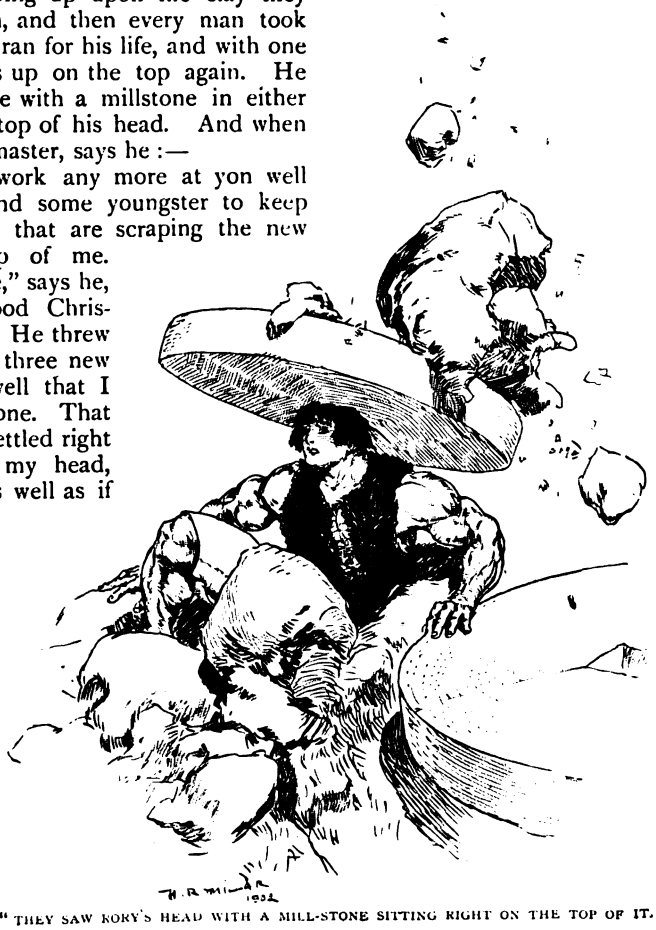
dig a well ninety feet deep, and when he would be down at the bottom of the well they were to throw mill-stones in on the top of him to hold him down whilst they should begin to fill up the well with clay again.

So next day when Rory asked the master what he was to do this time, the master told him to go down to the meadow and dig a well ninety feet deep, because he had great scarcity of water. Down to the meadow Rory went and started digging the well, and they were watching him till he got to the bottom ninety feet down, and then they had three mill-stones ready, and they rolled the three of them on top of Rory, and a hundred men at the same time began with spades and shovels slapping in the clay as fast as ever they could; but in one minute more they saw Rory's head with a mill-stone sitting right on the top of it coming up upon the clay they were throwing in, and then every man took to his heels and ran for his life, and with one spring Rory was up on the top again. He started for home with a millstone in either hand and one atop of his head. And when he reached his master, says he:—

"I will not work any more at yon well if you don't send some youngster to keep away the crows that are scraping the new clay down atop of me. And do you see," says he, "what some good Christian has done? He threw me down these three new hats knowing well that I was in need of one. That one there just settled right on the top of my head, and it fits me as well as if my measure was taken for it. Here's two," says he to the master, "and I wish you'd put them away for me till this one is worn out."

And Rory whirled the two mill-stones into the kitchen, and after that he never went in or out or round about that he hadn't one of the new hats on him. And the people were all of them very much put out now, and they didn't well know what to do, and when they came together again and consulted some of them said there was no use in any more consulting, for they could not get rid of him, and that they might as well get up and run off now that he was out of sight, and leave the country to him entirely; and every man took to his heels and cleared out of the country. And when Rory came home that night all the country-side was deserted, and there wasn't a man, woman, or child to claim land or strand, house or hill, and he was master himself of all of it.

When he got himself gathered together he started away for his own home, and there he got his old mother on his back and carried her with him to the new country-side that he had got, and he built a castle on it, and himself and his mother lived happy and well ever after.



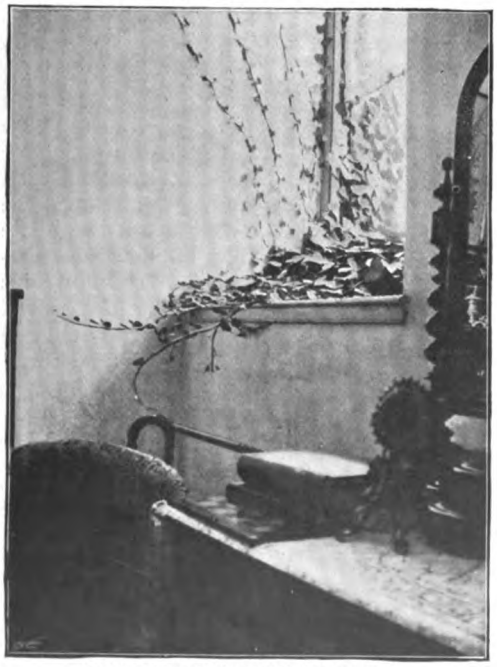
"THEY SAW RORY'S HEAD WITH A MILL-STONE SITTING RIGHT ON THE TOP OF IT."

*Curiosities.**

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

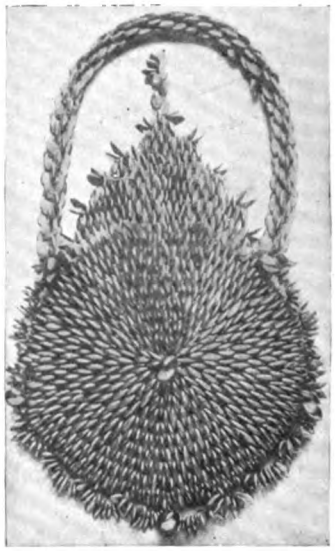
AN INTERESTING FAMILY.

"I send the photo. of a female hedgehog with her four babies a day old. I put them on a board to show the young. The nest of leaves in which they were was found at the foot of a hedge on February 6th, 1901. The young are, of course, blind. The white spines are soft and very curious."—The Rev. J. E. Somerville, Castellar, Crieff, Perthshire.



THE OPEN-AIR CURE AT HOME.

"Herewith I inclose photo. of the interior of a bedroom occupied by a person suffering from consumption who has adopted the 'open-air' cure. The window has not been shut for the last two years, not even during the coldest weather; and, as can be seen, the ivy has grown in upon the window-board and on the walls of the room. Since the adoption of this system the patient has added more than 50lb. to his weight."—Mr. Stafford Y. Bennett, "Clevelands," Downend, Bristol.



A PURSE MADE OF APPLE-PIPS.

"I send a photo. of a purse made by the Zulus entirely of apple-pips strung together with a fine thread. It is a marvel of native workmanship, consisting of over 2,000 pips, and I hope it may be of use in your 'Curiosities.'"—Mr. James Pelling, 21, Temple Street, Brighton.

SNAP-SHOTTING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

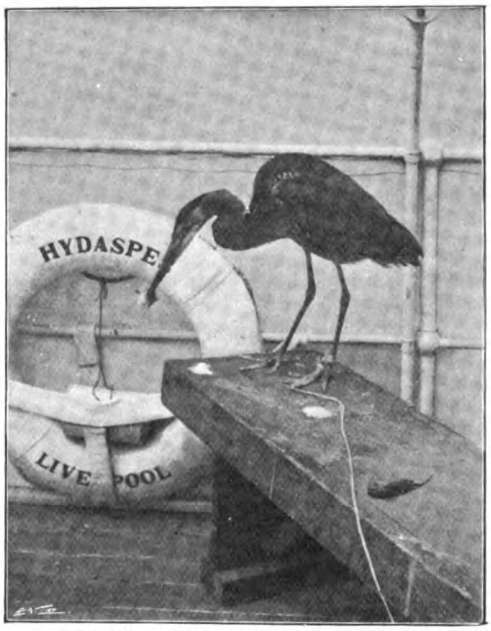
"The photo. I send you was taken by myself one day while out hunting lions. I was armed with a pocket Kodak and a rifle, and the photograph shows the work done by the first-mentioned weapon. The South American lion, or puma, always seeks the shelter of a bush when pursued, and the one whose likeness I send was caught in the act of 'talking' in that manner which so terrifies horse, guanaco, and ostrich. It is not sent as a work of art, but on account of its rarity. I believe that it is the only one of its kind in existence. I may remark that the toning was done under great difficulties, water being very scarce, and so full of saltpetre that it is almost impossible to quench one's thirst."—Mr. Frederick L. Farmer, San Julian, Costa del Sud, Argentine Republic.

* Copyright, 1902, by George Newnes, Limited.

A DARK ROOM IN A TREE.

"Here is a photograph of a tree which may be of some interest to the readers of THE STRAND. The tree stands about five miles from our house on the outskirts of Philadelphia. It is an immense oak, the heart of which is decayed, forming a cavity of such size that ten persons may sit or stand with comfort in

it. The opening shown in the photograph is the only means of ingress or egress. When we discovered the tree we were chagrined to find that, while we had an unopened box of plates with us, those contained in the plate-holders had been exposed. We overcame this difficulty by first entering the cavity and then closing the opening with our coats. We then reloaded our plate-holders with safety."—Mr. Eugene Field, 710 N, Forty-Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



WHERE DID THIS BIRD COME FROM?

"Herewith a photo. of a species of crane, which on October 29th, 11.50 p.m., dropped, utterly exhausted, on the bridge of the ss. *Hydaspes*. A stiff north-easterly gale was blowing at the time, and the ship was in lat. 21deg. 10min. N., long. 66deg. 00min. W., 150 miles from Puerto Rico, the nearest land. He soon recovered, and has become a great pet. 'James,' as he has been named, shows a great liking for young rats, one of which he is depicted in the act of killing, preparatory to swallowing it whole. Considering the direction of wind, where did he come from?"—Mr. C. T. Morres, third officer ss. *Hydaspes*.

A DANGEROUS LEAP.

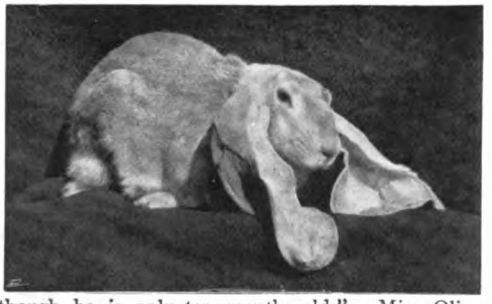
"I send you a snapshot taken long ago in America of the Stand Rock. This curiosity of Nature stands some 70ft. from the ground, and is about 8ft. across. All tourists to Wisconsin are eager to perform the feat which you see the guide doing, but most, on second thoughts, change their minds. Merely to look over the side is enough to dissuade one from attempting the feat."—Mr. L. G. Howard, Collège Anglais, Douai (Nord), France.

A MARVELLOUS SNAP-SHOT.

"This is a snap-shot taken of a young man who was accidentally shot while posing with another fellow to represent a duel. The young men were just getting ready to pose when a shot rang out and one of them fell with a yell to the ground. The amateur who snapped the picture was so scared that he did not know he had taken it till he developed the films and discovered it among them. The bullet only caused a small flesh wound, with no serious results." — Miss Myron A. Cohen, 1,111, Case Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

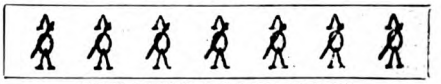
A LOP RABBIT.

"The pretty little creature shown in my photograph is a lop rabbit with extremely long ears. His name is 'The Little Pitcher,' and I am proud to say that he has won no fewer than twenty-one first and special prizes, though he is only ten months old." — Miss Olive Graham, Edmond Castle, Carlisle.



LOG-CHUTING.

"The accompanying photograph represents a log chute operated at Klamath Hot Springs, Northern California, down which immense logs are shot from the mountain-top to the surface of the Klamath River at the rate of about four miles a minute. The chute is 2,970ft. in length, and its top is at an elevation of nearly 1,000ft., the descent to the river being made in one long, straight sweep. The chute is constructed of immense timbers bolted together, and supported on mammoth logs which are set firmly in the hillside. It is merely a great trough about 10ft. across and 5ft. in depth. From the forests in Oregon, ten miles back in the hills from the top of the chute, great sections of tree-trunks, some of them 6ft. in diameter and varying in length from 12ft. to 36ft., are transported by railroad and fed, one by one, into the chute, through which they gravitate with ever-increasing momentum to the surface of the river. Ordinarily, the logs make the descent of over half a mile in thirty seconds, faster than the swiftest express train, but an exceptionally large log, under favourable conditions, makes the run in from eight to ten seconds, or at the rate of about four miles per minute. The logs strike the water with terrific force, tossing the spray high in the air, the illustration showing the beautiful effect thus produced. At times a small obstruction will cause a rapidly-descending log to leap from the chute part way down the incline, to go crashing over the hillside, carrying destruction to everything in its path. The logs shown on either side of the chute have thus had their plunging careers cut short. The great friction produced by the rapid rush of the timbers sometimes ignites them, and they dash into the water almost in a blaze. This friction, it is thought, has been the cause of several fires which in the past few years have partly consumed the chute."—Mr. Frank Greaves, 130, Ellis Street, San Francisco, California.



"SOLDIERS OF THE KING."

"Notwithstanding the fact that these men present a more or less military appearance they are not destined for the front. Typists will at once see that these 'soldiers' are composed of the capital 'V,' small 'v' (both inverted), capital 'O,' and the diagonal."—Mr. C. H. Chandler, 10, Allison Road, Harringay, N.

A DISASTROUS BLASTING OPERATION.

"A blast at a stone quarry in the neighbourhood of Colwyn Bay, North Wales, hurled this stone over two hundred yards, and so great was its impetus that it continued its career, leapt over a mound and fence, striking the ground and tearing it up, finally landing in the stone wall shown in the photo., close on two hundred yards from its first landing-place. Crashing through the wall, which is 18in. thick, the stone made a gap quite 10ft. wide, and its weight is estimated at no less than three tons."—Mr. F. R. Eskrigge, 13, Gladstone Road, Seaforth, Liverpool.

"LASSOING."

"This lucky 'snap' represents a South American farm hand or 'peon' lassoing a heifer. It was taken on an 'estancia' in Uruguay, and shows the loop of the lasso in mid-air and ready to fall upon the hapless fugitive with fatal accuracy."—Mr. C. Donald Macdonald, c/o Banco Britanico de la America del Sud, Buenos Aires.

GLASS-BREAKING BY THE VOICE.

"I am sending you a photo. for your 'Curiosities' of a broken tumbler which may be interesting to some of your readers, the breakage being caused by the human voice under the following circumstances. The glass was on the sideboard, six or seven feet away from the dining-table, and had been there quite an hour untouched. My youngest son, who is a student at the Royal Academy of Music, was giving the pitch of a certain note to his brother when a peculiar ring was heard, and the tumbler fell quietly to pieces, as you see—not a sound as of breakage, but just a quiet parting. This has happened to others before, for I remember my friend the late Signor Foli telling me it occurred once with him accidentally; and I have known him try with the utmost power of his voice, with three or four dozen glasses close to him, and all to no purpose—none would break. I may add that the edges are not very sharp, much the same as they would be if smashed with a hard substance, and there were no splinters or little pieces."—Mr. E. Bowen, "Inglemount," Inglemere Road, Forest Hill, S.E.

A SEVEN-FOOT CUCUMBER.

"Cucumbers are vegetables found in gardens in America. They usually grow to a length of 4in. to 5in., but for some reason a cucumber in the garden of Mr. Maurice Ziegler, of Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, decided to outdo its fellows and to lengthen so rapidly that Mr. Ziegler says that he could almost see it grow. After it had become 2ft. in length the owner nourished it with plenty of fertilizer and water until it reached the remarkable length of 7ft. It was then cut from the vine and photographed with its owner. When placed upright the top end of the gigantic vegetable is nearly 2ft. above Mr. Ziegler's head, and is actually longer than the vine on which it grew."—Mr. D. A. Willey, Baltimore.

FOXGLOVE OR CANTERBURY BELL?

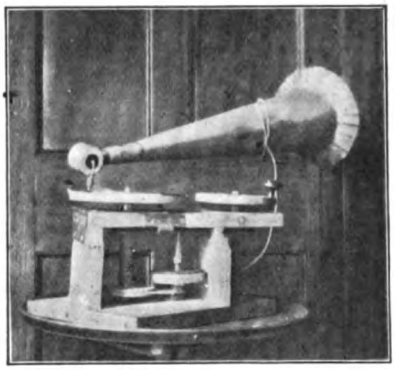
"This extraordinary plant was grown in the garden of General Collingwood, 'Isola,' Heathcote Road, Boscombe. It was a foxglove, but on each stem at the top grew a Canterbury bell blossom."—Miss Dorothy Churchill, "Isola," Heathcote Road, Boscombe, Bournemouth.

FIND THE FACE.

"This snap-shot looked at right side up is a photo. of my collie 'Roy'; upside down you will see a curious 'listen-to-my-tale-of-woe' sort of face. I confess I don't know who that is, but perhaps it may be sufficiently interesting for your 'Curiosities.'"—Miss Bell, St. Oram's, Felixstowe.

AN EXTRAORDINARY GRAMOPHONE.

"I send you a photograph of an extraordinary gramophone made by a gentleman eighty-eight years old (Mr. Samuel Roskruge, the Excise officer of this



town for a quarter of a century). It reproduces as well as the most expensive machines, and is composed of an old box, a pill-box, and cardboard horn."—Mr. Tom Williams, 16, High Street, Bideford.

AN EGG WITH A MOTTO.

"Herewith a photograph of an egg, one of many, which was laid by one of our hens, a black Minorca, in August last. It appears on the photo. exactly as it was laid. The weight of it was 4¼ oz., which can be judged from the print, as it is in an ordinary egg-cup. From the naturally lithographed initial 'P' on the egg, coupled with the season's laying record of the hen, we concluded that her motto was 'Perseverance.'"—Mr. A. Glen, Wellshot House, Cambuslang, N.B.

A STRANGE MISSIVE.

"I send you a stamped leaf sent me by a friend in South Africa. I think you will agree with me that this is quite unique coming the distance it has, and it may interest your readers in your 'Curiosity' pages."—Mr. Albert C. Hall, 40, Moorgate St., E.C.

"HOLMES EMPTIED FIVE BARRELS OF HIS REVOLVER INTO THE CREATURE'S FLANK."

(*See page* 363.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxiii. APRIL, 1902. No. 136.

The Hound of the Baskervilles.

ANOTHER ADVENTURE OF

SHERLOCK HOLMES.

By CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER XIV. (*continued*).

WITH long bounds the huge black creature was leaping down the track, following hard upon the footsteps of our friend. So paralyzed were we by the apparition that we allowed him to pass before we had recovered our nerve. Then Holmes and I both fired together, and the creature gave a hideous howl, which showed that one at least had hit him. He did not pause, however, but bounded onwards. Far away on the path we saw Sir Henry looking back, his face white in the moonlight, his hands raised in horror, glaring helplessly at the frightful thing which was hunting him down.

But that cry of pain from the hound had blown all our fears to the winds. If he was vulnerable he was mortal, and if we could wound him we could kill him. Never have I seen a man run as Holmes ran that night. I am reckoned fleet of foot, but he outpaced me as much as I outpaced the little professional. In front of us as we flew up the track we heard scream after scream from Sir Henry and the deep roar of the hound. I was in time to see the beast spring upon its victim, hurl him to the ground, and worry at his throat. But the next instant Holmes had emptied five barrels of his revolver into the creature's flank. With a last howl of agony and a vicious snap in the air it rolled upon its back, four feet pawing furiously, and then fell limp upon its side. I stooped, panting, and pressed my pistol to the dreadful, shimmering head, but it was useless to pull the trigger. The giant hound was dead.

Sir Henry lay insensible where he had fallen. We tore away his collar, and Holmes breathed a prayer of gratitude when we saw that there was no sign of a wound and that the rescue had been in time. Already our friend's eyelids shivered and he made a feeble effort to move. Lestrade thrust his brandy-flask between the Baronet's teeth, and two frightened eyes were looking up at us.

"My God!" he whispered. "What was it? What, in Heaven's name, was it?"

"It's dead, whatever it is," said Holmes. "We've laid the family ghost once and for ever."

In mere size and strength it was a terrible creature which was lying stretched before us. It was not a pure bloodhound and it was not a pure mastiff; but it appeared to be a combination of the two—gaunt, savage, and as large as a small lioness. Even now, in the stillness of death, the huge jaws seemed to be dripping with a bluish flame and the small, deep-set, cruel eyes were ringed with fire. I placed my hand upon the glowing muzzle, and as I held them up my own fingers smouldered and gleamed in the darkness.

"Phosphorus," I said.

"A cunning preparation of it," said Holmes, sniffing at the dead animal. "There is no smell which might have interfered with his power of scent. We owe you a deep apology, Sir Henry, for having exposed you to this fright. I was prepared for a hound, but not for such a creature as this. And the fog gave us little time to receive him."

"You have saved my life."

"Having first endangered it. Are you strong enough to stand?"

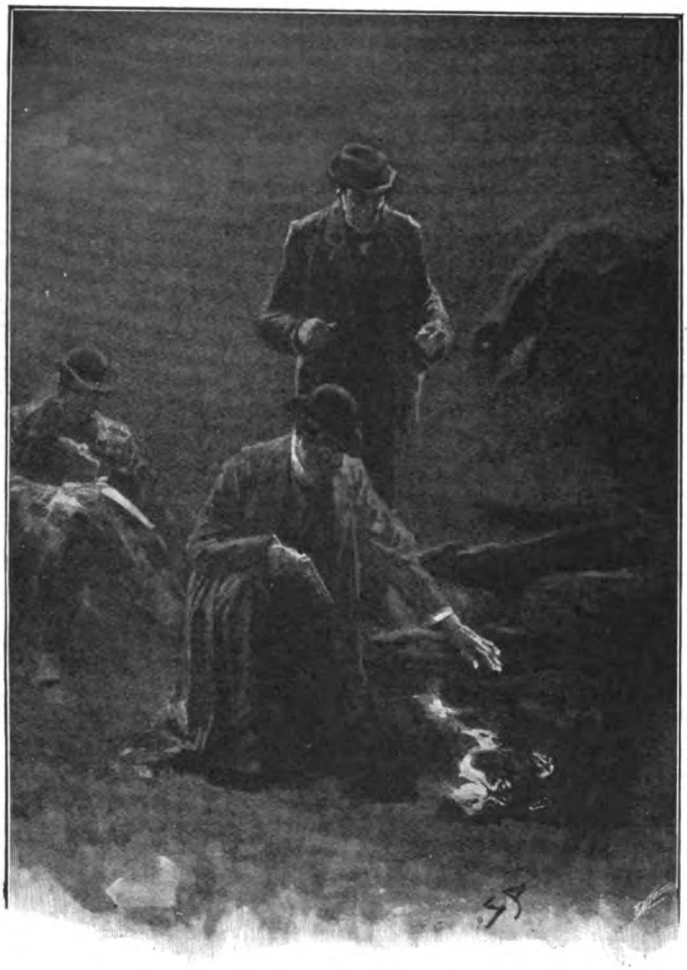
"Give me another mouthful of that brandy and I shall be ready for anything. So! Now, if you will help me up. What do you propose to do?"

"To leave you here. You are not fit for further adventures to-night. If you will wait, one or other of us will go back with you to the Hall."

He tried to stagger to his feet; but he was still ghastly pale and trembling in every limb. We helped him to a rock, where he sat shivering with his face buried in his hands.

"We must leave you now," said Holmes.

Copyright, 1902, by George Newnes, Limited.



"'PHOSPHORUS!' I SAID."

"The rest of our work must be done, and every moment is of importance. We have our case, and now we only want our man.

"It's a thousand to one against our finding him at the house," he continued, as we retraced our steps swiftly down the path. "Those shots must have told him that the game was up."

"We were some distance off, and this fog may have deadened them."

"He followed the hound to call him off—of that you may be certain. No, no, he's gone by this time! But we'll search the house and make sure."

The front door was open, so we rushed in and hurried from room to room, to the amazement of a doddering old manservant, who met us in the passage. There was no light save in the dining-room, but Holmes caught up the lamp and left no corner of the house unexplored. No sign could we see of the man whom we were chasing. On the upper floor, however, one of the bedroom doors was locked.

"There's someone in here," cried Lestrade. "I can hear a movement. Open this door!"

A faint moaning and rustling came from within. Holmes struck the door just over the lock with the flat of his foot and it flew open. Pistol in hand, we all three rushed into the room.

But there was no sign within it of that desperate and defiant villain whom we expected to see. Instead we were faced by an object so strange and so unexpected that we stood for a moment staring at it in amazement.

The room had been fashioned into a small museum, and the walls were lined by a number of glass-topped cases full of that collection of butterflies and moths the formation of which had been the relaxation of this complex and dangerous man. In the centre of this room there was an upright beam, which had been placed at some period as a support for the old, worm-eaten balk of timber which spanned the roof. To this post a figure was tied, so swathed and muffled in the sheets which had been used to secure it that one could not for the moment tell whether it was that of a man or a woman. One towel passed round the throat and was secured at the back of the pillar. Another covered the lower part of the face, and over it two dark eyes—eyes full of grief and shame and a dreadful questioning—stared back at us. In a minute we had torn off the gag, unswathed the bonds, and Mrs. Stapleton sank upon the floor in front of us. As her beautiful head fell upon her chest I saw the clear red weal of a whiplash across her neck.

"The brute!" cried Holmes. "Here, Lestrade, your brandy-bottle! Put her in

the chair! She has fainted from ill-usage and exhaustion."

She opened her eyes again.

"Is he safe?" she asked. "Has he escaped?"

"He cannot escape us, madam."

"No, no, I did not mean my husband. Sir Henry? Is he safe?"

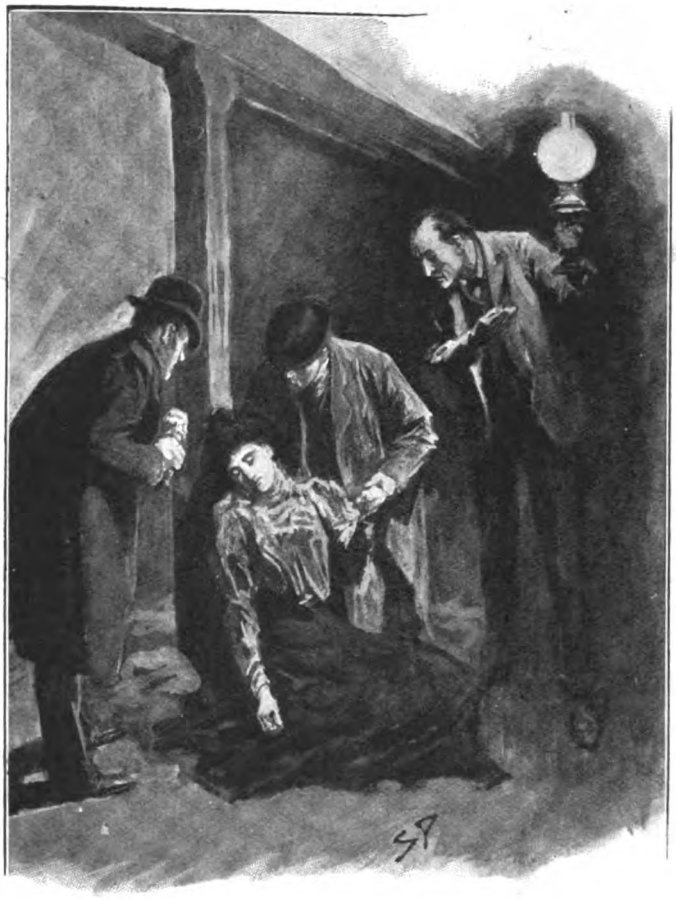
"Yes."

"And the hound?"

"It is dead."

She gave a long sigh of satisfaction.

"Thank God! Thank God! Oh, this villain! See how he has treated me!" She shot her arms out from her sleeves, and we saw with horror that they were all mottled with bruises. "But this is nothing—nothing! It is my mind and soul that he has tortured and defiled. I could endure it all, ill-usage, solitude, a life of deception, everything, as long as I could still cling to the hope that I had his love, but now I know that in this also I have been his dupe and his tool." She broke into passionate sobbing as she spoke.



"MRS. STAPLETON SANK UPON THE FLOOR."

"You bear him no good will, madam," said Holmes. "Tell us then where we shall find him. If you have ever aided him in evil, help us now and so atone."

"There is but one place where he can have fled," she answered. "There is an old tin mine on an island in the heart of the Mire. It was there that he kept his hound and there also he had made preparations so that he might have a refuge. That is where he would fly."

The fog-bank lay like white wool against the window. Holmes held the lamp towards it.

"See," said he. "No one could find his way into the Grimpen Mire to-night."

She laughed and clapped her hands. Her eyes and teeth gleamed with fierce merriment.

"He may find his way in, but never out," she cried. "How can he see the guiding wands to-night? We planted them together, he and I, to mark the pathway through the Mire. Oh, if I could only have plucked them out to-day. Then indeed you would have had him at your mercy!"

It was evident to us that all pursuit was in vain until the fog had lifted. Meanwhile we left Lestrade in possession of the house while Holmes and I went back with the Baronet to Baskerville Hall. The story of the Stapletons could no longer be withheld from him, but he took the blow bravely when he learned the truth about the woman whom he had loved. But the shock of the night's adventures had shattered his nerves, and before morning he lay delirious in a high fever, under the care of Dr. Mortimer. The two of them were destined to travel together round the world before Sir Henry had become once more the hale, hearty man that he had been before he became master of that ill-omened estate.

And now I come rapidly to the conclusion of this singular narrative, in which I have

tried to make the reader share those dark fears and vague surmises which clouded our lives so long, and ended in so tragic a manner. On the morning after the death of the hound the fog had lifted and we were guided by Mrs. Stapleton to the point where they had found a pathway through the bog. It helped us to realize the horror of this woman's life when we saw the eagerness and joy with which she laid us on her husband's track. We left her standing upon the thin peninsula of firm, peaty soil which tapered out into the widespread bog. From the end of it a small wand planted here and there showed where the path zig-zagged from tuft to tuft of rushes among those green-scummed pits and foul quagmires which barred the way to the stranger. Rank reeds and lush, slimy water-plants sent an odour of decay and a heavy miasmatic vapour into our faces, while a false step plunged us more than once thigh-deep into the dark, quivering mire, which shook for yards in soft undulations around our feet. Its tenacious grip plucked at our heels as we walked, and when we sank into it it was as if some malignant hand were tugging us down into those obscene depths, so grim and purposeful was the clutch in which it held us. Once only we saw a trace that someone had passed that perilous way before us. From amid a tuft of cotton-grass which bore it up out of the slime some dark thing was projecting. Holmes sank to his waist as he stepped from the path to seize it, and had we not been there to drag him out he could never have set his foot upon firm land again. He held an old black boot in the air. "Meyers, Toronto," was printed on the leather inside.

"It is worth a mud bath," said he. "It is our friend Sir Henry's missing boot."

"Thrown there by Stapleton in his flight."

"Exactly. He retained it in his hand after using it to set the hound upon his track. He fled when he knew the game was up, still clutching it. And he hurled it away at this point of his flight. We know at least that he came so far in safety."

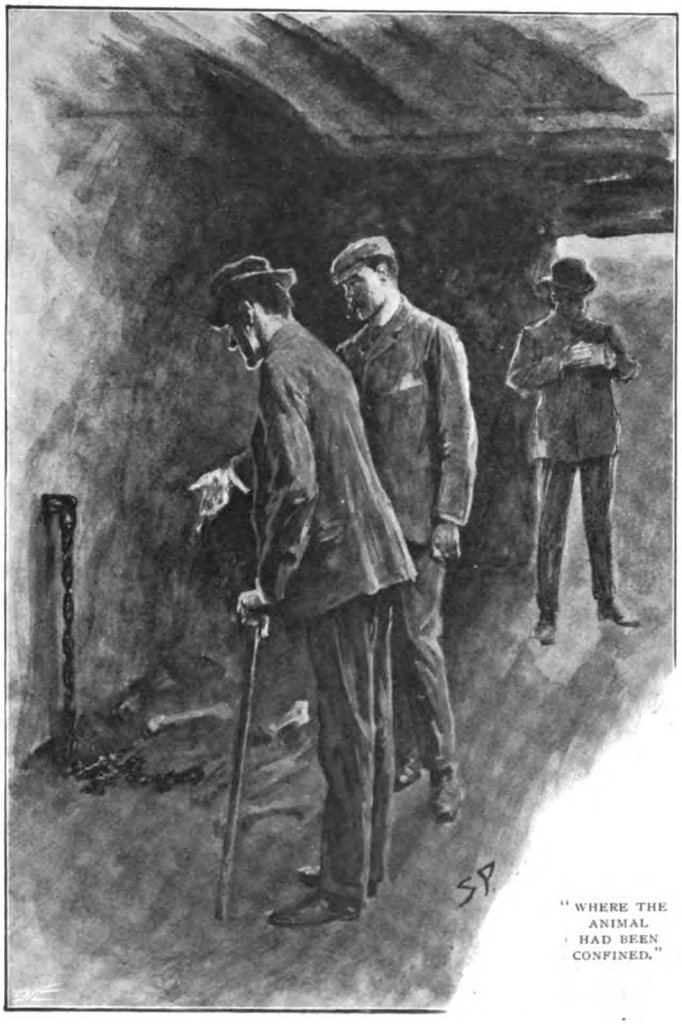
"HE HELD AN OLD BLACK BOOT IN THE AIR."

But more than that we were never destined to know, though there was much which we might surmise. There was no chance of finding footsteps in the mire, for the rising mud oozed swiftly in upon them, but as we at last reached firmer ground beyond the morass we all looked eagerly for them. But no slightest sign of them ever met our eyes. If the earth told a true story, then Stapleton never reached that island of refuge towards which he struggled through the fog upon that last night. Somewhere in the heart of the great Grimpen Mire, down in the foul slime of the huge morass which had sucked him in, this cold and cruel-hearted man is for ever buried.

Many traces we found of him in the bog-girt island where he had hid his savage ally. A huge driving-wheel and a shaft half-filled with rubbish showed the position of an abandoned mine.

Beside it were the crumbling remains of the cottages of the miners, driven away no doubt by the foul reek of the surrounding swamp. In one of these a staple and chain with a quantity of gnawed bones showed where the animal had been confined. A skeleton with a tangle of brown hair adhering to it lay among the *débris*.

"A dog!" said Holmes. "By Jove, a curly-haired spaniel. Poor Mortimer will never see his pet again. Well, I do not know that this place contains any secret which we have not already fathomed. He could hide his hound, but he could not hush its voice, and hence came those cries which even in daylight were not pleasant to hear. On an emergency he could keep the hound in the outhouse at Merripit, but it was always a risk, and it was only on the supreme day, which he regarded as the end of all his efforts, that he dared to do it. This paste in the tin is no doubt the luminous mixture with which the creature was daubed. It was suggested, of course, by the story of the family hell-hound, and by the desire to frighten old Sir Charles to death. No wonder the poor wretch of a convict ran and screamed, even as our friend did, and as we ourselves might have done, when he saw such a creature bounding through the darkness of the moor upon his track. It was a cunning device, for, apart from the chance of driving your victim to his death, what peasant would venture to inquire too closely into such a creature should he get sight of it, as many have done, upon the moor? I said it in London, Watson, and I say it again now, that never yet have we helped to hunt down a more dangerous man than he who is lying yonder"—he swept his long arm towards the huge mottled expanse of green-splotched bog which stretched away until it merged into the russet slopes of the moor.



"WHERE THE ANIMAL HAD BEEN CONFINED."

CHAPTER XV.

A RETROSPECTION.

IT was the end of November, and Holmes and I sat, upon a raw and foggy night, on either side of a blazing fire in our sitting-room in Baker Street. My friend was in excellent spirits over the success which had attended a succession of difficult and important cases, so that I was able to induce him to discuss the details of the Baskerville mystery. I had waited patiently for the opportunity, for I was aware that he would never permit cases to overlap, and that his clear and logical mind would not be drawn from its present work to dwell upon memories of the past. Sir Henry and Dr. Mortimer were, however, in London, on their way to that long voyage which had been recommended for the restoration of his shattered nerves. They had called upon us

that very afternoon, so that it was natural that the subject should come up for discussion.

"The whole course of events," said Holmes, "from the point of view of the man who called himself Stapleton was simple and direct, although to us, who had no means in the beginning of knowing the motives of his actions and could only learn part of the facts, it all appeared exceedingly complex. I have had the advantage of two conversations with Mrs. Stapleton, and the case has now been so entirely cleared up that I am not aware that there is anything which has remained a secret to us. You will find a few notes upon the matter under the heading B in my indexed list of cases."

"Perhaps you would kindly give me a sketch of the course of events from memory."

"Certainly, though I cannot guarantee that I carry all the facts in my mind. Intense mental concentration has a curious way of blotting out what has passed. So far as the case of the Hound goes, however, I will give you the course of events as nearly as I can, and you will suggest anything which I may have forgotten.

"A RETROSPECTION."

"My inquiries show beyond all question that the family portrait did not lie, and that this fellow was indeed a Baskerville. He was a son of that Rodger Baskerville, the younger brother of Sir Charles, who fled with a sinister reputation to South America, where he was said to have died unmarried. He did, as a matter of fact, marry, and had one child, this fellow, whose real name is the same as his father. He married Beryl Garçia, one of the beauties of Costa Rica, and, having purloined a considerable sum of public money, he changed his name to Vandeleur and fled to England, where he established a school in the east of Yorkshire. His reason for attempting this special line of business was that he had struck up an acquaintance with a consumptive tutor upon the voyage home, and that he had used this man's ability to make the undertaking a success. Fraser, the tutor, died, however, and the school which had begun well sank from disrepute into infamy. The Vandeleurs found it convenient to change their name to Stapleton, and he brought the remains of his fortune, his schemes for the future, and his taste for entomology to the south of England. I learn at the British Museum that he was a recognised authority upon the subject, and that the name of Vandeleur has been permanently attached to a certain moth which he had, in his Yorkshire days, been the first to describe.

"We now come to that portion of his life which has proved to be of such intense interest to us. The fellow had evidently made inquiry, and found that only two lives intervened between him and a valuable estate. When he went to Devonshire his plans were, I believe, exceedingly hazy, but that he meant mischief from the first is evident from the way in which he took his wife with him in the character of his sister. The idea of using her as a decoy was clearly already in his mind, though he may not have been certain how the details of his plot were to be arranged. He meant in the end to have the estate, and he was ready to use any tool or run any risk

for that end. His first act was to establish himself as near to his ancestral home as he could, and his second was to cultivate a friendship with Sir Charles Baskerville and with the neighbours.

"The Baronet himself told him about the family hound, and so prepared the way for his own death. Stapleton, as I will continue to call him, knew that the old man's heart was weak and that a shock would kill him. So much he had learned from Dr. Mortimer. He had heard also that Sir Charles was superstitious and had taken this grim legend very seriously. His ingenious mind instantly suggested a way by which the Baronet could be done to death, and yet it would be hardly possible to bring home the guilt to the real murderer.

"Having conceived the idea he proceeded to carry it out with considerable finesse. An ordinary schemer would have been content to work with a savage hound. The use of artificial means to make the creature diabolical was a flash of genius upon his part. The dog he bought in London from Ross and Mangles, the dealers in Fulham Road. It was the strongest and most savage in their possession. He brought it down by the North Devon line and walked a great distance over the moor so as to get it home without exciting any remarks. He had already on his insect hunts learned to penetrate the Grimpen Mire, and so had found a safe hiding-place for the creature. Here he kennelled it and waited his chance.

"But it was some time coming. The old gentleman could not be decoyed outside of his grounds at night. Several times Stapleton lurked about with his hound, but without avail. It was during these fruitless quests that he, or rather his ally, was seen by peasants, and that the legend of the demon dog received a new confirmation. He had hoped that his wife might lure Sir Charles to his ruin, but here she proved unexpectedly independent. She would not endeavour to entangle the old gentleman in a sentimental attachment which might deliver him over to his enemy. Threats and even, I am sorry to say, blows refused to move her. She would have nothing to do with it, and for a time Stapleton was at a deadlock.

"He found a way out of his difficulties through the chance that Sir Charles, who had conceived a friendship for him, made him the minister of his charity in the case of this unfortunate woman, Mrs. Laura Lyons. By representing himself as a single man he acquired complete influence over her, and he gave her to understand that in the event of her obtaining a divorce from her husband he would marry her. His plans were suddenly brought to a head by his knowledge that Sir Charles was about to leave the Hall on the advice of Dr. Mortimer, with whose opinion he himself pretended to coincide. He must act at once, or his victim might get beyond his power. He therefore put pressure upon Mrs. Lyons to write this letter, imploring the old man to give her an interview on the evening before his departure for London. He then, by a specious argument, prevented her from going, and so had the chance for which he had waited.

"Driving back in the evening from Coombe Tracey he was in time to get his hound, to treat it with his infernal paint, and to bring the beast round to the gate at which he had reason to expect that he would find the old gentleman waiting. The dog, incited by its master, sprang over the wicket-gate and pursued the unfortunate Baronet, who fled screaming down the Yew Alley. In that gloomy tunnel it must indeed have been a dreadful sight to see that huge black creature, with its flaming jaws and blazing eyes, bounding after its victim. He fell dead at the end of the alley from heart disease and terror. The hound had kept upon the grassy border while the Baronet had run down the path, so that no track but the man's was visible. On seeing him lying still the creature had probably approached to sniff at him, but finding him dead had turned away again. It was then that it left the print which was actually observed by Dr. Mortimer. The hound was called off and hurried away to its lair in the Grimpen Mire, and a mystery was left which puzzled the authorities, alarmed the countryside, and finally brought the case within the scope of our observation.

"So much for the death of Sir Charles Baskerville. You perceive the devilish cunning of it, for really it would be almost impossible to make a case against the real murderer. His only accomplice was one who could never give him away, and the grotesque, inconceivable nature of the device only served to make it more effective. Both of the women concerned in the case, Mrs. Stapleton and Mrs. Laura Lyons, were left with a strong suspicion against Stapleton. Mrs. Stapleton knew that he had designs upon the old man, and also of the existence of the hound. Mrs. Lyons knew neither of these things, but had been impressed by the death occurring at the time of an uncancelled

appointment which was only known to him. However, both of them were under his influence, and he had nothing to fear from them. The first half of his task was successfully accomplished, but the more difficult still remained.

"It is possible that Stapleton did not know of the existence of an heir in Canada. In any case he would very soon learn it from his friend Dr. Mortimer, and he was told by the latter all details about the arrival of Henry Baskerville. Stapleton's first idea was that this young stranger from Canada might possibly be done to death in London without coming down to Devonshire at all. He distrusted his wife ever since she had refused to help him in laying a trap for the old man, and he dared not leave her long out of his sight for fear he should lose his influence over her. It was for this reason that he took her to London with him. They lodged, I find, at the Mexborough Private Hotel, in Craven Street, which was actually one of those called upon by my agent in search of evidence. Here he kept his wife imprisoned in her room while he, disguised in a beard, followed Dr. Mortimer to Baker Street and afterwards to the station and to the Northumberland Hotel. His wife had some inkling of his plans; but she had such a fear of her husband — a fear founded upon brutal ill-treatment—that she dare not write to warn the man whom she knew to be in danger. If the letter should fall into Stapleton's hands her own life would not be safe. Eventually, as we know, she adopted the expedient of cutting out the words which would form the message, and addressing the letter in a disguised hand. It reached the Baronet, and gave him the first warning of his danger.

"It was very essential for Stapleton to get some article of Sir Henry's attire so that, in case he was driven to use the dog, he might always have the means of setting him upon his track. With characteristic promptness and audacity he set about this at once, and we cannot doubt that the boots or chambermaid of the hotel was well bribed to help him in his design. By chance, however, the first boot which was procured for him was a new one and, therefore, useless for his purpose. He then had it returned and obtained another—a most instructive incident, since it proved conclusively to my mind that we were dealing with a real hound, as no other supposition could explain this anxiety to obtain an old boot and this indifference to a new one. The more *outré* and grotesque an incident is the more carefully it deserves to be examined, and the very point which appears to complicate a case is, when duly considered and scientifically handled, the one which is most likely to elucidate it.

"Then we had the visit from our friends next morning, shadowed always by Stapleton in the cab. From his knowledge of our rooms and of my appearance, as well as from his general conduct, I am inclined to think that Stapleton's career of crime has been by no means limited to this single Baskerville affair. It is suggestive that during the last three years there have been four considerable burglaries in the West Country, for none of which was any criminal ever arrested. The last of these, at Folkestone Court, in May, was remarkable for the cold-blooded pistolling of the page, who surprised the masked and solitary burglar. I cannot doubt that Stapleton recruited his waning resources in this fashion, and that for years he has been a desperate and dangerous man.

"We had an example of his readiness of resource that morning when he got away from us so successfully, and also of his audacity in sending back my own name to me through the cabman. From that moment he understood that I had taken over the case in London, and that therefore there was no chance for him there. He returned to Dartmoor and awaited the arrival of the Baronet."

"One moment!" said I. "You have, no doubt, described the sequence of events correctly, but there is one point which you have left unexplained. What became of the hound when its master was in London?"

"I have given some attention to this matter and it is undoubtedly of importance. There can be no question that Stapleton had a confidant, though it is unlikely that he ever placed himself in his power by sharing all his plans with him. There was an old manservant at Merripit House, whose name was Anthony. His connection with the Stapletons can be traced for several years, as far back as the schoolmastering days, so that he must have been aware that his master and mistress were really husband and wife. This man has disappeared and has escaped from the country. It is suggestive that Anthony is not a common name in England, while Antonio is so in all Spanish or Spanish-American countries. The man, like Mrs. Stapleton herself, spoke good English, but with a curious lisping accent. I have myself seen this old man cross the Grimpen Mire by the path which Stapleton had marked out. It is

very probable, therefore, that in the absence of his master it was he who cared for the hound, though he may never have known the purpose for which the beast was used.

"The Stapletons then went down to Devonshire, whither they were soon followed by Sir Henry and you. One word now as to how I stood myself at that time. It may possibly recur to your memory that when I examined the paper upon which the printed words were fastened I made a close inspection for the water-mark. In doing so I held it within a few inches of my eyes, and was conscious of a faint smell of the scent known as white jessamine. There are seventy-five perfumes, which it is very necessary that a criminal expert should be able to distinguish from each other, and cases have more than once within my own experience depended upon their prompt recognition. The scent suggested the presence of a lady, and already my thoughts began to turn towards the Stapletons. Thus I had made certain of the hound, and had guessed at the criminal before ever we went to the West Country.

"It was my game to watch Stapleton. It was evident, however, that I could not do this if I were with you, since he would be keenly on his guard. I deceived everybody, therefore, yourself included, and I came down secretly when I was supposed to be in London. My hardships were not so great as you imagined, though such trifling details must never interfere with the investigation of a case. I stayed for the most part at Coombe Tracey, and only used the hut upon the moor when it was necessary to be near the scene of action. Cartwright had come down with me, and in his disguise as a country boy he was of great assistance to me. I was dependent upon him for food and clean linen. When I was watching Stapleton Cartwright was frequently watching you, so that I was able to keep my hand upon all the strings.

"I have already told you that your reports reached me rapidly, being forwarded instantly from Baker Street to Coombe Tracey. They were of great service to me, and especially that one incidentally truthful piece of biography of Stapleton's. I was able to establish the identity of the man and the woman, and knew at last exactly how I stood. The case had been considerably complicated through the incident of the escaped convict and the relations between him and the Barrymores. This also you cleared up in a very effective way, though I had already come to the same conclusions from my own observations.

"By the time that you discovered me upon the moor I had a complete knowledge of the whole business, but I had not a case which could go to a jury. Even Stapleton's attempt upon Sir Henry that night which ended in the death of the unfortunate convict did not help us much in proving murder against our man. There seemed to be no alternative but to catch him red-handed, and to do so we had to use Sir Henry, alone and apparently unprotected, as a bait. We did so, and at the cost of a severe shock to our client we succeeded in completing our case and driving Stapleton to his destruction. That Sir Henry should have been exposed to this is, I must confess, a reproach to my management of the case, but we had no means of foreseeing the terrible and paralyzing spectacle which the beast presented, nor could we predict the fog which

"BE READY IN HALF AN HOUR."

enabled him to burst upon us at such short notice. We succeeded in our object at a cost which both the specialist and Dr. Mortimer assure me will be a temporary one. A long journey may enable our friend to recover not only from his shattered nerves, but also from his wounded feelings. His love for the lady was deep and sincere, and to him the saddest part of all this black business was that he should have been deceived by her.

"It only remains to indicate the part which she had played throughout. There can be no doubt that Stapleton exercised an influence over her which may have been love or may have been fear, or very possibly both, since they are by no means incompatible emotions. It was, at least, absolutely effective. At his command she consented to pass as his sister, though he found the limits of his power over her when he endeavoured to make her the direct accessory to murder. She was ready to warn Sir Henry so far as she could without implicating her husband, and again and again she tried to do so. Stapleton himself seems to have been capable of jealousy, and when he saw the Baronet paying court to the lady, even though it was part of his own plan, still he could not help interrupting with a passionate outburst that revealed the fiery soul which his self-contained manner so cleverly concealed. By encouraging the intimacy he made it certain that Sir Henry would frequently come to Merripit House and that he would sooner or later get the opportunity which he desired. On the day of the crisis, however, his wife turned suddenly against him. She had learned something of the death of the convict, and she knew that the hound was being kept in the out-house on the evening that Sir Henry was coming to dinner. She taxed her husband with his intended crime, and a furious scene followed, in which he showed her for the first time that she had a rival in his love. Her fidelity turned in an instant to bitter hatred and he saw that she would betray him. He tied her up, therefore, that she might have no chance of warning Sir Henry, and he hoped, no doubt, that when the whole countryside put down the Baronet's death to the curse of his family, as they certainly would do, he could win his wife back to accept an accomplished fact and to keep silent upon what she knew. In this I fancy that in any case he made a miscalculation, and that, if we had not been there, his doom would none the less have been sealed. A woman of Spanish blood does not condone such an injury so lightly. And now, my dear Watson, without referring to my notes, I cannot give you a more detailed account of this curious case. I do not know that anything essential has been left unexplained."

"He could not hope to frighten Sir Henry to death as he had done the old uncle with his bogie hound."

"The beast was savage and half-starved. If its appearance did not frighten its victim to death, at least it would paralyze the resistance which might be offered."

"No doubt. There only remains one difficulty. If Stapleton came into the succession, how could he explain the fact that he, the heir, had been living unannounced under another name so close to the property? How could he claim it without causing suspicion and inquiry?"

"It is a formidable difficulty, and I fear that you ask too much when you expect me to solve it. The past and the present are within the field of my inquiry, but what a man may do in the future is a hard question to answer. Mrs. Stapleton has heard her husband discuss the problem on several occasions. There were three possible courses. He might claim the property from South America, establish his identity before the British authorities there, and so obtain the fortune without ever coming to England at all; or he might adopt an elaborate disguise during the short time that he need be in London; or, again, he might furnish an accomplice with the proofs and papers, putting him in as heir, and retaining a claim upon some proportion of his income. We cannot doubt from what we know of him that he would have found some way out of the difficulty. And now, my dear Watson, we have had some weeks of severe work, and for one evening, I think, we may turn our thoughts into more pleasant channels. I have a box for 'Les Huguenots.' Have you heard the De Reszkes? Might I trouble you then to be ready in half an hour, and we can stop at Marcini's for a little dinner on the way?"

THE END.

Illustrated Interviews.

LXXVII.—THE LATE SIR ARCHIBALD MILMAN, K.C.B., CLERK OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

By Rudolph de Cordova.

[A sad interest attaches to the following interview, owing to the fact that Sir Archibald Milman corrected the proofs and gave a sitting for the photograph which appears on the next page only the day before his sudden and lamented death.]

Of probably no other man in the United Kingdom than Sir Archibald Milman could it be said that he practically lived his life in connection with the House of Commons. For forty-five years he was in its service, while as a boy he played in and about the Palace of Westminster, which, with its 1,100 apartments, 100 staircases, and two miles of corridors, will of necessity long remain one of the most distinguished buildings in the world.

"As a boy," Sir Archibald said to me when, in spite of the serious illness which compelled him to give up what was the labour of love of his life, he received me in his own room in Speaker's Court of the Palace of Westminster, "I was educated at Westminster School. The old Houses of Parliament were burnt down in the year I was born—1834. Throughout my boyhood the new Houses of Parliament were rising on land and foreshore, to be known by the old name—the Palace of Westminster. Barry was obliged to take our stairs and landing-stage, and we boys had to get into our boats from the coal-barges; so to make up to us he allowed us the run of the place. At all events we took it, and we used to go clambering up into the scaffolding over the building as it rose. In those days I little thought that I should come to have a place or, indeed, to practically spend my life within those walls. We used, boy-like, to walk out on the planks of the scaffolding in the most adventurous manner, little heeding the fact that a false step would probably mean our death. Indeed, I used sometimes to go up there and hide from the others. I recall two occasions when I nearly came to grief. The Speaker's tower was being put up, and between the two sides a board had been placed. I thought it would be great fun to go across that board. It was a very long board, and I started with confidence. When, however, I got to the middle, my weight and the movement made it sway violently up and down, and if I had attempted to go on I should no doubt have been thrown off. Luckily, however, I kept my head and remained standing until the vibration lessened. Then, with my eyes fixed immovably on the end of the plank, I started more slowly and carefully and got across in safety. Another time I started to go over another plank across a dark place. I could not see that it had been placed crooked on half a brick, and as soon as my weight came into play the board tipped down. I thought I was lost. I descended till the outer edge of the board touched the stonework below the brick. I felt like slipping off. There was no good attempting to go back, so I had to go forward very carefully. I came out on the roof of Westminster Hall. I tried then to get back, but I removed the half brick before I started.

SIR ARCHIBALD MILMAN.
From a Photo. by Sir Benjamin Stone.

SIR ARCHIBALD MILMAN AT HOME.
From a Photo. taken the day before his death by George Newnes, Ltd

I have another less bright recollection. Supplies of building material arrived at high water, were passed over the coffer-dam, and were carried by hodmen through the crypt, but the trestles were too high, and bricks and stone were thrust against the splendid bosses of Edward I. They had to be restored—a piteous loss of fine ancient work.

"From Westminster I went abroad for a year to study modern languages, and then entered Trinity College, Cambridge. After taking my degree Lord Canning gave me an appointment at the Post Office, which I need hardly tell you was very different from what it is now. It was only about half the size and there was no telegraph department. There is nothing of special interest, however, to recall in connection with those days—much routine work thoroughly done and checked. After two years Sir Denis Le Marchant gave me an appointment in the House of Commons, and I entered the service in the Public Bill Office in the January of 1857. Those were the days of the rivalry between Lord Russell and Lord Palmerston, and those two great politicians naturally fired my already vivid interest in politics, so that I used to go into the House to listen to the debates whenever I possibly could."

"Would you compare the House in those days with the House of to-day?" I asked.

"The most trusted judgment in the House at that time was probably that of Cornewall Lewis, who used to relieve the tedium of his duties as Chancellor of the Exchequer by writing learned dissertations on early Egyptian chronology. On the front bench were such men as Sir George Grey, Sir Charles Wood, and Mr. Labouchere, afterwards Lord Taunton, the uncle of the present Mr. Henry Labouchere. An amusing story is told of uncle and nephew. On one occasion someone said to Mr. Labouchere that he had seen his father in the House of Lords. 'Oh,' he replied, 'I am glad the old gentleman is in so comfortable a place.' Lord Taunton was a remarkable man. When the Great Western Railway were building their line they had to encroach on certain of his estates, and as compensation they awarded him damages to the amount of £30,000. After many years he returned the amount in full with a letter explaining that, so far from the railway having done him harm, it had actually benefited his property, and under the circumstances he did not think he was justified in taking any part of the amount which had been awarded him. That is, so far as I am aware, the only case of compensation being paid back to a railway, although there can be no doubt that most of the people who have been compensated have derived a great deal of benefit in the same way.

"In those days the ascendency of the Ministers was very great and the etiquette was very strict. Except for purposes of business no one ever addressed the Prime Minister in the House, and friendly greetings were rarely exchanged if members passed Ministers in the lobby. The Leaders of the Government and the Opposition sat with their hats over their brows and occasionally conferred with a colleague; but anything like the general intercourse between the front benches and the others such as prevails to-day was quite unknown. Again, the term 'My honourable friend,' which is

now used by one member to another if they have a mere passing acquaintance in a Committee-room, was then reserved for people with whom you dined. There were more restraint and formality and, I think, more dignity.

"You ask about obstruction. The only form in which obstruction appeared was that certain members objected to going on with business after twelve o'clock at night. They would move the adjournment of the House, and so made their presence felt. If, however, the House was anxious to go on with work they usually gave way. There were no scenes in those days: members would have been ashamed of them and thought them undignified. Every rising member was anxious to

From a Photo. by] THE PUGIN DRAWING-ROOM AT SPEAKER'S COURT. *[George Newnes, Ltd.*

get the ear of the House—that is, to be listened to with patience—and any member who had any genuine information to give was always heard.

"When Sir Charles Barry received his instructions about the size of the present House, which had to be built after the fire of October, 1834, he was told that sixty members represented a working House and two hundred a full House. He provided double that accommodation, but the influence of each successive Reform Bill has caused more members to attend and more members to take part in the debates, and in this way the House seems to have become too small to accommodate its members, a fact on which comment is so frequently made. Incidentally, too, the larger number of members speaking in a debate has tended to produce a less finished and concentrated form of eloquence. I recollect a member getting up one day and expressing his regret that he had had to occupy the time of the House for twenty minutes, remarking that he was unprepared to speak, and adding that, if he had had time and were prepared, he would have taken five minutes instead of twenty.

"A member acting in good faith was rarely called to order, and the business of the Chairman of Committees, and even of the Speaker, was much lighter than it is at present. In those days, too, an Indian debate, which is now a matter of great importance, was apt to end in a count-out. *A propos* of debates on Indian affairs I recall that when the Indian Mutiny was announced there was a great dandy at the India Office. He was afterwards Lord Leconfield, and he got up in the House in yellow kid gloves in order to make his speech. How great a knowledge was necessary for the head of the India Office you can judge by the fact that in that speech he said he believed Delhi was on the Ganges, a statement which even at that time of great anxiety amused the House very much. Very little was thought of the Mutiny

From a Photo. by] SIR ARCHIBALD MILMAN'S STUDY. *[George Newnes, Ltd.*

at the time, for when it broke out at Meerut, little more than a week after the *Bombay Gazette* had published the statement that 'India is quiet throughout,' Lord Palmerston said that it was a local mutiny, but he thought it right to send out 10,000 men. In the Mutiny the troops were for the first time given rifles, the Enfield muskets, and in order to prevent the cartridges jamming they were greased with fat. These cartridges were served out to the native troops. At last, in the House, an old Indian officer, General Thompson, got up and pointed out the grave danger which the Government was running by this course.

"'You compel these Indians with their strong ideas of caste,' he said, in effect, 'to put the grease of a cow into their mouth, which is a sacrilege and involves the loss of caste, and unless you rescind that order you will have the whole country against you.'

"It cannot help striking people to-day as curious that when the Mutiny was over, and Lord Canning returned home, no one took any notice of his arrival at Southampton on April 26th, 1862. He arrived and departed for London just as if he had been an ordinary passenger, and he drove from Waterloo to the India Office without anyone taking the slightest heed of him. Compare that with what would happen to-day were a representative of the Crown to return after such an event.

"I need hardly say that Parnell was a most striking figure. He kept himself aloof. When he came in in 1875 he had a following of seven. Of these one could not speak. He could fumble with a paper and say: 'Mr. Speaker, sir,' but he could get very little farther than that. Between 1875 and July, 1886, Mr. Parnell's following increased from seven to eighty-five, whereupon Mr. Gladstone pronounced in favour of Home Rule, as he recognised that the large majority of Irish members were in favour of it, and that their support would make his Government safe. In the days when the negotiations were going on between Mr. Gladstone and Parnell, Mr. Gladstone said one day to him, 'How deeply Irish history must have grieved you!' Parnell looked up quietly and answered, 'I know nothing about Irish history!'

"You ask me about Parnell's method of opposition. He began by opposing everything—private members' Bills and Government Bills—at all hours. Most people will probably be surprised, having regard to the scenes which resulted from this opposition, to learn that Parnell used as well as abused the rules of the House and often went about his opposition in the most approved Parliamentary fashion, and would consult the authorities at the table as to the best line to take. He was paramount in his party, and every order that he gave had to be obeyed.

"Parnell was always very clever at seeing anything which was really popular in England, and he was instrumental in carrying several reforms through his opposition tactics, among those reforms being the abolition of flogging in the Army. His power of self-control was enormous, and was never more vividly exemplified than in connection with a circumstance in which the late Lord Randolph Churchill was the chief actor. It was at the time when Lord Randolph Churchill was acting as Leader of the House. There had been certain negotiations going

on between him and Parnell, but nothing came of them. On the occasion in question Lord Randolph Churchill, in the course of a speech, bitterly denounced Parnell as a disturber of his country's peace. All through it the latter sat quiet, but his face showed what he was feeling, for it was white. When Lord Randolph sat down everybody expected that Parnell would reply, and everybody was on the *qui vive* to hear his defence. Instead of that Parnell remained sitting. The Speaker also expected Parnell to reply, for, although several members rose, the Speaker saw none of them. There was a dramatic pause. When Parnell persistently refused to get up the Speaker called on one of the members. The House, however, was in no mood to hear him, and quickly shouted him down, while cries of 'Parnell, Parnell,' came from all over the House. As if in obedience to those cries Parnell got up. He said, as nearly as I can recollect without reference to the record of his speech: 'The noble lord has recently made overtures to me. He will probably make overtures to me again. It would be a pity, therefore, for me to say anything in reply that might disturb the course of any future advances he may make to me.' Then he sat down, having completely smashed Lord Randolph, who brought about his own destruction a little while after by attempting to destroy Lord Salisbury on the memorable charge of the extravagance of the Ministry of which he himself was a member."

"Who was the greatest Parliamentarian during all the time you were in the House?"

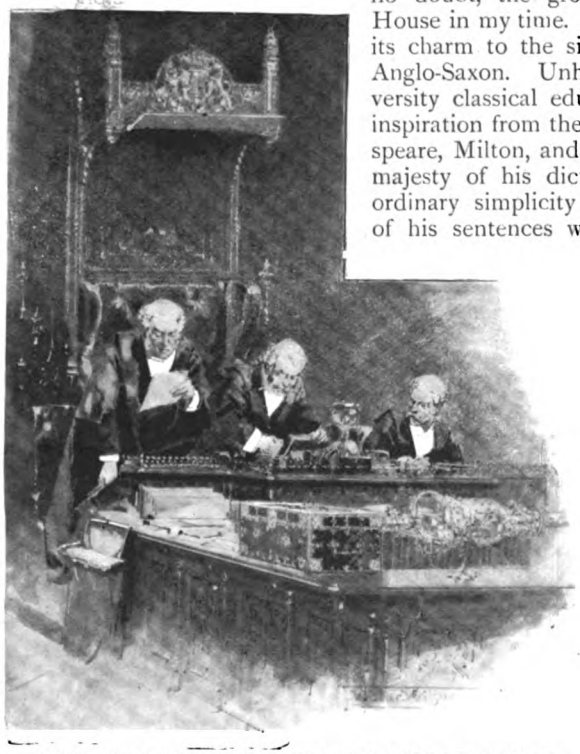
"Mr. Gladstone, without the slightest doubt. Nobody could compare with him in that respect. His knowledge of character was consummate, and he had the wonderful art of persuading members that what was dearest to their heart was also dearest to his. It amounted to fascination. One of the most adroit things he ever did was his introduction of the Urgency Rule. Government business had precedence, but no sooner had Mr. Gladstone been called than Mr. Dillon got up and made a speech about the wrongs of Ireland, and standing with folded arms he stamped his foot on the floor and said the wrongs of his country were so great they would admit of no delay. The Speaker remonstrated, but Mr. Dillon stood his ground, with the result that he was suspended. Parnell sprang into the breach, and went on until he, too, was suspended, and his suspension was followed by the suspension of twenty-seven Irish members *en masse*, who refused to leave the House for the purpose of enabling the division to be taken. Then Mr. Gladstone rose and made a speech, introducing his resolutions to invest the Speaker with all the powers of the House to draw up rules of procedure whenever the House voted that the state of public business was urgent by three-fourths of the members, of whom at least two hundred must take part in the division. Following that resolution was a line declaring 'the state of public business is urgent.' No one seemed to appreciate the full meaning of the words and everybody wondered why they had been introduced. The House, however, carried the motion, and then at once the brilliancy of the *coup d'état* dawned on members, for from that moment the rules

From a Photo. by] THE DINING-ROOM AT SPEAKER'S COURT. *[George Newnes, Ltd.*

were in the hands of the Speaker, and a few days afterwards the more stringent regulations which he had drawn up were laid by him on the table.

"That suspension of the Irish members *en masse* was the first time such an occurrence had ever taken place in the House. It has occurred since, and even last Session. When Parnell came in next morning he found that instead of being able to worry the House for a fortnight and being suspended for the rest of the day he could be suspended in five minutes if necessary. The result was we got through the Session splendidly. Our world had a new master.

"You ask me to compare Gladstone and Disraeli as orators. In my opinion they were not comparable. The one was an enthusiast with strong sympathies, while the other had to make the best of things for his own side, whatever those things might be. An example of Disraeli's tactics was the fact that he turned out the Liberal Government on a £6 franchise and then brought in a Household Franchise Bill of an even more radical nature than the one which he had denounced as too extreme a measure.



SIR ARCHIBALD MILMAN AT HIS POST IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.
From a Drawing by T. Walter Wilson, R.I.

"In one respect, a humorous one, both Gladstone and Disraeli could certainly be compared. They both had the habit of using striking bits of their speeches over and over again. Gladstone's peroration, for instance, in which that famous phrase, 'The flowing tide is with us and the ebbing tide is with them,' produced an extraordinary effect when the House first heard it. When he introduced his next Reform Bill he used it again, and in a somewhat altered form it appeared in his speech on his third Reform Bill. By that time, of course, everybody remembered it, and it produced no effect at all. That, too, was the weakest part of Disraeli's oratory. Having found his great phrase, which produced his great effect, he introduced it a second time, exaggerating it a little. That second time it would have a certain success, but not the same as the first; while the third time, when it was still more exaggerated, people became bored.

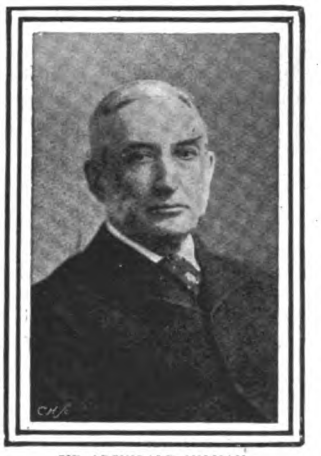
"As orators, neither Gladstone nor Disraeli could compare with John Bright. He was, no doubt, the greatest orator in the House in my time. His speaking owed its charm to the singular purity of his Anglo-Saxon. Unhampered by a University classical education, he drew his inspiration from the Bible, from Shakespeare, Milton, and Burns. It was the majesty of his diction and the extraordinary simplicity of the construction of his sentences which gave him his masterful position in the House.

"You ask why, seeing that he was so little of a statesman, he was always included in the Cabinet? I think the reason was that it was felt that the people in the country knew that so long as he was a member of the Cabinet the interests of peace and Free Trade would be safeguarded and were safe. So determined was he on having peace that on two occasions he left the Government when it was getting warlike. After his death a statue, as you know, was put up to him in the Central Hall. It was, I think, the worst statue that ever was erected. His sons got permission to carry it off, and I do not know what became of it. Up till now, however, another statue has not taken its place. Mr. Bright's brother, Jacob Bright, used also to be a member of the House. He, too, was a Quaker. I remember one morning seeing a young girl of about

fourteen riding in the Row. She had beautiful fair hair, and she was dressed in a crimson velvet habit. As she galloped past me I recognised her. She was the daughter of Jacob Bright, the Quaker."

"Would it be possible, Sir Archibald, to select any single incident as being the most striking in the whole of your Parliamentary experience from the many striking scenes which you have witnessed?"

"Yes, quite possible. Undoubtedly the most remarkable scene was when the then Sir Stafford Northcote, as Leader of the House, rose in his place to announce that the Fleet had been ordered to go up to Constantinople. The Government at the time was neither very firm nor strong, and against it was Mr. Gladstone with his overpowering enthusiasm and his eloquence aroused by the Bulgarian atrocities. When Sir Stafford made his announcement there was a deathlike silence in the House. You could hear a pin drop, for everyone knew that we were on the brink of a European war, and everyone felt that we were not prepared for it. The tension in the House was extraordinary.



SIR ARCHIBALD MILMAN.
From an earlier Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

"Later on in the evening, between nine and ten o'clock, Sir Stafford again rose in his place and asked permission to interrupt the debate. Again there was the same hush, the same silence, the same expectancy. He said that Russia had yielded the point, and the order for the Fleet to force the Dardanelles had been countermanded. No, there was no cheering; the news was received in dead silence. It was far more impressive than any applause could possibly have been. Gradually, however, there came a murmur of approval, a sort of sigh of relief at the idea of a great crisis having passed.

"At this time one of the wits of the House —no, I cannot tell you which one—started a story which created a great deal of amusement wherever it was told. It was that Sir Stafford was to be seen every night engaged in a series of archæological investigations in Westminster Abbey, his object being to see if he could find anywhere a little piece of the backbone of Lord Palmerston."

One step, we are told, divides the sublime from the ridiculous. I took it, and asked Sir Archibald what was the most ludicrous incident he had ever witnessed.

"This one," he replied. "The judges are supposed to be in attendance on the House of Lords in order to aid the members with their knowledge of law in the event of necessity. They used also to take certain messages from the Lords to the Commons. On this occasion one of the Princesses had to receive her marriage portion, and the Bill being a money Bill had to be brought to the Commons. To give *éclat* to the occasion the Bill was returned by two judges. I, of course, knew they were coming, but didn't know who the two judges would be. As it happened, one of them was 5ft. nothing, while the other was 6ft. 3in. in height. When they appeared the contrast between them was such, heightened as it was by the fact that their robes had evidently been brought down in a bag and were crumpled and were not put on straight, that the House simply shrieked with laughter. The judges declared that they would never go again, as they had been insulted by the 'ill-bred Commons,' and, as a matter of fact, that was the last occasion on which a judge has ever come with a communication from the Upper House."

Did space permit, or had the condition of his health allowed, it would no doubt have been possible to extend these reminiscences of a notable career. Sir Archibald indeed proposed to spend his leisure in writing his reminiscences—a volume which would have been sure to command a great deal of attention, seeing that he could have related so much of men who have made the history of our time.

His last days were spent in the apartments in which he had lived so long in the Palace of Westminster. The drawing-room there, shown in the illustration on page 375, is noteworthy for the fact that it alone, of all the residential rooms in the Palace, is in exactly the same condition as it was when it left Pugin's hands. It still has even the wall-paper which he designed, an arrangement of the cipher V.R. and the pomegranate, which was introduced into English decorative art when Catherine of Aragon married Henry VIII., although its value for this purpose had been demonstrated in the early history of the children of Israel.

At the Far Bastion.

By Frank Savile.

"PLEASE, sir, Private Simpson's come off his post unrelieved!"

I was tired and a little drowsy after the long field-day, and at first I thought I must have misunderstood. Sergeant Bates stood in the guard-room doorway and repeated his announcement, his very moustache bristling with indignation.

"Please, sir, Private Simpson's come off sentry without waiting for the relief!"

"You mean he's deserted his post?" I roared, incredulously.

"I WASN'T THINKIN' OF NOTHIN' AT ALL TILL I SAW IT WAS A SKULL, SIR."

"Yes, sir. He's here, sir. He's got some cock-an'-bull story about a—a skeleton, sir, and I think he's mad, sir."

I jumped to my feet. The vagaries of Tommy Atkins are many, but this was beyond anything I had come in contact with. To walk off sentry-go with any excuse except changing guard—why, it was unbelievable!

"Bring him in!" I thundered, screwing up my features to represent the very acme of displeasure.

There was a measured tramp of ammunition-boots, and the sergeant ushered in the delinquent. Private Simpson was white and shaking. It was obvious that his knees knocked together as he saluted.

I gave him one comprehensive look.

"Does he smell of drink, sergeant?" I demanded.

Bates hovered over his prisoner for a moment, dilating his nostrils.

"No, sir," he admitted, reluctantly.

"Please, sir, I ain't touched a drop since last night," pleaded the private.

"Then what is the meaning of this?" I exploded. "Are you out of your mind?"

"No, sir. Please, sir, I only tell you the gospel truth, sir. My post's along the far bastion below the lab'rat'ry. On my dyin' oath, sir, as I was a-standin' there, five minutes ago, sir, I saw something white against the stonework. I wasn't thinkin' of nothin' at all till I saw it was a skull, sir, peerin' at me over the sea-wall. An' then I saw an arm, sir, an' then his ribs rose up, sir, an' then——"

"That'll do—that'll do!" I interrupted, savagely. "It's either drink or mania, and I've a pretty good suspicion which. Put him under arrest, sergeant, and let the doctor see him in the morning. Take him away!"

"Please, sir," implored Simpson, whimpering, "as sure as I stand here that there skeleton climbed up the sea-wall arm by arm an' leg by leg, all a-shinin' an' a-moanin', and he come nearer an' nearer, an' I tried to yell an' couldn't, an' I tried to challenge an' I couldn't; so, please, sir, I run for the guard-room an' the guard to——"

"That's enough!" I shouted. "You'll tell your story at orderly-room to-morrow. Under arrest at once, sergeant. Who is the next man waiting guard?"

"Private Sullivan, sir."

"All right. I'll see him myself."

Bates saluted, turned right about face, and hustled his prisoner towards the door. Private Simpson disappeared, weeping and calling on gods and men to witness that his tale was the truth and no lie, while I strode out to interview his successor.

"Are you afraid of ghosts, Sullivan?" I asked, as the burly Irishman came to attention.

"No, sorr."

"Then don't let any of Simpson's drunken imaginations make you think you are," said I, for well I knew how this sort of panic spreads from man to man. "Get to your post at once."

"Yes, sorr."

He hesitated, and I looked at him inquiringly.

"Well?" I asked, sharply.

"Will I have a round or two of ball cartridge, sorr?"

"Why, you've just told me you aren't afraid!"

"No more I am, sorr. But if anyone's tryin' any monkey-tricks around the bastion I'd like to show them it's—unhealthy, sorr."

I shook my head.

"No," said I, "your bayonet's enough to settle any ghost that ever walked. You have blank cartridge if you wish to give an alarm, and that's all you require. Get on at once."

Sullivan saluted and disappeared, while I returned in a very caustic frame of mind to the guard-room.

The far bastion stretches out into the sea below the laboratory which the Ordnance Department officials use for their experiments. It was, of course, its isolated position which made it such an admirable site. In case of any accidental explosion there was no other building near enough to be harmed. The main fort—Fort Cardew—towers over the bay at least a thousand yards away, while the guard-room and storehouse are quite as distant. There is no doubt that it is a lonely post, and as I meditated on Simpson's imbecility a glimmering recollection came into my mind of a rumour that a military execution had taken place on the spot untold years before. No doubt the felon, whoever he was, was buried where he died. I began to wonder if any of Simpson's comrades had been unnerving him with tales of unquiet spirits, and whether they had taken this tradition as a peg to hang their legends upon. I determined to make inquiry in the morning, though I was fairly well satisfied in my own mind that it was spirits of another nature that had led to the soldier's extraordinary conduct.

As I smoked and meditated I heard a step outside. Gilmore, my captain, came in. His face was alert and smiling, in spite of the fact that, like myself, he had had twelve hours upon his feet. I have seldom seen him look more pleased with himself, and to me, weary and a trifle out of temper, his blatant satisfaction seemed extremely inappropriate.

"What's the best news, then?" I grumbled, "for by your face you've heard it."

"Don't be crusty," said he; "I *am* a bit elated, I own. You ought to be delighted to see a cheerful fellow-creature in this desolate hole."

"It's just my confounded luck to be here at all," said I, for I was officer of the night a long way out of my turn. Haughton and Thring had seen fit to hire a motor-car that afternoon. With the wildest ideas on steering they had got upset within the first five miles. As a result they were in bed, bandaged and groaning, while I was doing their duty after a twelve-hour field-day. Gilmore nodded sympathetically.

"It's too bad," he agreed, "and that's why, as I was this way, I looked in to cheer you up a bit. Are you grateful?"

"Why, yes," I said, "I was getting rather tired of my own company. But what in the name of goodness is keeping *you* from between the blankets at this time of night?"

"Excitement for one thing," he answered, "satisfaction for another. The fact that I have been down to the laboratory with Sir Henry for a third."

"Good heavens!" said I, "I think every-

body must be mad to-night. What is he doing at the laboratory at this hour?"

"He is fitting a couple of the new shells with his own electric time-fuse instead of percussions. Did you hear about the practice at the manœuvres to-day?"

"I didn't believe what I heard," I replied, "for Ferrers tried to make out you had got an effective range of 15,000 yards with the 6-inch!"

His face was glowing with happiness as he smote me on the back.

"But it's *true!*" he shouted; "it's *true*, my boy! And it's with my shells they did it—*mine!*"

"What!" I cried. "Have those experiments you've been tinkering at all the summer turned up trumps?"

"I should think they have!" he answered. "Sir Henry is nearly as excited over it as I am. There is something in the new rifling, no doubt, but the principal part is the cartridge and the shell. Professionally speaking, my fortune's made. Sir Henry says the Government are bound to take it. As far as artillery goes it's the discovery of the century!"

"What's the principle?" I asked.

He hesitated a moment.

"Well, I can't give you details exactly, but it's partly the complete combustion of the charge and partly the new amalgam of the shell-casing. It strips to the new rifling in a way that entirely alters the underspin. I believe we have added 30 per cent. to modern ranges. You should have seen the foreign attachés stare!—Pultowitz, Martinetti, and Cuignet."

"Cuignet? Who's Cuignet?" I asked.

"The Frenchman."

I grinned.

"He had prophetic visions of a Kentish battery shelling Dunkirk from the North Foreland," I chuckled. "It's what they all have been trying to get at for years—that alteration of the underspin."

"Yes!" he cried, thumping his fist upon the table, "and I've done it—I've done it! When Sir Henry has added one of his own time-fuses—well, you'll see to-morrow."

"Is Sir Henry still up at the laboratory?" I asked, suddenly.

"Yes; he wouldn't let me stay—he never will let anyone stay when he's experimenting. I'm to go back for him in half an hour."

"Then he's alone?" said I.

"Of course."

I shuffled my feet uneasily. No doubt it was entirely ridiculous, but I felt a sudden pang of misgiving. Something queer had happened at the far bastion. Suppose—only suppose—that someone was trying "monkey tricks," as Private Sullivan called them, on an old man engrossed in his work. Suddenly, and without consideration, I began to tell Gilmore the story of Private Simpson's extraordinary hallucination.

Before I finished he had jumped to his feet.

"Why on earth didn't you tell me this before?" he exclaimed.

I really couldn't see any good reason to connect Simpson's ravings with the fact that Sir Henry was alone in the laboratory, and I said so. Yet all the same that tinge of anxiety—an irrational one, I own—was growing into a feeling of alarm. But I wouldn't confess it, even to myself, and I scoffed at Gilmore.

"You didn't see Cuignet's face at the manœuvres to-day," he said, curtly, as he made for the door. "I am going back at once."

I followed him.

"I'll come so far with you," said I. "But you don't seriously think that anyone would make an attempt——"

"I shall not allow myself to think seriously at all," he answered, "till I find Sir Henry safe where I left him. But I can't help remembering that two of the most important military secrets of the century are at present guarded by one unconscious sentry and a feeble old man. It's not only a question of the new shell—there's the electric fuse also. If anyone got to know—Hang it all! the thing simply won't bear thinking of! Come along!"

I told Bates where I was going and followed Gilmore hurriedly round the corner of the storehouse. We ran. It was a dark, starless night, and it was impossible to avoid stumbling now and then, but I am certain that we took no more than four minutes to reach the first embrasure of the bastion. And at that moment Sullivan's voice rang out in challenge; but not to us.

"Who goes there?"

The sound came from above, in the direction of the laboratory walls. We could see the windows of Sir Henry's room brilliantly lit. The challenge rang out a second time—a third. There was no answer, or, at any rate, none that we could hear. We halted an instant at the foot of the stairway that leads up from the sea-wall, and as the echoes of the voice died down a red stream of flame flared across the night and the report of a rifle rang out.

There was the sound of steps, the rattle of scattered gravel, a noise of scuffling. A string of oaths in the strongest Irish brogue ended in the agony of a shriek. A moment later a bright square of light opened out of the darkness where the laboratory door was burst open.

Outlined against the sudden gleam we saw two figures that entered. But they claimed little of our attention; for, white and wavering against the darkness, a *skeleton* stood at the stairway head and flung from him a man whose outstretched arms appealed to the empty night.

With a choking cry Gilmore raced up the steps and I followed at his heels. As suddenly as it had appeared the vision was gone, dropping, so it seemed, into the very earth!

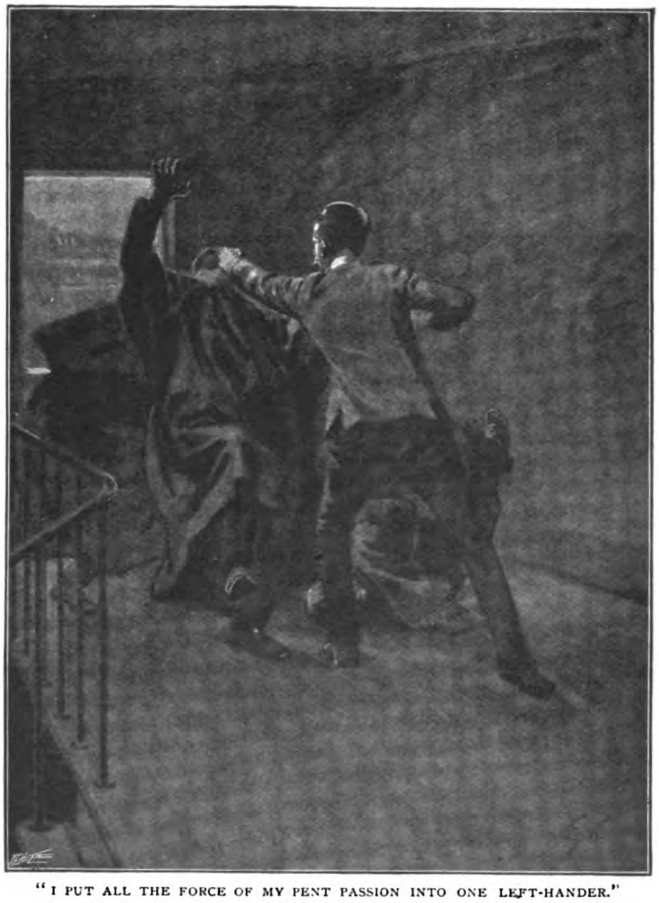
At the stairway-head we both stumbled and half fell across Sullivan's body. He groaned and moved convulsively, and as I stretched across him to recover my over-reach my fingers plunged into a warm, sticky trickle that oozed from his side.

At his feet a dark heap of thick fabric had been dropped—a long cloak on which was accurately designed the ghastly tracing of a human being's fleshless bones! The grim device glowed as if it were afire, and it did not need Gilmore's exclamation of "Luminous paint!" to make me understand how the unfortunate Simpson had been tricked into leaving his post.

We gathered ourselves up and plunged through the open doorway. There was a sound of a tussle from the upper room, a thud, and a cry from Sir Henry, and then three masked and cloaked figures came rushing from the inner room. Beyond them we could see the old man stretched motionless upon the floor. We met them at the stair-top.

The leader bore a heavy weight, and at him Gilmore flung himself, snarling more like a rabid wolf than a human being, and tearing his burden from him in the first shock of his onset. The two rolled on the boards together, searching with eager hands for each other's throats.

The other two closed in. They kicked, they screeched, they hammered their fists upon Gilmore's head, his sides, his shoulders. The whole brunt of their attack was directed to recover the prize he had wrested from their leader, and I doubt if they so much as saw me. I drew their attention summarily.



"I PUT ALL THE FORCE OF MY PENT PASSION INTO ONE LEFT-HANDER."

I put all the force of my pent passion into one furious left-hander that struck the nearest squarely upon the temple. He fell like a poleaxed bullock. I promptly gathered the second into a close embrace, satisfied with the fact that the odds of battle were now become even again as we were but two to two, and with the knowledge that Sullivan's shot must have aroused the guard, who would

be with us inside of five minutes. I meant to keep my man till then or know the reason why!

But after a few desperate instants I began to wonder if the task was within my powers. The fellow seemed nearly insane with terror and rage. He raved, he shrieked curses—and what a jump my pulses gave as I recognised the language, for it was French! —and he made his teeth meet like a mad dog's in my cheek and ear. He kicked like a mule, dashing his heavy boots against my shins till I could have shrieked with the agony of it.

In the sudden impulse of my pain I half lifted him and flung him back. He seemed to give way without an effort. The next second we fell as it were into emptiness as we rocked over the head of the stairs. We thundered down the steps, still locked together, and rolled out into the open, and there we wrestled hideously with teeth and fists and nails, through an interval that may have measured but seconds in mere time, but was age-long in the madness of our wrath.

A nail-studded boot crashed against my cheek. I yelled with the pain, realizing at the same moment that Gilmore and his antagonist had followed us. They were tearing, not at each other, but at the black, bulky object which each tried to make his own—the shell, as well I knew—the prize on which the whole issue of the battle hung. I heard Gilmore groan.

The strength was leaking out of me like water out of a cask, but at that sound I was goaded up to one last strenuous effort. If Gilmore was worsted while I lay helpless I knew that all our labour was vain. I dropped my grip from my adversary's ribs and shifted my hands to his throat, filled with the fierce determination to finish my half of the fight—if luck were with me—before it was too late.

And there I made my mistake. The fellow thrust aside my open hands, dashed me back, and sprang to his feet. At the same instant the third of our foes joined the fray—the fellow that I had floored rocked unsteadily through the open doorway.

A shot rang out. In the dim light I saw that Sullivan had crawled into a kneeling posture and, too weak to come to our assistance, was emptying his magazine to signal an alarm. I staggered up. There was a flash of steel before my eyes and I felt the slash that opened my arm from wrist to elbow.

And then, with an exultant cry, Gilmore's antagonist tore the shell from his grip, darted towards the stairway, and fled down into the dark shadows of the sea-wall!

His two companions sped after him, diving into the darkness like rabbits into a burrow. With a shout I pursued, but got no farther than a couple of yards. Something shot out from below me and brought me down in a heap. I saw, with stupefaction, that it was Gilmore's hand that had seized my ankle and that it was Gilmore who was pinning me to earth. I yelled and struggled in his grip, bewildered, half insane at his astounding cowardice.

"Let me go!" I raved. "Curse you, you coward, let me go!"

He hung on to me grimly; he closed his arms about me like a vice; he seemed neither to hear the savage words nor feel the blows I showered upon him.

There came a sound of hurried oars from below and the splash of men urging a boat across the calm. At the same moment Bates and a dozen others came flying down the path.

Gilmore released his grasp and jerked me to my feet. I turned upon him furiously.

"You infernal poltroon!" I shouted. "Why did you trip me?" and aimed a blow with all my strength at his face.

He made no effort to avoid it, and I, weak with my struggle and my passion, barely touched him. He stood panting, quivering, and staring into the darkness, not offering me so much attention as a look.

At that instant a blaze of light enveloped us. Up at the fort they had heard the shots, and had flashed the searchlight upon us in a brilliant wave that lit up the bastion, the laboratory, and the surrounding expanse of sea. In the middle of the glare a row-boat was speeding across the surface towards a black hull which was shadowy in the darkness beyond the circle of the light.

Bates dashed up to me, holding up his rifle.

"I've a magazine full of ball cartridge, sir," he cried. "Shall I shoot—shall I shoot?"

I didn't hesitate.

"Yes!" I roared, "shoot! And for Heaven's sake shoot straight," I added, as I heard his breech-block click.

Gilmore strode forward.

"No!" he panted, "no! Bring down your rifle!"

I turned upon him with uplifted fists and frantic with rage. I yelled to Bates to fire—I swore terrible oaths that the man was

insane—that he had gone suddenly demented, and believed only too firmly that I swore the truth. And then Gilmore spoke.

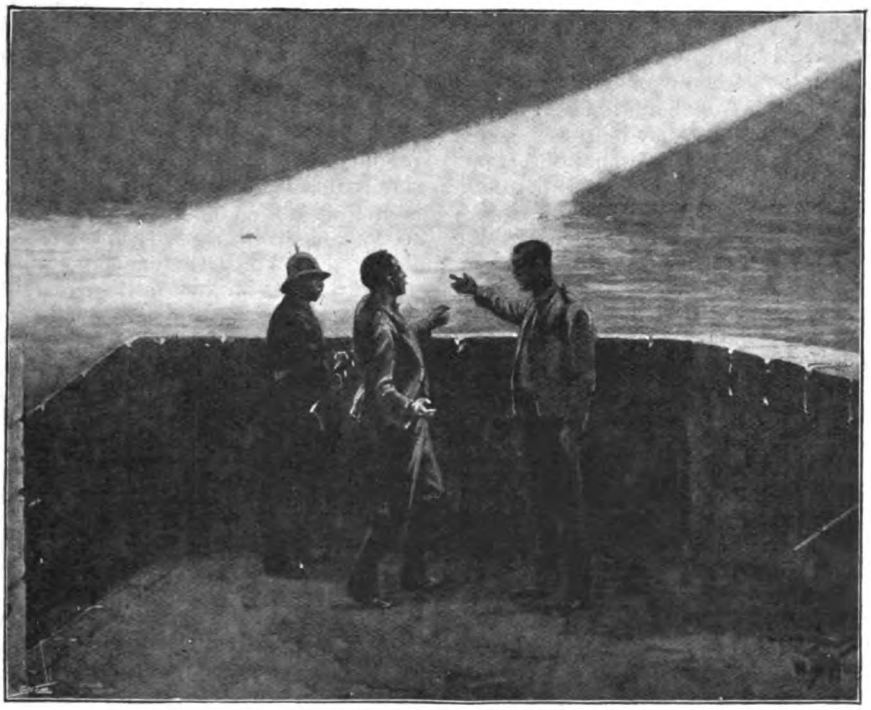
"They are dead men already," he said, solemnly. "They have fifty seconds of life—fifty, no more! I have set the time-fuse!"

I staggered back, gasping. And then a hush fell upon us—such a hush as falls within the prison-yard when the hangman's grip is on the lever of the drop. Our eyes were turned towards the boat that passed lonelily distinct through that pitiless glare.

I drew one deep breath. Then a monstrous pillar of red flame soared into the night, its reflection dancing crimson on the ripples of the oar-splash. The thunder of the explosion hammered against our ears, the shock of it set us lurching like drunken men. A fountain of spray, milk-white and gleaming, gushed up to fall back in a thousand cataracts of foam, while innumerable ripples spread across the centre of the whirl. A few dark splinters floated in the turmoil till the undersuck drank them down, and the thud of the first huge billow fell heavily upon the sea-wall. And then the glare shone on nothing but dwindling eddies, dying into calm.

"The skeleton?" said Private Sullivan, as I sat beside his cot in hospital next day. "Am I a child, sorr, to be frighted with their death's-head toys? I gave him three challenges as he gibbered at me from behind his painted cloak, and then I took my bayonet to him. I'd have stuck him, too, if the other black scoundrels hadn't stole up behind to knock up my rifle and shove me on to his knife. And the rest you know, sorr."

The rest, indeed, we know. And France knows, and perchance will consider herself before she probes too daringly for Britain's secrets again. And we? We have had our warning on the far bastion. Let us see to it that we need no second one.



"'I HAVE SET THE TIME-FUSE!' HE SAID."

Making a Policeman.

By H. J. Holmes.

"ROUGH diamonds."

Very apt, indeed, that descriptive phrase, uttered by an official of New Scotland Yard when ushering the writer into the presence of the latest selection of candidates for service in the Metropolitan Police Force.

Without hesitation it may be truly asserted that there is no body of public servants chosen with such infinite care and discretion as those who come as recruits to the famous police institution on the Embankment. We, who enjoy their guardianship and not unfrequently their friendship, know how eminently satisfactory is the result.

A foreigner once remarked to the writer that "every policeman in London is a gentleman." And no one who has had occasion to consult the man in blue will feel disposed to dispute the distinction.

Undoubtedly the Metropolitan Policeman—he is worthy of the capital letter—is a living monument of civility, kindliness, and good temper.

Even the Commissioner cannot find his rough diamonds without taking considerable pains to do so, and when he finds them he will not take the trouble to pick them up for polishing purposes unless he feels certain that they will turn out well.

CHIEF-INSPECTOR ROSE, THE MAN WHO MAKES THE POLICEMAN.
From a Photo.

Who would guess that the smartly set-up, smooth-spoken, well-informed policeman, who grips a question the moment it leaves the querist's lips, and whose glib tongue rolls off a quick intelligent reply, hails, in the majority of cases, from the most countrified districts in Great Britain? He has renounced his native pastoral charms for the privilege of serving the King, clad in uniform of blue, in London's muddy or dusty streets! Yes; the great majority of London's policemen are country-bred. They are greatly preferred. There is, however, a fair sprinkling of reservists and town-bred men in the ranks.

There are many good points about the police service which attract the best class of candidates. The pay is not abnormal, to be sure; still, 25s. 6d. a week, on appointment, is not at all an unsatisfactory wage when accompanied with a good supply of comfortable clothing, and coals, or a money allowance in lieu thereof; besides, there is always the certainty, with the necessary recommendation of good conduct, of an annual increase of 1s. per week until the maximum of 33s. 6d. is reached. There is also a good prospect of promotion after some years of service to the important position of sergeant, and, higher still, inspector, with increased pay. There are few men in the service for ten years who have not enjoyed the pleasurable sensation of promotion. Constables may even, in time, reach the height of a superintendentship with a salary of £400 a year!

Another golden prospect before the young recruit is—a pension. After fifteen years' service, if unfit for further duty, a man is retired on a fair percentage of his pay, according to length of service. On the completion of the full service of twenty-six years he is entitled to retire on two-thirds of his salary. A man of approved service of more than three years and less than fifteen is granted a gratuity at the rate of one month's pay for each year of service.

Such prospects are rare, indeed, in ordinary civilian business life in town or country. It is, therefore, not surprising that the Commissioner finds his rough diamonds.

When a young fellow finally decides to have a shot at the Metropolitan Police Force he writes to New Scotland Yard, addressing his letter to the Commissioner, Candidates' Department, asking for an official form of application.

That form will not be long in coming, for they believe in business principles at New Scotland Yard. It is a large foolscap sheet of four pages, containing, first and foremost, a form of recommendation, with a fully set out blank list in which to state the various characteristics of the candidate. He must fill this up in his own handwriting, giving his age, height, complexion, colour of eyes and hair, his trade, whether he is married or single, number of children if married, and a statement as to whether the candidate has been in any of the public services—if so, in which of them and for what length of time; finally the name and address of the candidate's last employer. All these particulars must be given plainly and truthfully, as the least discrepancy is certain to be found out by means of the wonderful network of the Yard.

The form of recommendation must also include two testimonials of character signed by at least two respectable householders, who have had personal knowledge of the candidate during the previous five years or more, and a testimonial from his last employer is also imperative. If the candidate has been in the public service he must also produce a certificate of good conduct in that service.

The man who would be a constable in the Metropolitan Police must possess the following qualifications, which are absolutely indispensable—if he doesn't possess them he might as well try to amuse himself by crawling through the eye of a needle as to cross the portal of the Candidates' Department at New Scotland Yard.

His age must not be over twenty-seven nor under twenty-one; he must stand 5ft. 9in. clear, without shoes or stockings; be able to read well, write legibly, and have a fair knowledge of spelling; be generally intelligent, according to the judgment of the officers or chief surgeon of the police, by whom he will be examined on all other qualifications; be free from any bodily complaint whatsoever, of a strong constitution, and equal to the performance of police duty; and particular as to personal cleanliness.

Tuesday is Candidates' Day at New Scotland Yard, and there, by ten o'clock, from fifty to sixty strapping young fellows assemble ready for the ordeal. They make the acquaintance for the first time of Chief-Inspector Rose, the Policeman-Maker. This veteran has been responsible for the smart turning-out of most of the constables whose beats lie in the Metropolitan area. That is the inspector's special *rôle* at Scotland Yard. Every successful candidate passes through his hands.

Chief-Inspector George Rose is the oldest man in the service. He has just completed his forty-first year of active work in the Metropolitan Police. He is a hardy Highlander—

> The chieftain of the good clan Rose,
> That firm and warlike band—

From a] MEDICAL EXAMINATION. *[Photo.*

and does not dream of retiring for years! There are very few of the younger generation of London policemen who have not received their first lessons in police duty from this worthy veteran, who is wonderfully vigorous and strong of voice in the execution of his onerous duties, for the polishing of the Commissioner's "rough diamonds" is by no means a simple task, even for one so well versed in the art of training as is the inspector.

From a] MEASURING. *[Photo.*

In a few words, sharp and to the point, the candidates are informed what is expected of them, and stress is laid on the proper reading and understanding of the terms and conditions upon which each constable is admitted for service, as expressed at length in the preliminary document supplied to each candidate.

The principal business of the day is the all-important medical examination, to be followed by the education tests.

On the doctor's arrival the men quickly enter a dressing-room to unrobe, issuing forth clad only in a long cloak. They enter the doctor's room in turn, and come out again in the course of five or ten minutes, mostly with broad grins upon their faces. One and all seem to be relieved because *that* portion of the day's programme is over.

Meanwhile, as the procession towards the doctor's room slowly wends its way by ten-minute gaps, the measurement of each candidate is proceeded with. Several of the men present on the day of the writer's visit were little short of 6ft. high. Only seldom is a man rejected owing to lack of inches—he has already been measured, as a rule, before undertaking the journey from his home to London, and he knows it would be useless to come if he were below the standard height.

As to weight, the standard varies according to the height of the candidate.

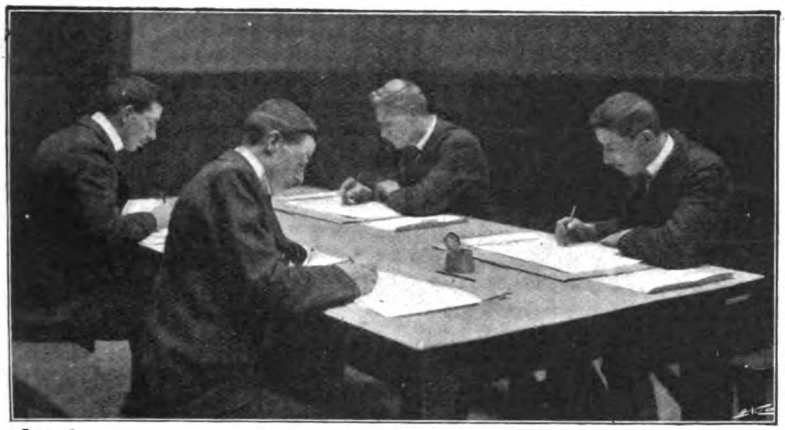
Next comes the examination necessary to prove the qualification of candidates as to reading and writing, etc. Thanks to our present-day educational system, it is very seldom that a man is unable to pass the tests. The three R's can always be reckoned to be among the acquaintances of the embryo policeman.

The day's proceedings decide who are accepted as candidates on probation and who are the plucked ones. If there are any of the lattter they depart whence they came, and Scotland Yard knows them no more.

From a] WEIGHING. *[Photo.*

The successful ones are told the good news, and are informed that for the following three weeks they will be instructed in their various duties and drilled, and, if satisfactory, they will be accepted as constables and thereafter drafted to any division to which the Commissioner may see fit to send them.

During the next three weeks the Candidates' Section House, Kennington Lane, forms their temporary home. The Section House is a comfortable building



From a] EXAMINATION FOR READING AND WRITING. *[Photo.*

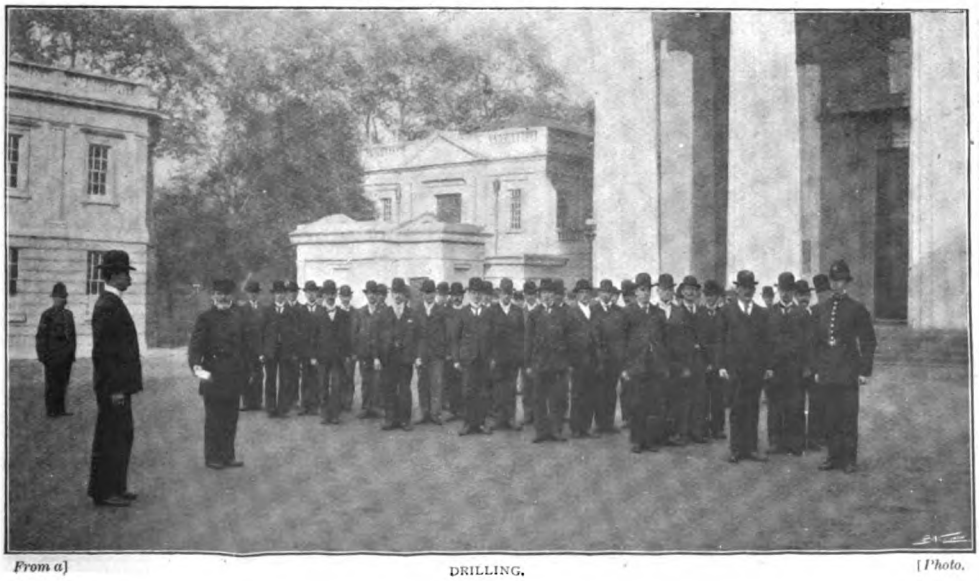
attached to the police-office, and is fitted up to accommodate eighty men with board and lodging.

While in this establishment the "candidates on approbation" are paid a weekly amount, something less than the regular pay. There are billiard and reading rooms in connection with the house, the men being made as comfortable as possible during their sojourn.

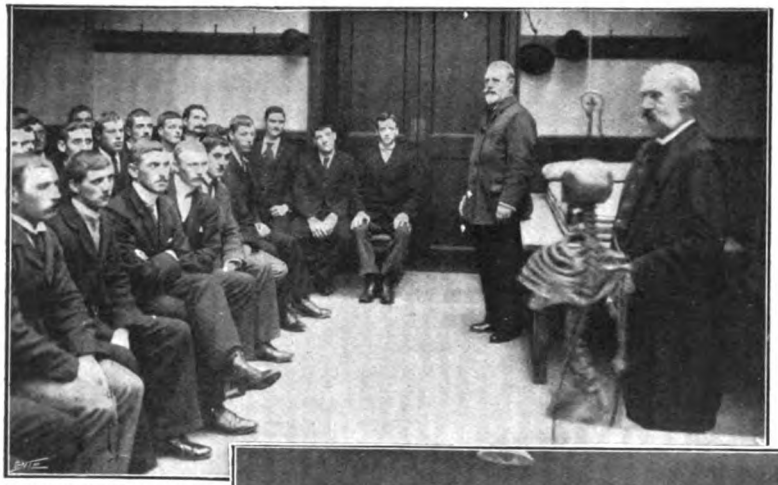
During their three weeks' probation the candidates have a pretty busy time of it. They are constantly on the move between the Section House, New Scotland Yard, and Wellington Barracks. At the former they are instructed in telegraphy; in the grounds of the latter they go through a course of hard drilling every day, and under the direction of Chief-Inspector Rose they make excellent use of the time thus spent. The slouching gait, or ugly walk from the shoulders, disappears for ever, and makes way for the smart, soldierly style that tells the well-drilled man.

At Scotland Yard Chief-Surgeon McKellar spreads some useful knowledge amongst the coming policemen in the shape of a course of five lectures devoted to ambulance work and elementary anatomy, *pro bono publico*, as everyone must admit who has witnessed a street accident. First aid to the injured is dwelt upon at some length and, at the close of the lectures, the intelligent young fellows, who follow Surgeon McKellar's every word with interest, know enough to save life and reduce pain when occasion demands, as has been proved over and over again.

The rule which states that "all candidates must be re-vaccinated on appointment as constables" necessitates another visit of the chief surgeon or his assistants. In due time every man is nursing a punctured arm, and ready to argue that "vaccination is a bit off" when drill and active life must be maintained.



From a] DRILLING. *[Photo.*



SURGICAL LECTURE—FIRST AID INSTRUCTION.
From a Photo.

When the end of the probation period has almost come the candidates are paraded at Wellington Barracks, and go through their drill in the presence of one of the Chief Constables. If this official is satisfied with the appearance and proficiency of the men he signifies same in the usual manner. The candidates accordingly are ordered to appear at Scotland Yard on the following Monday morning, where they are duly "affirmed" by the Commissioner or one of the Assistant Commissioners, to do their duty faithfully. Earlier on the same morning the candidates perform an important change in their appearance. They are solemnly marched to the Receiver's Store, where they are all provided with uniforms. These are donned previous to attending before the Commissioner for oath-taking purposes.

PRACTICE FIRST AID.
From a Photo.

From a] FITTING CLOTHES. *[Photo.*

From a] TAKING THE OATH. *[Photo.*

Each constable makes the following "General Declaration" :—

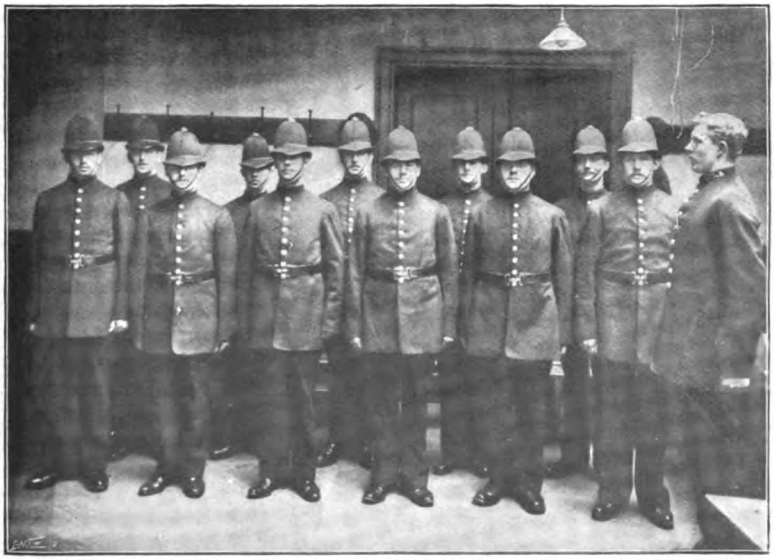
"I, John Jones" (or whatever his name may be), "being appointed a constable of the Police Force of the Metropolitan Police District, do solemnly, sincerely, and truly declare and affirm that I will well and truly serve our Sovereign Lord the King in the office of constable, and that I will act as a constable for preserving the peace and preventing robberies and other felonies, and apprehending offenders against the peace, and in all respects to the best of my skill and knowledge discharge the duties of the said office faithfully and according to law."

When a constable is chosen for duty at or in a Royal Palace he makes an additional declaration in these terms :—

"I, ——, being a constable belonging to the Metropolitan Police Force, do solemnly, sincerely, and truly declare and affirm that I will faithfully execute the office of constable within the Royal Palaces of His Majesty and ten miles thereof."

Nothing remains now for the new policeman but to be drafted off to the division arranged by the Commissioner. There he is employed on reserve-duty at the station and in attending the police-courts during the hearing of charges and summonses. He will spend fourteen days at such work so as to gain actual experience before acting alone in the streets.

He is instructed for one hour daily as to the law of arrests and general regulations of the service. Other details, such as a suitable and convenient place in which to live and the subdivision to which he may be attached, are gone into by his superintendent. And at the end of the fourteen days he goes on duty in the streets as a fully-fledged policeman.



From a] THE COMPLETE ARTICLE. *[Photo*

An Alarming Sacrifice.

By Geo. Manville Fenn.

WALK through St. Paul's Churchyard any sunny morning and most probably you will meet a knot of magnificent men. They will be either fair or dark, giants of grand physique, between thirty and forty, beards Aaronesque, clear-skinned, decidedly handsome, but of the barber's dummy waxen type, oiled, cleaned up, scented, dressed in the newest City tailor style, smiling with smug self-satisfaction as, with heads thrown back and portly presence, they swing along the wide pavement; in short, suggestive of the show-pen and ready for the judge.

What are they? Admirers of the lady butterflies attracted by the shops that border that windy place—contented Adonises of a vast modern type? Oh, dear, no! Drapers' town travellers of the great wholesale houses: the noble-looking beings who often become the set smiling shop-walkers of pushing establishments.

James Champion Fishburn was one of these gentlemen, but proving, in spite of his noble presence, a failure with his employers—in other words, not bringing in sufficiently extensive "lines" in his order-book—there was a quarrel, and the wholesale company discharged him. As J. C. F. put it, he resigned, decided to turn shop-walker at once, dropped the "James" at the beginning of his name, and, leaving the Champion, balanced it at the other end with an addition, took four small shops in the middle of a North London row, and turned them into one by knocking out doorways right and left. Then with the prophetic intention of adding the rest of the row from time to time till he had secured the whole block, he started in business for himself under the title of "Champion Fishburn and Company," in very large gilt letters.

Unfortunately, he had no capital, but he had plenty of enterprise, and he was known to the minor, pushing wholesale houses who were hungry to get rid of cheap, flashy stock.

Champion Fishburn's appearance, smile, the bend of his huge loins, and the soft, insinuating rub of his smooth white hands were sufficient guarantee for the wholesale forcers of unnecessaries upon the feminine market, and they agreed among themselves that the site chosen was right and that he would do and develop a fair business; so they supplied the capital—in goods—and filled his four-in-hand shop most generously, only taking bills at one, two, three, four, or more months as security.

Champion Fishburn and Company began business, after the dissemination of a large

"THE WHOLESALE COMPANY DISCHARGED HIM."

supply of bills, with a shop-walker—C. F. himself—who was the admiration of the neighbourhood and a perfect Rimmel to his own premises as he paced, highly scented, from shop to shop and generally presided over the staff, three young ladies or priestesses of his gaily-decked altar.

Business came as a matter of course, for the goods ticketed in the windows were mostly attractive bargain baits, and a fairly brisk trade was carried on; but where there is no substantial capital and catch custom is secured by selling articles with the finest margin of profit, and often with none at all, it becomes—especially as drapery and haberdashery goods deteriorate rapidly from constant exhibition—exceedingly difficult to meet bills every month, and ruinous when the same have to be renewed.

It was so with the new establishment. Champion Fishburn and Company had puffing new lines of goods in the windows, stacks of empty paper boxes in the shops by way of stock, and, worst of all, fresh lines in the proprietor's forehead as he paced the establishment and kept up a smile which grew more forced and ghastly every day.

"The governor's being hit," said Miss Smith, the senior young lady. "You girls can do as you like; I mean to be on the look-out."

"It's going to be 'an alarming crash,' and no mistake," said the proprietor to himself, as with aching and swollen legs he had gone into the counting-house one afternoon to rest them upon a chair. "I can't keep it up. Wish I was back in Doctors' Commons again. Hanged if I know what to do. Might have an annual sale—at the end of the first six months! Halloa! What the deuce is the matter now? Quarrel among the girls? Row to give them an excuse to go, perhaps. Well, Miss Smith," he said, severely, as that young lady entered, "what is it?"

"Will you please come into number two, sir? We've caught one of those kleptomaniacs."

Champion Fishburn's heavy legs came down on the tapestry carpet and he rose, "swelling wisibly" as he put on his most noble aspect and followed his assistant, though no guidance was needed, hysterical sobs, cries, and even shrieks telling where the trouble had arisen.

"Shut those doors!" cried the chief, in a voice that would have been invaluable to a general, and his staff rushed to obey the command, leaving him alone with a fine-looking, showily-dressed lady sitting stiffly back on one of those particularly uncomfortable, attenuated drapers' shop chairs, wringing her gloves—on her hands—swaying herself about, and threatening to fall heavily upon the floor.

"Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!" she cried, in a regular gamut, beginning at C below the stave and soaring up a long way towards the second octave above. "It is an insult! Horrible! I am a lady. How dare they? Oh! oh! oh! oh!"

The last "Oh's!" began above the stave and came down as if to meet the three young ladies, who, after closing and bolting the swing doors, had hurried back. "How dare they? I'll have redress."

"Miss Smith," said the proprietor, haughtily, "will you have the goodness to explain the meaning of this?"

"Yes, sir. I was serving her, sir, with lace-bordered handkerchiefs, and she said they weren't good enough and asked for gloves, and while I was getting them she slipped I don't know how many handkerchiefs in her muff."

"Oh, you wicked woman! A trick! A trap! I'll have in the police. I am a lady. I couldn't have done such a thing."

"I'm sure she did, sir," said Miss Smith, "and—there, sir, look at that!"

Miss Smith's clever, sharp fingers had made a snatch at a white corner visible inside the lady's sealskin muff, and the act drew out not only one new folded pocket-handkerchief but a portion of two more.

"Oh, disgraceful! My own handkerchief. How dare you?"

"But there are two more, madam," said Fishburn, severely, "and I perceive that the first bears our gummed-on ticket."

"Yes, sir," said the second young lady, "and these others have it, too."

"Oh!" shrieked the lady. "Then it is a trick—a trap. You wicked creatures, you must have thrust them there."

"Please, sir, I ain't sure," said the third assistant, who was very young, slow, and stupid, and drawled in her utterance, "but I was watching her, and I think she took one of the rolls of satin ribbon marked 'Slightly Soiled' out of the basket and put it under her mantle."

"What?" shrieked the lady. "How dare you?"

The plump young assistant did not say how she dared, but she showed the way, for she turned back the left fold of the wearer's stiff silk mantle and plunged in a hand, to withdraw two rolls of wide satin ribbon, one

of which fell with a rap on the floor, unrolling as it went.

"She's got a great big pocket in there, sir," said the girl, showing her teeth.

"Hah!" said the proprietor, in his sternest way. "How fortunate that the establishment is not crowded with customers! Young ladies, bring this person to my private room. I will have her searched. Miss Smith, summon the porter to fetch the police."

"No, no, no! Oh, pray don't! Pray don't!"

"Into my room, madam," cried the proprietor, so grandly that the culprit allowed herself to be taken into custody by two of the assistants, and a procession was formed, the majestic shop-walker leading the way and the plump young lady coming last, bearing the annexed goods and enjoying what she afterwards called "the fun"—it being an agreeable change from dressing the shop-window and folding and unfolding stock.

The loud, hysterical cries had sunk into pitiful sobs and protests as the lady was taken into the principal's room, that gentleman giving his chief assistant an order or two and then discreetly withdrawing till he was summoned by Miss Smith, who said nothing till he was face to face with the moaning and sobbing woman, holding now a handsome gold-mounted scent-bottle to her nostrils.

"She had this card of silk lace, sir, in her great inside pocket and that half-dozen pairs of gloves, sir."

"Purchases — purchases, my good woman," sobbed the culprit.

"They weren't wrapped up, sir."

"No; I threw away the paper when I opened them in my carriage," sobbed the culprit, feebly.

"Is your carriage waiting outside, madam?"

"No, no, no! I dismissed my coachman, as I had an engagement in town."

"Not our marks, Miss Smith?" said the draper, as he turned over the choice goods.

"Oh, dear, no, sir," was the assistant's reply, and then to herself: "The idea! We haven't got anything so good on the premises."

"H'm! I see: a regular experienced shop-lifter."

"Oh, no, no, no, no!"

"There is no doubt about it, madam," said the draper, running his eyes over his customer's expensive apparel, and wondering how it had been obtained. "Well, I am very sorry. I dislike the publicity of these matters, but it is a case for the police."

"No, no! I beg! I pray! Mister — I don't know your name," cried the lady, frantically; "let me explain. I will pay anything. The exposure would kill me. Pray, pray send these young ladies away, and I can explain so that you will be ready to pity me."

"You confess, then, madam, that you did steal these goods?"

"Yes—*yes—yes!*" came, in company with a burst of sobs. "But the *exposé*; pray send these young ladies away and let me explain."

"Do you wish us to go, sir?" said Miss Smith, shortly.

The proprietor shrugged his shoulders and pursed up his lips.

"Well—er—yes," he said, grandly; "perhaps it would be as well. I will hear what this person has to say."

The three assistants retired unwillingly, to form a cluster in the shop and

"HAVE PITY ON ME."

begin discussing the matter in whispers, while as soon as the door was closed upon them the prisoner started from her seat, caught one of Fishburn's hands in hers, dropped upon her knees, and flung back her head.

"Oh, no, no!" she sobbed, passionately. "Have pity on me. I am a lady, and you—great, noble-looking man—you cannot trample a weak, helpless creature in the mire."

"I am very sorry, madam," he said, unyieldingly, "but I must have in the police. I cannot—I dare not, in the interests of trade, overlook such an offence."

"Oh, no, no, no! Mercy, mercy! I am afflicted with that horrible mania. When I have a fit I know not what I am doing. It is not a case for police, but for some great physician."

"If it is, madam, I will be as merciful as in the interests of justice I can be. What is your name?"

"My name?" cried the lady, releasing the hand to which she had clung and fumbling with the handsome crocodile-skin handbag depending from her wrist till she had extracted a gold case, out of which she, with trembling fingers, withdrew a card.

"Mrs. Concannon, 14, Replica Road, Bayswater," read the draper. "And this, of course, madam, is your husband's address?"

"My husband?" cried the lady, wonderingly. "I have no husband, sir. He died ten years ago, and it was his loss that unhinged my reason. I'm afraid that I have often been guilty of taking things since then," she added, plaintively.

"This is very, very sad, madam."

"Dreadful, sir," said the culprit, piteously; "but it is my misfortune, not my fault. I am not in want of money. It is a terrible temptation that comes over me sometimes. Is it likely that I, with a clear income of two thousand a year from dividends of Consols, should want to stoop to petty theft?"

"Well—er—no, madam, it does seem unaccountable," said Fishburn, who had somehow felt a thrill of excitement run through his nerves at the sound of two thousand a year.

"It is horrible, sir, I repeat," sobbed the woman, passionately. "Mine is a case for pity, not for punishment. Pity me, then, sir," she cried, clinging to his hands again, "and let me pay for what I took."

"Impossible, ma'am," said Fishburn, firmly, and somehow he began to hold the pair of plump, soft, clinging hands rather more tightly. "But have you no friends whom I could consult with?"

"I? Friends? Oh, no; I am a wretched lonely woman. Think, too, of the disgrace."

Just then Champion Fishburn could not think of the disgrace, but only of the widow, certainly not forty, lady-like, pleasant-featured, and with two thousand a year in her own right.

Two thousand a year! What could not a man in such a business as his do with two thousand a year? In the first place he could be independent of his backers, add three or four more shops to the present, and afford a couple of male assistants. With two thousand a year he could soon be worth a hundred thousand pounds.

He was a business man, full of energy, and he had the suppliant at his feet and fully in his power. What should he do? Had not Nature endowed him with a handsome, a noble presence, which he knew must be impressing the trembling, appealing woman at his feet? She was growing more and more attractive—in fine, getting handsome by degrees, while her fortune grew beautiful in a bound.

"The ball is at my feet and I will kick it," he said to himself, making use of a most unfortunate metaphor. "Ruin is on one side, for I can never keep those bills afloat; on the other—well—not youth and beauty, but comfortable, mature age and wealth. Rise, madam," he cried, loftily, "and take this chair. I feel ashamed and grieved to see so beautiful a lady humbled and abased at my feet."

"Oh, sir!" she murmured, softly, as she yielded to the pressure of his hands and took the chair he led her to. "Then you will take pity on my weakness and forgive me?"

As she spoke she made good use of her rather fine eyes, and unconsciously changed the draper's determination.

"No, madam," he said, firmly; "not quite forgive you; but I cannot bring myself to hand over a lady of such charm and position in society to the law she has outraged."

"No, no, no; you will not do that," she murmured, with a passionately appealing look.

"No, madam," he continued, drawing himself up, and certainly looking a splendid specimen of humanity, "but I will take pity on your position."

He took her hand now between both of his.

"You have no one to protect you, no one to save you from the consequences of such acts as yours?"

"Oh, sir," she faltered, "what do you mean?"

"To save you, if I can, from perhaps ending your days in gaol."

"Mr.—Mr.——!"

"Fishburn, madam; Champion Fishburn. I am softened, impressed by pity for the position of a lonely, weak, but beautiful woman. Let me be your champion, madam, to the end."

"My—my champion?" she faltered. "I do not understand."

"Let me speak plainly then, madam. Let me be your husband. I am free, young—comparatively—and I will be your protector, and—and—and, under the circumstances, as good a husband as you could get."

"I—I marry again? Oh, what would poor Edward say?"

"I don't know, madam," said Fishburn, sharply; "but seeing the position in which you stand, if late husbands have plenty of common sense I should think he would say you had made a deuced good bargain."

"But I—stoop to marry a tradesman?"

"No, madam; not stoop—look up to a protector—an honest man, madam, and I'm afraid I couldn't as a British tradesman say that I was marrying an honest woman."

"True," replied the lady, sadly; "but remember, it is my misfortune, not my fault."

"I'm afraid, madam, that the law will not believe that tale. The law is very hard sometimes, as hard, I'm told, as plank beds and oakum."

"Oh, Mr. Champion, pray, pray be a gentleman."

"I'll match the article as near as I can, madam."

"But it is so sudden, sir. I never for a moment imagined——"

"No, madam, neither did I.—But two thousand a year!" he thought.—"Now, madam, I'm a man of prompt dealings. Which is it to be: my wife or—you know what?"

"Not the police?"

"Yes, madam, the police."

"Oh, sir," she faltered, "you are cruel."

"Only to be kind, madam. Yes or no?"

There was a long, deep sigh, a softening of the lady's eyes, and then a brightening, as they slowly took in the proposer's noble proportions.

"You will be kind to me?" she murmured.

"As a man can be."

"And never revert to the—er—slip which brought us together?"

"Never, on my honour as a man. Now, madam, yes or no?"

"Yes," she faltered, softly and slowly, withdrawing her right glove and displaying three or four genuine and handsome rings.

"Heigho!" she sighed, as the contract was sealed by the champion pressing his lips to the soft white hand. "Who could have thought it?"

"Who, indeed?" said Fishburn, gallantly.

"Ah, who, indeed?" sighed the lady, looking up at the speaker in quite a satisfied way. "It is dreadfully weak of me, but you really are a very fine man."

"I am," he said, coolly. "I have been told so often."

"Ah! By ladies?"

"No, madam; by my masculine friends," he replied, with dignity.

Meanwhile the three assistants had been

"BUT IT IS SO SUDDEN, SIR."

wonderingly waiting, and their surprise was increased by the action of their chief, who came out of his private room at last, hat in hand, paying no heed to them whatever, but ushering the kleptomaniac to the door.

"You will not mind riding in a common hansom cab?" he said, with the recollection of the dismissed carriage flashing before his eyes.

"No, not now, with you," she said, softly.

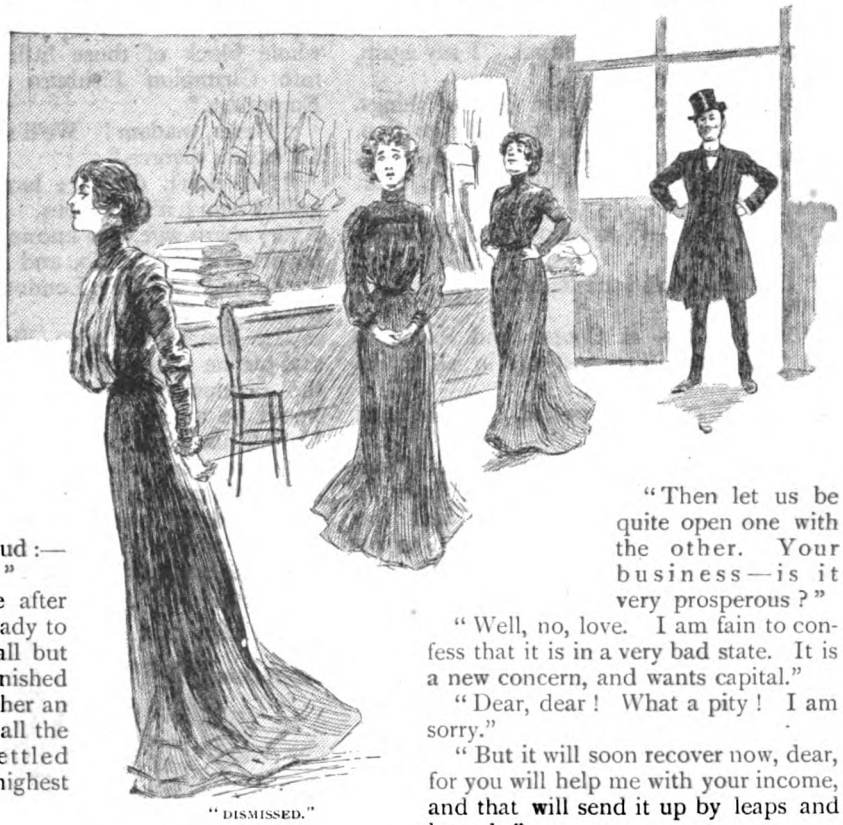
"Well!" said Miss Smith to her fellows.

"I never did," said the second.

"I say, just look," said the plump youngest, giggling, for Champion Fishburn was handing the lady into the cab and following directly, but finding a want of room for his goodly proportions as he cried aloud:—

"Bayswater!"

A short time after he helped the lady to alight at a small but charmingly-furnished house, and left her an hour later with all the preparations settled and he in the highest of spirits.



"DISMISSED."

"I don't like the look of things at all," Miss Smith had said, earlier in the evening. "I knew we were going wrong, as I said before, but this beats everything, and I shall resign."

"Then so will we," said the other two. "Let's all get somewhere together again, dears."

But Champion Fishburn and Company did not wait for the young ladies to resign, he dismissed them at once upon his return.

Then matters progressed swiftly. The shutters of the four shops remained up, with huge bills displayed outside:—

NOTICE.—Closed for Stocktaking.—May 24th. Be ready! Commencement of our Fourteen Days' Surplus Sale.

That bill was stuck on the very day that Champion Fishburn and Company were married by license and went down to the seaside for half a honeymoon.

It was on the morning after their arrival that Mrs. Fishburn beamed upon her lord from her side of the hotel breakfast-table and cooed forth:—

"I want us to be very happy, darling."

"Yes, love; the wish is mutual."

"Then let us be quite open one with the other. Your business—is it very prosperous?"

"Well, no, love. I am fain to confess that it is in a very bad state. It is a new concern, and wants capital."

"Dear, dear! What a pity! I am sorry."

"But it will soon recover now, dear, for you will help me with your income, and that will send it up by leaps and bounds."

"Ah, but then, you see, I have no income."

"What?" he cried, excitedly.

"Not a shilling," she said, coolly. "I have a little jewellery worth, say, a hundred pounds."

"But the house—the furniture?" he cried, aghast.

"Oh, they belong to the landlady, of course. I was only a monthly tenant."

"And the carriage?"

"What carriage?"

"*Sold!*" cried the champion, with a groan. "Oh, woman! Treacherous, deceitful woman!"

"Hush, dear! The waiter is coming into the room."

"Curse the waiter, madam! Let him take the slightest notice and I'll be hung for murdering him."

"Don't be foolish, lovey. You've married a very nice wife who idolizes you; and as for me, I believe I have got the handsomest husband in London."

"You, then, are not a lady?"

"For shame, sir! Do I look like anything else?"

"Oh, I don't know," he groaned. "What is to be done? You penniless and I a ruined man, almost bankrupt. I say again, what is to be done?"

"Oh, we must make the best of things. You have a good shop in a good situation. Re-open as soon as you get back and work up a good sale trade. I'll help you, dear. —More sugar?"

"Bah! No!—You help me? What can you do?"

"I? Oh, I'm in the trade."

"You?"

"Yes; I was at Cooper and Swinger's five years, and I'm well up in all calico crams."

"In all *what?*" roared the deluded husband, furiously.

"Well, love, tricks of the trade. From what I know of you, Cham—no, lovey, I shall call you Sham — you're a deal too honest to get on. I can put you up to no end of nice little ways of making money in the trade. We'll have monthly sales of bankrupt stocks. *Awful sacrifices. Alarming crashes. Ruinous purchases. Failures in the City.* I know. Save no end of money in window-dressing by having the panes whitewashed and bill-covered half the time. I'll show you how to do the trick and bring the women crowding in to our sales. But you'll have to get rid of those three girls."

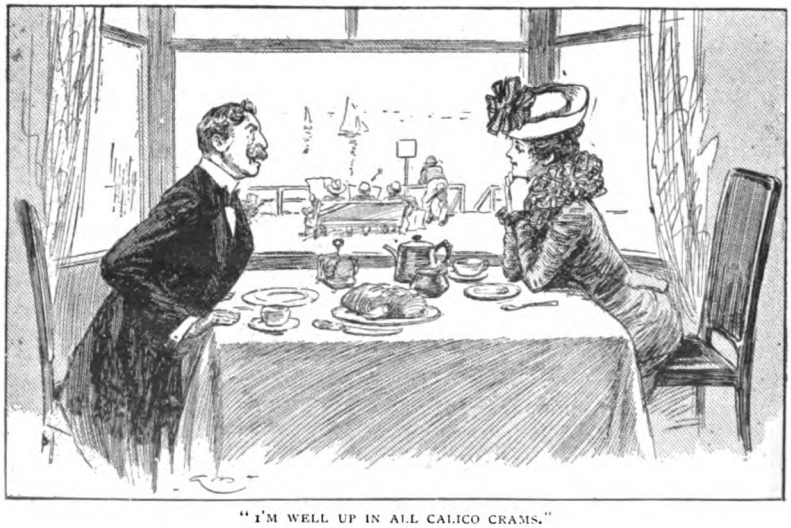
"They're gone," said Fishburn, sulkily.

"That's right. Now, look here, Sham. I prophesy that with my help you'll have the whole block of those little houses turned into Champion Fishburn and Company's Emporium."

"Never, madam! We'll separate at once. I'll have a divorce."

"No, don't, darling; have some of this grilled ham; it's delicious. You've married a very sharp wife who knows the cheap trade far better than you do, and I've married the handsomest man in London. What more could we want?"

Mr. James Champion Fishburn did not say, but he softened down as he saw that in the diamond cut diamond transaction it would be wise to make the best of it; and he did, his wife's prophecy coming true, for by degrees the whole block was absorbed, the people coming in their thousands. These all agreed in conversation that it was a terribly catchy, elevenpence-three-farthing sort of a business—but they went there all the same.



"I'M WELL UP IN ALL CALICO CRAMS."

The Arcadian Calendar

APRIL

By E. D. Cuming
and
J. A. Shepherd.

IF there be anything of human nature in the dormouse, the impulse of him who first wakes up properly for the summer must be to pull the bed-clothes off all the others; but we may picture him rousing his friends in more dainty fashion:—

Then climbing on a toadstool high, "Wake, brothers mine!" he said.
"The springtime is come back again, you *must* get out of bed."
He scolded long and loudly; declared he'd call the cat.
At last he got a hare-bell and rang them up with that.

To stoop to simple fact, each dormouse considers he has done his duty to society when he has got himself out of his winter nest; he leaves his relations alone. The short-tailed field-mouse, or field-vole, and the shrew-mouse also quit their winter quarters; the shrew yawns, and looks round for somebody to quarrel with: the shrew appears to be always poking his long nose into other people's affairs, and if you meet two shrews together they are sure to be fighting.

The movements of animals and birds are governed by temperature and not by the dates of the calendar: wherefore the puffin, whose beak to the ribald mind always, and not without good reason, suggests a false nose, deserves honourable mention as a shining exception. The puffin prides himself on his punctuality: he arrives on the rocks or cliffs overhanging the sea, where vast colonies of his kindred

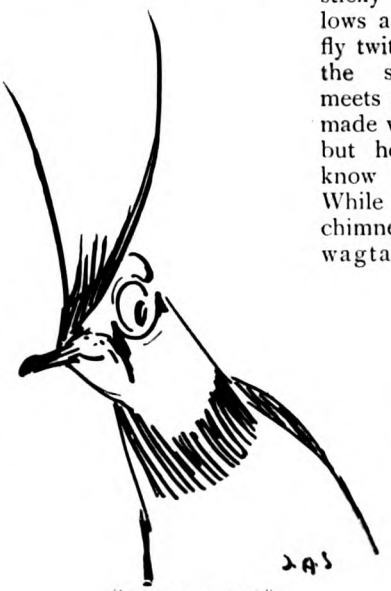
"INQUISITIVE."

"LOAFING."

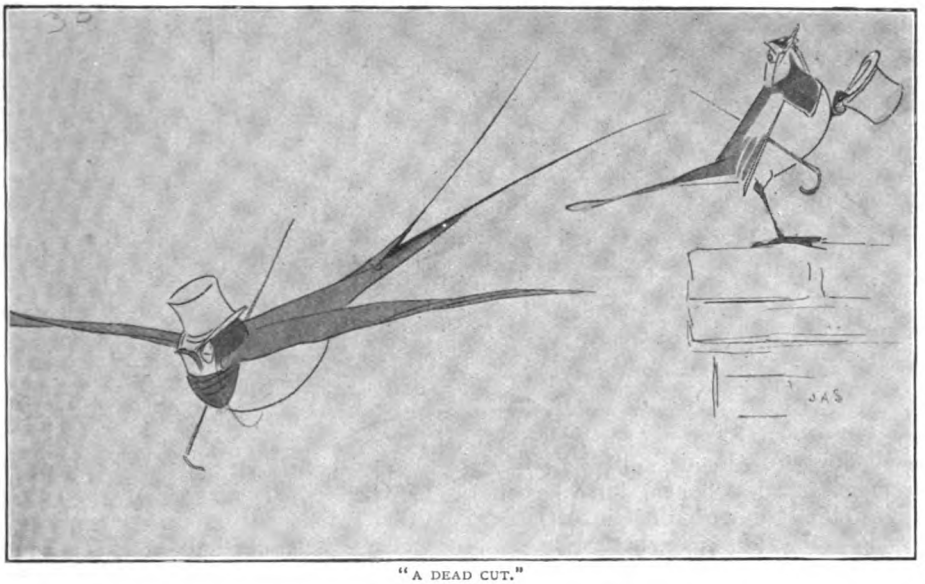
assemble to breed, almost on the same day in each year: a business-like habit which has gained the bird credit among the folks of Unst, in the Shetlands, for supernatural acquaintance with the almanac.

The cock puffin, if necessary, turns to and digs a burrow, wherein his wife shall lay her egg by-and-by; he uses his beak as a pick-axe and his feet as spades to shovel out the loose earth. Those puffins who have secured lodgings in a rabbit-hole, or have a house of their own ready made, can take life easily. These bathe, sit in rows and think, or loaf about with the waddling gait of rheumatic sailors. The guillemot takes up his quarters on the breeding-grounds—ledges of rocks—about the same time as the puffin. The lapwing, or peewit, has laid her four eggs in some saucer-like depression on fallow or waste land. She does not go to the trouble of making a proper nest; possibly she thinks it is not worth while, when half the boys in the country are seeking plovers' eggs to sell: but, as incubation proceeds, the housewifely instinct asserts itself and she decorates the premises with a few bents. The snipe, who has put together an apology for a nest in some bunch of rushes, or tussock of grass, to receive four eggs which are about nine sizes larger than so small a bird has any business to produce, periodically sets scientific societies by the ears by the practice called "bleating," or "drumming." It is the habit of the snipe, both cock and hen, particularly in the evening, to make a bleating sound while flying, and whether the bird does it with wings or tail or both, and why at all, after courting is a joy of the past, is a fruitful source of discussion.

The little wryneck, otherwise called the "cuckoo's mate," for the rather insufficient reason that, like several other birds, he arrives before the cuckoo, is come and retires unobtrusively into the shrubbery, where he runs up and down the trees like a woodpecker, collecting insects with his long, sticky tongue. The swallows are home again, and fly twittering up and down the street; the swallow meets a few acquaintances made when he was abroad, but he does not care to know them in England. While he crouched on the chimney-stack the pied-wagtail swaggered up smirking; the swallow merely glanced over his shoulder at the presumptuous bird and dived into mid-air without answering; it was a dead "cut," and left the wagtail gaping with amazement.



"WHO SAID BOYS?"

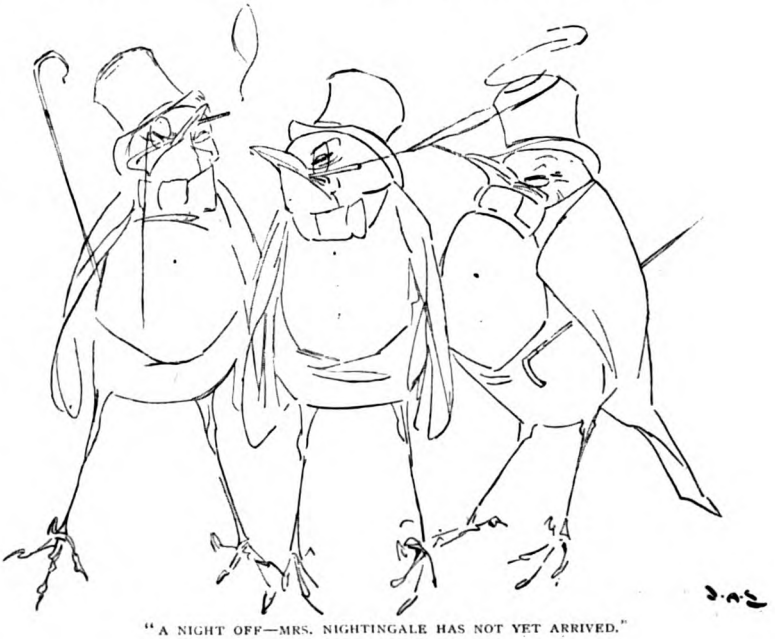


"A DEAD CUT."

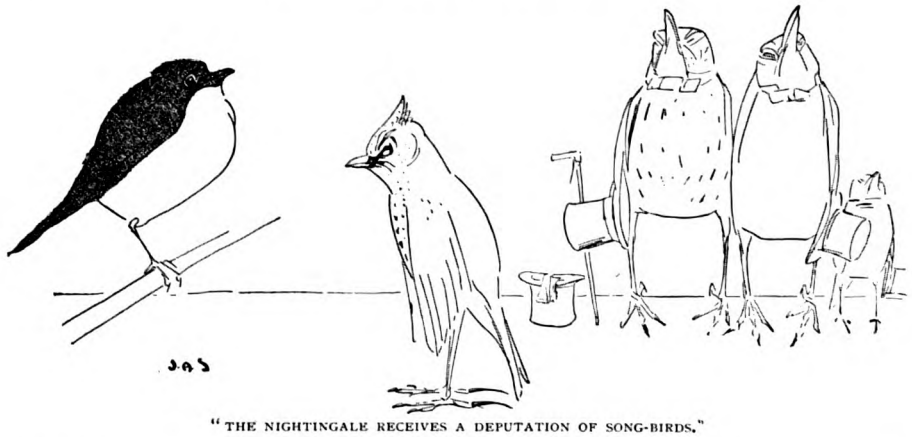
The cuckoo comes back and, having announced his arrival from the seclusion of his favourite beech-tree, pauses to listen: ten to one he hears a child say, "There's the cuckoo!" and some grown-up reply, "It's too early: that was only some boy or other." He hears that sort of thing every year. He dare not show himself because the little birds mob him for a hawk: a barred breast and curved bill give the cuckoo a hawk-like look, on which it is to be feared Mrs. Cuckoo presumes; but of that anon. The cock nightingale is home again: whether the males of migratory species start before their wives, or both sexes set out together and the ladies dawdle by the way, is not known. It is preferable to believe that the husband starts first to see if the weather be sufficiently mild for his delicate spouse; but there is some reason to think that she sets off with him, and that when she gets tired he tells her that he can't wait, and comes on alone. The nightingale will not sing until his wife arrives, which is rather nice of him. When she comes he sings in the daytime for a while.

Then other song-birds come to say,
"We hate to make a fuss,
But people, if *you* sing by day,
Won't listen much to us.

"We, blackbird, linnet, thrush, and lark,
Have got to earn our bread;
Would you mind waiting till it's dark,
And sing when we're in bed?"



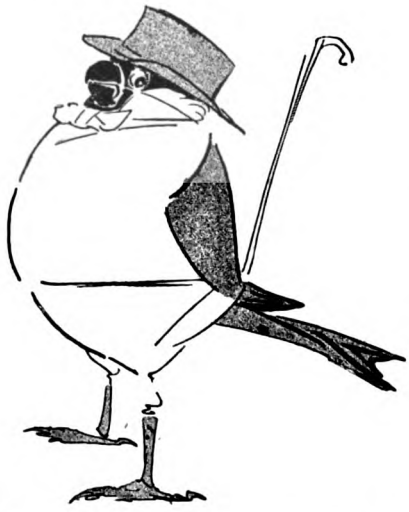
"A NIGHT OFF—MRS. NIGHTINGALE HAS NOT YET ARRIVED."



"THE NIGHTINGALE RECEIVES A DEPUTATION OF SONG-BIRDS."

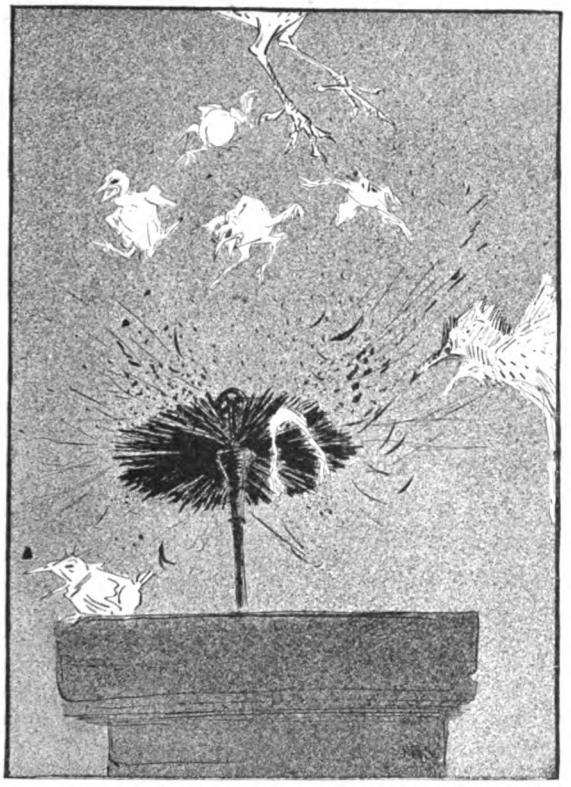
The nightingale consents, and abides by the agreement loyally enough, but the other parties to the contract infringe it barefacedly. The blackcap, who comes back to us about the same time, sings all day and far into the night in warm weather. The thrush sometimes gets up at two o'clock in the morning and spoils the nightingale's finest efforts by singing at the top of his voice; and the sedge-warbler sings at night, too.

There is plenty of music now; the robins, who are cousins of the nightingale, are as unprofessional in musical matters as their general behaviour might lead us to expect. Two cocks begin singing at one another and, gradually losing their heads from excitement, forget the elementary rules of vocalization and fairly scream; when too hoarse to go on, they stop and fight. Those goldfinches who have been abroad for the winter are back again to compare notes with their home-staying brethren on the relative merits of climate, and to sing. The lively white-throat is returned, but apparently has not recovered the fatigues of the journey from Southern regions, for he does not contribute much to the musical festivities just yet. The bullfinch is singing in an amateurish way: he stays with us throughout the year, perhaps that he may be on the spot as soon as the buds begin to show, for he cherishes the conviction that buds are made for bullfinches: this is a prolific source of misunderstanding between himself and the gardener. His natural song is not remarkable: but he is an industrious pupil and can learn almost anything. The chaffinches have finished their nest by the middle of the month. Convinced that every eye is on them with fell designs, they choose a bough overgrown with lichen and make their neat house to match its surroundings so exactly that it is really difficult to see even when you are looking at it. The bird knows this and sits till you almost have your hand on her.



"THE JOHN BULLFINCH INTERESTED IN FRUIT CULTURE."

The magpies are devoting themselves to family matters. The magpie, being a thief, assumes that all creatures are thieves, and builds for his habitation a solidly-constructed, domed mansion, with mud foundation, sticks—thorny for choice—lath and plaster, and a final furnishing of grass and sundries. The nearer the ground he builds the more particular the magpie to choose thorny sticks for his house. It is a precaution much needed, for he has more enemies than friends. His relative, the jay, builds about



"THE STARLING FAMILY SURPRISED."

mends itself as a house; but pure mischief often induces him to block up a chimney with his nest. He enjoys himself immensely when a fire is lighted — until the sweep comes—stalking round the rim of the chimney-pot, and drinking in with delight every word that comes up from below. In the rookery wives are sitting on eggs or tending young ones, and husbands are flying to and fro bringing grubs and things. The lady rooks are restless. When a cock rook alights his wife scrambles off her eggs, clamouring for news; he has brought none: never listens to gossip: and orders her back to her nest before the eggs get cold, enforcing commands with his beak if need be. No wonder the voices from the rookery have a mournful ring:—

It's very hard: the season is beginning,
The joy of others knows not cloud nor flaw;
But we, our faith to ancient maxims pinning,
Tied to these tree-tops only sit and caw,
It's very ha-a-a-ard.

It's very hard: we have to sit here thinking
Because to hatch in April is our law;
While other birds are flirting, shopping, prinking,
Rook mothers sadly sit at home and caw,
It's very ha-a-a-ard.

The carrion crows make a speciality of robbing pheasant, partridge, and grouse nests, and the gamekeeper is by consequence

"THE LADY ROOKS' LAMENT."

for abuse to drive away trespassers. The starling is busy, too; a hole in a tree com- their mortal foe. Nevertheless, these abandoned thieves are as casual in their domestic

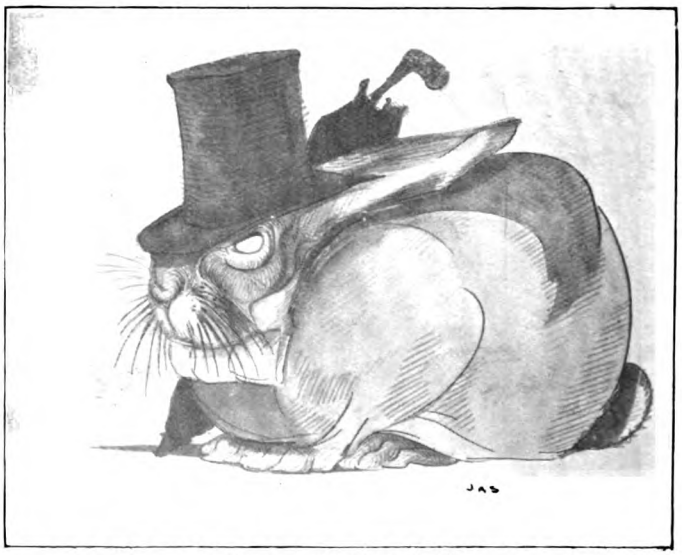
the same time. The jay does not fortify his cup-shaped dwelling; he trusts to his talent

"CONNECTED WITH THE CHURCH."

arrangements as though they were recognised benefactors of the community. You may see the comparatively tidy nest half a mile away, and when you reach the foot of the tree you often find it as easy to climb as the stairs. The jackdaw will never win a prize in a "tidy house" competition, but she does what none of her relations take the trouble to do—pulls the wool nest-lining over her eggs to hide them before she goes out. Between the jackdaw and the barn owl, who also likes the belfry as a nursery, there seems to be a tolerably good understanding so long as the latter does not come out by day. The owl does not even pretend to make a nest: she puts her round, white eggs on the bare masonry and sits on them with an air of profound sagacity tempered by somnolence. The fieldfare, who lingers until all or nearly all the northward-bound birds have gone, now tears himself away; like his cousin, the missel-thrush, he seems to enjoy bad weather, for the more backward the spring the longer he stays with us.

The nuthatches are finishing off their house by this time. Shrewd, practical common sense distinguishes this bird. When nuthatches find a hole in a bough which won't do because the door is too wide they don't stand over it saying, "What a pity!" They measure the entrance with a mason's eye, decide that the defect can be remedied, and forthwith build up the doorway with clay and stones to the right size.

The hare is tending her children in the form, over which she has pulled the tall grass for the sake of concealment. Generally she has one child, sometimes two or three, but seldom more: she is a careful, attentive mother and loses a great deal of her timidity when nursing her babies. How much interest the father takes in his family is doubtful: he is sometimes to be seen about the neighbourhood of the form, so we may conclude that he calls to see them occasionally. The hare is a steadier character than he used to be: five hundred years ago this fickle creature was male one month and female the next by turns, and until quite recently was in league with witches—so the old authorities say. The wildest hare is remarkable for his respectful manners: whistle to him and he instantly stops and stands up on his hind legs at "attention" to know what you want. The dormouse and harvest mouse are absorbed in family cares very soon



"A REFORMED CHARACTER."

"THE CREW OF THE 'NANCY' BRIG."

after getting up; the nest of the harvest mouse is a beautiful little ball of moss and grass woven together and fastened to stems a foot or more above the ground. These mice are very careful parents, always shutting the door when they go abroad, lest the children should tumble out.

The marten, biggest of the weasel tribe, comes down from the rocky hill-sides where he has passed the winter, and takes up his residence in some quiet wooded valley. If he can find a magpie's old nest or a squirrel's deserted drey he takes that for the season, and here his wife brings up her family.

The frog's children have been out of the egg a week, and are fully developed tadpoles. Tadpoles have either a passion for uniformity or they are madly jealous; any member of the shoal who betrays a tendency to rise to Higher Things in the shape of froghood is punished with death the moment budding limbs and shortening tail betray his craving after progress: for Nature, who here exchanges the extravagant for the parsimonious, requires the tadpole to use up the tail he won't want as a frog and convert the tissue into legs. If you see one tadpole in the pond you need not sympathize with his loneliness: he is "the crew of the *Nancy* brig" (you remember the Bab Ballad which was "too cannibalistic" for *Punch*), who, having borne his part in devouring his friends, survives by virtue of the discretion, or luck, which delayed his development towards froghood. The small white butterfly--who is one of those that pass the winter in the chrysalis state—emerges in all the transient glory of wings to enjoy herself for a time. As the sun grows warmer she becomes grave and thoughtful, mindful of her mortality: under these circumstances she lays her eggs, the butterfly equivalent for making a will; and having stuck ten or twelve dozen on the underside of a cabbage leaf recovers her spirits and flits away gaily—to die. A butterfly never makes acquaintance with her own children; she has gone the way of all butterflies before the eggs give up their caterpillars: what she would say if, in defiance of natural law, she lived to be accosted as "Mamma!" by a caterpillar is for Mr. Shepherd to conjecture.

The earliest dragon-flies enter upon their perfect state in April. Till now they have dwelt under water as nymphs, which in youth resemble spiders and in the fulness of time take upon them the more plethoric aspect of beetles. Every nymph feels eventually a craving to better himself. It comes

"MAMMA!"

on him in the spring, and he begins by climbing up a rush or reed to reach the air; then he holds on tight and wonders what is going to happen. What does happen is that the dragon-fly, who has been developing inside the nymph, bursts out through the back of his former horny body—first his head, then the fore part of him (the thorax), then the half-formed wings, then the legs. Having got his legs clear he takes a firm foothold upon the dead self which is still clinging to the rush and draws out his long body. This done, he sits still for half an hour or so to grow his wings properly. Then he takes a well-earned rest, and flies away thinking how favourably dragon-flyhood compares with the lot of a nymph. This transformation is one of the most wonderful things in Nature. The amorous little beetle, whose code of private signals to his love has earned him the name of the Death Watch, begins ticking behind the wainscot. There is a sameness about his conversation; but which of us, even if conversant with the Morse code, could convey intelligible messages to his nearest and dearest by bumping the floor with his head? The extraordinary thing is the patience of the insect who thus painfully bumps all night.

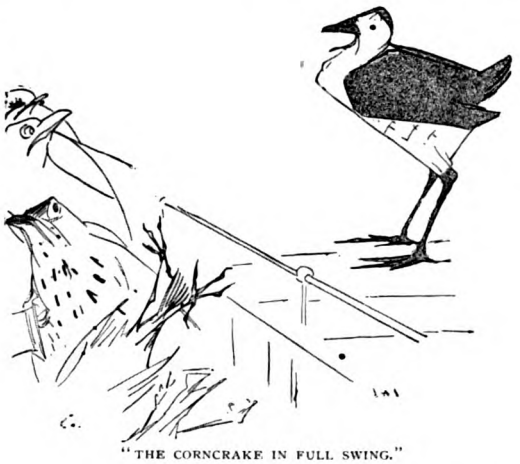
The house-martin is come; and having satisfied himself that the mud nest under the eaves is still standing and has not been misappropriated by sparrows, he skims away to call on the swallow as head of the family. The swallow, as senior, always wears a long-tailed dress-coat; while the house-martin wears a short Eton jacket, showing a good deal of white shirt below it. Do these regular summer visitors ever compare notes with the rare birds who would come and breed in England if only they were allowed to enjoy peace—the hoopoe and golden oriole, for instance? Can't you imagine this sort of interview on the African coast of the Mediterranean some fine April evening?

"You ought to come," the martin urged, "and also bring your wife.
They'd welcome you with paragraphs, the *Field* and *Country Life*."
"They would," the hoopoe drily said, "and every mother's son
Who's given up his catapult would go and get his gun.
"Protection Acts invite us in? Of that I have no doubt.
But tell me: what's the betting on our ever getting out?
If we could visit you *incog.* we'd dearly like to go.
When I devise a safe disguise I'll write and let you know."

The hoopoe would be rather puzzled to disguise himself; what is he to do with that crest, like a cocked-hat? He comes occasionally and takes his chance; it is a poor one if anybody with a gun handy sees him. The ring-ouzel, who looks like a blackbird in a white waistcoat, is back now and loses little time in pushing on to the quiet mountain streams. The ring-ouzel likes to be thought shy and retiring; but he does not hesitate to come and raid the fruit garden. The redstart has arrived; he might escape notice but for the play he makes with that bright chestnut tail of his; he is proud of it, and is continually flirting it like a fan. The yellow-hammers are engaged in a loving dispute as to which of them shall sit to-day; husband and wife take turns at hatching the eggs, which, by the way, are covered with straggly lines, as if the cock-

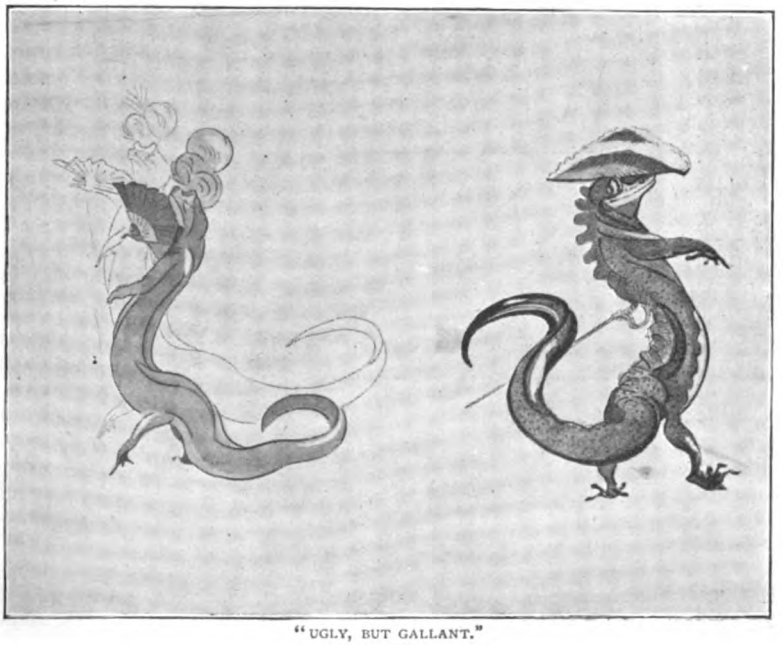
"HA, HA! DO YOU THINK THEY'LL KNOW ME NOW?"

bird had been whiling away the time by writing his name on them with his eyes shut. They call the yellow-hammer the "writing lark" in some parts of the country. The corncrake, who comes home towards the end of this month, is roused to envy by the chorus of song all round him, and uplifts his voice; in compass, quality, and tone it resembles such chords as you can wind out of a rusty fishing-reel, but the corncrake has no ear for music, and you may hear him all day and all night in the long grass. For some reason he cannot bear to show himself, and you may live in the midst of creaking the summer long and never see the handsome chestnut bird himself.



"THE CORNCRAKE IN FULL SWING."

The lizard has been out of bed for two or three weeks now, and grows quite lively as the sun gains strength. Lizards do not even give marriage a chance of proving a failure, the parties always separating at the church door, if one may use the expression: and yet the open-handed nature of the reptile suggests amiable qualities. We all know the man who would give away his head if asked for it; the lizard doesn't go quite so far as that, but he will give away his tail without hesitation. You lay hold of it: he looks round, gives the tail a gentle wriggle, sees that you really are anxious to have it, and with more than Mexican courtesy surrenders it at once. Then he runs away cheerfully to grow another. The ugly little newt is beginning to assert himself; at this season he grows a saw-like crest all along his back for a sign or token that he contemplates matrimony, and goes around smacking his tail with the air of a gallant, while the Miss Newts take refuge in an assumption of profound indifference.



"UGLY, BUT GALLANT."

(To be continued.)

The House Under the Sea.

By Max Pemberton.

CHAPTER XVI.

ROSAMUNDA AND THE IRON DOORS.

WE had no notion that the doctor had come by any serious hurt, and when he fell in a dead faint we stood as men struck by an unseen hand. Light we still had, for the rolling lantern continued to burn; but the wits of us, save the wits of one, were completely gone, and three sillier fellows never gaped about an ailing man. Dolly Venn alone — trained ashore to aid the wounded—kept his head through the trouble and made use of his learning. The half of a minute was not to be counted before he had bared an ugly wound and showed us, not only a sucker still adhering to the crimson flesh, but a great, gaping cut which the doctor's own knife had made when he severed the fish's tentacle.

"You, Seth Barker, hold up that lantern," says he to the carpenter, as bold as brass and as ready as a crack physician at a guinea a peep; "give me some linen, one of you—and please be quick about it. I'll trouble you for a knife, Mister Peter, and a slice of your shirt, if you don't mind!"

"'IT'S ONLY A CUT,' SAID HE."

Now, he had only to say this and I do believe that all four of us began to tear up our linen and to reduce ourselves to the state of Adam when they discharged him from Eden; but Peter Bligh, he was first with it, and he had out his clasp-knife and cut a length of his Belfast shirt before you could say "Jack Robinson."

"'Tis unlikely that I'll match it in these parts, and I've worn it to my mother's memory," says he while he did it; "but 'tis yours, Dolly, lad, and welcome. And what now?" asks he.

"Be quiet, Mister Peter," says Dolly, sharply; "that's what's next. Be quiet and nurse the doctor's leg, and do please keep that lantern steady."

Well, big men as we were, we kept quiet for the asking, as ignorance always will when skill is at the helm. Very prettily, I must say, and very neatly did Dolly begin to bind the wound, and to cut the suckers from their hold. The rest of us stood about and looked on and made believe we were very useful. It was an odd thing to tell ourselves that a man who had been hale and hearty five minutes before might now be going out on the floor of that hovel. I knew little of Duncan Gray, but what little I did know I liked beyond the ordinary; and every time that Dolly took a twist on his bandage or fingered the wound with the tenderness of a woman, I said, "Well done, lad, well done; we'll save him yet." And this the boy himself believed.

"It's only a cut," said he, "and, if there's no poison, he'll be well enough in a week. But he won't be able to stand, that's certain,"

Voices we had heard, human voices above us, when first we entered the cellar; and now, when a warning was uttered, we stood dumb for some minutes and heard them again.

"Douse the glim — douse it," cries Peter, in a big whisper; "they're coming down, or I'm a Dutchman!"

He turned the lantern and blew it out as he spoke. The rest of us crouched down and held our breath. For ten seconds, perhaps, we heard the deep, rough voices of men in the rooms above us. Then the trap-door opened suddenly, and a beam of light fell upon the pavement not five yards from where we stood. At the same moment a shaggy head peered through the aperture, and a man cast a quick glance downward to the cellar.

"No," said the man, as though speaking to someone behind him, "it's been took, as I told you."

To which the other voice answered:—

"Well, more blarmed fool you for not corking good rum when you see it!"

They closed the trap upon the words, and we breathed once more. The lesson they had taught us could not be forgotten. We were sobered men when we lighted the lantern with one of Seth Barker's matches and turned it again on the doctor's face.

"In whispers, if you please," said I, "and as few as you like. We are in a tight place, my lads, and talk won't get us out of it. It's the doctor first and ourselves afterwards, remember."

Dr. Gray, truly, was a little better by this time, and sitting up like a dazed man he looked first at Dolly Venn and then at his foot, and last of all at the strange place in which he lay.

"Why, yes," he exclaimed, at last, "I remember; a cut and a fool who walked on it. It serves me right, and the end is better than the beginning."

"The lad did it," said I; "he was always a wonder with linen and the scissors, was Dolly Venn."

"To say nothing of a square foot of my shirt," put in Peter Bligh, obstinately. "'Tis worth while getting a bit of a cut, doctor, just to see Dolly Venn sew it up again."

The doctor laughed with us, for he knew a seaman's manner and the light talk which follows even the gravest mishap aboard a ship. That our men meant well toward him he could not doubt; and his next duty was to tell us as much.

"You are good fellows," said he, "and I'm much obliged to you, Master Dolly. If you will put your hand inside my coat you will find a brandy-flask there, and I'll drink your health. Don't worry your heads about me, but think of yourselves. One of you, remember, must go and see Czerny now; I think it had better be you, captain."

I said yes, I would go willingly; and added, "when the right time comes." The time was not yet, I knew—when men walked above our heads and were waking. But when it came I would not hold back for my shipmates' sake.

We had a few biscuits among us, which prudent men had put in their pockets after last night's meal; and, my own flask being full of water, we sat down in the darkness of the cellar and made such a meal as we could. Minute by minute now it became more plain to me that I must do as Duncan Gray said, and go up to find Czerny himself. Food we had none, save the few biscuits in our hands; salt was the water in the crimson pool behind us. Beyond that were the caverns and the fog. It was just all or nothing; the plain challenge to the master of this place, "Give us shelter and food," or the sleep which knows no waking.

We passed the afternoon sleeping and dozing, as tired men might. Voices we heard from time to time; the moan of the sea was always with us—a strange, wild song, long-drawn and rolling, as though the water played above our very heads in the gentle sport of a Pacific calm. At a dwelling more remarkable than the one we were about to enter no man has knocked or will knock in all the years to come. We were like human animals which burrow in a rocky bank a mile from any land. There were mysteries and wonders above, I made sure.

Now, I left my comrades at ten o'clock that night, when all sounds had died away above and the voice of the sea growing angrier told me that my steps would not be heard.

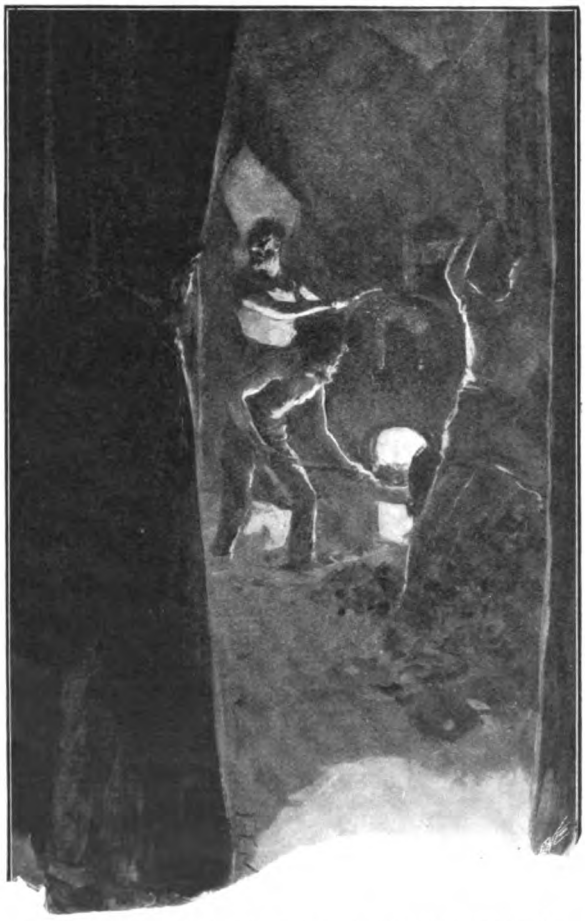
"I shall go to Czerny, lads," said I, at the moment of leaving them, "and he will hear the story. I'll do my best for good shipmates, trust me; and if I do not come back—well, you'll know that I cannot. Good night, old comrades. We've sailed many a sea together and we'll sail many another yet, God willing."

They all cried "Aye, aye, sir!" and pressed my hand with that affection I knew they bore me. I mounted the ladder and raised the trap.

I was in Edmond Czerny's house, and I was alone.

Now, I had opened the trap, half believing I might find myself in some room, perhaps in the kitchen of the house. Men would be there, I said, and Czerny's watch-dogs ready with their questions. But this was not a true picture; and while there were arc lamps everywhere, the place was not a room at all, but a circular cavern, with rude apertures in the wall, and curtains hung across in lieu of doors. This was not a little perplexing, as you will see; and my path was not made more straight when I heard voices in some room near by, but could not locate them nor tell which of the doors to avoid.

For a long time I stood, uncertain how to act. In the end, I put my head round the first curtain, at a venture, and drew it back as quickly. There were men in that place, half-naked men, grouped about the door of a furnace whose red light flashed dazzlingly upon walls and ceiling and gave its tenants the aspect of crimson demons. What the furnace meant or why it was built, I was soon to learn; for presently one of the men gave an order, and upon this an engine started, and a whirr of fans and the sucking of a distant pump answered to the signal. "Air," said I to myself; "they are pumping air from above."



"THERE WERE MEN GROUPED ABOUT THE DOOR OF A FURNACE."

The men had not seen me, so quick was I, and so soft with the leather curtain; and going tip-toe across the cave I stumbled at hazard upon a door I had not observed before. It was nothing more than a big and jagged opening in the rock, but it showed me a flight of stairs beyond it, and twinkling lamps beyond that again. This, I said, must surely be the road to the sea, for the stairs led upward, and Czerny, as common sense put it, would occupy the higher rooms. So I did not hesitate any more about it, but treading the stairway with a cat's foot I went straight on, and presently struck so fine a corridor that at any other time I might well have spent an hour in wonder. Lamps were here—scores of them, in wrought-iron chandeliers. Doors you saw with almost every step you took — aye, and more than doors —for there were figures in the light and shadow; men passing to and fro; glimpses of open rooms and tables spread for cards, and bottles by them; and wild men of all countries, some sleeping, some quarrelling, some singing, some busy in kitchen and workshop. By here and there, these men met me in the corridor, and I drew back into the dark places and let them go by. They did not remark my presence, or if they did, made nothing of it. After all, I was a seaman, dressed as other seamen were. Why should they notice me when there were a hundred such in Czerny's house? I began to see that a man might go with less risk because of their numbers than if they had been but a handful.

"I shall find Czerny, after all," said I to myself, "and have it out with him. When he has spoken it will be time enough to ask, what next?"

It was a little consoling to say this, and I went on with more confidence. Passing down the whole length of the corridor I reached a pair of iron doors at last and found them fast shut and bolted against me. There was no branch road that I could make out, nor any indication of the way in which I must open the doors. A man cannot walk through sheer iron for the asking, nor blow it open with a wish; and there I stood in the passage like a messenger who has struck upon an empty house but is not willing to leave it. See Czerny that night I must, even if it came to declaring myself to the rogues who occupied the rooms near by, and whose voices I could still hear. I had no mind to knock at the door; and, truth to tell, such a thing never came into my head, so full it was of other schemes. Indeed, I was just telling myself that it was neck or nothing, when what should happen but that the great iron door swung open, and the little French girl, Rosamunda, herself stepped out. Staggered at the sight of me, as well she might be (for the electric lamp will hide no face), she just piped one pretty little cry and then fell to saying:—

"Oh, Captain Begg, Captain Begg, what do you want in this house?"

"My dear," says I, speaking to her with a seaman's liberty, "I want a good many things, as most sailors do in this world. What's behind that door, now, and where may you have come from? Tell me as much, and you'll be doing me a bigger kindness than you think."

She didn't reply to this at once, but asked a question, as little girls will when they are thinking of somebody.

"Where are the others?" cried she; "why do you come alone? Where is the little one, Mister—Mister——"

"Dolly Venn," said I; "ah, that's the boy! Well, he's all right, my dear, and if he'd have known that we were meeting, he'd have sent his love. You'll find him down yonder, in the cellar beyond the engine-house. Show me the way to Mister Czerny's door, and we'll soon have him out of there. He's come a long way, and it's all for the pleasure of seeing you—of course it is."

The talk pleased her, but giving her no time to think about it, I went on: "Mister Czerny, now, he would be living by here, I suppose?"

She said, "Yes, yes." His rooms were through the great hall which lay beyond the doors; but she looked so startled at the idea of my going there, and she listened so plainly for the sound of any voices, that I read up her apprehensions at a glance and saw that she did not wish me to go on because she was afraid.

"Where is your old friend, the Frenchman?" I asked her on an impulse; "what part of this queer house does he sling his hammock in?"

She changed colour at this, and plainly showed her trouble.

"Oh, Mister Begg," says she, "Clair de-Lune has been punished for helping you on Ken's Island. He is not allowed to leave his room now. Mister Czerny is very angry, and will not see him. How can you think of coming here—oh, how can you do it?"

"It's easy enough," said I, lightly, "if you don't miss the turning and go straight on. Never fear for me, young lady; I shall pull through all right; and when I do, your friend goes with me, be sure of it. I won't forget old Clair-de-Lune, not I! Now, just show me the road to the governor's door, and then run away and tell Dolly Venn. He'll be precious glad to see you, as true as fate."

Well, she stood for a little while, hesitating about it, and then she said, as though she had just remembered it:—

"Benno Regnarte is the guard, but he has gone away to have his supper. I borrowed the key and came through. If you go in, he will not question you. The governor may be on his yacht, or he may be in his room. I do not know. How foolish it all is—how foolish, Captain Begg! They may never let you go away again!"

"Being so fond of my company," cried I, gaily. "Well, we'll see about it, my dear. Just you run off to Dolly Venn and leave me to do the rest. Sailors get out where other people stick, you know. We'll have a try, for the luck's sake."

I held her little hand in mine for a minute and gave it a hearty squeeze. She was the picture of prettiness in a print gown and a big Spanish shawl wrapped about her baby face. That she was truly alarmed, and rightly so, I knew well; but what could I do? It was Czerny or the pit. I chose Czerny.

Now, she had opened the iron door for me to pass by, and without another word to her I crossed the threshold and stood in Czerny's very dwelling-house. Thereafter, I was in a vast hall, in a beautiful place for all the world like a temple; with a gallery running round about it, and lamps swinging from the gallery, and an organ built high up

"SHE HAD OPENED THE IRON DOOR FOR ME TO PASS BY."

in a niche above the far end, and doors of teak giving off all round, and a great oak fire-place such as you see in English houses; and all round the dome of this wonderful room great brass-bound windows, upon which the sea thundered and the foam sprayed. Softly lighted, carpeted with mats of rare straw, furnished as any mansion of the rich, it seemed to me, I do confess, a very wonder of the earth that such a place should lie beneath the breakers of the Pacific Ocean. And yet there it was before my eyes, and I could hear the sea-song high above me, and the lamps shone upon my face; and, as though to tell me truly that here my journey ended, whom should I espy at the door of one of the rooms but little Ruth Bellenden herself, the woman I had crossed the world to serve!

CHAPTER XVII.

IN WHICH JASPER BEGG ENTERS THE HOUSE UNDER THE SEA.

I DREW back into a patch of shadow and waited for her to come up to me. Others might be with her and the moment inopportune for our encounter. She walked with slow steps. Care had written its story upon her sweet face. I saw that she was alone, and I put out my hand and touched her upon the arm.

"Miss Ruth," said I, so soft that I wonder she heard me—"Miss Ruth, it's Jasper Begg. Don't you know me?"

She turned swiftly, but did not cry out. One wild look she cast about the hall, with one swift glance she made sure of every door, and then, and only then, she answered me.

"Jasper, Jasper! Is it really Jasper Begg?" she cried, while her look of joy and gratitude I never shall forget.

Now, she had asked a woman's natural question; but I shall always say that there never were wits quicker than Ruth Bellenden's; and hardly were the useless words out of her mouth than she drew back to the room she had left; and when I had entered it after her she closed the door and listened a little while for any sounds. When none came to trouble her she advanced a step, and so we two stood face to face at last, in as pretty a place as all London, or all Europe for that matter, could show you.

Let me try to picture that scene for you as it comes to me when I write of it and seek to bring it back to my memory. A trim, well-kept cabin, such I call her room—a boudoir the French would name it—all hung round with pale rose silk, and above that again an artist's pictures upon a wall of cream. Little tables stood everywhere and women's knick-knacks upon them; there were deep chairs which invited you to sit, covered in silks and satins, and cushioned so that a big man might be afraid of them.

Upon the mantelshelf a clock from Paris swung a jewelled pendulum, and candlesticks matched it on either side. A secretaire, littered over with papers and bright with silver ornaments, had its back to the seaward wall; a round window, cut in the rock above it, stood hidden by curtains of the richest brocade. The carpet, I saw, was from Turkey; the mats from Persia. In the grate a wood-fire glowed warmingly. Ruth Bellenden herself, the mistress of the room, capped the whole, and she was gowned in white, with rubies and diamonds strung about her stately neck, and all that air of proud command I had admired so much in the days bygone. Aye, such a scene, believe me, as a grand London drawing-room might show you any

night of London's months you care to name, and yet so different from that. And I, a plain sailor, found myself thrust forward there to my confusion, yet feeling, despite it all, that the woman I spoke to was woman at heart, as I was man. A few days ago I had come to her to say, "You have need of me." To-night it was her lot to answer me with my own words.

"Jasper," she said, her hand still on the switch of the lamp, "what miracle brings you to this place?"

"No miracle, Miss Ruth," said I, "but a plain road, and five men's necessity. We were dying on Ken's Island and we found a path under the sea. It was starvation one way, surrender the other; I am here to tell Mr. Czerny everything and to trust my life to him."

Now, she heard me almost with angry surprise; and coming forward into the light she stood before me with clasped hands and heated face.

"No," she said, and her "no" was a thing for a man to hear; "no, no; you shall never tell my husband that. And, oh, Jasper!" she cried upon it, "how ill you look—how changed!"

"My looks don't tell the truth," said I, not wishing to speak of myself; "I am up and down like a barometer in the tropics. The plain fact is, Miss Ruth, that the ship's gone, clean gone! I gave Mister Jacob the sure order to stand by us for three days, and that he didn't do. It means, then, that he couldn't. I greatly fear some accident has overtaken him; but he'll come back yet, as I'm a living man!"

She heard me like one dazed: her eyes were everywhere about the room, as though seeking something she could not find. Presently she opened the door with great caution, and was gone a minute or more. When she returned she had a flask of spirits and some biscuits in her hand, and this time, I noticed, she locked the door after her.

"Edmond is sleeping; they have sent Aunt Rachel to Tokio," she almost whispered; "Benno, our servant, is to be trusted. I heard that you were starving in the hills; but how could I help—how could I, Jasper? It was madness for you to come here, and yet I am glad—so glad! And, oh," she says, "we'll find a way; we'll find a way yet, Jasper!"

I poured some brandy from the flask, for I had need of it, and gulped it down at a draught. Her vivacity was always a thing to charm a man; as a girl she had the laughter and the spirits of ten.

"What shall we do, Jasper?" she kept on saying, "what shall we do next? Oh, to think that it's you, to think that it is Jasper Begg in this strange house!" she kept crying; "and no way out of it, no safety anywhere! Jasper, what shall we do—what shall we do next?"

"We shall tell your husband, Miss Ruth," said I, "and leave the last word with him. Why, think of it, five men cast adrift on his shore, and they to starve. Is he fiend or man that he refuses them food and drink? I'll not believe it until I hear it. The lowest in humanity would never do such a thing! Aye, you are judging him beyond ordinary when you believe it. So much I make bold to say!"

I turned to the fire and began to warm my fingers at it, while she, for her part, drew up one of the silk-covered chairs, and sat with her pretty head resting in a tired way between her little hands. All our talk up to this time had been broken fragments; but this I judged the time for a just explanation, and she was not less willing.

"Jasper," says she of a sudden, "have you read what I wrote in the book?"

"To the last line," said I.

"And, reading it, you will ask Edmond to help you?"

"Miss Ruth," said I, "how shall one man judge another? Ships come to this shore, and are wrecked on it. Now and then, perchance, there is foul play among the hands. Are you sure that your husband has any part in it—are you sure he's as bad as you think him?"

Well, instead of answering me, she stood up suddenly and let her dress fall by the shoulder-knots. I saw the white flesh beneath bruised and wealed, as though a whip had cut it, and I knew that this was her witness to her story. What was in my heart at such a sight I would have no man know; but my fingers closed about the pistol I carried, and my tongue would speak no word.

"Why do you compel me to speak?" she went on, meanwhile. "Am I to tell of all the things I have seen and suffered on this dreadful place in the year—can it be only that?—the long, weary year I have lived here? Do you believe, Jasper, that a man can fill his house with gold as this is filled—this wild house so far from the world—and fill it honestly? Shall I say, 'Yes, I have misjudged him,' the man who has shot my servant here in this room and left me with the dead? Shall I say that he is a good

man because sometimes, when he has ceased to kill and torture those who serve him, he acts as other men? Oh, I could win much if I could say that; I could win, perhaps, all that a woman desires. But I shall never speak—never; I shall live as I am living until I am old, when nothing matters!"

It was a very bitter and a very surprising thing for me to hear her speak in this way. Trouble I knew she must have suffered on Ken's Island; but this was a story beyond all imagination. And what could I say to her, what comfort give her—I, a rough-hearted sailor, who, nevertheless, would have cut off my own right hand if that could have served her? Indeed, to be truthful, I had nothing to say, and there we were for many minutes, she upon one side of the fire and I upon the other, as two that gazed into the reddening embers and would have found some old page of our life therein recorded.

"I SAW THE WHITE FLESH BRUISED AND WEALED AS THOUGH A WHIP HAD CUT IT."

"Miss Ruth," said I at last, and I think she knew what I meant, "I would have given much not to have heard this thing to-night; but as it is spoken—if it were twenty times as bad for me and those with me—I am glad we came to Ken's Island. The rest you will anticipate, and there is no need for me to talk about it. The day that sees me sail away will find a cabin-passenger aboard my ship. Her name I will not mention, for it is known to you. Aye, by all a man's promise she shall sail with me or I will never tread a ship's deck again."

It was earnestly meant, and that, I am sure, Miss Ruth knew, for she put her hand upon mine, and, though she made no mention of what I had said, there was a look in her eyes which I was glad to see there. Her next question surprised me altogether.

"Jasper," she asked, with something of a smile, "do you remember when I was married?"

"Remember it!" cried I; and I am sure she must have seen the blood rush up to my face. "Why, of course I remember it! How should a man forget a thing like that?"

"Yes," she went on, and neither looked at the other now, "I was a girl then, and all the world was my playground. Every day was a flower to pick; the night was music and laughter. How I used to people the world my hopes created—such romantic figures they were, such nonsense! When Edmond Czerny met me at Nice, I think he understood me. Oh, the castles we built in the air, the romantic heights we scaled, the passionate folly with which we deceived ourselves! 'The world is for you and I,' he said, 'in each other's hearts'; and I, Jasper, believed him, just because I had not learnt to be a woman. His own story fascinated me; I cannot tell how much. He had been in all countries; he knew many cities; he could talk as no man I had ever met. Perhaps, if he had not been so clever, it would have been different. All the other men I knew, all except one, perhaps——!"

"There was one, then," said I, and my meaning she could not mistake.

But she turned her face from me and would not name the man.

"Yes," she went on, without noticing it, "there was one; but I was a child and did

not understand. The others did not interest me. Their king was a cook ; their temple the Casino. And then Edmond spoke of his island home : I was to be the mistress of it, and we were to be apart from all the world there. I did not ask him, as others might have asked him, 'What has your life been? Why do you love me?' I was glad to escape from it all, that little world of chatter and unreality, and I said, 'I will be your wife.' We left Europe together and went first to San Francisco. Life was still in a garden of roses. If I would awake sometimes to ask myself a question, I could not answer it. I was the child of romance, but my world was empty. Then one day we came to Ken's Island, and I saw all its wonders, and I said, 'Yes, we will visit here every year and dream that it is our kingdom.' I did not know the truth ; what woman would have guessed it?"

"You learnt it, Miss Ruth, nevertheless," said I, for her story was just what I myself had imagined it to be. "You were not long on Ken's Island before you knew the truth."

"A month," she said, quietly. "I was a month here, and then a ship was wrecked. My husband went out with the others ; and from the terrace before my windows I saw —ah, Heaven ! what did I not see? Then Edmond returned and was angry with the servant who had permitted me to see. He shot him in this room before my face. He knew that his secret was mine, he knew that I would not share it. The leaves of the rose had fallen. Ah ! Jasper, what weeks of terror, of greed, of tears—and now you—you in this house to end it all !"

I sat for a long while preoccupied with my own thoughts and quite unable to speak to her. All that she had told me was no surprise, no new thing ; but I believe it brought home to me for the first time the danger of my presence in that house, and all that discovery meant to the four shipmates who waited for me down below in the cavern.

For if this man Czerny—a madman, as I always say—had shot down a servant before this gentle girl, what would he do to me and the others, sworn enemies of his, who could hang him in any city where they might find him ; who could, with one word, give his dastardly secret to the world ; who could, with a cry, destroy this treasure-house, rock-built though it might be? What hope of mercy had we from such a man? And I was sitting there, it might be, within twenty paces of the room in which he slept ; Miss Ruth's hand lay in my own. What hope for her or for me, I ask again? Will you wonder that I said, "None ; just none ! A thousand times none"? The island itself might well be a mercy beside such a black pit as this.

"Miss Ruth," said I, coming to myself at last,

"MISS RUTH'S HAND LAY IN MY OWN."

"how little I thought when you went up to the great cathedral in Nice a short year ago that such a sunny day would end so badly ! It is one of the world's lotteries ; just that and nothing more. Edmond Czerny is no sane man, as his acts prove. Some day you will blot it all out of your life as a page torn and forgotten. That your husband loved you in Nice, I do believe ; and so much being true, he may come to reason again, and reason would give you liberty. If not, there

are others who will try—while they live. He must be a rich man, a very rich man, must Edmond Czerny. One above knows why he should sink to such an employment as this."

"He has sunk to it," she said, quickly, "because gold is fed by the love of gold. Oh, yes, he is a rich man, richer than you and I can understand. And yet even my own little fortune must be cast upon the pile. A month ago he compelled me to sign a paper which gives up to him everything I have in the world. He has no more use for me, Jasper; none at all! He has sent my only living relative away from me. When you go back to England they will tell you that I am dead. And it will be true—true; oh, I know that it will be true."

She had come to a very low state, I make sure, to utter such a word as this, and it was a sorry thing for me to hear. To console her when I myself was in such a parlous plight was just as though one drowning man should hold out his hand to another. To-morrow I myself might be flung into that very ocean whose breakers I could hear rolling over the glass of the curtained windows. And what of little Ruth then?

That question I did not answer. Words were on my lips—such words as a driven man may speak—when there came to us from the sea without the boom of a distant gun, and, Miss Ruth springing to her feet, I heard a great bell clang in the house and the rush of men and the pattering of steps; and together, the woman I loved and I, we stood with beating hearts and white faces, and told each other that a ship was on the rocks and that Edmond Czerny's fiends were loose.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CHANCE OPENS A GATE FOR JASPER BEGG, AND HE PASSES THROUGH.

THE fiends were out; never once did I doubt it. The alarm-bell ringing loudly in the corridor, the tramp of feet as of an army marching, the cry of man to man proclaimed the fact beyond any cavil. If the clang of arms and the loud word of command had found me unwilling to believe that sailors must die that night on the reef to the southward side, the voice of Edmond Czerny himself, crying by the very door behind which I stood, would have answered the question for good and all. For Czerny I heard, I would have staked my life on it—Czerny, whom last I had seen at Nice on the morning of his marriage.

"To the work, to the work!" I heard him shouting; "let Steinvertz come to me. There is a ship on the Caskets—a ship, do you hear?"

His voice was hoarse and high-pitched, like the voice of a man half mad with delirium. Those that answered him spoke in terms not less measured. Had a pack of wild hounds been slipped suddenly to its prey, no howls more terrifying could have been heard than those which echoed in that house of mystery. And then, upon the top of the clamour, as though to mark the meaning of it, came silence, a silence so awesome that I could hear myself breathing.

"They've left the house, then," I said to Miss Ruth in a whisper; "that's something to be glad about!"

She passed the remark by and, seating herself in a chair, buried her face in her hands. I could hear her muttering, "Heaven help them—oh, help them!" and I knew that she spoke of those dying out on the dangerous reef. For the time being she seemed to have forgotten my presence; but, after a spell, she looked up suddenly and answered the question.

"Yes," she said; "my husband will be on the yacht. He has not the courage to be anywhere else. You and I are quite alone now, Jasper."

My fingers closed tight about my seaman's cap, and I went to the door and unlocked it. Strong and clear in my head, and not to be denied, was something which seemed to set my brain on fire. "Good Lord," I said, "what does it mean?" Was it chance or madness that I should pass it by?

"There would be men below at the furnaces and others standing to guard," I put it to her; "how many in all do you make out that a man might chance to meet if he went below just now, Miss Ruth?"

She became very calm at the words, I thought, and stood up that she might take my words more readily.

"Jasper!" she exclaimed, "what are you going to do, Jasper?"

"Heaven knows," said I. "Tell me how many men there are in this house."

She stood and thought about it. The flushed face told the story of her hopes. Neither of us would speak all that came leaping to our tongues.

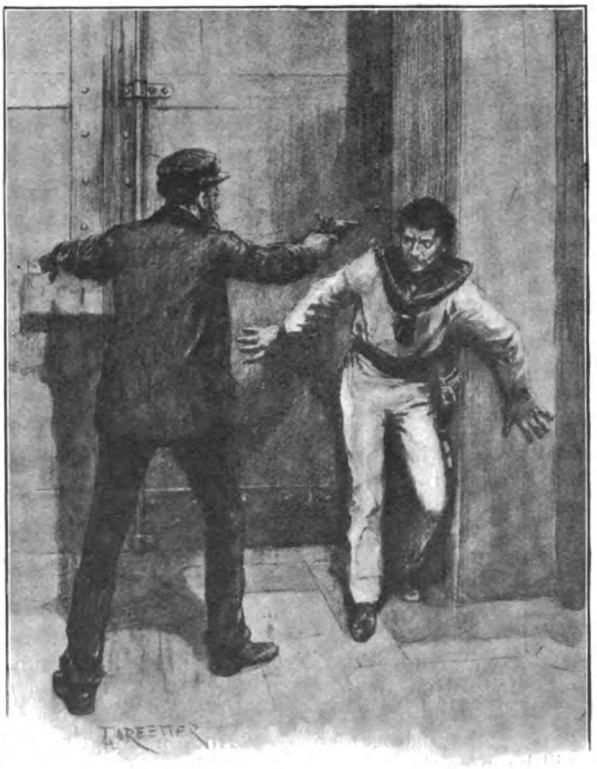
"There would be five, I think, in the engine-house and six for the guards," she said, and I could almost see her counting them; "the lower gate is the second in the corridor. There is a ladder there, and—oh, Jasper, what do you mean?" she asked again.

"Mean?" said I; "why this: that it is

time my shipmates shared your hospitality. Aye, we'll bring them along," says I, "Seth Barker and the others. And then," says I, coming quite close to her, "the luck being with us, we'll shut the doors. Do you say there are two of them?"

She said that there were two: one for the men, a small gate in the reef; the other for Czerny—they called it, the great gate. "And, oh," she cried, while her very gladness seemed to thrill me through; "oh, if you could, if you could, Jasper——!"

"Whether I can or no the night will prove," said I, more quietly than before. "One thing is sure, Miss Ruth, that I am going to try. It's worth the trying, indeed it is. Do you find your own room and know nothing at all about it. The work below is men's work, and there are men, thank Heaven, to do it."



"'OPEN THAT GATE, BENNO REGNARTE!' SAID I."

You say that it was a boast; aye, perhaps it was that, yet what a boast! For think of it. Here at the very moment when it appeared that our lives were at Czerny's mercy, at this very moment when we must look to his cruel hand for succour or sleep in the death-pit of the island, there comes this message from the sea and the wretches go out. There is not a sound in the house, and I know that my comrades are waiting for my word. I have three brave men behind me; the peril fires my blood so that, man or demon against me, I care nothing for either. Was it a boast for a man to stake all on a throw at such an hour? Not so, truly, but just what any English seaman would have done, saying, "All or nothing, the day or the night," as chance should decide for him.

Now, my hand was upon the key when I told little Ruth that it was men's work, and without waiting to hear her wise displeasure I opened the door and stepped out into the silent hall. One man alone kept watch there, and he was in the shadows, so that I could not see his face or tell if he were armed. I knew that this man was the first between me and my liberty, and without a moment's hesitation I crossed the hall; and aware of all the risks I took, understanding that a word of mine might bring the guard down from the sea, I clapped a pistol to the sentry's head and let him know my pleasure.

"Open that gate, Benno Regnarte!" said I. He was a short man, burly, with curly hair, and not an unpleasant face. So quick had I come upon him, so strange, perhaps, he thought it that I named him at hazard, that he fell back against the iron and stood there gaping like one who had seen a bogey in the dark. Never, I believe, in all this world was a seaman so frightened. He could not speak or utter a sound, or even raise his hand. He just stood there like a shivering fool.

"Benno Regnarte, open that gate!" I repeated, seeing that I had the name all right; "I'll give you half a minute."

The threat brought him to his senses. Without a word, a sign, a sound, he opened the iron doors and waited for me to go through.

"Now," said I, "give me those keys and march on. And by the heavens above me, if you open your lips far enough for a fly to go in, I'll shoot you dead where you stand!"

He gave me the keys with a hand that trembled so that he nearly dropped them. In spite of my injunction he mumbled some-

thing, and I was not unwilling to hear it.

"I am the friend of Madame Czerny," said he, cringingly; "trust me, signor, for mercy's sake trust me!"

"When you earn the trust," said I, grimly; "now march, and remember!"

I let him go through, and then locked the iron doors behind me. Miss Ruth, at least, must be protected from the rogues below. The lamps in the corridor were still burning, and, by here and there, I thought that I saw figures in the shadows. But no man hailed me, and when I came to the great dormitory which, at first passing, was full of seamen, I found the door of it open and no more than six or seven men still about its tables. If they heard me come up they suspected nothing. I shall always say that the brightest idea of that night was the one which came to me while I stood by the open door and counted the men that Czerny had left to guard his house. For what should I do, upon the oddest impulse, but put my hand round the door very quietly and, closing it without noise, turn the key first in the lock and then put it in my pocket.

"Six," said I to the man before me; "and you make seven. How many more in this place now, Benno Regnarte?"

He held up his hands and began to count.

"In the engine-room one, two, three," he said; "upon the ladder hereby two; at the great door two more. Seven men altogether, signor. Your party will be more than that?"

I laughed at his notion, and, seeing that the man still shivered with fear and was not to be counted, I went straight ahead to the greater work I had to do. Already the alarm was raised in the room behind me, and men were beating with their fists upon the iron door. It was ten to one that their cries must be heard and one of the sentinels called from the sea; but, miracle if you will, or greed of plunder if that is the better term, none came; none answered that heavy knocking. And I—why, I was at the cavern's head by that time, and, opening the trap, I had spoken to my shipmates.

"'UP YOU COME—UP FOR YOUR LIVES!' CRIED I."

"Up you come, every one of you—up for your lives!" cried I. "Do you, Seth Barker, lift the doctor, and let Peter Bligh follow after. There's no time to lose, lads—no time at all."

I took them by surprise, be sure of it. That opening trap, the light flashing down upon them, the message when they had begun to despair of any message, the call to action—aye, how they leaped up to answer me with ready words!

"To Heaven be the glory!" cries Peter Bligh, and I can hear him now. "To Heaven be the glory! 'It was the captain's voice,' says I, before ever you spake a word."

"And oh, aren't we sick of it—just sick of it!" chimes in Dolly Venn as he climbs the ladder like a cat and stands willingly at my side.

I pressed his hand, and showed him the revolver I carried.

"Whip it out, lad, whip it out," said I; "we've work to do to-night for ourselves and another. Oh, I count on you all, Dolly, as I never counted before!"

He would have said something to this, I make sure, but the others came through the trap while I spoke, and four more astonished men never stood in a cavern to ask, "What next?"

"The ladder to the reef side," said I,

putting their surprise by and turning to the Italian in whose hands our lives might lie; "can men hold the top of it, or is it best taken by the sea?"

He answered me with a dramatic gesture and a face which spoke his warning.

"At the rockside it is straight; they shoot you from the top, captain. No man go up there from this place. They fire guns, make noise."

"And the report will call the others," said I. "So be it; but we'll close that door, anyway."

It was Greek to the others, and they gaped at the words. From the room which I had locked loud shouts were to be heard and heavy blows upon the iron panels. That such cries would call men from the sea presently, I knew well. We had but a few minutes in which to act, and they were precious beyond all words. The gate must be shut though a hundred lay concealed in the rooms of mystery about us. On our part we staked all on chance; we threw the glove blindly to fortune. And, remember, I alone knew anything of that house in which we stood; that house, above which the sea ever rolled her crested breakers and lifted her eerie chantry. My shipmates were but astonished strangers, not willing to go back, yet half afraid of that which lay before them. The bright lights in the caverns, the dark doors opening into darkness, and upon these the great corridor, so vast, so gloomy, so mysterious, were to them new pictures in a wonderland the like to which they had never seen before and will never see again.

"What place is this, and where is the best parlour?" asks Peter Bligh, his clumsy head blundering to a question even at such a time. "'Tis laid out for a small and early, and crowns to be broken," says he. "Have you took it furnished, or are there neighbours, sir? 'Tis a queer house entirely."

I cut him short and turned to the doctor.

"What news of the foot, sir?" I asked him; "how are you feeling now?"

He replied light-heartedly enough, wishful, I could see, to make light of it.

"Like a man who has bought a wooden leg and prefers the old one," said he; asking at the same time, "What's the course, captain, and why do we follow it?"

"The course," said I, "is to Madame Czerny's boudoir, and a good couch to lie upon. Do you two get on as fast as you can and leave us to the parley. It's coming, sure enough, and lame men won't help the argument. We'll need your help by-and-by, doctor, when the heads are broken."

I made the guess at hazard, little knowing how near the truth it was to prove. We were almost at the head of the first stairway by this time, and the uproar in the corridor might have awakened the seven sleepers. Impossible, I said, that such a warning should not bring in men from the sea, sentinels who would ask by whose hand the key had been turned; but the danger lay behind us in the shadows where we had not looked for it. Aye, the three in the engine-house, how came I to forget them? They were atop of us before the doctor was out of hearing, and a great hulking German, his face smeared with soot and a bar of iron in his hands, caught me by the shoulder and swung me round almost before I had done speaking.

"Who, in thunder, are you?" asks he. It was a question which had to be answered.

Now, I had picked up a wrinkle or two about "rough-and-tumbles" in the years I traded to Yokohama, and though my heart was in my mouth and it was plain to me that this was the crisis of the night, when a single unlucky stroke or mis-spoken word might undo all that chance had done for us, I nevertheless kept my wits about me, and letting the man turn me round as he willed I presently caught his arm between both of mine and almost broke the bone of it. Upon which he lifted up a cry you might have heard at the sword-fish reef, and writhing down I struck him with all my force and he fell insensible.

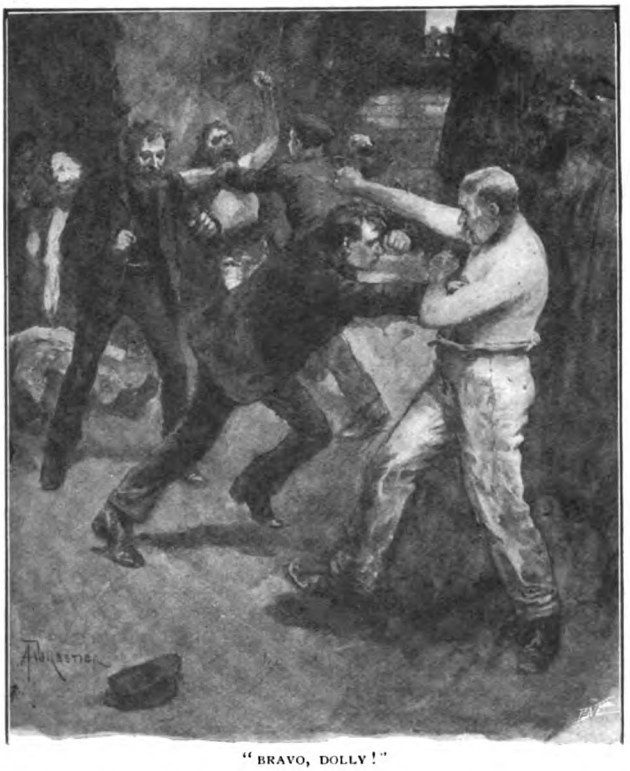
"Seven and one make eight," said I, and a man might forgive himself for boasting at such a time; for, mark you, but two were left to deal with, and while one was making for little Dolly Venn, Peter Bligh had the throat of the other in such a grip that his friends might well have said, "The saints help him!"

"Hold him, Peter, hold him!" cried I, my blood fired and my tongue set loose; but there was no need to be anxious for Mister Bligh, I do assure you.

"He'll need new teeth to-morrow, and plenty of 'em!" says he, shaking the man as a dog shakes a rat. "Aye, go on, captain, the fun's beginning here."

I waited to hear no more, but ran at the man who closed with little Dolly Venn. "Dolly's is the need," said I; though in that I was mistaken, as you shall see presently. And I do declare it was a picture to watch that bit of a lad dancing round a hulking Dutchman, and hitting the wind out of him as though he had been a cushion. Grunt? The lubber grunted like a pig, and every time

he stopped for want of breath in came Master Dolly again with a lightning one which shook him like a thunder-bolt. No "set-to" that I have seen in all my life ever pleased me half as much; and what with crying and laughing by turns, and singing out "Bravo, Dolly!" and dancing round the pair



"BRAVO, DOLLY!"

of them, the sweat ran off me like rain, and I, and not little Dolly Venn, might have been doing for the Dutchman in the shadows of that corridor.

In the end, believe me, this foreign bully turned tail and ran like a whipped cur. It was all I could do to keep the lad from his heels.

"Next time, Dolly," cried I, holding him back roughly, "next time, lad; we have better work to do, much better work to do. Here's Peter needing a box for his goods—and a pretty big one, too. Is it over, Peter? Will he be talking any more?" I asked Mister Bligh.

He answered me by pointing to a figure on the floor beside him, stark and motionless and very still. Peter had played his part, indeed; I knew that the gate of Czerny's house was open.

"All together, lads," said I, leading them on now with a light heart; "all together and out of the shadows, if you please. We've another gate to close, and then—as One is above me, I do believe we have bested Edmond Czerny this night!"

It was something to say, a thought to thrill a man, and yet I would not dwell upon it, remembering all that lay between us and Miss Ruth's freedom—all that must be done in the doubtful hours before us.

"The iron ladder by which the men come in," I asked of the Italian, suddenly, "where is that, Regnarte?"

Now, this man had been very frightened during the brawl at the stairs-head; but, seeing the stuff we were made of, and being willing all along to join with us (for I learned afterwards that he nursed a private spite against Czerny), he replied to me very readily:—

"The ladder is the second door, captain; yet why, since no man can go up? I tell you that two hold it, and they have guns. You cannot go, captain! What good the key when men have guns?"

"We'll see about that," said I. And cocking my pistol I strode to the door he indicated.

It was an iron door, opening inward to a small apartment cut out of the solid rock. For a while I could see nothing when I entered the little cavern—it laid bare; but, becoming used to the dim light presently, I took a few steps forward, and looking up I saw a rocky chimney and an orifice far up and the stars glimmering in the grey-blue sky above me. This, then, was the second gate to Czerny's house, I said; the sea-gate by which his men passed in. Here, as yonder where Miss Ruth's apartment lay, the reef lifted itself above the highest tides; here was the gate we must shut if the night were to be won. And who would dare it with armed men on the threshold, and a ladder for foothold, and the knowledge on our part that one word of the truth would dig a grave for recompense? And yet it had to be dared: a man must go up that night for a woman's sake.

Well, I took off my boots at the ladder's foot, and thrusting my pistol into my waist-belt I spoke a warning word to Peter Bligh.

"This," said I, taking from Regnarte the key I needed, "this opens the iron doors you will meet down yonder. If misfortune happens to me, go straight through and take my place. Hold the rooms as long as you can and let your judgment do the rest. Belike Mister Jacob will come back with the ship. I wish I could think so!" I added.

He nodded his head, and but half understanding what I was about he watched me anxiously when I put my naked foot with wary step on the ladder and began to go up. I saw him for a moment, a comrade's figure in the dim light of the cavern, and then thinking only of my purpose, and of what it would mean to one who waited for me, I clenched my teeth and began my journey. Below me were the little cave and the glimmer of a distant lamp, shipmates crying "God speed!" the hidden house, the mystery; above me that dark funnel of the rock and the sky, which seemed to beckon me upward to freedom and the sea.

If danger lay there I could not espy it or detect its presence. Not a sound came from the open trap, no figures were to be seen, no spoken voice to be heard.

Nevertheless, I knew that the Italian spoke the truth and that his reckoning was good. Edmond Czerny was no fool to leave a sea-gate open to all the world. Somewhere on the foothold of the rocks men were lurking, I made sure. That they heard nothing of their friends' outcry in the corridor below, that they did not answer it, was a thing I had not, at the first, understood; but it became plain when the chimney I climbed shut out every sound but that of the breaking seas, and gave intervals of silence so great that a man might have heard a ticking watch. No, truly, it was no wonder that they had not gone down nor heard that loud alarm, for they hungered for the wreck; for pillage and plunder, and all the gruesome sights Ken's Island that night could show them; and this hunger kept them at the water's edge, hounds kennelled when others were free, unwilling idlers on a harvest day. Heaven knows, they paid a price for that when the good time came.

Now, at the ladder's head, everything was as I had seen it in the mind's picture; and even before I made the top fresh spray would shower upon my face, while the sea sounded as though its waves were breaking almost at my very ears. Unchallenged and, for all I could make out, unwatched, I grew bolder step by step, until at last I touched the topmost rung; and, looking over, I saw the white crests of the breakers and the pinnacles of the reef and the distant island under its loom of gold-blue fog. Halted there, with one hand swung free and my good pistol ready, I peered intently into the night—a sentinel watching sentinels, a spy upon those that should have spied. And standing so I saw the men, and they saw me; and quickened to the act by the sudden danger, I swung over the first half of the trap which shut the chimney in, and made ready to close the second with all the deftness I could command.

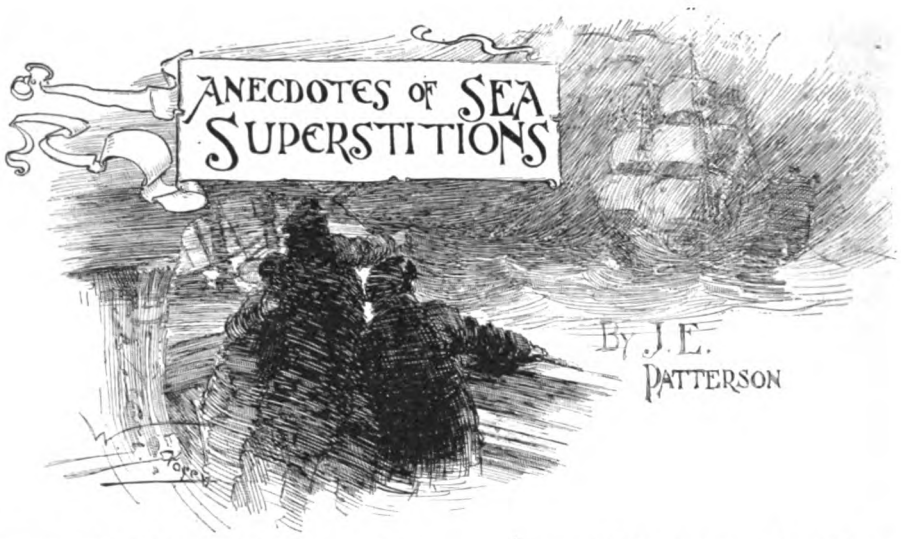
There were two men at the sea's edge, but they did not hear me, I believe, until the first door of that trap was down. Perchance, even then, they thought that a comrade played a jest upon them, and that this was all in the night's work, for one of them coming up leisurely peered into the hole and put a question to me in the German tongue. This man, my heart beating like a piston and my nerves all strung up, I struck down with the butt-end of my pistol, and I swung over the trap and shot the bolts and locked the great padlock before the other could move hand or foot. For the foreigner fell, without a cry, headlong into the sea which played at his very feet.

"Shut—shut, by thunder!" cried I to those below, and gladder words a seaman never spoke to comrades waiting for him. "One gate more and the night is ours, lads!"

They heard me in astonishment. Remember how new this place of mystery was to them; how little I had told them of that which I knew. If they followed me like the brave men that they were, set it down to the affection they bore me, and the belief that I led them on no child's errand. So much must have occurred to them as we gained the upper house and shut the iron doors behind us. The way lay to the sea again, the road most dear to the heart of every sailor. Let the main gate of Czerny's house be closed and all was won, indeed.

Aye, and you shall stand with me as, mounting a broad stairway beyond Miss Ruth's own door, I found myself out upon a great plateau of rock, and beheld the silent ocean spread out like a silver carpet before my grateful eyes and knew that the house was ours—that house the like to which no man has built or will build during the ages.

(To be continued.)



IN all probability the Ancients had their strings of superstitious happenings as long as any civilized nation's of to-day, if not longer. With the same varying degrees, faith in uncanny signs, portents, and forebodings no doubt held sway through all the stages of mind-culture, from the churlish shepherd on the mountain-side to the philosopher in the city porch. The wryneck's cry, that sent a sylvan grape-tender scurrying home in horrifying belief that the bird heralded a death in his family, might have screeched its head off at Socrates and still remained unnoticed. An Athenian gentleman would most likely be less affected on his path being crossed by the flight of three ravens than would his rural contemporary, who, perhaps, was worth more drachmæ than the townsman. And we may rest quietly assured that at the heavy end of the scale of superstition stood the seaman of his day. Sea-going men are the most prone of any class to this form of mind-darkness, and one may safely say that the same rule held good thousands of years ago.

> When . . . . . .
> . . . . sailors eye their mates and catch their breath,
> And talk with fear of hatches overturned,
> Knives stuck in masts, and low blue lights that burned
> But yestereve about the weather-vane ;
> Of many foundered ships that tried in vain
> To run a Friday's voyage ; of drowned cats,
> And vessels out of which the auguring rats
> Decamped when last in port ; of sneezes done
> To left, night-squealing pigs, and whistling on
> The bow by thoughtless lads ; of horsey dreams,
> And where the light of woman's eye out-gleams
> The brilliance of gems ; and other things
> Which fill the sailor's mind with murmurings
> And speak to him of wrecks.

Such are, in part, the superstitious ideas dominating the minds of almost all seamen of to-day. Science, education, the spread of knowledge, and broader thinking generally have let in light on many a common darkness that existed even so late as fifty years ago. As was but natural, some of this light has penetrated that conservative-minded, yet liberal-handed, nomad of the great waters—the foreign-going merchant Jack. Isolated though he is from his fellows on shore, removed from the direct influence of quick and radical changes in human thought, it would be a wonder if even he stood comparatively still in his thinking. Yet the change in his attitude towards the seemingly occult has been painfully slow, indirect, and is still miserably limited.

Many superstitious ideas firmly believed in by his immediate forerunners are now generally smiled at ; others have narrowed down to very small areas of influence ; but a large number of superstitions are almost as rife to-day as they were a hundred years ago. In fact, only the most preposterous in the category, and some of

them were highly so, have passed away with the great ignorance of the past.

The phantom ship, and its heralding disaster to the vessel whereof a crew, or some of them, see it; a like result from the catching of a stormy petrel or an albatross; the sea-serpent and its leaving wreck or foundering in the train; the hearing of peculiar, wail-like singing when near the shore on a calm, dark night and attributing it to a mermaid, that will speedily bring about a gale during which she will lead the vessel on to some neighbouring rocks or shoals—these and many others as greatly foolish have happily gone from the mind of the average European seaman; that is, excluding a very large majority of Finns and home-trading Italian sailors. The latter cling to their old beliefs in these matters with that peculiar persistency so characteristic of Latin races. With the former, mystery, strangely inseparable from cold and comparative isolation, is an essential element of life.

Until quite recently, and in some quarters even now, the Finn has always been looked on as the believer in, and possessor of, sea-magic *par excellence.* Out of hundreds I have never met one Finnish sailor who was not the dupe of many highly superstitious notions; and it is no uncommon happening to meet one who not only still believes in the mermaid, the phantom ship, and such, but is assured that he also possesses wonderful and uncanny powers.

"THEY WERE AS SURE OF TROUBLE FOLLOWING AS THEY WERE OF DEATH."

One autumn we were loading unusually late in Revel. The ice had held off well, enabling us to finish loading with deals when we should otherwise have been frozen up a week or two before. As usual at such times, a couple of the fo'c's'le hands—a young Eastern Swede and a middle-aged Shetlander — were full of quietly significant predictions that we should pay for our temerity in thus braving the strange rulers of the ice kingdom. Oh, they were as sure of trouble following as they were of death. When a sprightly and more up-to-date "Tynesider" said, "Yes—but when?" they were silent and looked injured, or replied that his undue profanity would get him into further difficulties—on that he could rely.

However, we got safely away down the Gulf of Finland, with a westerly wind that died into a calm as the old brigantine drew in under that western arm of Dago called Dago Ort. The skipper had held her close in to save ground, and thus sooner bear away down the Baltic. Night fell upon us as we lay there, the land but a few cables' length off under our lee, and the stars glittering as they only do on a moonless night in cold latitudes.

The Swede and the Shetlander had the watch on deck, the former being at the wheel and his watch-mate on the look-out.

Suddenly an unearthly wailing, in a low key, stole up over the lee-rail. It was so irregular that at times it came but in gasps; at others it had the semblance of an inter-

mittent melody; then, again, it was loud enough to seem as if it sprang from something quite close at hand. As a matter of course, the watch, including the old mate, pricked up their ears. With bated breath they put questions to themselves, the two men being so far apart that they could not ask each other what this fearful singing meant. Then the helmsman exclaimed, in an awe-struck whisper:—

"Necken, Necken!—the Necken, sir—the Necken!"

But the mate, without taking any apparent notice of him, went to the lee-rail, leaned over it alongside the other member of the watch, and peered into the darkness; there he listened with all the hearing he had. He was of the old blunt sea-dog kind, having remarkably little faith in anything he did not readily understand or of which he could not get a tangible hold.

"What the hangment's that?" he muttered—"a boat got adrift with a frightened kid in it?"

All the answer or solution he received was a continuance of the irregular dismal wailing. This now seemed to strike the brigantine under her lee-bow, then steal along that side of her with all the unnerving weirdness of the fabled mermaid's song, yet without its supposed entrancing melody. Just as the mate was about to go forward and further investigate the strange occurrence, the Shetlander ran aft to him and whisperingly blurted out his fearful apprehensions on the subject, the whole of these being interpolated with half-expressed questions as to the mate's opinions on what was happening. His superior listened to him quietly for awhile, then brusquely told him to "shut up that tom-foolery," pushed him aside, and went into the waist. But the peculiarly suggestive noise had ceased; and, although they hearkened attentively during the remainder of the watch, it was heard no more.

Yet neither this fact nor the arguments and laughs of their shipmates prevented the two A.B.'s from doggedly declaring their belief in the wailing having been the commencement of a northern siren's wrecking song, which they were sure would have had disastrous consequences to us had it not been for the north-east breeze that sprang up just afterwards and carried the vessel away down the Baltic. Still, in proof of the fact that superstitions, like old habits, die hard, more of our company than the Swede and the Shetlander were the secretly-disturbed repositories of many qualms and fears, which did not give them peace until we were well up the Humber. Nor did all succeed in keeping their dark forebodings hidden. So inherent in the seaman's blood and so ineradicable is faith in the occult mysteries of Nature that this particular belief of our two most superstitious men gained ground generally with every change of weather we experienced during the remainder of that homeward passage.

On arriving at Hull the cause of the noise was explained. It would have been earlier told, but that the perpetrators feared some awkwardness on the mate's part because of their fooling him with the others. The young North-countryman, after persuading the more matter-of-fact of his two watch-mates to conspire with him, had crept noiselessly over the bows, he having the vessel's cat in a little bag, the other meanwhile decoying the look-out man from his post and into the fo'c's'le, to ask him if it were true that Shetland sweethearts went out in the boats fishing with their lovers in order to feather their future nests the sooner—a question framed solely for the purpose of drawing him out of the "Tynesider's" way.

The smooth water combined with the lightness of the brigantine had allowed the joker to get a seat low down on the martingale-stays. There, with the cat's head just out of the bag, its tail—covered by the bag—between his teeth, and its body under his arm, he had caused the mournful noise that put such fear into the breasts of our two darkened comrades—that is, he bit the animal's tail till pain made it mew out a loud, pitiful wail, which he crudely regulated by squeezing its body between his arm and side. The stoppage of the unearthly sounds was occasioned by the look-out man's running aft to the mate, which opportunity the deceiver seized to get back unobserved to the fo'c's'le. Of course, when the story was told his victims did not hesitate to assure him, and not lightly, that he would one day suffer dearly for putting a cat to such a profane use.

At another time—in a deep-water-man, homeward bound with wheat from Portland, Oregon—the superstitious notion concerning cats was the cause of a death and further real trouble. Amongst our A.B.'s there was a tall, fidgety "growler." Hardy by name, he was not so in anything but expletive-garnished complaints against fate and his general circumstances, large and small. He also had a chest trouble, his coughing, wheezing, and other emphasized evidences

of this matter being no little trouble to his watch-mates; for he was ever something of a skulker, and when work had to be done by a party of men of whom he formed a unit his high, round shoulders were always seen lurching very slowly along in the *rear* of the crowd, to the harsh accompaniment of strained coughs and guttural croakings. He professed to hail from Blackwall, but he was not the only renegade in that matter then crossing the Atlantic in the good ship *Clio*. On all subjects and ideas, except that of the world being dominated by selfishness, he was a thorough sceptic, and he regularly argued or grumbled all the rest of the forward hands into silence. Case-hardened against the notion that there is any good in the world, he

The *Clio* owned two of these animals—one a lazy tabby that preferred to remain aft because it would rather be fed by the spoiling steward than hunt the natural prey for its living; the other, a fine, sleek-coated black that made the fo'c's'le his home, a fact that was mostly owing to his fondness of a young Irish seaman with whom he regularly turned in and came out on watch. He caught a rat on an average every alternate day. As will be naturally guessed, Tom (the cat) was the butt of much cantankerousness on the part of the "growler." If the animal secured and made a meal of a rat, it was (to Hardy) but a proof of the whole world being all for self—that the strong always prey on the weak; whereat all

"IT WAS A PROOF THAT THE STRONG ALWAYS PREY ON THE WEAK."

was a most unpleasant shipmate; as disquieting a one as ever footed a ratlin or kept a look-out, he was always ready to quarrel but never to fight. He it was who started almost every piece of dog-watch jangling and friction when at work, and if he had one minor pet antipathy that hatred was for cats.

his listeners would be incidentally reminded that they had much to be thankful for, because none of them had his cough and consequent weakness. If Tom failed to catch a rodent, he was "a skulk an' not doin' his duty." If he sat up looking at Hardy, the latter would throw a biscuit at

him for daring to be so "cheeky." If Tom gave him a wide berth for a time, as he usually did after being vigorously kicked out of the way, "even the 'spongin'' cat gave *him* the cold shoulder"; and Tom would there and then be the object of some hurriedly seized and viciously thrown missile.

About midway through the second dog-watch—ending a day that had been marked by calms and cats'-paws—Tim (the young Irish A.B.) was playing with his feline friend on the lee-rail by the fore-rigging. This was mostly done by inducing it to climb the shrouds and running-gear after a little paper ball, which he hauled up and let down by a piece of twine over one of the ratlins. Unnoticed by the men interested in this harmless fun, a squall was gathering; and, breaking before the inexperienced second-mate thought it would, the squall swept down on us with a rush that sent the watch-out hurrying to the different sets of halyards.

Tom was then some 8ft. or 10ft. up the main-top-gallant staysail down-hauler, to which Hardy happened to run. He no sooner saw the cat than he cried: "S-s-s! come down there," then gave the rope a jerk, sending poor Tom hurling away two or three fathoms to leeward; then he shouted to those at the staysail halyards, "Let go!" cursing the cat incidentally. The sail was hauled down amidst the mostly impolite expostulations of Tom's friends; to which the "growler" made as many grumbling excuses, and as often cursed the cat for not "keepin' to the scuppers, w'ere cats should be."

To continue the matter at that juncture was impossible. The squall proved both heavy and long, occasioned a general reduction of canvas by all hands, and quickly drew itself out to a fresh breeze that finally developed into a gale at dawn on the following morning. As a natural consequence, the more superstitious members of the crew—and they were all too many—continually reverted to the loss of Tom, and predicted all sorts of catastrophes as the only possible results of Hardy's action. Some said that the trouble would fall on him; others believed that we should all be sufferers, and gave him no friendly looks or allusions whilst announcing their belief. After breakfast the ship was reduced to a storm allowance of sail, and matters continued so—she still lying on the starboard tack—till close on two bells in the first dog-watch.

At that time the bo'sun told off Hardy to watch his opportunity to get on the fo'c's'le-head and make matters secure there for the night. Hardy did as he was bidden, grumbling the while at being selected for the dangerous work. Naturally he, though not usually smart in his movements, went sprightly about the task; but before he had finished it, and with no more warning than its inboard roar, a huge wall of green water rushed over the bow, he being driven like a cork against the fife-rail.

In a minute or so the water cleared, half of it down on to the main deck and the rest over the lee-bow, on the edge of which, partly outside the lowest bar of the iron railings, Hardy was seen in a bight of the fore-topmast staysail down-hauler. As the water swept back to its native quarters the ship rolled up to windward. Hardy struggled to get inboard again, calling for help, and the mate and the bo'sun—both aft—yelled for someone to go to his assistance.

The only ones near enough to be of timely service to him were a knot of the more superstitious men gathered under the lee of the fore-deckhouse. With the exception of an old Devonian and a negro, these were all of Finnish and Scandinavian blood. A voice amongst them muttered to the effect that this was the expected punishment, and helpers would get their "whack" (share) of it.

Not a foot of theirs stirred.

The struggling man slipped back aboard with the last part of the weather-roll, just as the mate again shouted an order for someone to go to his help, and a couple of men ran forward from the after-deck. But with that windward roll, and before the intending helpers could reach him or he regain his feet, a second, though smaller, sea boarded the fo'c's'le-head. The ship went to leeward with it, and Hardy was never seen again.

Whether he was rendered unconscious by his head striking a stanchion or a rail, as the water swept him outboard, or that his not rising was due to an inability to swim, we could not tell. That those who might have been instrumental in saving his life were soundly reprimanded may be taken for granted. They were also promised to "hear more about it"; but the hearing was all that the promise attained to—as is commonly the case at sea; for not one promise, good, bad, or indifferent, made whilst afloat is kept ashore. Yet that was not the end of the matter. The action of those half-fearful, half-callous men, their hanging back at the critical moment, was the cause of much friction between them and the less superstitious of their shipmates. On both sides there were "hard nuts" to crack—on the one, sullenly

defiant men mumbling crude excuses for their lack of humanity and state of mind, men who had been in many a *mêlée*, and bore physical and temperamental signs of battle and the general opposition of life; on the other, brighter looks, quicker movements, lighter tongues, broader thoughts, equal grit and grip, and all the characteristics that mark the newer school of seamen from the old. The affair caused an absolute and clearly defined division of all the forward hands into two parties. Tumultuous times on deck—such as squalls, tacking and wearing of ship, bracing-up at change of watches, and, in fact, at all periods of quick hurrying to and fro, when men are apt to take mishaps as intended insults and chance nothings become matters of vital importance—there were grumblings which came near being worse happenings on the spot, threats of violence which had material results in the half-secrecy of later dog-watches, and, emanating from the drowning of Tom, several men left the *Clio* with scars of which they would never be rid.

Every item in the lines at the beginning of these reminiscences of superstition afloat is but a common occurrence in the sailing portion of our merchant vessels of to-day. Many a time, when a cover-hatch (one that fits like a cap over low coamings) has been capsized, have I heard the remark, said with every appearance of conviction: "There's another ship gone to the bottom!—you blunderin' galoot!—w'y don't you look wot you're doin'?"; the meaning being that for each cap-hatch so treated a ship must founder. Similar expressions are usual when a salt-pot or a "cracker-barge" (a box in which the men keep their biscuits) is turned over.

"YOU BLUNDERIN' GALOOT!"

Here is one well-remembered instance of the knife in a mast. I was crossing the North Sea in a small craft. The time was summer. For some days light, shifty winds had baffled us, then came a calm. Late one afternoon the skipper said he thought that we should have a breeze before nightfall, and the helmsman—an elderly Finnishman—ventured to feel sure that we should. When the skipper asked for his reason, he, in significant silence, pointed seriously to a jack-knife stuck in the mizzen-mast, and its handle indicating away about two points before the beam—that being the north-north-west. The skipper looked at the knife, turned his face in another direction, and smiled. He knew that to ridicule the matter would get himself into ill-repute and cause some dissatisfaction; whilst humouring it would keep the men in a pleasant frame of mind with him and themselves, and do no one any harm. He, a

somewhat young East-coaster, was a diplomatist—as is ever the popular and successful ship-master. A knowledge of humanity, a tolerance of its foibles, charity to its defects and limitations are always needful lubricants for the smooth commanding of men.

Being "large" in what phrenologists term "human nature," our "old man" had in his composition something akin to most men (where such was not the case, and no absolute benefit could be gained by perverseness, he had the wisdom to appear otherwise); thus when, at sunset that evening, a breeze sprang up in the named quarter—a fair one for us—there was general satisfaction forward at the thought that the skipper believed the Finn's action had brought us what we all most wished for.

Another example of Scandinavian superstition now called to mind occurred in connection with the idea that ill-luck must come of a boy's whistling on the weather-bow. Amongst the A.B.'s was one Olafsen, an elderly, crusty, old-time Norwegian, nigh as full of foolish notions as the skin of grunting Denis was full of pork. For packet we had a West-country brig, captained by a Somerset man, who was impregnated with belief about cows praying on their knees at twelve o'clock on Old Christmas Eve; about a "holy thorn" which he declared began to flower at sunset on the last day of the dying year (old reckoning), was in full bloom at midnight, and had shed its blossom by sunrise: this latter at Glastonbury. He also had a lingering regard for witchcraft and certain other evidences of pre-School Board days. However, his was a homely sort of temperament. He would talk to any man who happened to be at the wheel when he walked and smoked on the brig's small poop, as though they were brothers; if a youngster chanced to be "getting his hand in at steering" during a fine dog-watch, the "old man" would question him — kindly in all things — as to his family history, his habits aboard and ashore, his ambitions and intentions, his health generally, and almost everything that appertained to him between the cradle and the grave. On each subject the lad would receive little homilies, then be quietly called to account for steering off the course, which had been brought about by the interest he had taken in the "old man's" words.

Naturally, between the latter and Olafsen there existed a peculiar, unspoken bond of sympathy, one that caused the young mate some occasional pangs of "the green-eyed monster." We were then homeward bound from the Mediterranean. The time was summer and the weather fine. Whilst crossing "the Bay," Timson, a bright-eyed lad of the Fens, was found on the weather-bow by the Norwegian, whistling cheerily in the teeth of the gentle breeze, two points free of which the brig was drawing nearer home. Without any ado Olafsen gave him a slap on his ear. The lad vented a slight cry of pain, flashed a killing look at Olafsen, then darted away, muttering boyish threats of vengeance, mixed with queries as to the cause of the

"OLAFSEN GAVE HIM A SLAP ON HIS EAR."

blow. The man stood there watching him off, scowling under his thick, outstanding, gingery eyebrows, and his withered lips puckered up—as was his fashion at such times—beneath their covering of blended fair and fiery hair. Others had seen the incident, some knowing the cause of it, some in ignorance. Those who understood the matter looked becomingly serious, whilst grins and guffaws characterized the faces of the purblind.

Curious it was that so trivial a thing should lead to so much of importance—importance in matters quite foreign to it. Of course, mostly half-expressed in surly growls at his action, Timson was made to understand the enormity of his wrong-doing; but the information was gained mainly by his own intelligence. On his part he declared, both emphatically and oft, that the man who could "knock 'alf a lad's jolly head orf for w'istling 'The Anchor's Weighed' could commit a murder any day in the week."

Olafsen was not a general favourite, far from it in some quarters. True, he and "the doctor" (cook) were rather "shipmatey"; but in his manner, about him commonly and vaguely, there was a peculiar, undefinable something—a sort of underlying spirit that often characterized him without his knowing it, and "set his watchers' teeth on edge." For this reason the lad was not wanting in abettors whenever he, in the absence of Olafsen, talked of retaliation. In fact, two of the A.B.'s were more to blame for what happened than was the boy himself; for without their help and encouragement he would never have dared to do what he did.

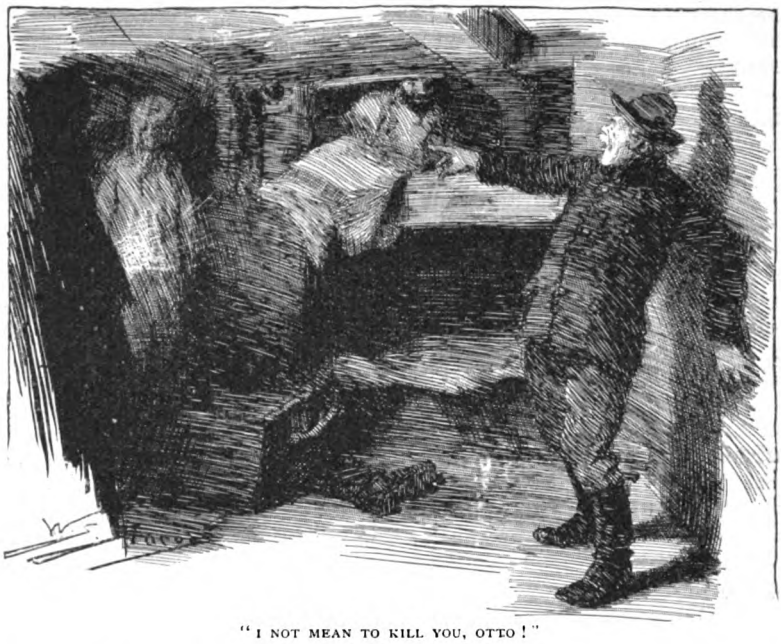
The ill-fortune of a head-wind, so forcibly predicted by the Norwegian, came not. Two days went by, during which Timson again felt the heavy hand of his enemy. Then the breeze backed to the westward, making us a fair wind, and our packet began to bowl away for the English Channel. It was the first night under these new conditions when the mischief occurred. Free winds and pleasant seas ever have the virtue of causing lively humours on a homeward passage. Thus when Timson and his two inciters went below at midnight, they being in one watch, it was agreed between them to have a little fun at the expense of Olafsen, who was in the watch then on deck, and not being at the wheel he was sure to return to the fo'c's'le for something within a few minutes of the relief—a regular habit of his.

By the aid of a white shirt, owned by one of the two up-to-date able-seamen, a crude head hastily made of a ball of spun yarn and given a white appearance with some Maltese lace (which Timson was taking home for his sister), they quickly manufactured a legless ghost. The object was then attached, by its neck and at a right angle, to the end of a broomstick, which one of the men held outwards as he lay, apparently asleep, in his bunk. Effective preparations were also made for withdrawing the thing—for its "vanishing." First it was to disappear by being dropped behind a pile of other things; then drawn by the other man into his bunk, a lower one, and there dismembered. The sickly and miserable fo'c's'le lamp was removed to a place and angle where its reduced flame could just take in the "apparition" and leave the remainder of the fo'c's'le in almost total darkness.

The materials for this trick having been previously got ready—to what fearful end its perpetrators could never have guessed—the whole arrangements were soon made. Then the two jokers lay back awaiting results, almost sure of a grunt, a curse, a dash at the object, and some consequent laughs. The boy, huddled open-eyed under his blanket, waited for—he knew not what; a bundle of wonder, exultation, fear of consequences, and other mixed feelings, he bided the issue in a far pleasanter frame of mind than did his confederate leaders. Minutes went by. The expected came not, and those in waiting, sleepy from their watch on deck, began to doze. The "ghost" would have fallen to ignominious collapse, but that its holder had stuck the opposite end of the broomstick under his side.

When full consciousness returned to them it came with a bang that drew the trio bolt-upright in their bunks and caused the improvised "apparition" to disappear prematurely behind its intended hiding-place. A fearful exclamation had jerked them back to their senses. It had issued from the lips of Olafsen, who now leaned against the corner of the bo'sun's cabin (a box of a berth built in the fo'c's'le), partially framed by the starlit doorway beyond, and muttering, in his native tongue, like a gibbering monkey. The two men were about to leap from their bunks when Olafsen started forward a step, crying, "No, no! No, no! I not mean to kill you, Otto! I—I—I—Oh, God, God! mercy, mercy!" and, wheeling about, he tore out of the fo'c's'le as though it were a tank infested with sharks.

After him sprang the two; the boy, nigh



"I NOT MEAN TO KILL YOU, OTTO!"

scared out of his wits, at their heels. Along the deck they went in the wake of the running Norwegian; but the fear of death—the devil, that awful supposed something from beyond the grave—added to the frightful spur which we term a murderer's conscience, lent him a speed they could never attain. When they gained the three-step ladder up to the little poop a heavy splash sounded on the comparatively quiet night. On the poop the "old man" stood like one transfixed, his pipe in his right hand and his gaze endeavouring to scan all directions at once.

Aft at the wheel stood the helmsman, wonder and stupefaction written on his face. Olafsen had darted by them as a dolphin before a shark, and ere they knew who or what had torn past he had taken a flying leap over the taffrail. Consternation precluded all efforts to save him, even had there been nothing else to prevent our doing so. When we, collectively, had gained a full knowledge of what had happened the place where Olafsen had disappeared was far astern. Nevertheless, our vessel was speedily brought to the wind, then put about and tacked again; but no signs of the Norwegian could we find. After the necessary explanations had been given the skipper, of course, soundly reprimanded the practical jokers. Yet this did not explain away Olafsen's reason for his terrible act. The latter came at daybreak, when the "old man" took possession of the dead man's chest and other belongings. Then it was that the secret came out. There, in a little "ditty"-box, securely locked and hidden away at the bottom of his chest, was a scrawled confession that he, in a moment of jealous passion, had taken the life of a fellow-creature. It was apparently one of those hot-blooded love-stories that are the curse of some lives; its details were lost in the past, and we had but the bare fact, just as our log-book gave account of his death: "Committed suicide on the night of June 23rd, 18—; latitude, 44·8 N.; longitude, 7·15 W."

Such was the most outstanding result of a piece of sea superstition known to me. Yet in the course of some years afloat I became acquainted with many superstitious incidents as interesting, though luckily not so tragic, as the one above related.

The Other End of the Wires.

A MONOLOGUE.

By M. Walter-Thomas.

(Present time, about one o'clock in the day. A comfortable study, with a telephone above the writing-desk. Enter Hilda, *with three unopened letters in her hand.)*

Hilda: I do so hate the midday post; it always brings such stupid letters: things that aren't worth reading and have to be answered. Oh, dear! Mme. Corder's nasty long envelope. (*Opens a letter.*) Goodness, six guineas for that hideous thing that I wore once, and then sent straight off to the Horrocks for their jumble sale! Who's this from? (*Opens another.*) Ah! Clara, she generally writes a lot of gossip. (*Reads.*) "Dearest Hilda . . . . um . . . . what a nice tennis-party they had . . . . um . . . . young Findlater from your father's office"—so she's met Harry Findlater!—"quite a handsome boy!"—nasty, patronizing girl—". . . . um . . . . Belle has had such lovely wedding-presents, and all her dresses from Jones and Hood can't be distinguished from Worth" . . . . horrid suburban frocks! . . . "party at the Shorters' . . . . young Findlater most attentive to me, so I talked to him about your people. He seems to know you well . . . . um . . . . Your loving Clara." How horrid to be discussed by Clara! I am sure she said all the disagreeable things she could think of about me! (*Sits in a pensive attitude.*) Dear, dear! What if he really is in love with her? How horrid! I did think he was getting so nice; but that's the way with men so often. They sit by you, and suddenly grow sympathetic and confidential, and then burst out with the news that they are desperately in love with—your best friend! Of course, if Harry did propose, father and mother would be wild, and there would be a regular fight—so stupid! as if it mattered his not having any money, when father has plenty, and does nothing but buy stupid shares and things with it. (*Examines third letter.*) Why, *whom* is this from? Whom *is* it from? I shall find out by opening it, I suppose. (*Reads.*) "My Dear Miss Gerald,—I have tried, and tried, and tried." Why, what on earth——? (*Turns over to the signature.*) "Harry Findlater." (*Jumps up, kissing the letter.*) Oh!

"SO SHE'S MET HARRY FINDLATER!"

you darling! so you really have written! I wonder what else? (*Reads.*) "I have tried, and tried, and tried to get a chance of speaking to you, but you *will* always talk of general things, and I can't tell you." Stupid! you sat by me last Tuesday all through that musical At Home, and talked about tortoises! (*Reads.*) "So I am writing to tell you, unless you know it already, which I think you must." Oh! how men worry round a point, instead of coming to it. (*Reads to herself, smiling.*) But when they *do* come to it, how nicely they put it! (*Reads.*) "When you get this by the midday post, I shall be mad with anxiety to know your answer, so as a member of the S.P.C.A."—Cruelty to Animals?—"I think it your duty to let me know at once. Do telephone down to the office; your father will be having his lunch—please do, there's a darling! . . . . . " Cheek! Telephone, indeed! The imperiousness of modern young men! Let him come round submissively this evening!—oh, bother, I am going out to the Drummonds' to-morrow—I shall go to Ley for a week—I wonder when he can. (*Telephone bell rings in the room.*) Ah! someone at the telephone. (*Adjusts the tubes, and speaks into it.*) Yes—Yes—Yes, I'm Miss Gerald. Oh! it's Mr. Findlater; good morning, Mr. Findlater. (*To the audience.*) Dreadfully embarrassing! (*To the telephone.*) Yes, the midday post is just in—Yes, I have had some letters. (*To the audience.*) What *am* I to say? (*To the telephone.*) No, I haven't read them all, only one or two. (*To the audience.*) Just saved myself! (*To the telephone.*) Why should you be concerned about my letters, Mr. Findlater?—Is father there?—Not come back yet from lunch?—Oh, is that all? Good morning, Mr. Findlater. (*Switches off. Sinks down in a chair with a sigh of relief.*) Well, what a trying conversation! Dreadful boy, to ring up for an answer like that! Such an up-to-date idea! Let's see, how was it done before? Laurence spoke to father first; then father spoke to mother; then father and mother sent for Aunt Jane; then father and mother and Aunt Jane sent for Laurence and spoke to him; and, at last, after about a fortnight, Laurence was allowed to speak to me, and mother told me what to say. Why, Harry has no idea how long these things take! Expects me to telephone *yes* or *no* as soon as I have read his letter. I couldn't answer all at once; besides, I shall have to explain why I can't, and then be persuaded into it, and then I shall have to persuade father and mother, and then I shall have to quarrel with Harry, and then make it up and have a present — I think I should like sapphires: diamonds are getting common;

"THEN FATHER AND MOTHER AND AUNT JANE SENT FOR LAURENCE AND SPOKE TO HIM."

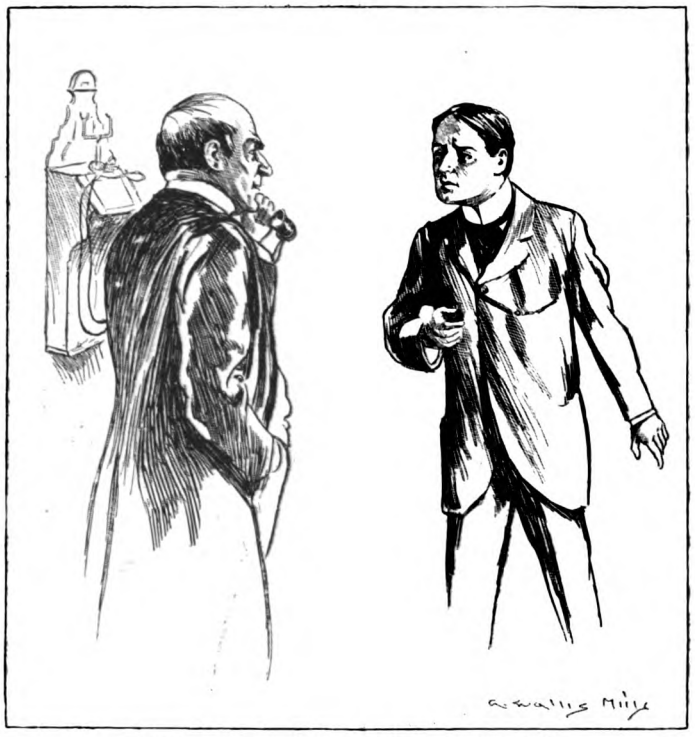
besides, I had them last time — then I shall have to tell Clara, and be properly engaged.—Why, it will take weeks ; and he thinks I can do it all by telephone while father is finishing his lunch. Goodness ! is he still at the other end of the wires? He will hold on to them like a bulldog till father comes in and finds him—I *must* say something. (*Rings up.*) Are you there? . . . Are you there? . . . (*To the audience.*) How tiresome ! it is the exchange. (*To the telephone.*) I want 130404 — Mr. Gerald's office, 130404—No. 0404, not 04 only — 130404 — 130404. (*To the audience.*) What idiot is at the other end of this? (*To the telephone.*) Oh, is that you, Mr. Findlater? — I beg your pardon ?—Yes, I've read my letters — Yes, I've read yours, Mr. Findlater — I really couldn't give you an answer now — It was quite a shock; I never dreamt for a moment — I don't think it's any use— I said I don't think it's any use — No, I'm not cruel ; I'm only wondering what father would say— No, you are *not* to ; do you hear, Harry —Mr. Findlater, I mean—you are not to say a word to father. *I* must tell him ; quite at the end of dinner. Now, don't say a word to him — but I can't give you an answer, Mr. Findlater, now—No ; I'm going out this evening— No ; I am going to the country for a few days to-morrow—Oh ! no, I couldn't write about . . . . about things like that, it would be horrid—Well, I know father will begin by saying—When I tell him, of course—Well, tell him I want him to let me be engaged to you. (*To the audience.*) There now ! I've practically said 'yes' already when I didn't mean to do it for weeks. . . . . (*With a little shriek : to the telephone.*) Oh, Harry, don't make those dreadful noises ! They must sound all over the office—No, I won't say it down the tube ; it's idiotic—No ; I won't !—How can you be so silly ?—Very well, " I promise, Harry, darling "—does that satisfy you ?—You heard quite well ; I'm not going to repeat it.

A VOICE OUTSIDE : Hilda ! Hilda !

HILDA (*hanging up the tube*) : Oh, there's mother calling me ! All right, I am coming now. (*Goes to the door and calls.*) They're in the right-hand top small drawer of the chest of drawers in the spare room—No, right-hand small drawer—Very well. (*Comes back.*) I *do* wish I had not let Harry guess I would accept him at once. I really think I had better write to him—it is more dignified, and I can be much more indefinite. I don't want him to think I am ready to jump into his arms if he only holds them open. Yes, I *will* write. (*Seats herself at a table and opens a writing-case.*) No, not that fancy paper, it would look as if I were so fond of him. Ah, a sheet with the crest, then he shall just see—— (*Writes.*) " Dear Mr. Findlater "— Well, I have been calling him Harry all the time. (*Tears up the sheet.*) " My dear Mr. Findlater." (*Stops writing and shakes her stylographic pen.*) Now, I do believe Wilson has been using my stylograph, horrid thing ! (*Knocks her elbow on the table, etc.*) I shall have to go and fill the stupid thing. (*Writes.*) There, now, it has simply *spat* all over the paper. (*Tears up the sheet.*) Oh ! dear, there isn't another crested sheet left. I am sure Wilson uses it. (*Rises.*) I wonder if Harry is at the telephone all the time. Oh ! well, he's all right.—But father will be coming in from his lunch. What's the time? (*Consults watch.*) Bother ! stopped ! Oh ! dear, I wish there was a cinematograph down to the office. Perhaps I had better ring up and advise him to go back to his work, or father will come in and find him. Besides, I do so want to know exactly

"OH, HARRY, DON'T MAKE THOSE DREADFUL NOISES!"

what Clara Fry said to him about me. (*Rings up.*) Are you there?—Are you there? (*To the audience.*) Yes, I do believe he has been waiting for me. (*To the telephone.*) Yes, it's Hilda—Clara Fry wrote to me this morning, Harry, and said she had met you, and that you paid a great deal of attention to her, and flirted with her, and I do think it was horrid of you, after the way you laughed at her last summer and imitated her serve at tennis.—What? You're not talking distinctly.—Why didn't you say anything the other evening, when I sent father off to the Lyceum early by putting the clock on an hour?—Harry, when did you begin to think you would like to—to—well, to write the sort of letter you *did* write to me?—What? You *do* talk so softly—You don't really like Clara, do you? She thinks every man is in love with her.—Is father cross to-day? Don't let him have any complaints and things, because sometimes he comes back from the office like a bear with a sore head, and I mean to simply devour him with niceness when he comes home to tea.—It's all for your sake, Harry—Do you think you could *feel* a kiss down the tube, dear, if you put your lips there instead of your ear? (*To the audience, with a scream.*) Oh!—"Whom are you talking all this confounded twaddle to?" Oh! it's *not* Harry at the telephone. (*Listening.*) Now someone is saying, "Will you go back to your work, Findlater, instead of hanging about the telephone?" "Whom am I talking this confounded twaddle to?" (*springing from the tube in consternation*). It's father! Oh, it's father at the other end of the wires! *What* shall I do? (*hurrying back to the telephone*). I must explain. Oh! I *can't* explain! What did I say about a bear with a sore head? I can't think of anything except to run and tell mother all about it, and make *her* explain to father to-night! (*Exit very hurriedly.*)



"WILL YOU GO BACK TO YOUR WORK, FINDLATER?"

From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

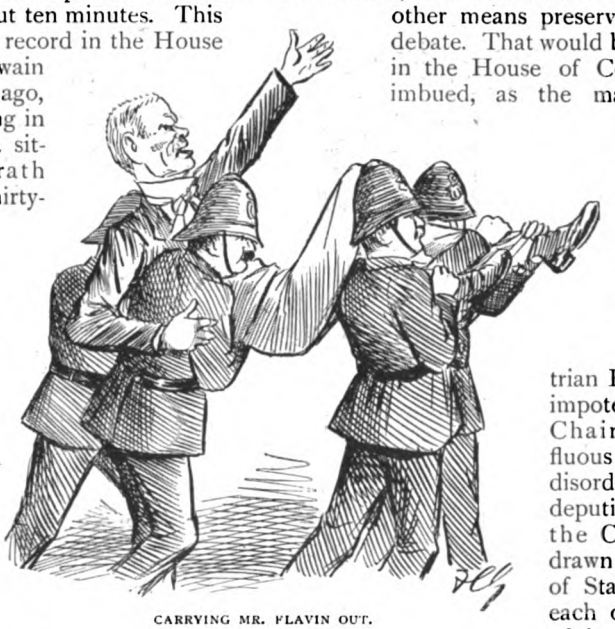
LXXII.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

COMFORT FROM VIENNA.

SOMETIMES, as when one night last Session the Irish members, blundering into open conflict with the Chair, were carried out by the police *vi et armis*, we hang our heads and murmur that the Mother of Parliaments exceeds all her children in disgraceful conduct. There is, therefore, a certain comfort in contemplating the Austro-Hungarian Reichsrath. That occasionally excels all else on the same lines, not excepting a meeting of Irish members in Committee Room No. 15 rehearsing proceedings in a Home Rule Parliament.

Mr. Biggar once made a speech four hours long—four hours all but ten minutes. This achievement beats the record in the House of Commons. Mark Twain tells me that four years ago, when he was sojourning in Vienna, he attended a sitting of the Reichsrath which lasted for thirty-three hours, during which a member spoke for twelve hours. Mr. Biggar's achievement was made possible by the dreary, sometimes inaudible, reading of a Blue-book. The German deputy's speech was, according to the American stranger in the gallery, a skilfully-constructed argument supported by felicitous illustrations.



CARRYING MR. FLAVIN OUT.

The occasion was an attempt by the Government to advance by an imperatively necessary stage a Bill continuing the settlement between Austria and Hungary. The Opposition resolved to bring about a crisis by obstruction, and the deputy's twelve-hour monologue was a contribution towards that end. The main body of the Opposition obliged with a running commentary, in which such phrases as "contemptible cub," "word-of-honour-breaker," "Jew," "East German offal-tub," "scoundrel," "blackguard," and even our own "Judas"—signal for an ever-memorable row on the floor of the House of Commons—were flung about. The President being of Polish birth was in comparative intervals of silence saluted as "Polish dog." One prominent member invented a new legislative process. Each member of the Reichsrath is provided with a desk with a removable cover that may at will be extended. Withdrawing this, the member began beating the lid on the top of his desk, an example speedily followed, with deafening results.

A TOWER OF BABEL.

Meanwhile the hapless President contributed to the uproar the impotent ringing of his bell. He has absolutely no power to order the removal of a recalcitrant member, or by other means preserve decorum in debate. That would be bad enough in the House of Commons, still imbued, as the majority of its members are, with respect for traditions and a wholesome fear of public opinion outside. With a body composed as is the Austrian Reichsrath the impotence of the Chair is a superfluous invitation to disorder. The 425 deputies who form the Chamber are drawn from a score of States all hating each other for love of the Emperor.

In the House of Commons a Welsh member once concluded his speech by a passage delivered in his native tongue. Last Session an Irish member imitated the flash of humour. The Austrian Reichsrath is filled by excitable men representing nations that speak eleven distinct languages. Apart from nationalities the various political parties into which the Chamber is split—German Nationalists, Young Czechs, Progressists, Clericals, Christian Socialists, Social Democrats—each fights for its own hand. The only effort in which common action may be expected is when a row is got up with design to obstruct the business of the day.

Let us humbly think of these things when Mr. Flavin is carried forth by the police, or when Mr. W. Redmond gurgles inconsequent but not flattering remarks as he accidentally catches sight of Mr. Chamberlain.

IRRESPRESSIBLE.

Lord Onslow tells me a charming story of his experience as Governor of New Zealand. Visiting a remote district, he entered the village hall with intent to perform whatever function was to the fore. As he stepped on the platform the familiar strains of "God Save the Queen" greeted Her Majesty's representative. The whole audience rose to their feet, the Governor and the magnates on the platform also standing in reverential attitude. The sound of the instrument was unfamiliar in this connection. The music was not uplifted from a drum and fife band or wrung out of a barrel-organ, though its strains somewhat resembled those emitted by that instrument of torture.

WILLIE REDMOND CATCHES SIGHT OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

When the tune had been got through, the gathering on the platform and in the body of the hall rustled into their seats. Suddenly, to the consternation of everybody, there was an ominous click, and "God Save the Queen" started again from the commencement. Thinking there was some mistake the audience rose again, respectfully standing till the second round was concluded. Again reseating themselves, the click was repeated, and so was "God Save the Queen."

This was too much, and none knew how much more there might be. The anguished Mayor diving under the table produced a large box which he handed to a fellow-townsman, who, wrapping a tablecloth round it, hurried from the room.

It was a musical-box, thoughtfully provided for the occasion. The machinery had got out of order, and being wound up it was bound to play the same tune till the springs ran out. Indeed, before the bearer reached the door the click was heard, followed by "God Save the Queen," the muffled tones, struggling under the tablecloth, dying away in the distance.

AN INTERRUPTED SPEECH.

I remember a somewhat similar accident ruffling the temper of the late Duke of Teck. He was present at one of the City Companies' dinners, I think it was the Needlemakers', and it fell to his lot to propose the health of the Queen. Rising in fine form, the Duke, uplifting his glass, said: "Gentlemen, I give you a toast to the health of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen."

He paused a moment with glass uplifted, looking with gracious smile round the crowded tables. The watchful bandmaster in the gallery, concluding that was all, gave the signal, and the band vigorously played "God Save the Queen."

I never saw the Duke so angry. Turning towards the gallery he shouted "No! no!" shaking his fist at the back of the bandmaster. That was the worst of it. The conductor's back being turned and the bandsmen diligently keeping their eye on his *bâton*, some moments elapsed before they realized the situation and abruptly stopped the tune.

Then the Duke continued what proved to be a speech of exceptional elaboration, evolved in the study at White Lodge. But it never quite recovered from the shock that almost killed it at its birth.

HOTEL BILLS BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

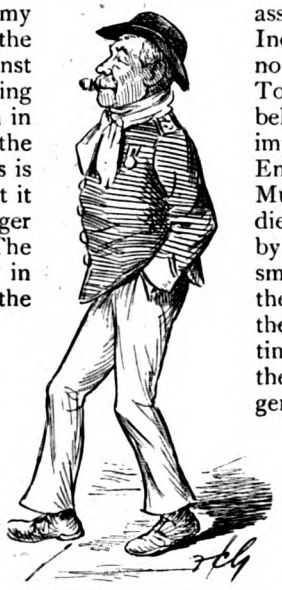
It is among things not generally known that the Nasmyth hammer of the House of Commons, which can split a massive steel bar or crack a walnut, minutely orders the scale of payment for soldiers when billeted upon licensed victuallers in pursuance of the Army Act. The prices are scheduled in the Army Bill, which is renewed every year. For lodging and attendance in houses where a hot meal is furnished the soldier pays a maximum sum of 4d. a night. For the hot meal (the component parts whereof are sternly specified in Part I. of the second schedule of the Army Act) 1s. 3½d. is allowed. That seems pretty liberal, but the average is struck with breakfast, for which only 1½d. is paid. Where no hot meal is furnished, 4d. a day may be charged. This payment includes candles, vinegar, salt, use of fire, and the necessary utensils for dressing and eating the soldier's meat.

On the higher scale the allowance per day for a soldier foots up to 1s. 9d. per head. Exactly the same sum per diem is allowed for the soldier's horse. For that sum he (the horse)

is to have 10lb. of oats, 12lb. of hay, and 8lb. of straw, and his master must see that he gets it. For an officer the maximum charge for lodging and attendance is 2s. a night. Officers are left to make their own arrangements with respect to their food.

A CRISIS AVERTED.

There are other curious things about the Army Act. According to the Constitution it is against the law to raise or keep a standing army within the United Kingdom in time of peace unless it be with the consent of Parliament. So jealous is the Legislature on the subject that it will give such consent for no longer a period than twelve months. The Act passed last Session remains in force in the United Kingdom, the Channel Islands, and the Isle of Man up to the 30th day of April. If before that date the Act be not renewed, chaos would come. The Army being an illegal institution, the chains of discipline would be snapped. Tommy Atkins, like his colonel, would revert to the state of a simple citizen, might walk out of barracks and go home to tea, none daring to make him afraid.



TOMMY ATKINS REVERTING TO CIVILIAN LIFE.

In the general muddle of business in the House of Commons last Session the renewal of the Army Act was run perilously close to the ultimate possible date, and the Twelve o'Clock Rule had to be suspended in order to make sure of carrying it through at a particular sitting.

HOW TO WRITE A BIOGRAPHY.

There is nothing so precious as the kindness of an old friend. When Mr. John Morley was approaching his great task, the record of the life of Mr. Gladstone, one of his old Cabinet colleagues cheered him with assurance of success. But he felt constrained to make conditions.

"Don't touch the ecclesiastical side of Gladstone, because you have no sympathy with it. Don't deal with his finance, because you know nothing about it. Avoid all reference to his Home Rule campaign, because you know too much. These conditions observed, you'll make an interesting, valuable contribution to biography."

THE GREAT SEAL.

With reference to something written about the Great Seal in a former number a correspondent sends me an interesting and authoritative note. "The Seal in use at the time you wrote," he tells me, "was not the one made for the late Queen on her accession. A new pair of dies were made somewhere about 1860, and I believe (but am not sure) another new pair about the time of the assumption of the title Empress of India, about 1876. Further, there is no collection of Great Seals in the Tower or elsewhere. There is, I believe, a complete collection of impressions of the Seals of all the English monarchs in the British Museum; but the original Seals (the dies) were in former times damasked by being broken to pieces with a smith's hammer in the presence of the King, the fragments becoming the property of the Keeper for the time being. In more recent times the damasking has been done by a gentle tap with a hammer administered by the Sovereign, the Seal itself becoming the perquisite of the Keeper, who is the Lord Chancellor. Damasked Great Seals have generally been set in salvers, one pair of dies serving for two salvers. References to such salvers will be found in the wills of several deceased Chancellors.

"Another perquisite of the Keeper of the Great Seal is the crimson silk purse in which the Seal is kept and borne before the Chancellor. A new one is provided yearly, and the disused ones are retained by the fortunate Keeper. The frugal wife of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, in the eighteenth century, collected enough purses during her husband's long tenure of the Seals to furnish a complete set of hangings for her State bed.

"The Great Seal which was cast by James II. into the Thames was not permanently lost. It was, after several months,

THE REAL GREAT SEAL.

fished by chance out of the river in a fisherman's net, none the worse for its bath, and was damasked in the ordinary course."

STAGE FRIGHT.

One of the oldest (of course, I mean the most deeply rooted in popular affection) of the actresses of to-day tells me she has never got over the tendency to stage fright. First nights are to her as severe ordeals as they were before a long succession marked the stages of unvarying triumph.

It is a fact well known to those of her immediate *entourage* that Queen Victoria, after sixty years of public life, never got over a feeling of nervousness whenever she took part in a public ceremonial. I well remember an occasion when Her Majesty capitulated to this strange influence. It was on the occasion of the opening of the Royal Courts of Justice on the 4th of December, 1882. The stately hall was packed with the most distinguished representatives of politics, literature, art, science, and society. The well-ordered ceremonial culminated in the moment when the Queen was to declare the building open.

As it approached, those seated close by the dais observed Her Majesty in a state of profound unrest. She beckoned to the Home Secretary, and as he bent over her chair addressed him with considerable animation. The impression of those looking on was that something had gone wrong and that Sir William Harcourt was getting a wigging. I learned afterwards from one of the Ministers in attendance that what happened was that the Queen, suddenly attacked by access of stage fright, sent for the Home Secretary, told him she was not able to utter the brief sentence assigned to her part, and commissioned him to do it in her name.

WILLIE REDMOND HUGS MR. KRUGER.

Looking back over the files of the *Times* I find the incident thus reported in the issue of the 5th December, 1882: "After a moment's consultation with the Queen, Sir William Harcourt said he had Her Majesty's commands to declare the building open."

BULLS.

Last Session, dull in most aspects, was little relieved by those flashes of undesigned humour for which a bored House is rapturously grateful. I recall one or two. In Committee on the Army Estimates Mr. O'Mara threw the great weight of his opinion against the War Office scheme for the defence of London by the erection of fortifications.

"Your Navy is your only defence," he said. "If the Navy temporarily left the seas——"

What would happen in the event of the British Navy being drawn up and absorbed in the clouds, or taking to land pursuits, will never be known, the burst of laughter that broke in on the suggestion preventing the prophet from concluding his forecast.

It was another Irish member who, observing the Chief Secretary rising to reply to a question on the paper, hurriedly interposed with the remark, "I hope the right hon. gentleman will not reply till I have put another question arising out of his answer."

STRAINED AFFECTION.

A prolific breeder of bulls is Mr. W. Redmond. Giving an account of his conversation with Mr. Kruger shortly after he had, with patriotic purpose, paid him a visit in his Continental home, he told how the ex-President, learning that his visitor represented County Clare, surmised that his constituents were not in favour of the war against the Boers.

"I said to him," Mr. Redmond reported, "'Why, Mr. President, if you were to come to County Clare the people would hug you to death.'"

What reply Oom Paul made to this enticing description of the fate that awaited him in County Clare was not included in Mr. Redmond's narrative. We know, however, the wary ex-President didn't go.

DISAPPOINTING AN AUDIENCE.

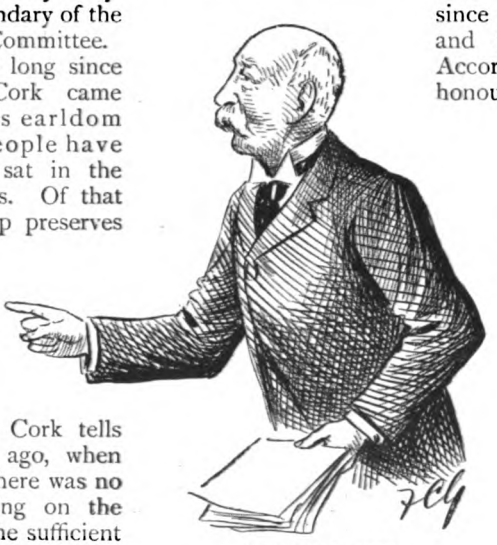
Of another kind of unconscious humour was a parenthetical sentence in one of Mr. Lough's not infrequent contributions to debate on current topics. The pink of courtesy, the member for Islington is ornately deferential to his audience, even when it is crying "'Vide, 'vide, 'vide!" Having on this particular occasion set forth his argument at

some length, he remarked: "If I may, with the permission of the Committee for one moment, go outside——"

A hearty cheer welcomed the suggestion. Members knew that if Mr. Lough left the House, even for a moment, the Chairman would call on another member. The pleasing prospect was but short lived. Mr. Lough did not mean to be taken literally. He merely proposed to enlarge his pastures, temporarily straying beyond the boundary of the subject before the Committee.

THE DINNER-HOUR.

It is so long since Lord Cork came into his earldom that people have forgotten he once sat in the House of Commons. Of that episode his lordship preserves vivid memory. Talking about the proposed alteration of the sitting of the House so as to have a fixed dinner-hour, Lord Cork tells me that fifty years ago, when he was a member, there was no such thing as dining on the premises. This for the sufficient reason that there was no accommodation. Between half-past seven and eight members went off to dine at home, at their club, or at a friend's house. Meanwhile the interval was the recognised opportunity for young members to flesh their maiden swords. The period was not inspiriting, and was seldom attended by a quorum.



MR. THOMAS LOUGH.

At the present time what is known as the dinner-hour fully shares the characteristic of dulness and the benches are equally desolate. To attempt a count-out proves irresistible to mischievous members. Mr. Joseph Gillis Biggar, preserving native habits of dining at one o'clock and taking a high tea about seven, was accustomed, at the conclusion of his meal, to hover about the dining-rooms waiting till the tables were crowded and, for choice, the fish about to be served. The soup might keep hot. The fish handed round in portions would seriously suffer by a quarter of an hour's delay. The moment thus chosen, Mr. Biggar returned to the House and moved a count. Of course a quorum was forthcoming, but the Saxon had been hurried at his meal and his fish was spoiled.

In the days when Lord Cork sat in the Commons a count moved in the dinner-hour would inevitably succeed, since there was no dining-room and no reserve of members. Accordingly it became a point of honour that no count should be moved between eight and ten o'clock. At ten o'clock, when members streamed in from dinner, the real business of the sitting began, and was carried on far into the night.

Within my recollection of the House of Commons, which falls twenty years short of Lord Cork's, it was still the custom for the big men to reserve their appearance till after the dinner-hour. Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone faced each other across the table at the close of a big debate. One rose between half-past ten and eleven, spoke for an hour and a half or two hours, and was followed by the other, addressing an excited and crowded House at equal length.

The introduction of the Twelve o'clock Rule changed all that. It has now come to pass that, with increasingly rare exceptions, the leaders of debate on either side work off their speeches before the dinner-hour. This is made possible by the modern rule fixing the meeting of the House an hour earlier than was the custom in Disraeli's days. Earlier speaking has the advantage, to which statesmen are fully alive, that it insures a fuller report in the country papers and more deliberate consideration in leading articles.

The Humorous Artists of America.—II.

By Thomas E. Curtis.

[Attention is drawn to the fact that the present series of articles on the Humorous Artists of the World have already dealt with English artists in January, 1902; with those of Germany in April, 1901; and with those of France in December, 1901.]

ONE who knows him says that "Zim" is the "Mark Twain" of picturedom. "His figures, while always broadly comic and sometimes grotesquely exaggerated, are nevertheless truly artistic caricatures of actual types, selected with fine humorous discrimination."

With much of this everyone who knows Mr. Zimmerman's work will agree, but the statement that his drawings are "sometimes" exaggerated is a modification of the actual truth. Grotesque exaggeration appears to be the dominant quality, if not the essence, of "Zim's" style—at least, after looking over some hundreds of this fertile artist's sketches, we have found but one or two in which that quality was absent—and truth compels us to add that they were not by any means the best examples of "Zim's" skill.

MR. EUGENE ZIMMERMAN.
From a Photo.

"Zim" is one of the best-known humorists in the United States, and his admirers are counted by thousands and tens of thousands. Week after week, for the past fifteen years, he has turned out drawings in numbers that would make many of our English artists stand in amazement could they but see his stacks of originals. "Zim" himself is the last person in the world to estimate their quality over-highly. "I may have made some good drawings at some time or other," he writes; "but I am certain that I have made some exceedingly bad ones. At the present moment," he adds, "I cannot recall any particular drawing of my own manufacture which I might point to with pride."

"Zim"—his real name is Eugene Zimmerman, and he lives at Horseheads, New York — was born in Basle, Switzerland, and spent his boyhood in Alsace. In 1871, at the age of nine, he went to America and obtained employment as a pastry-cook at seventy-five cents per week. "I attribute the greater part of my success as an artist," he says, "to the experience gained in the cellar of that bakery. There, during the small hours of the morning, by candle-light, I used to execute marvellous designs in frosting, or model in dough such realistic images that people, after purchasing, would hate to destroy them. When people wanted food they went elsewhere." After "Zim" was discharged he worked for a sign-painter. Art had him fast in her clutches, and the

A Pernicious Invention.—Mrs. O'Toole: "They do say, Pathrick, thot there's a new baby born iv'ry toime th' clock ticks." Mr. O'Toole: "Thin bad luck t' th' haythen thot invinted clocks."

DRAWN BY E. ZIMMERMAN FOR "JUDGE."

boy's time was now spent in the decoration of wood for the benefit of quacks and their potent pills.

"An uncle of mine"—we quote "Zim's" own words—"brought some sketches to New York with him and showed them to Keppler, of *Puck*. They happened to need an office-boy, bootblack, janitor, and artist combined, so they gave me a chance. I worked there for two years, and what I know of lithography I gained under the eye of Keppler. When *Judge* changed hands I went with Gillam to that paper, and I've been there ever since."

MR. C. J. TAYLOR.
From a Photo. by Pach, New York.

"Zim" works with remarkable quickness. His characters are all drawn from life, and include everybody worth pencilling in the great Republic—Irishmen, cowboys, "coons," Jews, bootblacks, farmers, and others too numerous to mention. One cannot call his work refined, for the types he deals with lack refinement, and one can only regret the haste shown in many of his published drawings—a haste doubtless caused by the undiminished demand for his sketches.

"Zim" is well known as a book-illustrator. He has illustrated articles and books by "Bill Nye" and James Whitcomb Riley, and a collection of his own drawings has been published. He is very popular—a born fun-maker with a splendid capacity for hard work.

In our last article we made a passing reference to the "Taylor-made girl." It is now our pleasure to look upon the face of him who made her. Charles J. Taylor has been called the American du Maurier, and in more senses than one the title is correct. His men and women are real types. His work is refined and truthful. His draughtsmanship is graceful and talented, and his black-and-white work possesses a real artistic value. He ranks with

THE POINT OF VIEW.—The "Every Other Tuesday Morning Club" listens to a lecture by a Popular Advocate of Dress Reform.—

Who Makes Several Converts.
DRAWN BY C. J. TAYLOR FOR "PUCK."

MR. PROSPECT HITES: "Have you seen those noiseless baby-carriages yet?"
Mr. Greenwood Graves: "No! What I want is a noiseless baby."
DRAWN BY C. J. TAYLOR FOR "PUCK."

the comic artists by virtue of his satires on the fashionable set of New York, and by the delightful manner in which he pricks the passing fad. His skit on the tailor-made girl has made his name known from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and his maturer work, in colour, has given him an assured position in American art.

Mr. C. J. Taylor was born in New York in 1853, and was educated in the public schools. He graduated from the Columbia College Law School in 1874, and then studied art at the National Academy of Design, the Art Students' League, and in London and Paris. For the last three years he has turned his attention to colour, and has exhibited twice in the "Salon," and in the American section of the Paris Exposition of 1900. Mr. Taylor has illustrated over thirty books, including the works of H. C. Bunner, an American short story-writer and poet, and has made over a thousand drawings for *Puck*, which he joined in 1883, and of which paper he is now a part-owner. He was a boy on Harper's staff in 1867, and has worked for many of the best American papers and magazines.

We may here add that one of the papers for which Taylor worked was the New York *Daily Graphic*—a journal which numbered

MR. NEWCOMB (examining the grocery bill, one item of which is "tea, thirty shillings," reprovingly): "My dear, we can never use so much tea before it spoils."
Mrs. Newcomb: "I know it; but you haven't seen the dear litt'e china plate I got for buying so much. It's worth at least a shilling. Besides, the tea we don't use we can throw away."
DRAWN BY C. J. TAYLOR FOR "JUDGE."

among its contributors nearly all the famous black-and-white artists of the present day. It was, in fact, a school of art, and amongst those who now look back upon pleasant and beneficial associations with it may be named De Thulstrup, Kemble, Reinhart, E. A. Abbey, and A. B. Frost. Taylor's work on the paper gave him standing as one of the most promising young draughtsmen of the day.

Mr. T. S. Sullivant is said to have discovered humour in animals. How long ago the discovery took place, or whether the credit for it belongs entirely to this facile artist, is neither here nor there; but it is interesting to note the fact that the past two or three years has witnessed a distinct innovation in American humorous art — namely, the introduction of the animal who thinks and says funny things. We are, indeed, entirely at a loss to describe in words the characteristic quality of these new drawings, and are content to let the foregoing description go for what it is worth. Kipling evolved a new literature of animal-speech, and from him the artists may have got the idea of a new possibility in pictorial fun. Who knows?

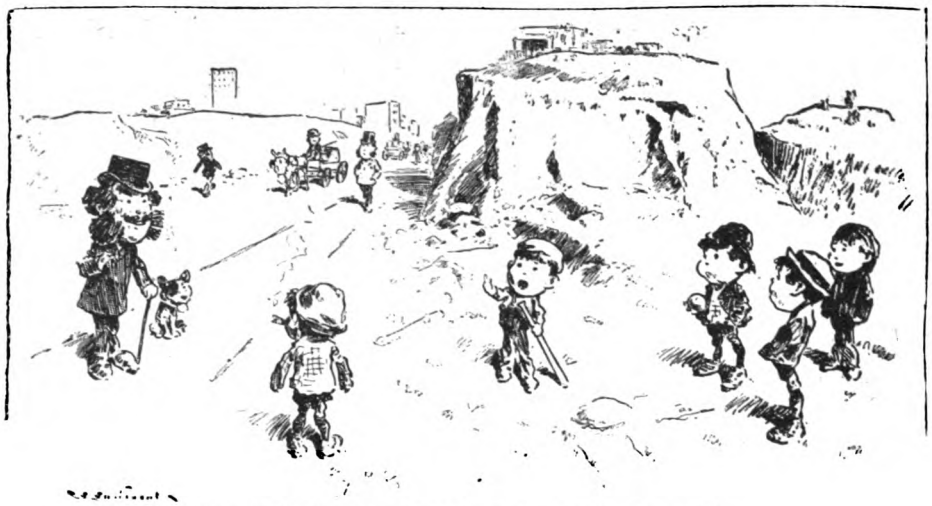
Sullivant has been called the "invader of the jungle, the exponent of cannibals and heathens and all sorts of untamed creatures." This refers, of course, to some of his early work. At a later period he has shown delight in drawing old people in peaceful vocations, and his characters have the merit of always looking as though they belong to the scenes in which they are placed. It is a theory of Mr. Sullivant's that the main thing in comic work is to amuse oneself, and the funniest drawing is the one that makes its creator laugh the hardest. If the theory be correct Mr. Sullivant must have had many a hearty laugh over his peculiar creations.

MR. T. S. SULLIVANT.
From a Photo. by Phillips, Philadelphia.

OUGHT-TO-MOBILE.—"Yes, hang it all, I'm stuck! And the maker of this thing said it was a good hill-climber!"
"Mebbe he meant it wuz good fer climbin' daown hill."
DRAWN BY T. S. SULLIVANT FOR "LIFE."

One marked quality of Sullivant's art is its exaggeration — an exaggeration that never approaches the confines of vulgarity. His male figures, with large heads and small bodies—some of which may be seen in our reproductions — are often exquisitely funny. His technical skill is excellently shown in the drawing on this page representing farmer, automobilist, and bicyclist climbing a hill. One knows it to be a Sullivant at once.

Mr. Sullivant was born in Columbus, Ohio, but has lived most of his life in the



CITIZEN: "Well, my boy, I suppose you know all about the game?"
Boy: "Not a thing! I'm only the umpire."
DRAWN BY T. S. SULLIVANT FOR "JUDGE."

East, chiefly in Philadelphia. He writes: "I studied at the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, and also a little in Germany, where I lived two years. Though I have made drawings for nearly all the humorous publications in America, the bulk of my output has appeared in *Life*. My first contribution to that periodical appeared in May, 1888, and my drawings have been published in it ever since that time. Recently I have done a good deal of work for *Judge*, but it was in *Life* that I made any little reputation I may have. I think the best thing I ever did was my double page in *Life* for October 10th, 1901, entitled, 'Where, O Where, are the Hebrew Children?'"

Many will recall the brilliancy of the drawing just mentioned—a drawing which would lose part of its striking force by the reduction necessary for our pages. It was in many ways a distinct departure from the style which has made Sullivant's name so notable

THE GRAND PREHISTORIC "FREE-TO-ALL" STEEPLECHASE.—From our collection of rare sporting prints.
DRAWN BY T. S. SULLIVANT FOR "LIFE."

ZOOLOGICAL: "Ma, oh, Ma!"
"What do you want, Wiggles?"
"When I get big, am I goin' t' be a pocketbook, or a belt, or a bag?"
DRAWN BY T. S. SULLIVANT FOR "LIFE."

in recent years, and gave evidence of a versatility which promises much for the future. The artist, however, works under the difficulty of a nerve trouble which in 1896 localized itself in his right hand, and for two years seriously interfered with his output. In common with all English lovers of the best American humorous work we wish him many years of steady and successful draughtsmanship.

If the "Taylor-made girl" is celebrated, the "Stanlaws girl" is even more so. At least, this "creation" of Penrhyn Stanlaws—a creature of fetching flounce and finery—has been more popular and more talked about than that of Taylor. Women, in particular, appear to be more pleased with her than men. She is pretty, graceful, and sometimes suggestive, but she can rarely be called funny. Often, when the artist gets hold of a good joke for illustration, his work is slightly humorous, but there is no hearty laugh in it, no side-stirring mirth. "Penrhyn Stanlaws" is the assumed name of Penrhyn Stanley Adamson, a young Scotch artist, born in Dundee in 1877, who first went to the United States in 1892. He came back to London in 1894-96, and worked on *To-Day*, as sub-editor to Mr. Jerome K. Jerome. On his return to America he worked for *Life*, *Judge*, *Scribner's*, *Harper's*, entering Princeton University in 1899, from which he graduated in 1901. Mr. Adamson made his reputation with a book called "College Girls," based on his Princeton experiences, and has proved himself to be an artist of genuine decorative capabilities. If he is paying that penalty of success—a somewhat tiresome sameness of subject—it is merely because

AN INFERENCE.—Miss Highblower: "Strange we have never met before. I have moved in society now for five years."
Miss Van Antler: "Up or down?"
DRAWN BY PENRHYN STANLAWS FOR "JUDGE."

PAPA HEDGEHOG (a trifle near-sighted): "Well, if here isn't mamma back from town already!"
DRAWN BY GUS DIRKS FOR "JUDGE."

people like the "Stanlaws girl," and editors will have it.

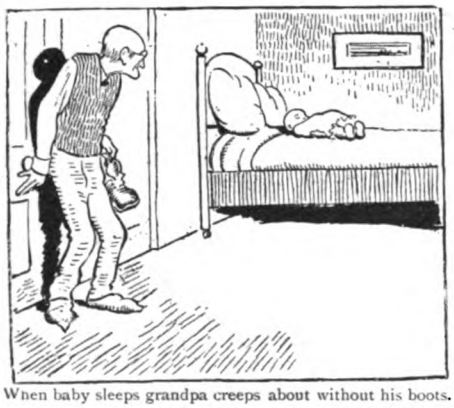
Two comic artists who have come rapidly to the front in the past two or three years are Mr. Gus Dirks and Mr. Arthur Young, specimens of whose work appear on the last two pages of this article. Neither can be said to possess a fine technique — indeed, judging from the standpoint of the best black-and-white draughtsmanship, their drawings appear crude and amateurish —but they possess a fund of native humour and the ability to create a laugh which cover a multitude of technical sins. Dirks, since his adoption of animal drawings, has come to be looked on as a genuine "draw" in the comic papers, and the amount of his output is evidently limited only by lack of time. He does not possess the subtlety of a Shepherd or an Oberländer in his animal work, but he possesses a broad-

SLEEPY SAM: "'Sh—sh—sh! Don't move, Weary. They're takin' us for the Babes in the Wood."
DRAWN BY GUS DIRKS FOR "LIFE."

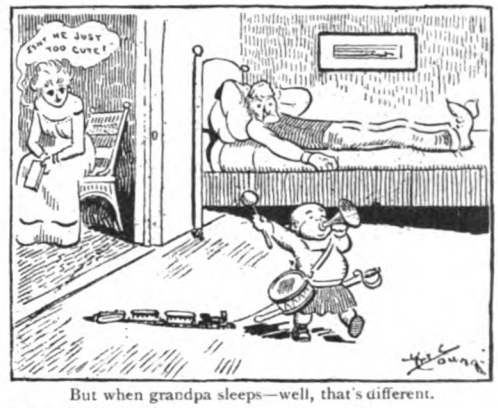
SAMBO: "Say, you bird, get off dis melon. I thought the darn thing was gettin' heavy."
DRAWN BY GUS DIRKS FOR "JUDGE."

ness of humour which undoubtedly holds tremendous attraction for the American public. The faults and merits of his work are plainly shown in nearly all the drawings he makes, and we can understand the point of view of him who might call those drawings "silly" and "far-fetched." If such fault is found it must be found with the public. Dirks's jokes are uniformly good, and both editors and public like smart wit, even when the accompanying drawings have their points of weakness.

Much the same may be said of Young's draughtsmanship. The merit of his work is in his ideas, which are consistently funny. We get a reminiscence of the late "Chip's" style in many of his drawings, and those who remember Bellew's multitudinous contributions to the American comic papers need not



When baby sleeps grandpa creeps about without his boots.



But when grandpa sleeps—well, that's different.

DRAWN BY ARTHUR YOUNG FOR "LIFE."

MOSQUITO: "Ah, here's the kind of neck I like."

"Help!"

DRAWN BY ARTHUR YOUNG FOR "JUDGE."

"David Bailey, if you don't go back and demand an apology from that gentleman who just insulted me, you are no gentleman."

"Are you much hurt, David?"
"Yes—(gasping)—but—you—see—I—*am*—a—gentleman."

DRAWN BY ARTHUR YOUNG FOR "LIFE."

be told that a successful imitator of "Chip" should possess a wide public. Mr. Young's work appears mostly in *Judge*, and the past year has witnessed an improvement in his technique that augurs well for the future of this versatile artist.

(*To be continued.*)

At Sunwich Port.

By W. W. Jacobs.

CHAPTER XXII.

MR. NATHAN SMITH, usually one of the most matter-of-fact men in the world, came out of Mr. Swann's house in a semi-dazed condition, and for some time after the front door had closed behind him stood gaping on the narrow pavement.

He looked up and down the quiet little street and shook his head sadly. It was a street of staid and substantial old houses; houses which had mellowed and blackened with age, but whose quaint windows and chance-opened doors afforded glimpses of comfort attesting to the prosperity of those within. In the usual way Mr. Nathan Smith was of too philosophical a temperament to experience the pangs of envy, but to-day these things affected him, and he experienced a strange feeling of discontent with his lot in life.

"Some people 'ave all the luck," he muttered, and walked slowly down the road.

He continued his reflections as he walked through the somewhat squalid streets of his own quarter. The afternoon was wet and the houses looked dingier than usual; dirty, inconvenient little places most of them, with a few cheap gimcracks making a brave show as near the window as possible. Mr. Smith observed them with newly-opened eyes, and, for perhaps the first time in his life, thought of the drawbacks and struggles of the poor.

In his own untidy little den at the back of the house he sat for some time deep in thought over the events of the afternoon. He had been permitted a peep at wealth; at wealth, too, which was changing hands, but was not coming his way. He lit his pipe and, producing a bottle of rum from a cupboard, helped himself liberally. The potent fluid softened him somewhat, and a half-formed intention to keep the news from Mr. Kybird melted away beneath its benign influence.

"After all, we've been pals for pretty near thirty years," said Mr. Smith to himself.

He took another draught. "Thirty years is a long time," he mused.

He finished the glass. "And if 'e don't give me something out of it I'll do 'im as much 'arm as I can," he continued; and, buttoning up his coat, he rose and set out in the direction of the High Street.

"'SOME PEOPLE 'AVE ALL THE LUCK,' HE MUTTERED."

The rain had ceased and the sun was making faint efforts to break through watery clouds. Things seemed brighter, and Mr. Smith's heart beat in response. He was going to play the part of a benefactor to Mr. Kybird; to offer him access, at any rate, to such wealth as he had never dreamed of. He paused at the shop window, and, observing through a gap in the merchandise that Mr. Kybird was behind the counter, walked in and saluted him.

"I've got news for you," he said, slowly; "big news."

"Oh," said Mr. Kybird, with indifference.

"Big news," repeated Mr. Smith, sinking thoughtlessly into the broken cane-chair and slowly extricating himself. "Something that'll make your eyes start out of your 'ed."

The small black eyes in question

Copyright, 1902, by W. W. Jacobs in the United States of America.

were turned shrewdly in his direction. "I've 'ad news of you afore, Nat," remarked Mr. Kybird, with simple severity.

The philanthropist was chilled; he fixed his eyes in a stony stare on the opposite wall. Mr. Kybird, who had ever a wholesome dread of falling a victim to his friend's cuteness, regarded him with some uncertainty, and reminded him of one or two pieces of information which had seriously depleted his till.

"Banns up yet for the wedding?" inquired Mr. Smith, still gazing in front of him with fathomless eyes.

"They'll be put up next week," said Mr. Kybird.

"Ah!" said his friend, with great emphasis. "Well, well."

"Wot d'ye mean by 'Well, well'?" demanded the other, with some heat.

"I was on'y thinking," replied Mr. Smith, mildly. "P'r'aps it's all for the best, and I'd better 'old my tongue. True love is better than money. After all it ain't my bisness, and I shouldn't get much out of it."

"Out of wot, Nat?" inquired Mr. Kybird, uneasily.

Mr. Smith, still gazing musingly before him, appeared not to hear the question. "Nice after the rain, ain't it?" he said, slowly.

"It's all right," said the other, shortly.

"Everything smells so fresh and sweet," continued his Nature-loving friend; "all the little dicky-birds was a-singing as if their little 'arts would break as I come along."

"I don't wonder at it," said the offended Mr. Kybird.

"And the banns go up next week," murmured the boarding-master to himself. "Well, well."

"'Ave you anything to say agin it?" demanded Mr. Kybird.

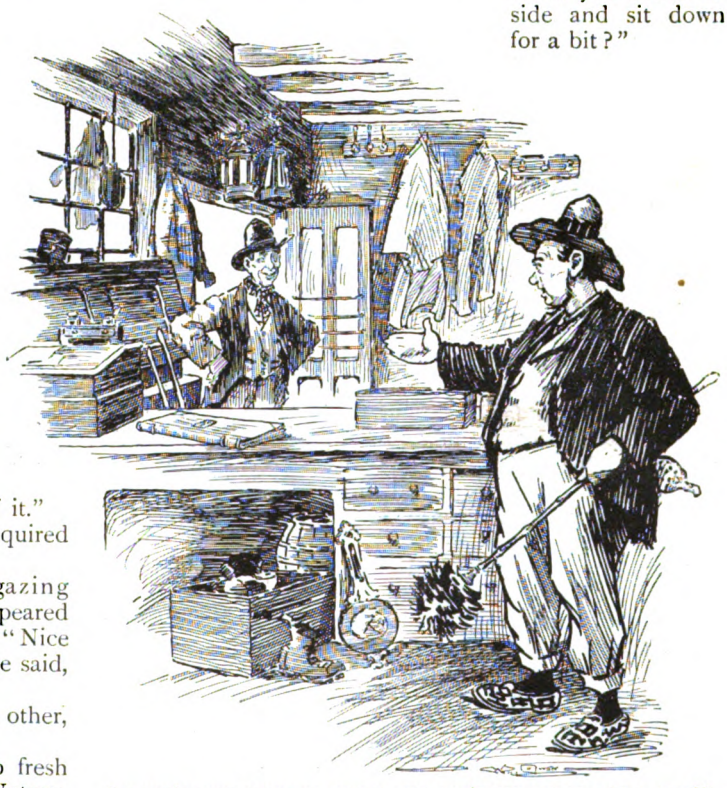
"Cert'nly not," replied the other. "On'y don't blame me when it's too late, that's all."

Mr. Kybird, staring at him wrathfully, turned this dark saying over in his mind. "Too late for wot?" he inquired.

"Ah!" said Nathan Smith, slowly. "Nice and fresh after the rain, ain't it? As I come along all the little dicky-birds——"

"Drat the little dicky-birds," interrupted Mr. Kybird, with sudden violence. "If you've got anything to say, why don't you say it like a man?"

The parlour door opened suddenly before the other could reply, and revealed the face of Mrs. Kybird. "Wot are you two a-quarrelling about?" she demanded. "Why don't you come inside and sit down for a bit?"



"IF YOU'VE GOT ANYTHING TO SAY, WHY DON'T YOU SAY IT LIKE A MAN?"

Mr. Smith accepted the invitation, and following her into the room found Miss Kybird busy stitching in the midst of a bewildering assortment of brown paper patterns and pieces of cloth. Mrs. Kybird gave him a chair, and, having overheard a portion of his conversation with her husband, made one or two casual inquiries.

"I've been spending a hour or two at Mr. Swann's," said Mr. Smith.

"And 'ow is 'e?" inquired his hostess, with an appearance of amiable interest.

The boarding-master shook his head.

"E's slipping 'is cable," he said, slowly. "E's been making 'is will, and I was one o' the witnesses."

Something in Mr. Smith's manner as he uttered this simple statement made his listeners anxious to hear more. Mr. Kybird, who had just entered the room and was standing with his back to the door holding the handle, regarded him expectantly.

"It's been worrying 'im some time," pursued Mr. Smith. "'E 'asn't got nobody belonging to 'im, and for a long time 'e couldn't think 'ow to leave it. Wot with 'ouse property and other things it's a matter of over ten thousand pounds."

"Good 'eavens!" said Mr. Kybird, who felt that he was expected to say something.

"Dr. Blaikie was the other witness," continued Mr. Smith, disregarding the interruption; "and Mr. Swann made us both promise to keep it a dead secret till 'e's gone, but out o' friendship to you I thought I'd step round and let you know."

The emphasis on the words was unmistakable; Mrs. Kybird dropped her work and sat staring at him, while her husband wriggled with excitement.

"'E ain't left it to me, I s'pose?" he said, with a feeble attempt at jocularity.

"Not a brass farden," replied his friend, cheerfully. "Not to none of you. Why should 'e?"

"He ain't left it to Jack, I s'pose?" said Miss Kybird, who had suspended her work to listen.

"No, my dear," replied the boarding-master. "He's made 'is will all ship-shape and proper, and 'e's left everything—all that 'ouse property and other things, amounting to over ten thousand pounds—to a young man becos 'e was jilt—crossed in love a few months ago, and becos 'e's been a good and faithful servant to 'im for years."

"Don't tell me," said Mr. Kybird, desperately; "don't tell me that 'e's been and left all that money to young Teddy Silk."

"Well, I won't if you don't want me to," said the accommodating Mr. Smith, "but, mind, it's a dead secret."

Mr. Kybird wiped his brow, and red patches, due to excitement, lent a little variety to an otherwise commonplace face; Mrs. Kybird's dazed inquiry, "Wot *are* we a-coming to?" fell on deaf ears; while Miss Kybird, leaning forward with lips parted, fixed her eyes intently on Mr. Smith's face.

"It's a pity 'e didn't leave it to young Nugent," said that gentleman, noting with much pleasure the effect of his announcement, "but 'e can't stand 'im at no price; 'e told me so 'imself. I s'pose young Teddy'll be quite the gentleman now, and 'e'll be able to marry who 'e likes."

Mr. Kybird thrust his handkerchief into his tail-pocket, and all the father awoke within him. "Ho, will 'e?" he said, with fierce sarcasm. "Ho, indeed! And wot about my daughter? I 'ave 'eard of such things as breach o' promise. Before Mr. Teddy gets married 'e's got to 'ave a few words with me."

"'E's behaved very bad," said Mrs. Kybird, nodding.

"'E come 'ere night after night," said Mr. Kybird, working himself up into a fury; "'e walked out with my gal for months and months, and then 'e takes 'imself off as if we wasn't good enough for 'im."

"The suppers 'e's 'ad 'ere, you wouldn't believe," said Mrs. Kybird, addressing the visitor.

"Takes 'imself off," repeated her husband; "takes 'imself off as if we was dirt beneath 'is feet, and never been back to give a explanation from that day to this."

"I'm not easy surprised," said Mrs. Kybird, "I never was from a gal, but I must say Teddy's been a surprise to me. If anybody 'ad told me 'e'd ha' behaved like that I wouldn't ha' believed it; I couldn't. I've never said much about it, becos my pride wouldn't let me. We all 'ave our faults, and mine is pride."

"I shall bring a breach o' promise action agin 'im for *five thousand pounds*," said Mr. Kybird, with decision.

"Talk sense," said Nathan Smith, shortly.

"Sense!" cried Mr. Kybird. "Is my gal to be played fast and loose with like that? Is my gal to be pitched over when 'e likes? Is my gal——"

"Wot's the good o' talking like that to me?" said the indignant Mr. Smith. "The best thing you can do is to get 'er married to Teddy at once, afore 'e knows of 'is luck."

"And when'll that be?" inquired his friend, in a calmer voice.

"Any time," said the boarding-master, shrugging his shoulders. "The old gentleman might go out to-night, or agin 'e might live on for a week or more. 'E was so weak 'e couldn't 'ardly sign 'is name."

"I 'ope 'e *'as* signed it all right," said Mr. Kybird, starting.

"Safe as 'ouses," said his friend.

"Well, why not wait till Teddy 'as got the money?" suggested Mrs. Kybird, with a knowing shake of her head.

"Becos," said Mr. Smith, in a grating voice, "becos for one thing 'e'd be a rich man then and could 'ave 'is pick. Teddy Silk on a pound or thereabouts a week and Teddy Silk with ten thousand pounds 'ud be two different people. Besides that 'e'd think she was marrying 'im for 'is money."

"If 'e thought that," said Mrs. Kybird, firmly, "I'd never forgive 'im."

"My advice to you," said Nathan Smith, shaking his forefinger impressively, "is to get 'em married on the quiet and as soon as possible. Once they're tied up Teddy can't 'elp 'imself."

"Why on the quiet?" demanded Mr. Kybird, sharply.

The boarding-master uttered an impatient exclamation. "Becos if Mr. Swann got to 'ear of it he'd guess I'd been blabbing, for one thing," he said, sharply, "and for another, 'e left it to 'im partly to make up for 'is disappointment—he'd been disappointed 'imself in 'is younger days, so 'e told me. Suppose 'e managed to get enough strength to alter 'is will?"

Mr. Kybird shivered. "It takes time to get married, though," he objected.

"Yes," said Mr. Smith, ironically, "it does. Get round young Teddy, and then put the banns up. Take your time about it, and be sure and let Mr. Swann know. D'ye think 'e wouldn't understand wot it meant, and spoil it, to say nothing of Teddy seeing through it?"

"Well, wot's to be done, then?" inquired the staring Mr. Kybird.

"Send 'em up to London and 'ave 'em married by special license," said Mr. Smith, speaking rapidly—"to-morrow, if possible; if not, the day after. Go and pitch a tale to Teddy to-night, and make 'im understand it's to be done on the strict *q.t.*"

"Special licenses cost money," said Mr. Kybird. "I 'ave 'eard it's a matter o' thirty pounds or thereabouts."

Mr. Nathan Smith rose, and his eyes were almost expressive. He nodded good-night to the ladies and crossed to the door. Mrs. Kybird suddenly seized him by the coat and held him.

"Don't be in a 'urry, Nat," she pleaded. "We ain't all as clever as you are."

"Talk about looking a gift-'orse in the mouth——" began the indignant Mr. Smith.

"Sit down," urged Mr. Kybird. "You can't expect us to be as quick in seeing things as wot you are."

"MRS. KYBIRD SUDDENLY SEIZED HIM BY THE COAT."

He pushed his partly mollified friend into his chair again, and taking a seat next him began to view the affair with enthusiasm. "'Melia shall turn young Nugent off to-night," he said, firmly.

"That's right," said the other; "go and do a few more silly things like that and we shall be 'appy. If you'd got a 'ead instead of wot you 'ave got, you wouldn't talk of giving the show away like that. Nobody must know or guess about anything until young Teddy is married to 'Melia and got the money."

"It seems something like deceitfulness," said Miss Kybird, who had been listening to the plans for her future with admirable composure.

"It's for Teddy's own sake," said Nathan Smith. "Everybody knows 'e's half crazy after you."

"I don't know that I don't like 'im best, even without the money," said Miss Kybird, calmly. "Nobody could 'ave been more attentive than 'im. I believe that 'e'd marry me if 'e 'ad a hundred thousand, but it looks better your way."

"Better all round," said Nathan Smith, with an approving nod. "Now, Dan'l, 'op round to Teddy and whistle 'im back, and mind 'e's to keep it a dead secret on account o' trouble with young Nugent. D'ye twig?"

The admiring Mr. Kybird said that he was a wonder, and, in the discussion on ways and means which followed, sat listening with growing respect to the managing abilities both of his friend and his wife. Difficulties were only mentioned for the purpose of being satisfactorily solved, and he noticed with keen appreciation that the prospect of a ten thousand pound son-in-law was already adding to that lady's dignity. She sniffed haughtily as she spoke of "that Nugent lot"; and the manner in which she promised Mr. Smith that he should not lose by his services would have graced a duchess.

"I didn't expect to lose by it," said the boarding-master, pointedly. "Come over and 'ave a glass at the Chequers, Dan, and then you can go along and see Teddy."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE summer evening was well advanced when Mr. Kybird and his old friend parted. The former gentleman was in almost a sentimental mood, and the boarding-master, satisfied that his pupil was in a particularly appropriate frame of mind for the object of his visit, renewed his instructions about binding Mr. Silk to secrecy, and departed on business of his own.

Mr. Kybird walked slowly towards Fullalove Alley with his head sunk in meditation. He was anxious to find Mr. Silk alone, as otherwise the difficulty of his errand would be considerably increased, Mrs. Silk's intelligence being by no means obscured by any ungovernable affection for the Kybird family. If she was at home he would have to invent some pretext for luring Teddy into the privacy of the open air.

The lamp was lit in the front room by the time he reached the house, and the shadows of geraniums which had won through several winters formed a straggling pattern on the holland blind. Mr. Kybird, first making an unsuccessful attempt to peep round the edges of this decoration, tapped gently on the door, and in response to a command to "Come in," turned the handle and looked into the room. To his relief, he saw that Mr. Silk was alone.

"Good evening, Teddy," he said, with a genial smile, as he entered slowly and closed the door behind him. "I 'ope I see you well?"

"I'm quite well," returned Mr. Silk, gazing at him with unconcealed surprise.

"I'm glad to 'ear it," said Mr. Kybird, in a somewhat reproachful voice, "for your sake; for everybody's sake, though, p'r'aps, I did expect to find you looking a little bit down. Ah! it's the wimmen that 'ave the 'arts after all."

"MR. KYBIRD AND HIS OLD FRIEND PARTED."

Mr. Silk coughed. "What d'ye mean?" he inquired, somewhat puzzled.

"I came to see you, Teddy, on a very delikit business," said Mr. Kybird, taking a seat and gazing diffidently at his hat as he swung it between his hands; "though, as man to man, I'm on'y doing of my dooty. But if you don't want to 'ear wot I've got to say, say so, and Dan'l Kybird'll darken your door no more."

"How can I know whether I want to 'ear

it or not when I don't know wot it is?" said Mr. Silk, judiciously.

Mr. Kybird sat biting his thumb-nail, then he looked up suddenly. "'Melia," he said, with an outburst of desperate frankness, "'Melia is crying 'er eyes out."

Mr. Silk, with a smothered exclamation, started up from his chair and regarded him eagerly.

"If she knew I'd been 'ere," pursued Mr. Kybird, "she'd——I don't know wot she wouldn't do. That's 'er pride; but I've got my pride too; the pride of a father's 'art."

"What—what's she crying about?" inquired Mr. Silk, in an unsteady voice.

"She's been looking poorly for some time," continued the veracious Mr. Kybird, "and crying. When I tell you that part o' the wedding-dress wot she was making 'ad to be taken away from 'er because o' the tears she dropped on it, you may 'ave some idea of wot things are like. She's never forgot you, Teddy, and it was on'y your quick temper that day that made 'er take on with young Nugent. She's got a temper, too, but she give 'er love once, and, being my daughter, she couldn't give it agin."

He stole a glance at his listener. Mr. Silk, very pale and upright, was standing on the hearthrug, shaking all over with nervous excitement. Twice he tried to speak and failed.

"That's 'ow it is, Teddy," sighed Mr. Kybird, rising as though to depart. "I've done my dooty. It was a 'ard thing to do, but I've done it."

"Do you mean," said Mr. Silk, recovering his voice at last, "do you mean that Amelia would marry me after all?"

"Do I mean?" repeated Mr. Kybird, naturally indignant that his very plain speaking should be deemed capable of any misconstruction. "Am I speaking to a stock or a stone, Teddy?"

Mr. Silk took a deep breath, and buttoned up his coat, as though preparing to meet Mr. Nugent there and then in deadly encounter for the person of Miss Kybird. The colour was back in his cheeks by this time, and his eyes were unusually bright. He took a step towards Mr. Kybird and, pressing his hand warmly, pushed him back into his seat again.

"There's 'er pride to consider, Teddy," said the latter gentleman, with the whisper of a conspirator. "She can't stand being talked about all over the town and pointed at."

"Let me see anybody a-pointing at 'er," said the truculent Mr. Silk; "let me see 'em, that's all."

"That's the way to talk, Teddy," said Mr. Kybird, gazing at him with admiration.

"Talk!" said the heroic Mr. Silk. "I'll do more than talk." He clenched his fists and paced boldly up and down the hearthrug.

"You leave things to me," said Mr. Kybird, with a confidential wink. "I'll see that it's all right. All I ask of you is to keep it a dead secret; even your mother mustn't know."

"I'll be as secret as the grave," said the overjoyed Mr. Silk.

"There's lots o' things to be taken into consideration," said Mr. Kybird, truthfully; "it might be as well for you to be married immediate."

"Immediate?" said the astonished Mr. Silk.

"She 'asn't got the nerve to send young Nugent about 'is business," explained Mr. Kybird; "she feels sorry for 'im, pore fellow; but 'e's got a loving and affectionate 'art, and she can't bear 'im making love to 'er. You can understand what it is, can't you?"

"I can imagine it," said Mr. Silk, gloomily, and he flushed crimson as the possibilities suggested by the remark occurred to him.

"I've been thinking it over for some time," resumed Mr. Kybird; "twisting it and turning it all ways, and the only thing I can see for it is for you to be married on the strict *q.t.* Of course, if you don't like——"

"Like!" repeated the transported Mr. Silk. "I'll go and be married now, if you like."

Mr. Kybird shook his head at such haste, and then softening a little observed that it did him credit. He proceeded to improve the occasion by anecdotes of his own courting some thirty years before, and was in the middle of a thrilling account of the manner in which he had bearded the whole of his future wife's family, when a quick step outside, which paused at the door, brought him to a sudden halt.

"Mother," announced Mr. Silk, in a whisper.

Mr. Kybird nodded, and the heroic appearance of visage which had accompanied his tale gave way to an expression of some uneasiness. He coughed behind his hand, and sat gazing before him as Mrs. Silk entered the room and gave vent to an exclamation of astonishment as she saw the visitor. She gazed sharply from him to her son. Mr. Kybird's expression was now normal, but despite his utmost efforts Mr. Silk could not entirely banish the smile which trembled on his lips.

"Me and Teddy," said Mr. Kybird, turning to her with a little bob, which served him for a bow, "'ave just been having a little talk about old times."

"He was just passing," said Mr. Silk.

"Just passing, and thought I'd look in," said Mr. Kybird, with a careless little laugh; "the door was open a bit."

"Wide open," corroborated Mr. Silk.

"So I just came in to say 'Ow d'ye do?'" said Mr. Kybird.

Mrs. Silk's sharp, white face turned from one to the other. "'Ave you said it?" she inquired, blandly.

"I 'ave," said Mr. Kybird, restraining Mr. Silk's evident intention of hot speech by a warning glance; "and now I'll just toddle off 'ome."

"I'll go a bit o' the way with you," said Edward Silk. "I feel as if a bit of a walk would do me good."

Left alone, the astonished Mrs. Silk took the visitor's vacated chair and, with wrinkled brow, sat putting two and two together until the sum got beyond her powers of calculation. Mr. Kybird's affability and Teddy's cheerfulness were alike incomprehensible. She mended a hole in her pocket and darned a pair of socks, and at last, anxious for advice, or at least a confidant, resolved to see Mr. Wilks.

She opened the door and looked across the alley, and saw with some satisfaction that his blind was illuminated. She closed the door behind her sharply, and then stood gasping on the doorstep. So simultaneous were the two happenings that it actually appeared as though the closing of the door had blown Mr. Wilks's lamp out. It was a night of surprises, but after a moment's hesitation she stepped over and tried his door. It was fast, and there was no answer to her knuckling. She knocked louder and listened. A door slammed violently at the back of the house, a distant clatter of what sounded like saucepans came from beyond, and above it all a tremulous but harsh voice bellowed industriously through an interminable chant. By the time the third verse was reached Mr. Wilks's neighbours on both sides were beating madly upon their walls and blood-curdling threats strained through the plaster.

She stayed no longer, but regaining her own door sat down again to await the return of her son. Mr. Silk was long in coming, and she tried in vain to occupy herself with various small jobs as she speculated in vain on the meaning of the events of the night. She got up and stood by the open door, and as she waited the clock in the church-tower, which rose over the roofs hard by, slowly boomed out the hour of eleven. As the echoes of the last stroke died away the figure of Mr. Silk turned into the alley.

"HE TOOK UP HIS CANDLE AND WENT OFF WHISTLING."

"You must 'ave 'ad quite a nice walk," said his mother, as she drew back into the room and noted the brightness of his eye.

"Yes," was the reply.

"I s'pose 'e's been and asked you to the wedding?" said the sarcastic Mrs. Silk.

Her son started and, turning his back on her, wound up the clock. "Yes, 'e has," he said, with a sly grin.

Mrs. Silk's eyes snapped. "Well, of all the impudence——" she said, breathlessly.

"Well, 'e has," said her son, hugging himself over the joke. "And, what's more, I'm going."

He composed his face sufficiently to bid her "good-night," and, turning a deaf ear to her remonstrances and inquiries, took up a candle and went off whistling.

(To be concluded.)

Teams that have Won the Football Association Cup.

By C. B. Fry.

[We have pleasure in announcing that we have made arrangements with Mr. C. B. Fry, who is not only the greatest athlete alive, but also the most entertaining writer on all subjects connected with athletics, to supply articles for no other magazines than those issued by this firm. We may take this opportunity of stating that a similar arrangement exists between us and Mr. W. W. Jacobs.]

T the time when the Cup was instituted—in 1872—the famous Wanderers Club held disputed but triumphant sway in the land. In constitution it somewhat resembled the present-day Corinthians; originally its members were drawn almost exclusively from the public schools and Oxford and Cambridge, although subsequently the rules of the club were relaxed in favour of a wider scope of membership. The Wanderers Club was not only the strongest in point of play, but also exerted the greatest influence in early Association football. The nearest rivals of the Wanderers in strength and in popular estimation were the Royal Engineers; and then came Oxford University and the Old Etonians. These four were the only clubs that won their way to the finals during the first seven years of the competition. The record of the Wanderers was decidedly brilliant, for they won the Cup five times out of the first seven. Oxford University was successful in the third year and the Royal Engineers in the fourth. By their third successive win in 1878 the Wanderers won the Cup outright and were entitled to keep it, but they returned it to the Association with the proviso that a rule should be passed whereby the Cup should never, even after a triple win, become the permanent property of a club.

The final-ties in these early years were fought out with tremendous vigour. The first final of all, in 1872, between the Wanderers and the Royal Engineers, at Kennington Oval, provided an historic struggle. They were the two most powerful clubs of the day, and the meeting between them excited great interest. The Engineers, owing to the more limited extent of their resources, were favoured by popular sympathy; indeed, they were considered to have the better chance of winning, on the supposition that they were fitter and had better combination. It is curious to note that even in these early days, when the force of individual play was paramount and combined tactics had been reduced to no sort of system, the idea of the advantage of combination was present to the minds of critics. The Wanderers, however, whose forwards were rather heavier and faster than those of the opposing club, had much the best of the play, and won by one goal to none. The smallness of the score was chiefly due to the excellent goal-keeping of Colonel Merriman, C.S.I., who, as a report says, "held the military fortress in transcendent style." Mr. C. W. Alcock, so well known as the secretary for many years of the Football Association and the present secretary of the Surrey Cricket Club, was captain of the Wanderers that year. He was a very powerful and determined forward, and his play in the match was highly praised. To indicate the spirit in which the game was fought out it may be mentioned that one of the losing side, Cresswell, was unfortunate enough to smash his collar-bone in the first ten minutes, but in spite of this continued to play vigorously throughout the game. The late Sir Francis Marindin, afterwards president of the Association and a great name in the history of the game, played for the Royal Engineers in this match.

The final next year, 1873, was played on the old athletic ground at Lillie Bridge between the Wanderers and Oxford University, and the former club won, much in the same style as on the first occasion, by two goals to none. The 'Varsity men were better together, but the Wanderers more brilliant individually. A feature of the match was the exceptional play of the Hon. A. F. (now Lord) Kinnaird, so familiar to all followers of football as one of the strongest and the kindliest influences in the development and government of Association football. A curious incident in the match was that the Oxford team, finding themselves unable to press home their attack, adopted in the second half the expedient of playing without a goal-keeper. This is very interesting as showing that in those days much more importance was attached to attack than to defence. Indeed, it is quite true to say that a large part of the defence was done by the forwards. In accounts of the game one comes repeatedly across descriptions of how the forwards came back, relieved pressure near goal, and transferred the ball to the other end. But the Oxford expedient did not succeed, for C. W. Wollaston scored a very easy goal for the Wanderers.

In the third year, 1874, the Wanderers, playing below strength, were beaten in a preliminary round by Oxford, who met the Engineers in the final and won by two goals to none. The match was played at the Oval before 5,000 spectators, a number described at the time as huge. What should we think of such a huge gate now? The dribbling of C. J. Ottaway, the celebrated Oxford cricketer, was much admired, as also was the play on the other side of the gentleman who is now Colonel P. G. von Donop, R.E., of the Board of Trade, to whose courtesy I am indebted for information about the Royal Engineers Club. Some of the terms used in describing the match are interesting. Oxford scored their first goal by lifting the ball cleverly "over a bully." There is, too, something naïve in the following: "Just before call of time a well-judged shot from the corner-flag—a penalty kick—landed the ball under the tape and between the posts of the Sappers' goal; but as the claim of a goal was not advanced the incident passed off unnoticed."

The fourth final, that of 1875, ended after a tight game in a well-merited victory for the Engineers, who at length achieved a fitting reward for their plucky football and the excellent organization of their club. As a matter of fact the first attempt at this final, though an extra half-hour was played, ended in a draw. In the replay the Old Etonian team, for whom both Kinnaird and Ottaway played, was somewhat weakened. Still, the Sappers richly deserved their triumph.

The next three years, 1876, 1877, and 1878, the Cup went to the Wanderers. In 1876 the Wanderers beat the Old Etonians by three to none after a drawn game. The Wanderers had much the best of the replay, for the Etonian contingent was somewhat battered about in the first game. It is narrated that the Wanderers' forwards were better together, but that the Etonians held a decided advantage in charging. In those days players went very straight and hard; their vigour would have scandalized a modern referee; but charging was then as essential a part of the game as passing is now. The half-back play in this match of the Hon. Edward Lyttelton, the present head master of Haileybury, was described as brilliant, and the close and effective dribbling of the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, the All-England cricketer and noted K.C., "evoked frequent applause." There are not many future head masters or K.C.'s in our present-day finals. In 1877 the Wanderers beat Oxford after an extra half-hour by two to none. The 'Varsity men were much praised for their skill in "backing up," a term which reminds us now rather of Rugby than Association, and which indicates the style of forward play then in vogue. But the Wanderers lasted the better. Lord Kinnaird kept goal for the Wanderers in this match; we read that a point was justly given against him because he stepped, ball in hand, through his own goal. He usually played half-back, in which position he was a very powerful player, noted for his tough vigour and inexhaustible stamina. The Wanderers' third successive win was over the Engineers. They won somewhat easily by three to one, owing to the superior speed of their forwards. J. Kirkpatrick, the Wanderers' goal-keeper, according to a contemporary record, fractured his arm early in the game, but continued to play all through.

After this year the strength of the Wanderers was dissipated by the growth of the Old Boy clubs. When the latter clubs increased in number the Wanderers had the alternatives of facing a change in the source of their membership or of relying upon the leavings of the Old Boys' clubs; and as a result they ceased to be a power in the land—they had done fine work, but their day was passed. They were beaten in 1879 by the Old Etonians by the substantial margin of seven goals to two in the first round. Their victors contested the final of that year with the Clapham Rovers, and won a hard match by one goal to none. But the Clapham Rovers, who possessed in N. C. Bailey one of the finest half-backs who have ever played, beat Oxford University in the final of 1880.

The next year, 1881, saw a tremendous struggle between the Old Carthusians and the Old Etonians, which roused, of course, intense excitement among the past and present members of the respective schools. The Carthusians won by three goals to none; they were, it is written, "in better condition, in fact in the pink of it, and more impetuous." Captain E. G. Wynyard, the Hampshire batsman, headed the first goal. There is a present-day ring about "headed the ball beneath the cross-bar." Hitherto goals are mostly described as having been kicked beneath the tape. The second goal, too, reads quite modern. "Page and Parry passed and repassed and Parry scored."

The season of 1882 marks an important epoch in the history of the Cup. For the first time a provincial club reached the final.

The Association game had held from early days a strong interest in Sheffield. But the Sheffielders had somewhat delayed their development by sticking to their own rules, which differed somewhat from those universally accepted in the South when the Cup was instituted. Hence it was that Lancashire, where the game spread like wild-fire when once introduced, sent the first provincial team to the Oval. This was none other than the Blackburn Rovers. The Rovers had enjoyed a wonderful season and were confidently expected by their supporters to knock out the Old Etonians. But after a desperate encounter the Southern club scored a narrow win. The success was largely due to some superhuman defensive work by P. J. Paravicini, who "saved the Etonian goal time after time by literally hurling himself in front of the ball."

Paravicini, who is well known as an old Middlesex cricketer, was a most determined back. A. T. B. Dunn, the late treasurer of the Corinthians F.C., who played back for England against Scotland in 1892, distinguished himself in this match with his speed and cleverness as a forward. There is a story that the Blackburn people were so confident of victory that they brought down with them from home a poetical effusion celebrating their triumph. In consequence they came in for a considerable amount of chaff. But, inasmuch as their team won the Cup five times during the next nine years, their local bard may be said to have justified himself, if not as a poet, at any rate as a prophet. Nowadays football poets do these things rather more discreetly. They go to big matches armed with two sets of poems, one for each side, and are careful to suppress the wrong one.

The next year the provinces made good their position. Blackburn Olympic beat the Old Etonians in the final. Never since that day has an Old Boy club, or a club of a similar description, won its way to the final. Still on this occasion the Etonians made a great fight, and were only defeated after extra time had been played. Their weight and speed held against their opponents' combination till condition began to tell. The beaten side were unlucky in having their best forward, A. T. B. Dunn, completely disabled fairly early in the game; the grand resistance they made was chiefly due to the back play of Paravicini and French, and the unflagging skill and stamina of Kinnaird at half-back.

BLACKBURN OLYMPIC, 1883—THE FIRST TEAM TO TRAIN FOR A MATCH AND TO ADOPT MODERN TACTICS.
From a] [*Photo.*

It is said that Kinnaird was the only man on the Etonian side who lasted through the match. It seems that for the first time in a Cup-final the present distribution of the side was used; for, whereas the Etonians stuck to the old arrangement of six forwards, two halves, two backs, and a goal-keeper, the Olympic seem to have reduced their forward rank by one and played a centre half-back. The following criticism is instructive: "We congratulate the Olympic Club on their splendid condition, wherein they outclassed their opponents; though we must say that going into actual training was never contemplated by those who instituted the Cup competition." Nowadays no team thinks of

playing even in the first round without a careful and special course of training. Verily times have changed.

The eight years from 1884 till 1891 may be called the era of the Blackburn Rovers, for during this time they won the Cup five times, thus equalling the record of the Wanderers. The Rovers also achieved the feat of winning in three successive years. On the third occasion the Football Association, being unable to allow the Cup to become the permanent property of the Rovers, awarded them a silver shield to commemorate their notable performance. Their first two victories were over Queen's Park, Glasgow, which is to this day the premier amateur club of Scotland. In those days Scotland was almost entirely given over to Rugby; so much so that when the idea was mooted of playing an international match between Scotland and England much indignation was expressed in Scotland; it was said that inasmuch as Scotchmen played Rugby, and Rugby was their game, the match with England under Association rules was absurd. However, Queen's Park soon made many proselytes and the idea was carried out. As a matter of fact, the Cup-final between the Rovers and Queen's Park in 1884 was invested with practically the full interest of an international encounter in addition to its own. The unprecedented number of 12,000 spectators attended the match at Kennington Oval. The Scotchmen were expected to win. Although the idea of combination and passing had already been partially exploited, Queen's Park appears to have been the first team to introduce a real system of systematic short passing such as was afterwards perfected by Preston North End, and has since become the fundamental principle of forward play. In the match in question the Scottish forwards appear to have overrun the Rovers, who, however, were very strong in defence, and succeeded in preserving their goal in spite of close pressure.

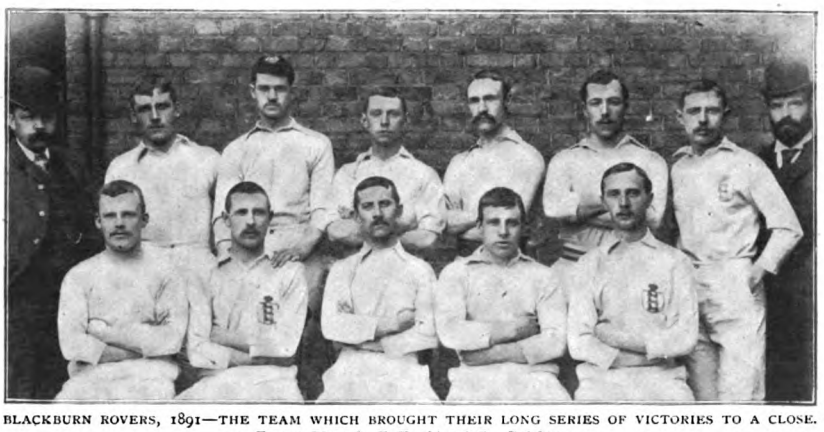
Gradually the tide turned, and the Rovers in their turn attacked with such success that they won the match by two goals to one. The secret of the Rovers' success on this and other occasions appears to have consisted partly in the power of their defence and partly in their knack of pushing home an advantage when they got one. They often won even when their opponents apparently had the better of the game.

From a] BLACKBURN ROVERS, 1884. *[Photo.*

The final of 1885, also between the Rovers and Queen's Park, was won by the former chiefly by reason of superior defence. The Rovers had an exceptionally fine goal-keeper in H. Arthur and two remarkable half-backs in J. Forest and G. Howarth. Their forwards, too, were very strong, especially Lofthouse and Fecitt. Several famous Scottish players represented Queen's Park, notably Dr. J. Smith, W. Arnott, and W. Sellar. Dr. Smith was a fine forward and had a great reputation. Arnott is generally reckoned as the cleverest back that ever played for Scotland. With these two matches it may be said that the modern era of football had begun, for the general tenor of the play differed only slightly from that of the big professional clubs of to-day.

The Blackburn Rovers won the Cup again in 1886. The final this year was notable from the fact that it was the first time a Midland club—West Bromwich Albion—

succeeded in struggling into the last stage. After a draw at the Oval the match was replayed at Derby amid intense excitement. This, too, was the first time a final had been played in the provinces. The crowd at Derby was an extraordinary sight; even the framework on the neighbouring racecourse, whereon are posted the numbers of jockeys and starters, was occupied by clinging spectators. The Rovers' defence again prevailed and they won by two to none. In the next three years the Rovers failed to reach the final, but they appeared again in 1890 and scored an easy win of six to one over Sheffield Wednesday, and again the next year, when they beat Notts by three to one. This victory brought their remarkable career in the Cup-ties to a close; since then they have not again survived to a final. No other club, however, has at all rivalled their success.



BLACKBURN ROVERS, 1891—THE TEAM WHICH BROUGHT THEIR LONG SERIES OF VICTORIES TO A CLOSE.
From a Photo. by E. Hawkins & Co., Brighton.

The two Birmingham clubs, Aston Villa and West Bromwich Albion, may be bracketed together as Cup-fighters second only to Blackburn Rovers. Indeed, considering the increase of competition, their record is almost as good. The Villa Club has won three times, in 1887, 1895, and 1897, and has figured once besides in the final unsuccessfully. West Bromwich has won twice, in 1888 and 1892, and has figured three times as runner-up. Curiously enough these two clubs have met three times in the final—two of the matches going to the Villa and one to West Bromwich. The Villa's first victory in the Cup was over its next-door neighbour. This was in the days of Archie Hunter, who led his men in wonderful style as centre forward. The second triumph of the Villa was also at the expense of West Bromwich. A memorable point about this match was a new departure made by the Association in selecting the Crystal Palace ground for the scene of the match. It was formerly one of the traditions of the final, broken only in a single instance, that it should take place at Kennington Oval, but the Surrey Cricket Club feared for its turf. The Crystal Palace authorities, by draining and filling one of their artificial lakes, made a splendid playing-area with accommodation for over one hundred thousand spectators, and the final has been played there ever since. The game, though it went on the whole in favour of the winners, proved exceedingly close and exciting. The half-backs on both sides distinguished themselves, especially Reynolds, formerly a West Bromwich player, who had transferred his services. The forward play was voted rather disappointing, for a great deal had been expected of the Villa front rank, which included Athersmith, Devey, and Hodgetts. But W. J. Bassett, the West Bromwich outside right, in spite of being very closely watched, played with his usual brilliance. In 1897 the Villa had a remarkable team and beat another very strong team in Everton by three goals to two. The Villa half-back line, consisting of Reynolds, James Cowan, and Crabtree, was one of the best that has ever played for a club. Many people consider that the standard of play on this occasion was the highest that has ever been seen in a final-tie.

When the Cup was in the possession of Aston Villa after their second win it was stolen from the shop-window of a jeweller, where it had been placed for the people of Birmingham to see; the thief removed a pane of glass, and retired with the trophy into oblivion. So the Villa could not comply with the regulation whereby the Cup must be returned by February 1st in each year. The Association had another silver Cup made, an exact facsimile of the old one.

From a Photo. by] WEST BROMWICH, 1892. *[H. J. Whitlock, Birmingham.*

The value of the Cup is only £20. When the Wolverhampton Wanderers beat Everton in the final of 1893 the president of the club presented each of the players with a miniature model of the Cup, and it was from one of these that the second Cup was copied.

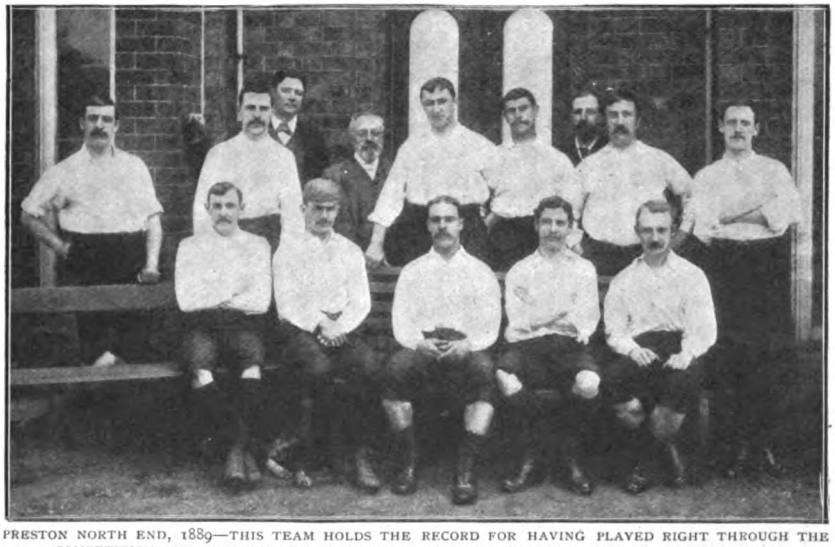
The two victories of West Bromwich Albion were in 1888 and 1892. In the first case they scored an unexpected win over the famous old North End team. The Lancashire club came to the final with a remarkable record for the year, having won thirty-seven games and drawn one out of thirty-eight played. The West Bromwich team, always game in Cup-ties, however, rose to the occasion and won by two goals to one. In their second win West Bromwich revenged themselves upon Aston Villa. The latter team was expected to win easily, but went under by three goals to none. The success of the winners was due to the staunchness of their defence and the dash of their forwards. Their goalkeeper, J. Reader, proved a champion; and the backs and half-backs were much more lively and efficient than those of the Villa. Indeed, the Villa team appeared to be stale and over-trained. The forwards played a short-passing game, which was pretty and effective enough in mid-field, but, as is often the case with this style, fizzled out near their opponents' goal. The West Bromwich forwards crossed the ball from wing to wing and were dangerous every

ASTON VILLA, 1897—THIS TEAM PLAYED THE FINEST GAME EVER SEEN IN A FINAL TIE.
From a Photo. by E. S. Baker & Son, Birmingham.

time they got through. W. J. Bassett was especially prominent. The crowd at the Oval for this match was so great that all gates were shut some time before kick-off. The writer was unable to get into the ground, but viewed the match from the chimney of an adjoining cottage, whither he climbed by means of a ladder made of a water-butt and three kitchen chairs. A Guardsman who tried to attain the same eminence got no farther than the inside of the water-butt. The portraits of this team are given on the top of the preceding page.

The remaining Cup-winners have been successful only on one occasion each. The performance of Preston North End, the winning team of 1889, constitutes a remarkable record. This team played right through the competition and won the trophy without having a single goal scored against it. It beat the Wolverhampton Wanderers in the final by three goals to none. Although there are some who consider that the teams produced subsequently by Sunderland and Aston Villa were equal to the old Preston North End, the balance of opinion seems to favour the Cup-winners of 1889 as the finest team that has yet been seen. Its great success was due to the perfection to which it reduced scientific combined play both in attack and in defence, coupled with the individual excellence of each one of the eleven. No amount of combination, however perfect, could have produced the results achieved by Preston North End had not each member of the team been a first-rate player. The truth is that the team was one of remarkable individual excellence, using this excellence on a system of complete co-operation. The strength of the backs and half-backs who could keep their goal intact right through the Cup-ties can be realized only by those who know what Cup-tie football is. The North End defence gave one the idea of having been perfectly planned out beforehand with a knowledge of exactly what the other side was going to do at every turn of the match. The forwards, too, worked together like parts of a machine. The three inside men, James Ross, John Goodall, and F. Dewhurst, played the short-passing game to perfection, but, unlike many of their imitators, drove their attack home with persistent vigour. Their game got goals; it did not merely look clever in mid-field.

The victory of the Wolverhampton Wanderers over Everton in 1893 was won at Fallowfield, near Manchester. Everton had the best of the first half, but the Wanderers, who were a very heavy team, wore them down until H. Allen, their centre half-back, scored the only goal of the match with a long dropping shot. Chadwick and Milward, the Everton left wing, played very strongly, and a notable figure on the winning side was H. Wood, the present captain of Southampton.



PRESTON NORTH END, 1889—THIS TEAM HOLDS THE RECORD FOR HAVING PLAYED RIGHT THROUGH THE COMPETITION AND WON THE CUP WITHOUT HAVING A SINGLE GOAL SCORED AGAINST THEM.
From a Photo. by Beattie, Preston.

The Cup-competition of 1894 was full of surprises. Notts County, the winning team, belonged to the second division of the League, and the Bolton Wanderers, whom they beat in the final, held only a low place in the First League. Neither club was considered of the same class as Aston Villa or Sunderland. Notts achieved a somewhat easy victory by four goals to one. The Bolton team was rather stale owing to recent hard work in the League matches, and its half-backs and backs played much below

form. The fine goal-keeping of Sutcliffe saved the losers from a much heavier defeat.

The final of 1896 was between Sheffield Wednesday and the Wolverhampton Wanderers. The former scraped home with a narrow win. The teams were about equal forward, but the Sheffield defence was the more effective; their backs, especially Earp, had a neater style and kicked cleaner than their opponents, and were the more skilful at keeping the ball in play; they had, too, in Crawshaw the best half-back engaged.

The final of 1898, between Notts Forest and Derby County, produced a somewhat disappointing game. The Derby team was reckoned on previous performances to be much the stronger, especially in forward play. The Notts men had given a very weak exhibition in their semi-final against Southampton, when they won in the last few minutes of the match, chiefly by aid of a heavy snowstorm which beat in their opponents' faces. However, they won the final on their merits, for their defence held good, whereas that of their opponents went all to pieces.

The Sheffield United team which beat Derby County in the final of 1899 was chiefly notable for its nerve and stamina, for the skill of its three half-backs—Johnson, Morren, and Needham—and for the consummate judgment displayed by the last-named in his capacity as captain. The Derby team was a good one, and for a considerable part of the game played the better football. The forwards, led by Bloomer, went straight and fast, and passed accurately in a style that contrasted favourably with the more ragged attack of their opponents; but though they led by one goal at half-time their efforts in front of goal were unfortunate, and they subsequently fell away. The Sheffield men stuck to their work with undaunted energy, and displayed the same staunch and steady qualities that brought them through several tough engagements in the preceding rounds. They wore their opponents down, and in the end won easily by four goals to one. A feature of the game was the marvellous skill with which Needham from half-back managed to marshall and inspire the line of forwards in front of him.

The next two years, which bring us up to the present day, were notable for the reappearance for the first time since 1883 of Southern clubs in the final. This feature, however, was due not to rejuvenescence of the old-time amateur strength, but to the growth and development of powerful professional teams in the South. In 1900 Southampton, much to the surprise of those who did not know how strong the better professional teams in the South had become, won their way through to meet Bury in the final. The Southern team, however, appeared stale, failed to reproduce the fine form it had shown in the preliminary rounds, and was easily beaten by four goals to none. The Bury team was a strong one at all points, but

From a Photo. by] SHEFFIELD UNITED, 1899. *[H. Jasper Redfern, Sheffield.*

From a Photo. by] BURY, 1900. *[T. M. Barbour, Fishpool, Bury.*

especially dangerous owing to the speed and cleverness of its forward line. Its forwards played in a style which on the whole appears to be the most successful in matches played under the stress of great excitement; they relied chiefly upon long passing and energetic following up of the ball rather than on accurate exchanges of the slow order; yet their combination was good, and there was nothing crude or unkempt in their play. McLuckie, the centre forward, and Plant, the outside left, put in many excellent individual runs.

The honour of Southern football was thoroughly vindicated next year, when Sheffield United was defeated in the final by Tottenham Hotspur. The first attempt at deciding the match ended in a draw. The game excited unprecedented interest; over 114,000 people attended the game at the Crystal Palace. The replay at Bolton was somewhat of an anti-climax; but the Southern team won with some ease. The winning team well deserved its success, for it maintained a high degree of excellence throughout the Cup-ties. Its main source of strength was the admirable understanding between the half-backs and forwards, and the ability of the former to set the latter going and to back up their efforts near goal. The team also possessed a centre forward most trustworthy in shooting goals. But the success of the Tottenham men was due, in a large measure, to their level-headedness and imperturbability; they played their Cup-ties exactly as they played an ordinary game.

The pictures used were kindly lent by H. Keys, Esq., president of the famous West Bromwich Albion Club.

From a Photo. by] TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR, 1901. *[T. Pettingall, Chingford.*

The Phoenix and the Carpet.

OR The Gifts.

By E. Nesbit.

I.—THE FATAL GIFT OF BEAUTY.

THE house was three miles from the station, but before the dusty hired fly had rattled along for five minutes the children began to put their heads out of the carriage window and to say, "Aren't we nearly there?" And every time they passed a house, which was not very often, they all said: "Oh, *is* this it?" But it never was, till they reached the very top of the hill, just past the chalk-quarry and before you come to the gravel-pit. And then there was a white house with a green garden and an orchard beyond, and mother said, "Here we are!"

"How white the house is!" said Robert.

"And look at the roses," said Jane.

"And the plums," said Anthea.

"It is rather decent," Cyril admitted.

The baby said, "Want go walky," and the fly stopped with a last rattle and jolt.

Everyone got its legs kicked or its feet trodden on in the scramble to get out of the carriage that minute, but no one seemed to mind. Mother, curiously enough, was in no hurry to get out, and even when she had come down slowly and by the step, and with no jump at all, she seemed to want to see the boxes carried in and even to pay the driver, instead of joining in that first glorious rush round the garden and the orchard and the thorny, thistly, briary, brambly wilderness beyond the broken gate and the dry fountain at the side of the house, and exploring the wilderness beyond. But the children were wiser, for once.

The children had explored the gardens and the outhouses thoroughly before they were caught and cleaned for tea, and they saw quite well that they were certain to be happy at the White House. They thought so from the first moment; but when they had found the back of the house covered with jasmine, all in white flower and smelling like a bottle of the most expensive scent that is ever given for a birthday present, and when they had seen the lawn, all green and smooth and quite different from the brown grass in the gardens at Camden Town, and when they had found the stable with a loft over it and some old hay still left they were almost certain; and when Robert had found the broken swing and tumbled out of it and got

a lump on his head the size of an egg, and Cyril had nipped his finger in the door of a hutch that seemed made to keep rabbits in, if you ever had any, no one had any longer any doubts whatever.

The best part of it all was that there were no rules about not going to places and not doing things. In London almost everything is labelled "You mustn't touch," and though the label is invisible it's just as bad, because you know it's there, or if you don't you jolly soon get told.

The White House was on the edge of a hill with a wood behind it — and the chalk-quarry on one side and the gravel-pit on the other. Down at the bottom of the hill was a level plain with queer-shaped white buildings where people burnt lime, and a big red brewery and other houses, and when the big chimneys were smoking and the sun was setting the valley looked as if it were filled with golden mist, and was like an enchanted city out of the "Arabian Nights."

"CYRIL HAD NIPPED HIS FINGER IN THE DOOR OF A HUTCH."

Grown-up people find it very difficult to believe really wonderful things, unless they have what they call "proof." But children will believe almost anything, and grown-ups know this. That is why they tell you that the earth is round like an orange, when you can see perfectly well that it is flat and lumpy, and that the earth goes round the sun, when you can see for yourself any day that the sun gets up in the morning and goes to bed at night like a good sun as it is, and the earth knows its place and lies as still as a mouse. Yet I daresay you believe all that about the earth and the sun, and if so you will find it quite easy to believe that before Anthea and Cyril and the others had been a week in the country they had found a fairy. At least, they called it that because that was what it called itself, but it did not look much like it.

It was at the gravel-pits. Father had to go away suddenly on business, and mother had gone away to stay with granny because she was not very well. They both went in a great hurry, and when they were gone the house seemed very quiet and empty, and the children wandered from one room to another and looked at the bits of paper and string on the floors left over from the packing and not yet cleared up, and wished they had something to do. It was Cyril who said :—

"I say, let's take our Margate spades and go and dig in the gravel-pits. We can pretend it's seaside."

"Father says it was once," Anthea said; "he says there are shells there thousands of years old."

So they went. Of course, they had been to the edge of the gravel-pit and looked over, but they had not gone down into it for fear father should say they mustn't play there, and the same with the chalk-quarry. The gravel-pit is not really dangerous if you don't try to climb down the edges, but go the slow, safe way round by the road, as if you were a cart.

Each of the children carried its own spade, and took it in turns to carry the Lamb. He was the baby, and they called him the Lamb because "Baa" was the first thing he ever said. They called Anthea "Panther," which seems silly when you read it, but when you say it it sounds a little like her name.

The gravel-pit is very large and wide, with grass growing round the edges at the top and dry, stringy wild flowers, purple and yellow. It is like a giant's washhand-basin. And there are mounds of gravel, and holes in the sides of the basin where gravel has been taken out, and high up in the steep sides there are the little holes that are the little front doors of the little sand-martins' little houses.

The children built a castle, of course, but castles are rather poor fun when you have no hope of the swishing tide ever coming in to fill up the moat and wash away the drawbridge, and, at the happy last, to wet everybody up to the waist at least.

Cyril wanted to dig out a cave to play smugglers in, but the others thought it might bury them alive, so it ended in all spades going to work to dig a hole through the sand to Australia. These children, you see, believed that the world was round and that on the other side the little Australian boys and girls were really walking wrong way up, like flies on the ceiling, with their heads hanging down into the air.

The children dug and they dug and they dug, and their hands got sandy and hot and red, and their faces got damp and shiny. The Lamb had tried to eat the sand, and had cried so hard when he found that it was not, as he had supposed, brown sugar, that he was now tired out, and was lying asleep in a warm, fat bunch in the middle of the half-finished castle. This left his brothers and sisters free to work really hard, and the hole that was to come out in Australia soon grew so deep that Jane, who was called "Pussy" for short, begged the others to stop.

"ANTHEA SUDDENLY SCREAMED, 'IT'S ALIVE!'"

"Suppose the bottom of the hole gave way suddenly," she said, "and you tumbled out among the little Australians, all the sand would get in their eyes."

"Yes," said Robert; "they would hate us, and throw stones at us, and not let us see the kangaroos, or opossums, or emu-brand birds, or anything."

Cyril and Anthea knew that Australia was not quite so near as all that, but they agreed to stop using the spades and to go on with their hands. This was quite easy, because the sand at the bottom of the hole was very soft and fine and dry, like sea-sand. And there were little broken shells in it.

"Fancy it having been wet sea here once, all sloppy and shiny," said Jane, "with fishes and conger-eels and coral and mermaids."

"And masts of ships and wrecked Spanish treasure. I wish we could find a gold doubloon or something," Cyril said.

"How did the sea get carried away?" Robert asked.

"Not in a pail, silly," said his brother. "Father says the earth got too hot underneath—as you do in bed sometimes—so it just hunched up its shoulders and the sea had to slip off, as the blankets do off us, and the shoulder was left sticking out and turned into dry land. Let's go and look for whole shells—I think that little cave looks likely, and I see something sticking out there like a bit of a wrecked ship's anchor, and it's beastly hot in the Australian hole."

The others agreed, but Anthea went on digging. She always liked to finish a thing when she had once begun it. She felt it would be a disgrace to leave that hole without getting through to Australia.

The cave was disappointing because there were no shells, and the wrecked ship's anchor turned out to be only the broken end of a pick-axe handle, and the cave party were just making up their minds that sand makes you thirstier when it is not by the seaside, and someone had suggested going home for lemonade, when Anthea suddenly screamed:—

"Cyril! Come here! Oh, come quick—it's alive! It'll get away! Quick!"

They all hurried back.

"It's a rat, I shouldn't wonder," said Robert. "Father says they infest old places—and this must be pretty old if the sea was here thousands of years ago——"

"Perhaps it is a snake" said Jane.

"Let's look," said Cyril, jumping into the hole. "I'm not afraid of snakes. I like them. If it is a snake I'll tame it and let it sleep round my neck at night."

"No, you won't," said Robert, firmly. "But you may if it's a rat."

"Oh, don't be silly," said Anthea, "it's not a rat, it's *much* bigger. And it's not a snake. It's got feet, I saw them, and fur. No—not the spade. You'll hurt it. Dig with your hands."

"And let *it* hurt *me* instead. That's so likely, isn't it?" said Cyril, seizing a spade.

"Oh, don't," said Anthea. "Squirrel, *don't*. I—it sounds silly, but it said something. It really and truly did——"

"What?"

"It said, 'You let me alone——'"

But Cyril merely observed that his sister must have gone off her nut, and he and Robert dug with spades, while Anthea sat on the edge of the hole, jumping up and down with hotness and anxiety. They dug carefully, and presently everyone could see that there really was something moving in the bottom of the Australian hole.

Then Anthea cried out, "*I'm* not afraid. Let me dig," and fell on her knees and began to scratch as a dog does when he has suddenly remembered where it was that he buried his bone.

"Oh, I felt fur," she cried, half laughing and half crying. "I did, indeed! I did!" when suddenly a dry, husky voice in the sand made them all jump back, and their hearts jumped nearly as fast as they did.

"Let me alone," it said. And now everyone heard the voice, and looked at the others to see if they had, too.

"But we want to see you," said Robert, bravely.

"I wish you'd come out," said Anthea, also taking courage.

"Oh, well—if that's your wish," the voice said, and the sand stirred and spun and scattered, and something brown and furry and fat came rolling out into the hole, and the sand fell off it, and it sat there yawning and rubbing the ends of its eyes with its hands.

"I believe I must have dropped asleep," it said, stretching itself.

The children stood round the hole in a ring, looking at the creature they had found. It was worth looking at. Its eyes were on long horns like a snail's eyes, and it could move them in and out like telescopes; it had ears like bats' ears, and its tubby body was shaped like a spider's and covered with thick, soft fur; its legs and arms were furry, too, and it had hands and feet like a monkey's.

"What on earth is it?" Jane said. "Shall we take it home?"

The thing turned its long eyes to look at her and said:—

"Does she always talk nonsense, or is it only the rubbish on her head that makes her silly?"

It looked scornfully at Jane's hat as it spoke.

"She doesn't mean to be silly," Anthea said, gently. "We none of us do, whatever you may think. Don't be frightened; we don't want to hurt you, you know."

"Hurt *me?*" it said. "*Me* frightened? Upon my word! Why, you talk as if I were nobody in particular." All its fur stood out like a cat's when it is going to fight.

"Well," said Anthea, still kindly, "perhaps if we knew what you are in particular we could think of something to say that wouldn't make you cross. Everything we've said so far seems to have. Who are you? And don't get angry. Because really we don't know."

"You don't know?" it said. "Well, I knew the world had changed; but—— Well, really, do you mean to tell me seriously you don't know a psammead when you see one?"

"A sammyadd? That's Greek to me."

"So it is to everyone," said the creature, sharply. "Well, in plain English, then, a sand-fairy. Don't you know a sand-fairy when you see one?"

It looked so grieved and hurt that Jane hastened to say: "Of course, I see you are, *now*. It's quite plain now one comes to look at you."

"You came to look at me several sentences ago," it said, crossly, beginning to curl up again in the sand.

"Oh, don't go away again! Do talk some more," Robert cried. "I didn't know you were a sand-fairy, but I knew directly I saw you that you were much the wonderfullest thing I ever saw."

The sand-fairy seemed a shade less disagreeable after this.

"It isn't talking I mind," it said, "as long as you're reasonably civil. But I'm not going to make polite conversation for you. If you talk nicely to me, perhaps I'll answer you and perhaps I won't. Now say something."

Of course, no one could think of anything to say, but at last Robert thought of "How

"THE PSAMMEAD."

long have you lived here?" and he said it at once.

"Oh, ages — several thousand years," replied the psammead.

"Tell us all about it. Do——"

"It's all in books."

"*You* aren't," Jane said. "Oh, tell us everything you can about yourself. We don't know anything about you, and you *are* so nice."

The sand-fairy smoothed its long, rat-like whiskers and smiled.

"Do, please, tell," said the children all together.

It is wonderful how quickly you get used to things, even the most astonishing. Five minutes before the children had had no more idea than you had that there was such a thing as a sand-fairy, and now they were talking to it as though they had known it all their lives.

It drew its eyes in and said:—

"How very sunny it is, quite like old times! Where do you get your megatheriums from now?"

"What?" said the children all at once. It is very difficult always to remember that "what" is not polite, especially in moments of surprise or agitation.

"Are pterodactyls plentiful now?" the sand-fairy went on.

The children were unable to reply.

"What do you have for breakfast?" the fairy said, impatiently. "And who gives it you?"

"Eggs and bacon and bread and milk and porridge and things. Mother gives it us. What are mega—what's-its-names and ptero—what-do-you-call-thems? And does anyone have them for breakfast?"

"Why, almost everyone had pterodactyls for breakfast in my time. Pterodactyls were something like crocodiles and something like birds. I believe they were very good grilled. You see, it was like this: of course, there were heaps of sand-fairies then, and in the morning early you went out and hunted for them, and when you'd found one it gave you your wish. People used to send their little boys down to the sea-shore early in the morning before breakfast to get the day's wishes, and very often the eldest boy in a family would be told to wish for a megatherium ready jointed for cooking, because it was rather awkward to kill. It was as big as an elephant, you see, so there was a good deal of meat on it. And if they wanted fish the ichthyosaurus was asked for—he was twenty to forty feet long, so there was plenty of him. And for poultry there was the plesiosaurus—there were nice pickings on that, too. Then the other children could wish for other things. But when people had dinner-parties it was nearly always megatherium and ichthyosaurus, because his fins were a great delicacy and his tail made soup."

"There must have been heaps and heaps of cold meat left over," said Anthea, who meant to be a good housekeeper some day.

"Oh, no," said the psammead, "that would never have done. Why, of course, at sunset what was left over turned into stone. You find the stone bones of the megatherium and things all over the place even now, they tell me."

"Who tell you?" asked Cyril; but the sand-fairy frowned and began to dig very fast with its furry hands.

"Oh, don't go," they all cried; "tell us more about when it was megatheriums for breakfast. Was the world like this then?"

It stopped digging.

"Not a bit," it said; "it was nearly all sand where I lived, and coal grew on trees and the periwinkles were as big as tea-trays—you find them sometimes now, only they're turned into stone. We sand-fairies used to live on the sea-shore, and the children used to come with flint spades and pails and make castles for us to live in. That's thousands of years ago, but I hear that children still build castles on the sand. It's difficult to break yourself of a habit——"

"But why did you stop living in the castles?" asked Robert.

"It's a sad story," said the psammead, gloomily; "it was because they would build moats to the castles, and the nasty wet, bubbling sea used to come in, and, of course, as soon as a sand-fairy got wet it caught cold, and generally died, and so there got to be fewer and fewer, and whenever you found a fairy and had a wish you used to wish for a megatherium and eat twice as much of it as you wanted, because it might be weeks before you got another wish."

"And did *you* get wet?" Robert inquired.

The sand-fairy shuddered. "Only once," it said, "the end of the twelfth hair of my top left whisker—I feel the place still in bad weather. It was only once, but it was quite enough for me. I went away as soon as the sun had dried my poor, dear whisker. I skurried away to the back of the beach and dug myself a house deep in warm, dry sand, and there I've been ever since. And the sea changed its lodgings afterwards. And now I'm not going to tell you another thing."

"Just one more, please," said the children. "Can you give wishes now?"

"Of course," it said; "didn't I give you yours a few minutes ago? You said, 'I wish you'd come out,' and I did."

"Oh, please, mayn't we have another?"

"Yes, but be quick about it. I'm tired of you."

I dare say you have often thought what you would do if you had three wishes given you, and have despised the old man and his wife in the black-pudding story, and felt certain that if you had the chance you could think of three really useful wishes without a moment's hesitation. These children had often talked this matter over, but now the chance had suddenly come to them they could not make up their minds.

"Quick," said the sand-fairy, crossly; and the only one who could think of anything was Anthea, and she could only think of a private wish of her own and Jane's, which they had never told the boys. She knew the boys would not care about it—but still it was better than nothing.

"I wish we were all as beautiful as the day," she said, in a great hurry.

The children looked at each other, but each could see that the others were not any better-looking than usual. The psammead pushed out its long eyes, and seemed to be holding its breath and swelling itself out till it was twice as fat and furry as before. Suddenly it let its breath go, in a long sigh.

"I'm really afraid I can't manage it," it said, apologetically. "I must be out of practice."

The children were horribly disappointed.

"Oh, *do* try again," they said.

"Well," said the sand-fairy, "the fact is, I was keeping back a little strength to give the rest of you your wishes with. If you'll be contented with one wish a day among the lot of you I dare say I can screw myself up to it. Do you agree to that?"

"Yes, oh, yes," said Jane and Anthea. The boys nodded. They did not believe the sand-fairy could do it.

It stretched out its eyes farther than ever, and swelled and swelled and swelled.

"I do hope it won't hurt itself," said Anthea.

"Or crack its skin," Robert said, anxiously.

Everyone was very much relieved when the sand-fairy, after getting so big that it almost filled up the hole in the sand, suddenly let out its breath and went back to its proper size.

"That's all right," it said, panting heavily. "It'll come easier to-morrow."

"Did it hurt much?" asked Anthea.

"Only my poor whisker, thank you," it said; "but you're a kind and thoughtful child. Good-day."

It scratched suddenly and fiercely with its hands and feet and disappeared in the sand. Then the children looked at each other, and each child suddenly found itself alone with three perfect strangers, all radiantly beautiful.

They stood for some moments in perfect silence. Each thought that its brothers and sisters had wandered off, and that these strange children had stolen up unnoticed while it was watching the swelling form of the sand-fairy. Anthea spoke first :—

"Excuse me," she said, very politely, to Jane, who now had enormous blue eyes and a cloud of russet hair, "but have you seen two little boys and a little girl anywhere about?"

"I was just going to ask you that," said Jane, and then Cyril cried :—

"Why, it's *you!* I know the hole in your pinafore! You *are* Jane, aren't you? And you're the Panther. I can see your dirty handkerchief, that you forgot to change after you'd cut your thumb! Crikey! The wish *has* come off, after all. I say, am I as handsome as you are?"

"If you're Cyril, I liked you much better as you were before," said Anthea, decidedly. "You look like the picture of the young chorister, with your golden hair; and if that's Robert, he's like an Italian organ-grinder. His hair's all black."

"You two girls are like Christmas cards, then, that's all — silly Christmas cards," said Robert, angrily. "And Jane's hair is simply carrots."

It was, indeed, of that Venetian tint so much admired by artists.

"Well, it's no use finding fault with each other," said Jane. "Let's get the Lamb and lug it home to dinner. The servants will admire us most awfully, you'll see."

Baby was just waking up when they got to him, and not one of the children but was relieved to find that he, at least, was not as beautiful as the day, but just the same as usual.

"I suppose he's too young for wishes to act on him," said Jane. "Or perhaps it's because he wasn't with us."

Anthea ran forward and held out her arms.

"Come to Panther, ducky," she said.

The baby looked at her disapprovingly and put a sandy pink thumb in his mouth. Anthea was his favourite sister.

"Come, then," she said.

"G'way long!" said the baby.

"Come to own Pussy," said Jane.

"Wants my Pantie," said the Lamb, dismally, and his lip trembled.

"Here, come on, veteran," said Robert, "come and have a yidey on Yobby's back."

"Yah, narky, narky boy," howled the baby, giving way altogether. Then the children knew the worst. *The baby did not know them!*

"THE BABY DID NOT KNOW THEM!"

They looked at each other in despair, and it was terrible to each, in this dire emergency, to meet only the beautiful eyes of perfect strangers, instead of the merry, friendly, commonplace, twinkling, jolly little eyes of its own brothers and sisters.

"This is most awful," said Cyril, when he

had tried to lift up the Lamb, and the Lamb had scratched like a cat and bellowed like a bull. "We've got to *make friends* with him. We can't carry him home screaming like that. Fancy having to make friends with our own baby! It's too silly."

That, however, was exactly what they had to do. It took over an hour, and the task was not rendered any easier by the fact that the Lamb was by this time as hungry as a lion and as thirsty as a desert.

At last he consented to allow these strangers to carry him home by turns, but, as he refused to hold on to such new acquaintances, he was a dead weight and most exhausting.

"Thank goodness we're home," said Jane, staggering through the iron gate to where Martha, the nursemaid, stood at the front door, shading her eyes with her hand and looking out anxiously. "Here! Do take baby!"

Martha snatched the baby from her arms.

"Thanks be, *he's* safe back," she said, "Where are the others, and whoever to goodness gracious are all of you?"

"We're *us*, of course," said Robert.

"And who's us, when you're at home?" asked Martha, scornfully.

"I tell you it's *us*, only we're beautiful as the day," said Cyril. "I'm Cyril and these are the others, and we're jolly hungry. Let us in and don't be a silly idiot."

Martha merely dratted the speaker's impudence and tried to shut the door in his face.

"I know we *look* different, but I'm Anthea, and we're so tired and it's long past dinner-time."

"Then go home to your dinners, whoever you are, and if our children put you up to this play-acting you can tell them from me they'll catch it; so they know what to expect." With that she did bang the door. Cyril rang the bell violently. No answer. Presently cook put her head out of a bedroom window and said:—

"If you don't take yourselves off, and that sharp, I'll go and fetch the police." And she slammed down the window.

"It's no good," said Anthea. "Oh, do come away before we get sent to prison."

The boys said it was nonsense, and the law of England couldn't put you in prison for just being as beautiful as the day, but they followed the others out into the lane.

"We shall be our proper selves after sunset, I suppose," said Jane.

"I don't know," Cyril said, sadly. "It mayn't be like that now—things have changed a good deal since megatherium times."

"Oh," cried Anthea, suddenly, "perhaps we shall turn into stone at sunset, like the megatheriums, so that there mayn't be any of us left over for the next day."

She began to cry, so did Jane. Even the boys turned pale. No one had the heart to say anything.

It was a horrible afternoon. There was no house near where the children could beg a crust of bread or even a glass of water. They were afraid to go to the village because they had seen the cook go down there with a basket, and there was a local constable. True, they were all as beautiful as the day, but that is a poor comfort when you are as hungry as a hunter and as thirsty as a sponge.

Three times they tried in vain to get the servants in the White House to let them in and to listen to their tale. And then Robert went alone, hoping to be able to climb in at one of the back windows, and so open the door to the others. But all the windows were out of reach, and Martha emptied a toilet jug of cold water over him from a top window and said:—

"Go along with you, you nasty little Eyetalian monkey."

It came at last to their sitting down in a row under the hedge, with their feet in a dry ditch, waiting for sunset, and wondering whether when the sun did set they would turn into stone, or only into their own old natural selves, and each of them still felt lonely and among strangers, and tried not to look at the others, for though their voices were their own their faces were so radiantly beautiful as to be quite irritating to look at.

"I don't believe we *shall* turn to stone," said Robert, breaking a long, miserable silence, "because the sand-fairy said he'd give us another wish to-morrow, and he couldn't if we were stone, could he?"

The others said "No," but they weren't at all comforted.

Another silence, longer and more miserable, was broken by Cyril's suddenly saying, "I don't want to frighten you girls, but I believe it's beginning with me already. My hand's quite dead. I'm turning to stone, I know I am, and so will you in a minute."

"Never mind," said Robert, kindly, trying to keep up the spirits of the others, "perhaps you'll be the only stone one, and the rest of us will be all right, and we'll cherish your statue and hang garlands on it."

But when it turned out that Cyril's hand

had only gone to sleep through his leaning on it too long, and when it came to life in an agony of pins and needles, the others were quite cross.

"Giving us such a fright for nothing," said Anthea.

The third and miserablest silence of all was broken by Jane. She said:—

"If we *do* come out of this all right we'll ask the sammyadd to make it so that the servants don't notice anything different, no matter what wishes we have."

The others only grunted. They were too wretched even to make good resolutions.

At last hunger and fright and crossness and tiredness, four very nasty things, all joined together to bring one nice thing, and that was sleep. The children lay asleep in a row, with their beautiful eyes shut and their beautiful mouths open. Anthea woke first. The sun had set and the twilight was coming on.

Anthea pinched herself very hard to make sure, and when she found she could still feel pinching she decided that she was not stone, and then she pinched the others. They also were soft and could feel a pinch.

"Wake up!" she said, almost in tears for joy. "It's all right; we're not stone. And, oh, Cyril, how nice and ugly you do look, with your old freckles and your brown hair and your little eyes. And so do you all," she added, so that they might not feel jealous.

When they got home they were very much scolded by Martha, who told them about the strange children.

"MARTHA EMPTIED A TOILET JUG OF COLD WATER OVER HIM."

"A good-looking lot, I must say, but that impudent."

"I know," said Robert, who knew by experience how hopeless it would be to try explaining things to Martha.

"And where on earth have you been all this time, you naughty little things, you?"

"In the lane."

"Why didn't you come home hours ago?"

"We couldn't because of *them*," said Anthea.

"Who?"

"The children who were as beautiful as the day. They kept us there till after sunset. We couldn't come back till they'd gone. You don't know how we hated them. Oh, do — do give us some supper. We are so hungry."

"Hungry! I should think so," said Martha, angrily, "out all day like this! Well, I hope it'll be a lesson to you not to go picking up with strange children—down here after measles as likely as not. Now, mind, if you see them again don't you speak to them, but come straight away and tell me. I'll spoil their beauty for them!"

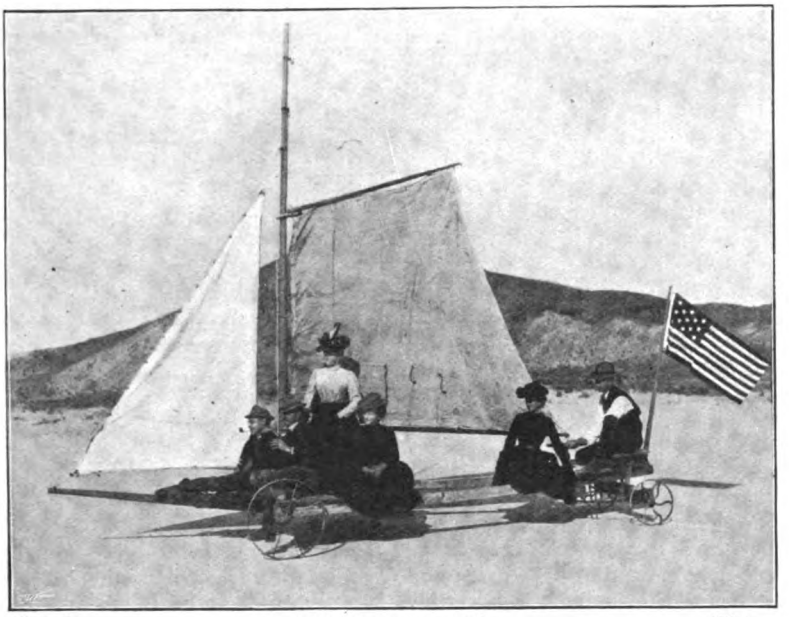
"If ever we *do* see them again we'll tell you," Anthea said, and Robert, fixing his eyes fondly on the cold beef that was being brought in on a tray by cook, added, in heartfelt undertones:—

"And we'll take jolly good care we never *do* see them again."

And they never have.

Sailing on Land.

By John L. von Blon.



From a] THE "DESERT QUEEN." [*Photo.*

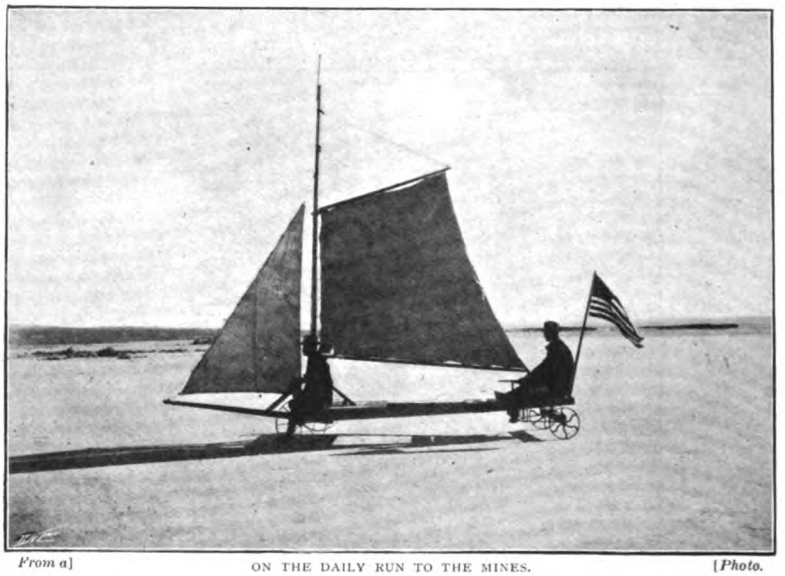
Copyright, 1902, in the United States of America by John L. von Blon, Los Angeles.

GLIDING over the pathless stretches of shifting sand that comprise the dreaded Mojave Desert in Southern California is the queerest craft that ever sailed. Strange tales of a phantom ship that have lately come from that forlorn region, the last place in all the world where a clever modern invention would be looked for, may be traced to this. It is a yacht on wheels, a graceful land-going clipper, faster than any that ever rode the main, and is aptly named *Desert Queen.* To the very heart of the great sun-blistered, forbidding waste this odd thing carries its plucky navigators, and ludicrous stories are brought to the outer world by solitary prospectors who in their roamings have seen the white sails silhouetted against the ever-changing background. Who would not be surprised, or even awed, by the remarkable spectacle of a trim craft, such as ordinarily belongs to the sea, skimming over this barren place where not a drop of water ever falls?

Beyond doubt this is the most singular vehicle ever conceived to be propelled by the wind. It was built by two miners, Carl H. and Charles S. Hoyt, of Cleveland, Ohio, nearly a year ago. It has been in use ever since, covering thousands of miles. The Hoyts have a gold mine in the buttes near the town of Rosamond, and live nine miles away, at the other end of a peculiar dry lake, which is hard as concrete and swept smooth as a tennis court by the sands for ever driven over it before the fierce winds rushing through Tehachepi Pass. This level tract suggested the novel idea of a sailing machine, and it was built of odds and ends picked up about the camp.

For the front support an old buggy axle was used, and to this were attached two iron wheels, 30in. in diameter, which had done service on a farming implement. Other parts were improvised with similar ingenuity, and the result is a stanch "boat" 14ft. long, 8ft. across the front, and tapering to the rear, with a mast 15ft. high, mainsail 10ft. on the boom and 10ft. on the mast, jib and jibboom to match. The steering contrivance is like those used on hook and ladder trucks. The "ship" answers her helm perfectly, and sails about as close to the wind as the ordinary water craft. On her initial run *Desert Queen* got beyond control, and while tearing along at a terrific rate came to grief with a crash. Broken timbers, bruised men, and wrecked sails were littered on the plain, and it took many days to repair the damage and make needed alterations. Now she

carries her owners and their tools and supplies to and from the mine every day, and often they take out excursion parties of half-a-dozen people. She is the wonder of all who have heard of her, and hundreds have gone to Rosamond from far and near to see her.



From a] ON THE DAILY RUN TO THE MINES. *[Photo.*

The most astonishing quality of the *Desert Queen* is her speed, which is almost incredible. Fifty miles an hour has been attained on the dry lake under favourable wind, and her owners believe that she could readily make seventy-five, but the danger would be too great. The longest fast run was forty miles on the open desert in eighty minutes. What the possibilities of a carefully-balanced machine with larger frame and wheels, ball-bearings and rubber tyres, and plenty of canvas would be on the smooth lake-bed can hardly be conjectured, but it is to be demonstrated. Several mining capitalists are talking of building two such craft for racing and for experimental purposes in other directions.

Various possibilities have been suggested by this invention, including a new, quick, and cheap mode of transportation across the Sahara, where winds are said to constantly prevail. Thus may a rival of the camel spring up in a place where camels were tried without success years ago, and where a few are said to be wandering still.

A fast ride on the *Desert Queen*, amid surroundings more desolate than the mighty ocean, is thrilling and exciting, to say the least. You go dodging, at the start, between dots of greasewood and cacti as the "ship" leaves camp with the rising wind; here and there grotesque yucca trees stand like sentinels, with limbs like long arms outstretched to reach you; horned toads scurry away over the hot sands, and lizards dart, looking like blue streaks, for the shelter, but not always quickly enough, for the *Queen's* wheels have crushed many before they could move; jack-rabbits go skittering through the brush, and little ash-coloured desert chipmunks scatter the sand about in their frenzied haste to get into their retreats; an occasional coyote, long and grey and lean—the picture of starved want—rises upon his scraggy hind legs and sniffs; now and then you may run over a deadly "sidewinder" (rattlesnake), or pass the bleaching bones of some poor creature, human or otherwise, that suffered the horrors of starvation and probably sucked the blood from its own parched tongue before the end came.

These things you notice at first; but the wind increases and the pace grows madder. You tie a string to your hat and anchor it to your suspender; your handkerchief is whipping from your neck and goes sailing and writhing up and away—away out of sight almost before you realize that it is gone. This is, indeed, a different wind from any that ever blew in any other part of the world.

You are fairly flying now, and but a little sail is up. The air is filled with sand and pebbles as large as buckshot, and they pelt you hard; all around towering spirals of dust—small end of the spiral down—go springing across the plain, whirling up food for the terrible storm that is sweeping from the Sierra Mountains to Death Valley. Wilder becomes the dash of the *Queen*, and you hang on frantically with both hands and find it hard to catch your breath. The man who steers and the man who hauls in canvas are too busy to see you gasp and shudder; but at last, when Doomsday seems near, the

sails are all lowered and the terrifying voyage is ended. And then you are told that it has not begun to blow yet! Thirty minutes later it would be impossible to stand erect anywhere on the ground over which you have passed! That is just a little taste of the Mojave Desert.

An experience never to be forgotten is a night run on the *Queen*. Through the weird surroundings that are her element it is more impressive than a voyage over the most tempestuous sea. There is something uncanny about the singular craft, shooting noiselessly through the moonlight like a white-sheeted spectre, and when first "launched" stray gold seekers who met her were frightened almost out of their wits, and many will swear that they have seen the real "phantom ship."

Not long ago, just at dusk one evening, the *Queen* ran upon a roving band of Mojave Indians squatting around their camp-fire. With wild whoops of alarm the scared natives made a rush to get away, the braves trampling the squaws and papooses under foot. It was the very "Spirit of Evil" that the breeze brought to them, and their fright was amusing to behold. After the white monster had passed on they returned to the fire, threw away the food they had prepared, and all hands turned in and prayed through the entire night. It requires something extraordinary to make a Mojave Indian think of his prayers.

Surprising pranks have been played with the new land yacht by the ever-present and wonderful mirage. A hundred miles from Rosamond a sailing vessel has been frequently seen against the horizon, sometimes apparently in a blue sea studded with islands green with waving palms, and again inverted and seemingly suspended in the sky. Several times have been sighted what looked like a score of schooners standing one above another and then resting on calm water in a line. These phenomena have been observed at a distance in various directions from the borders of the desert, and there is no doubt that all were but reflections of the *Desert Queen* projected on the endless screen by Nature's projectoscope, which cuts no such capers anywhere else.

One of the remarkable features of the Rosamond dry lake is a mud geyser, near the centre, constantly flowing, and so deep that it never has been fathomed. Not long ago a party of cowboys attached a leaden weight to a line and dropped it hundreds of feet, but no bottom was found, though the diameter of the hole is but a few yards at the opening.

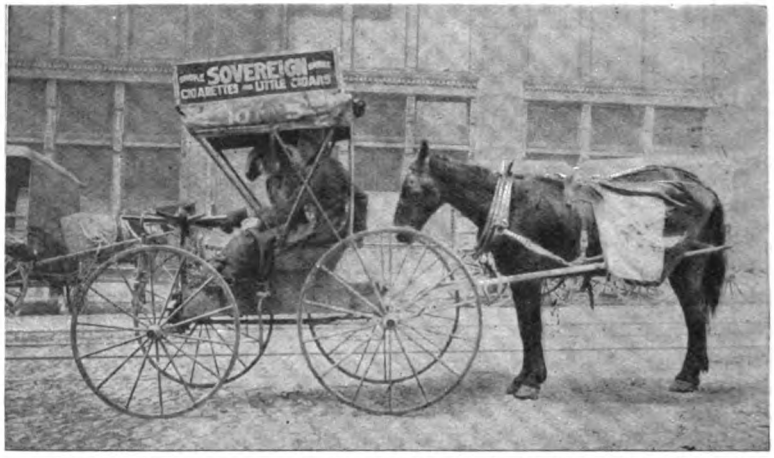
THE ROSAMOND DRY LAKE, WHERE THE FASTEST RUN IS MADE, SHOWING THE REMARKABLE MUD GEYSER IN THE FOREGROUND.

From a [*Photo.*

*Curiosities.**

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

"PUTTING THE CART BEFORE THE HORSE."



"This photo. illustrates a case of putting the 'cart before the horse.' Apparently the horse is used to push the vehicle, but as a matter of fact the vehicle pulls the animal along whether he wishes to go or not. It is an automobile, the driving mechanism being concealed in the body of the carriage. It is steered by a wooden wheel with the rim removed, and the power, which is furnished by gasoline motor, is controlled by an invisible lever. This peculiar carriage has been in use in Baltimore for advertising purposes."—Mr. D. A. Keen, Willey, Baltimore.

A VAGARY OF JACK FROST.

"The accompanying photo. is one taken in the Tyrol of a fountain which froze as it was playing. It is 12ft. high, and, strange to say, what cannot be seen in the photo., the fountain threw up water through the top which froze as it descended."—Miss A. M. Scott, 386, Avenue Louise, Brussels, Belgium.

"LIFE IN THE OLD DOG YET."

"Is this proof of British pluck and endurance in an old man of seventy-three of sufficient interest to be printed on your 'Curiosity' page? The photo., which was taken by J. E. Wren, New Brompton, shows an iron 'electric traction' standard which the old man—in top-boots, be it observed—has just climbed. This feat of hardihood in one so aged was first accomplished by Mr. James Tuffnell to prove that there was 'life in the old dog yet'; and was again done, against the pleading of his family, in order that the camera might register the feat. After thirty years of 'roughing it' in America this old gentleman is as hearty as many men half his age, and is so ready to enter into any physical contest that his wife is ever dreading the day when he may attempt too much."—Mr. P. W. Tuffnell, 6, Trafalgar Road, New Brompton, Kent.

* Copyright, 1902, by George Newnes, Limited.

A WOULD-BE "PLANT."

"I send you the inclosed photograph taken by me recently of a plant said to be a native of West Africa, called 'Pingus Pongus,' of the Statia Limonium order. Perhaps some of your travelled readers of the 'Curiosity' section could give me fuller particulars should they have seen it growing in its native habitat."—Mr. Alan Treverton Jones, Tregleath, Newport, Mon.

A QUEER WALKING-STICK.

"The article illustrated in our photograph might as an alternative be called a record in pencils, for in a world of walking-stick novelties it is perhaps as queer as any, being nothing more or less than an overgrown lead pencil. The wood is cedar, varnished to represent malacca, and the lead is of a very superior quality. The knob at the top serves the double purpose of protecting the point and as a comfortable handle. It was given to its present owner by a well-known Deal boatman, having been acquired by him in his peregrinations abroad. An ordinary-sized pencil has been photographed by the side of the record pencil in order to give an idea of the latter's size."—Mrs. Jane Williams, 5, Gabriel Street, Honor Oak Park, S.E.

THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPHIC JOKE.

"I send you photographs of a Clyde ship-drawing office staff, taken when a few of the staff were leaving. Not being pleased with the photo. I painted mine in colours and altered it as shown until it looked like an imaginary Highland wedding. Perhaps my contribution may interest some of your readers inclined the same way who are not too well pleased with their beauty when taken in a group. I send two photos. taken by myself from the originals, which were 12in. by 10in. I represent Buller in the photograph."—Mr. J. McNair Dunbar, 15, North Claremont Street, Glasgow.

AN ACROBATIC DOG.

"Inclosed is a picture of a terrier taken by myself. This little animal will spend as much time as he is allowed in demolishing the lower branches of available trees. He will swing for minutes together until he can manage to gnaw through the branch."—Rev. H. Larken, M.A., Reepham, Lincoln.

"WHEN IS A PARROT NOT A PARROT?"

"I send you a photographic freak which I think may be of some use to you for your 'Curiosity' page. Polly is really quite a good-looking bird, but, as will be seen, has assumed in her photograph an extraordinary likeness to an old gentleman holding a cigarette in his hand. I have asked many skilled photographers, but they can none of them account for this singular result."—Mr. William Bastian, Surg. R.N., H.M.S. *Hyacinth*, Devonport.

TWENTY-FOUR TINY TOTS.

"I send you a photograph taken at the Rotunda Hospital, Dublin, showing the master, assistants, and resident students of the hospital, each of whom is nursing a baby from one to eight days old. A photograph of this kind is taken every June. The students are from various hospitals of the United Kingdom and abroad—Bombay, Montreal, Sierra Leone, Dublin, Edinburgh, London, etc., being represented. This photo. was taken by Chancellor, of Dublin."—Mr. Du Lyle, formerly an assistant master of the hospital.

WHAT IS A HAT-CAT?

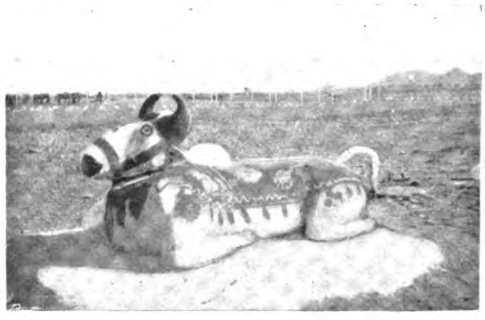
"The cat I am seen wearing as a hat in the photo. is very much alive and absolutely free. If I place her in this head-dress attitude she will remain quite still until I take her off."—Mr. T. S. Cunningham, Chirton, Devizes.

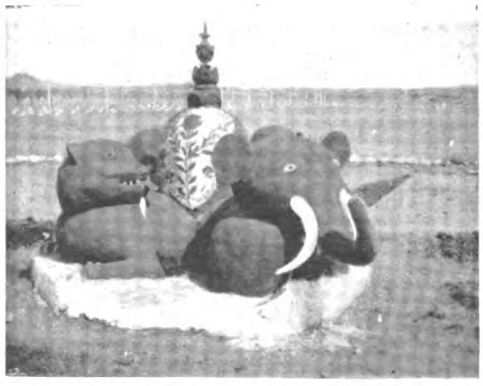
A RECORD CARD TOWER.

"In your September issue of THE STRAND MAGAZINE you produced a picture of what was considered a unique performance in building card towers. The inclosed photograph of myself would, I feel sure, prove of great interest to your readers, inasmuch as I have beaten the previous record by five stories and formed a fresh record which I think will be hard to beat. While this photograph was being developed I added another story, making twenty-one; but on attempting the twenty-second the tower collapsed."—Miss Rosie Farner, 8, Bexley Road, Erith.

INDIA'S ARTISTIC TOMMIES.

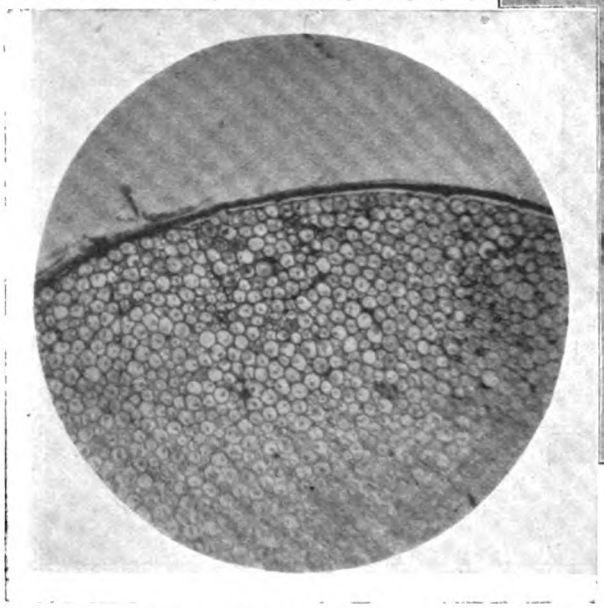
"I beg to submit to you for your 'Curiosity' page some photos. taken at De Aar, South Africa, in May last, 1901, of some animals made by the native soldiers, out of their own imagination, with the clay they had at hand. I send you four photographs which were taken by Major Bruce Swinton, Adjutant 3rd Batt. 2nd Queen's Surrey Regiment."—Mrs. M. Wilson Noble, Tangley Park, Guildford.





A HUMAN TELEGRAPH CABLE.

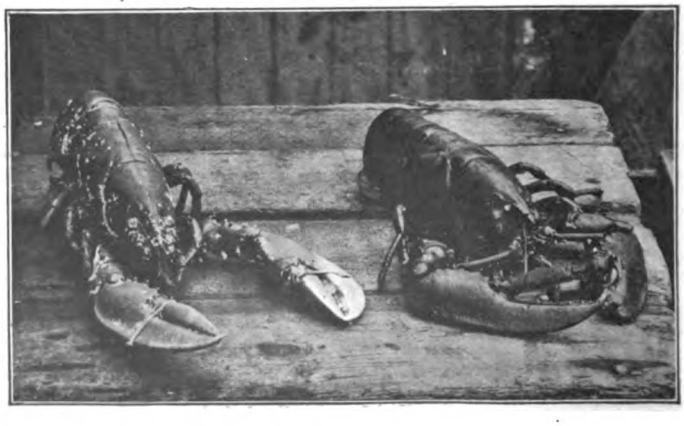
"Every schoolboy is aware that among the fittings which comprise his internal economy Nature has provided him with what is familiarly termed a 'funny-bone.' In still plainer English, this is a nerve composed of myriad tiny fibres, each separate, and the resemblance to a submarine cable is strikingly apparent. Indeed, in a general sense, the functions of the 'funny-bone' or ulnar nerve are identical, for it transmits messages from the elbow-point to the brain. Our photograph illustrates a small portion of the nerve taken through a microscope magnifying



about 100 times."—We are indebted to Mr. H. F. Hatfield, 1, Park Road, Forest Hill, S.E., for this interesting scientific contribution.

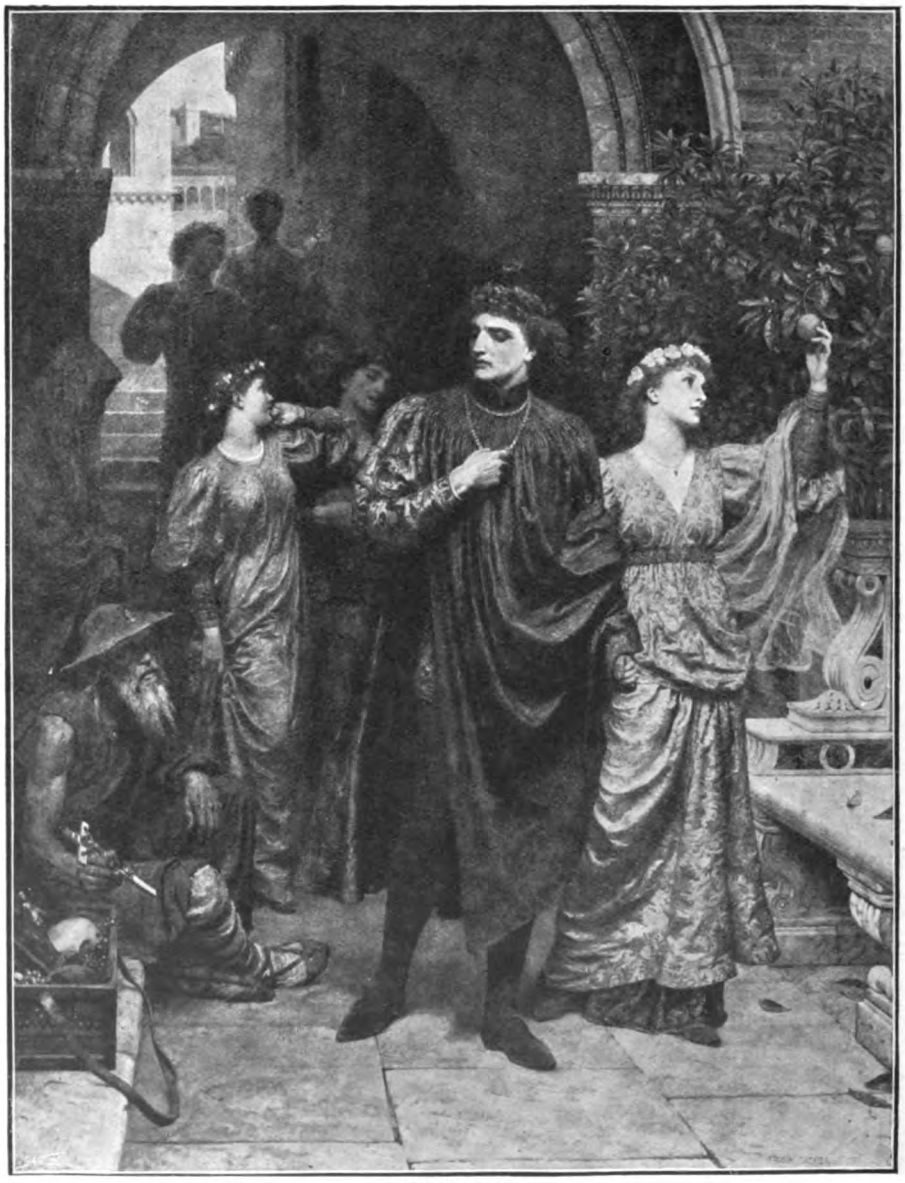
HOW THE LOBSTER CASTS HIS SHELL.

"The lobster is a remarkable crustacean. It is very pugnacious, and in combat often loses a limb, which rapidly grows on again, of the same form and structure as the removed member. Another peculiar characteristic is the process of moulting or casting of the shell, which in adult lobsters occurs once a year, and in younger ones much oftener. In the example illustrated the picture to the left shows the discarded shell, that to the right the released lobster with its new shell of a few days' growth. At this stage the flesh of the animal must be in a peculiarly pulpy or plastic condition to enable it to withdraw its two big claws through the narrow limits of the inner joints and otherwise extricate itself from the shell."—Mr. Thomas Kent, Albert Square, Kirkwall.



'IN FEAR OF THE HEAD MASTER."

"Inclosed you will find an amateur photograph. It is one of myself, which was taken about a year ago when I was in Norwich at school. If looked at closely it will be seen that I am seated on a round waste-pipe projecting out from the playground wall, which I reached by a human ladder, *i.e.*, boys' shoulders. Whilst in this lofty position, unfortunately for me, one of my schoolfellows appeared on the scene with a camera and took this photo. of me, much to my fear and disgust, as I was afraid it might get into the hands of the head master. Note the boys below."—Mr. C. Hope Butler, Lancaster House, Magdala Road, Nottingham.



"THE SYMBOL."

From the Picture by Frank Dicksee, R.A.

(By permission of T. Dixon Galpin, Esq., owner of the copyright.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxiii. MAY, 1902. No. 137.

Painters and Their Pictures.

MR. FRANK DICKSEE, R.A.

By Frederick Dolman.

"BY Jove, you don't look your age," said a gentleman well known in London society to Mr. Frank Dicksee the other day shortly after making the acquaintance of the eminent member of the Royal Academy. "And what do you suppose my age to be?" Mr. Dicksee retorted, in the quiet manner which is habitual with him. From the other's reply it was evident that the supposition made the artist at least ten years older than he really is.

Most people on entering for the first time Mr. Dicksee's studio in Greville Place, Maida Hill, have a similar feeling of surprise in regarding the figure of its owner, although they do not give this blunt expression to it. Having in their minds the record of Mr. Dicksee's work and the reputation which it has brought him they look for a grey-haired veteran of the brush in place of "the man of forty" or so, with a brown-bearded face which has—at the first look, at any rate—none of the marks of time upon it. In point of fact, Mr. Dicksee began his career at so early an age that, notwithstanding the work he has produced, he is still under fifty.

If not exactly born in a studio, Mr. Dicksee may be said to have been brought up in one. His father, in his time, was a well-known painter who regularly exhibited at the Royal Academy until his death in 1896, although he did not attain to the honours of membership. From him Mr. Dicksee received lessons in art almost before he could talk or walk. "I cannot remember," he remarked on one occasion, "the time when I didn't draw." For scholastic training he attended, when not playing truant in his father's studio, the Rev. George Henslow's private school at Bloomsbury until the age of sixteen. Art was in the blood—three other members of the family, including his sister, Margaret, are successful painters—and there was never any question as to the profession Frank was to adopt. Before he was seventeen he had actually qualified himself for the Royal Academy Schools, and during the five years spent there he won both gold and silver medals. The gold medal was awarded for his first picture exhibited at the Academy in 1875, the subject being "Elijah Confronting Ahab and Jezebel in Naboth's Vineyard."

On leaving the Academy Schools Mr. Dicksee devoted himself to black and white illustrative work for several of the magazines, and afterwards for a time assisted Mr. Henry Holiday in his decorative work. In the meantime he was carefully preparing himself for higher things. He was a diligent member of the Langham Sketching Club, and it was in its rooms at Langham Place that the two pictures by which, above all others, Mr. Dicksee is probably best known had their origin—I mean "Harmony" and "The Symbol." On certain evenings it was, and is, the rule of the club that the members present should each make an extempore drawing—a sketch, that is to say, expressing some idea which suggested itself on the spur of the moment. It was from two sketches thus made that Mr. Dicksee was led to paint "Harmony" and "The Symbol."

Mr. Dicksee was only twenty-four when his "Harmony" became the "picture of the year," 1877. Although it was only the second picture submitted by the young artist to their judgment, the Hanging Committee placed it in the centre of the first room.

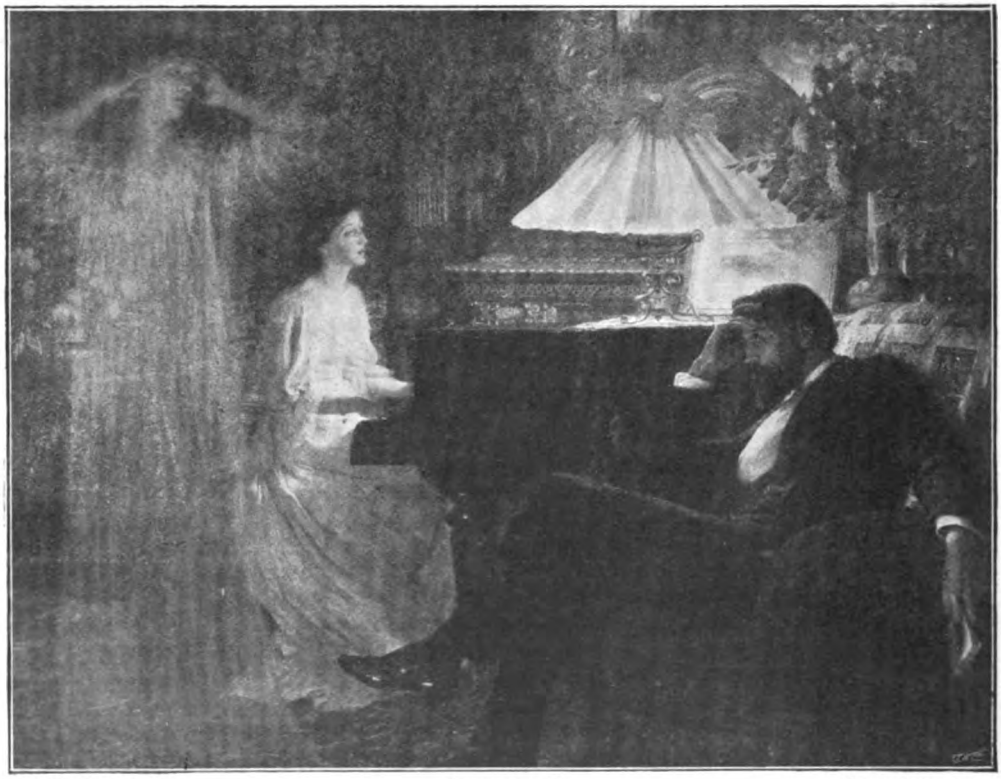
During the whole time the Academy was open the public crowded round this picture as they afterwards in another year crowded round Luke Fildes's "The Doctor," and before the exhibition closed the Council of the Royal Academy endorsed public opinion by purchasing the work for the nation out of the Chantrey fund.

In the course of twenty-five years the general admiration of "Harmony" has not suffered, and to-day at the National Gallery of British Art Mr. Dicksee's canvas is one of perhaps half-a-dozen before which the people can be seen to linger most. Writing ten years after, it was a well-known critic who thus described the charm which "Harmony" has for "the man in the street" and the connoisseur alike:—

"This beautiful work, so original in subject and treatment, so instinct with true poetic feeling, must be still vividly remembered by all who saw it on the Academy walls. The girl seated at the organ, the lover listening in rapt attention, the glory of the evening light through the stained-glass window forming an aureole round the girl's glistening hair, the subdued but beautiful colour, the carefully finished yet not too prominent details, all formed a veritable poem on canvas, bringing indefinite association with Adelaide Procter's 'Lost Chord' and—

> A twilight song; while the shadows sleep
> Dusk and deep;

and, indeed, with all beautiful abstractions, whether of music, poetry, or painting."



From the Picture by "A REVERIE." [*Frank Dicksee R.A.*

(Reproduced by permission from the original painting in the possession of the Liverpool Corporation, owners of the copyright.)

It is natural to associate the picture with the song. But although "The Lost Chord" had been written and set to music some years before "Harmony" was painted, Mr. Dicksee, it seems, had neither the words nor the music in his mind when he made his sketch on that eventful evening—as it afterwards proved to be for him—at the Langham Club.

Although "Harmony" was not inspired in this way, Mr. Dicksee will admit to friends that he is very impressionable to music. It

seems to him that no influence can be so powerful upon the feelings and emotions. It was with this conviction upon him that he painted his well-known "Reverie" a few years ago—the picture of a man seated in an easy-chair, musing tenderly, whilst a lady, somewhat younger, played on the piano in a soft lamp-light. There has been a good deal of misconception about this picture, it would seem. Mr. Dicksee has received scores of letters on the subject. Some of these correspondents inquired whether it was to be regarded as a sort of companion to Mr. Orchardson's picture, "Her Mother's Voice." Others stated that of course they knew what the picture meant—a widower listening to his daughter's playing and recalling his lost wife as she used to play to him; but they had a friend who did not understand it, etc.

Some time ago Mr. Dicksee was kind enough to explain to me the idea which was in his own mind when he painted the work. He was thinking of a man who, after a somewhat erratic past, had married and settled down with a woman of a quiet, simple disposition. One evening after dinner she happens to play an air which, by an association of ideas, recalls one of his past romances and leads to a reverie upon a woman he had once loved. Of course, as Mr. Dicksee admitted, there are some people, regarding it as an act of disloyalty to his wife that a married man should ever think of his past loves, who will not care to give this interpretation to the picture. Nor is there any coercion obliging them to do so. It happens to be the meaning which the painter, who thinks that a little thought occasionally given to old ties implies no treachery to present ones, intended in "A Reverie." But everybody is free to give to the picture the meaning which pleases him best, and in any case "A Reverie" must always be admired for the excellence of its art.

From the Picture by] "THE MIRROR." *[Frank Dicksee, R.A.*

(By permission of Philip H. Waterlow, Esq., owner of the copyright.)

A similar misunderstanding of the painter's purpose occurred with respect to "The

Crisis." This picture was exhibited in the same year as Mr. Fildes's "The Doctor," and the degree of resemblance between them forms, perhaps, an instance of coincidence in art, the two painters becoming acquainted with each other's work for the first time at the Royal Academy. But the

With regard to the painting of "Evangeline," which was the outcome in 1879 of Mr. Dicksee's black and white illustrations for the *édition de luxe* of Longfellow's poem, the artist has been induced, notwithstanding his strong reserve on such a subject, to reveal some details which may be said to be typical of his

From the Picture by] "THE CONFESSION." *[Frank Dicksee, R.A.*

(In the collection of the late Lord Wantage.)

figure bending over the bed of sickness in Mr. Dicksee's picture was not intended, as was supposed by some people, to be a physician anxiously watching his patient for the change in condition which was to decide the issue of life or death. In Mr. Dicksee's mind he was a devoted father regarding his daughter with the strain and suspense induced by the imminence of this contingency. Mrs. Chandler Moulton, the American poetess, wrote some pathetic verses on the assumption that the patient was the onlooker's young wife, and sent a copy to Mr. Dicksee with the inquiry whether she had correctly interpreted his meaning. Candour compelled him to reply that she had not, but her perception was certainly not so much at fault as that of some critics of the picture.

extremely careful method of work. Longfellow's poem, as some readers will remember, tells the story of the unhappy fate of the French settlers in Acadia, Nova Scotia, who were expelled by the British Government in 1755. The particular episode which Mr. Dicksee depicts is an old man's farewell to his home on the beach just before an embarkation at night, when "vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to cheer him." In order that he might study sunset at sea Mr. Dicksee spent some weeks at Lynmouth, taking his easel to the beach every fine evening for an hour as the glowing light fell upon the water and gradually faded into darkness. By much patient effort he thus obtained the beautiful radiance in the sky and on the sea which forms so striking a

feature of the picture. Long after he had returned home and had nearly finished "Evangeline" in his studio Mr. Dicksee became doubtful and dissatisfied about some of the details in his beach, and in order to remove this doubt and dissatisfaction he went down to Herne Bay next day and made some sketches of the beach there.

It may be added that this was Mr. Dicksee's first attempt to paint Nature on a large scale. Brought up in his father's house in Fitzroy Square, educated in London, living the ordinary life of a townsman, his opportunities for close study of Nature had been few. But the result showed that, moved by enthusiasm for his subject and sustained by strong determination, Mr. Dicksee could succeed in giving us the truth and beauty of

From the Picture by] "MEMORIES." *[Frank Dicksee, R.A.*

(By permission of Messrs. C. E. Clifford and Co., Haymarket, owners of the copyright.)

an open-air view as well as the charm of light and grace of an interior scene.

Mr. Dicksee has more than once repeated this success, most recently, perhaps, in "The Funeral of a Viking." The theme was suggested to him long ago by a passage in Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero Worship," concerning those heroes of the northern seas in ancient Europe, and when it was eventually attempted no pains were spared to give it the utmost truth. Mr. Dicksee made his studies for the motion of the sea at Sidmouth, in South Devon. In order to paint the waves from the right point of view it was necessary that he should himself be on the sea, looking towards the land. Mr. Dicksee at first tried a bathing machine, fixing his easel on the ledge in front of the vehicle. But every now and then it was, of course, necessary to have the bathing machine drawn up from the advancing tide, and the frequency of this operation was found to be fatal to successful work. Mr. Dicksee then chartered a boat and the services of two boatmen, who, with their oars and by the aid of ropes, maintained its equilibrium as much as was possible in the surf near the shore. With great patience, much wetting, and one or two narrow escapes from capsizing, Mr. Dicksee was thus enabled to transfer to colours on his canvas the particular movements and hues of the waves which were desired for "The Funeral of a Viking."

Having returned to London and secured suitable models, the artist's next care was for the fidelity of various other features in the picture. Mr. Dicksee did not go to Christiania to see the Viking ship which has been preserved there, but he examined the relics of these craft which are to be found in our own museums, as well as drawings and models, the dragon's head at the prow, for instance, being painted from a drawing in the British Museum. He was very careful, too, about the Viking's armour, which was specially made for him to paint by a girl-student in *repoussé* work at the South Kensington Schools. This armour is one of the most interesting things now to be seen in Mr. Dicksee's studio, where there is a large wardrobe full of the articles of costume, etc., which he has used in painting his pictures.

"The Symbol," which some critics declare is Mr. Dicksee's best picture, was produced with a similar regard for historic accuracy in costume and other details. But, strangely enough, "The Symbol," with its scene so full of the Italian air and spirit, was painted before its author had visited Italy. First conceived, like "Harmony," as an extempore sketch at the Langham Club, it was not until 1881 that Mr. Dicksee completed the canvas for the Royal Academy. In January of that year, although only twenty-seven, the artist was elected A.R.A., an honour which had been secured for him by the two pictures, "Harmony" and "Evangeline." Mr. Dicksee was then the youngest member of the Royal Academy, and his supporters were peculiarly gratified (and his opponents, if he had any, equally con-

From the Picture by] "PAOLO AND FRANCESCA." *[Frank Dicksee, R.A.*

(By permission of the Fine Art Society, New Bond Street, owners of the copyright.)

founded) when the election was followed by the exhibition of a work so powerful and original as "The Symbol." In this picture of a party of revellers rebuked by the sight of a pedlar holding a crucifix in his hand, Mr. Dicksee's brilliant colouring caught the spirit, it was said, of the old Venetian painters. The spirit had come to him by intuition, for, as I have indicated, Mr. Dicksee up to that time had had no opportunity of familiarizing himself with the work of the Venetians.

fact, if he had he doubts whether this picture would ever have been painted, owing to the disturbing effect of the music on the artistic ideas which he had formed in connection with the subject. To understand the picture one must remember that Tannhäuser, according to the German legend, after a sensual life, goes to Rome to secure the Pope's intercession for the forgiveness of his sins. The Pope replies that it is as impossible that Tannhäuser should be forgiven as for the staff in his hand

From the Picture by] "THE REDEMPTION OF TANNHÄUSER." *[Frank Dicksee, R.A.*

(By permission of T. Dixon Galpin, Esq., owner of the copyright.)

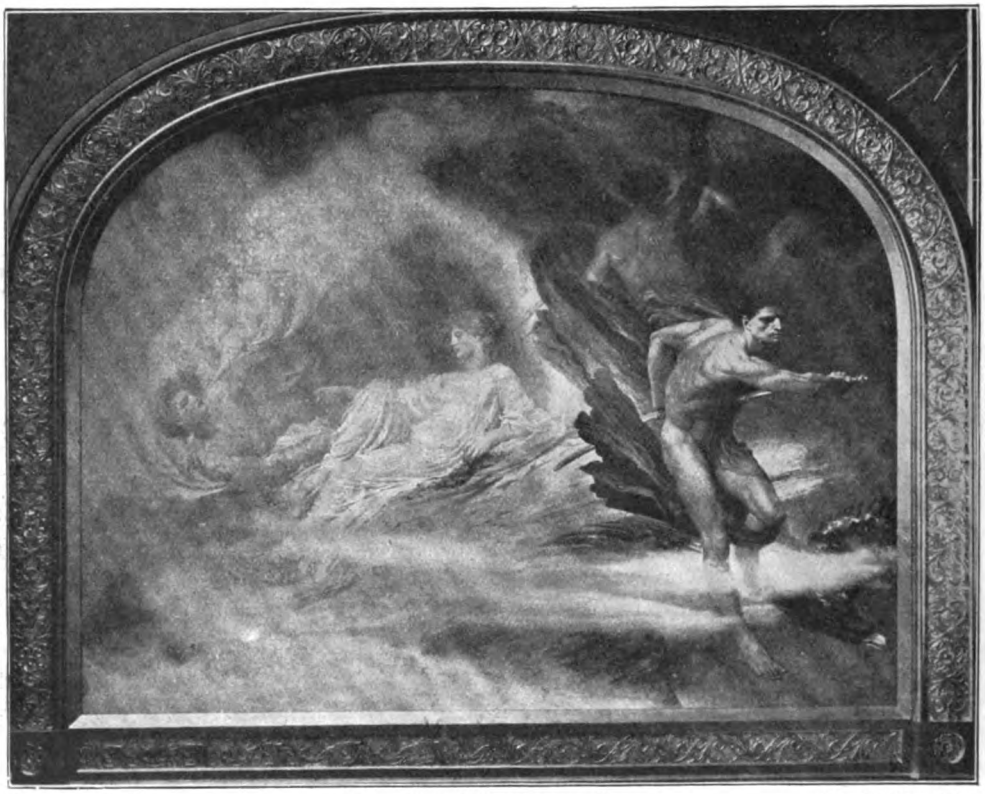
In "Paolo and Francesca" and "The Redemption of Tannhäuser" Mr. Dicksee has given us two pictures which owe as much to his own imaginative power as to their literary and traditional origin. He painted "Paolo and Francesca" after reading the fifth chapter of Dante's "Inferno," wherein the unfortunate lovers' story is told, being unacquainted at the time with Leigh Hunt's poem and Silvio Pellico's tragedy on the same subject, whilst Stephen Phillips's drama had not then been published.

"The Redemption of Tannhäuser" was not inspired, as might be supposed, by Wagner's opera, although Mr. Dicksee greatly admires this. At the time he was painting the picture he had not heard the opera—in

to blossom. The knight thereupon returns to the Venusberg, where Venus holds her court. Three days afterwards the Pope's staff puts forth green leaves, and messengers are dispatched from Rome in quest of Tannhäuser. According to the old legend their search is unavailing, and the knight is never seen again. But both painter and poet have deviated from the tradition at this point, Tannhäuser's redemption being effected in opera and picture by the influence of Elizabeth, a beautiful maiden whose pure love for him moves him to repentance.

Mr. Dicksee painted "Startled" and "The Mountain of the Winds" entirely from his imagination, never going outside his studio for preparatory studies. "Startled" was the

picture Mr. Dicksee painted on his election to full membership of the Academy in 1891, according to the rule which requires every new R.A., on receiving his diploma, to deposit a specimen of his art in what is known as the "Diploma Gallery" at Burlington House. "The Mountain of the Winds" had its origin in the mythological tales of a cave of the winds, Mr. Dicksee substituting a mountain for a cave because it lent itself better to an embodiment on canvas of the force of wind. Another largely imaginative subject was "The Passing of Arthur," although the picture was based, of course, upon Tennyson's poem, at the end of "The Idylls of the King."



From the Picture by] "THE MOUNTAIN OF THE WINDS." *[Frank Dicksee, R.A.*

With such insight as I have been able to give into Mr. Dicksee's method of work it is not surprising that he is one of our least prolific painters. His large canvases are fewer than the years in which he has been practising his profession. Nor has he given much time to portrait-painting, although this has not been from any want of temptation to devote himself to what is usually the most lucrative part of the painter's art. His earliest success, after "Harmony" and "Evangeline," was in portraiture. The work was exhibited in 1880 under the title of "The House Builders," but it was in reality the portraits of Sir William and Lady Welby-Gregory. At the time Sir William gave the commission to Mr. Dicksee, Sir William was about to build his present residence, Denton Manor, Grantham, and on the artist's suggestion he and his wife were painted in their library examining the architect's model and plans of the new house. It was quite a matter of comment when Mr. Dicksee was represented by a portrait only in last year's Academy, albeit it was a beautiful portrait of the Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos.

Mr. Dicksee seemingly takes much more pleasure in idealizing a face than in faithfully reproducing it. In such pictures as "The Two Crowns"—which, exhibited in 1900, was his last important subject in the Royal

Academy, and was purchased for £2,000 by the Chantrey Trustees—"Romeo and Juliet"—which, like "Evangeline," was the outcome of black and white illustration—and "Too Late"—an original rendering of a rather well-worn theme for painters, the parable of the Foolish Virgins—Mr. Dicksee has given us some beautiful conceptions of womanhood. To another of his pictures, "The Magic Crystal," Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, it may be remembered, went for his example of "The Most Beautiful Women in Art." Yet Mr. Dicksee, I believe, has enjoyed no exceptional fortune, by the kindness of friends or in other ways, in his models for either the men or women of his pictures. The models he has employed have been almost invariably the "professionals" who are open to the employment of London artists generally. This being so, Mr. Dicksee's pictures certainly prove that not the least among his high qualities is the capacity to idealize the grace, beauty, and refinement of the commonplace in our life of to-day.

From the Picture by] "THE CRISIS." *[Frank Dicksee, R.A.*

The House Under the Sea.

By Max Pemberton.

CHAPTER XIX.

WHICH SHOWS THAT A MAN WHO THINKS OF BIG THINGS SOMETIMES FORGETS THE LITTLE ONES.

I WAS the first to be out on the rock, but Peter Bligh was close upon my heels, and, wonderful to tell, the Italian almost as quick as any of us. To what gate of the sea the staircase was carrying me I knew no more than the others. The time was gone by when anything in Czerny's house could surprise me; and when at the stairs' head we found that which looked for all the world like a great port-hole with a swing door of steel to shut it, I climbed through it without hesitation, and so stood in God's fresh air for the first time for nearly three days.

That this was the main gate to the sea I had all along surmised, and now proved surely. No sooner was I through the door than all the world seemed to spread out again before my eyes—the distant island, the shimmering sea, the blue sky shut to us through such long hours. The rock itself, where we gained foothold, lifted itself clear and dry above the breakers at my feet. There were steps leading down to the water's edge, a still pool wherein boats were warped, other crags of the reef defying the tides; these and the silence of the night everywhere; but of men I saw nothing. The terrible fight we had anticipated, blow for blow, and ringing alarm, the struggle for foothold on the rock, the challenge to Czerny's men—such things did not befall. We stood unchallenged on the plateau, and we stood alone.

I said that it was a miracle, and yet the Lord knows it was no miracle at all.

Let me try and describe this place for you that you may understand our situation more clearly, and how it befell that such a simple circumstance brought about such a strange turn of fortune. We had come up from the heart of the reef, as you know, and the staircase led out to a gate of steel opening in the face of a rocky crag, which stood well above the level even of the storm-seas. A lower plateau (unwashed by the sea) stood below the gate, and other crags jutted out of the sea and showed windows to the western sun. I made a bit of a map of the land and water thereby to keep it in my memory; and such as it is I print it here

that you may get the position truly. Place us at the main gate of this house of wonders and put Czerny's crew by the sword-fish reef, and all will be plain to you.

The island lay perhaps a mile to the southward; and nearer to us, at a cable's length as I reckoned it, a group of rocky pinnacles in the open sea marked the door we had shut and the ladder by which Czerny's men went in to shelter. But the oddest thing of all was this, that the main gate to this house of wonders should be left unguarded at an hour so critical.

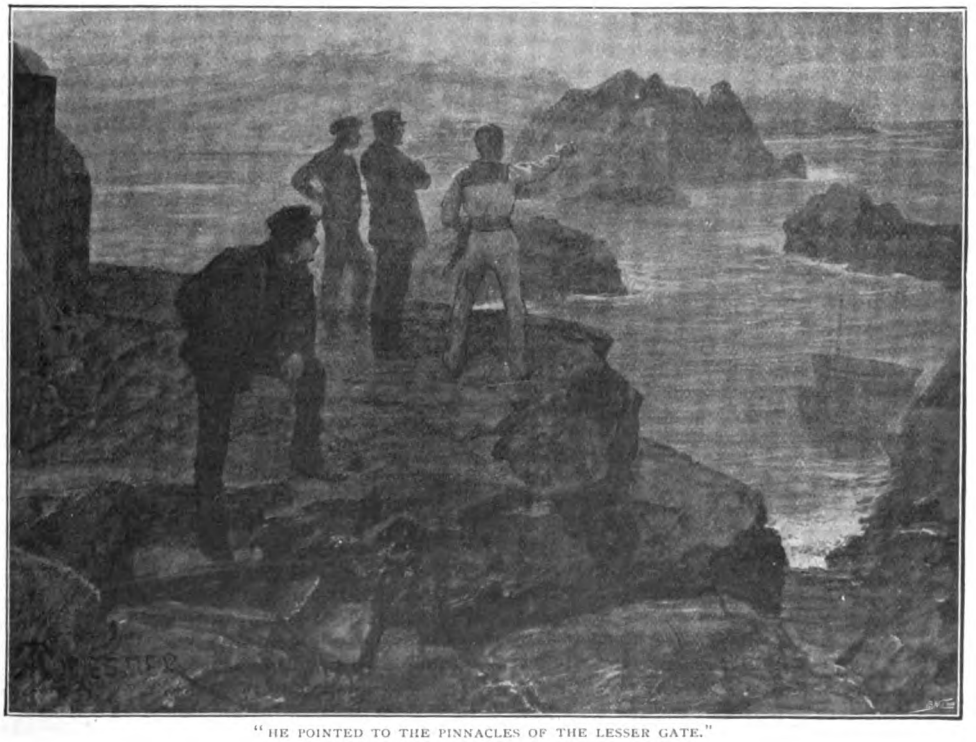
Could they not have struck us down as we came out, one by one, firing their guns to call comrades from the sea, and bringing a hundred more atop of us to end our chances there and then? Of course they could; and yet it was not done. No man hailed us; we had the breaking seas at our feet, the fresh air in our lungs, the spindrift wet upon our faces. And who was the more surprised, I at finding the gate unguarded or my comrades to discover that there was such a gate at all, the Lord only knows. Like

three who stumbled upon a precipice we halted there at the sea's edge, and looked at one another to ask if such great good fortune could, indeed, be ours.

I have told you before that the Italian was at our heels when we gained the rock, and it was to him now that I addressed my question.

"You said there were two at the gate, Regnarte. Where are they, then, and what keeps them?"

He cracked his bony fingers many times, and began to gabble away vociferously in his own language—a tongue I like the sound of, but which no right-minded man should talk. When he came to some calmness and to a sane man's speech, he pointed to the pinnacles of the lesser gate and began to make the truth clear to me.



"HE POINTED TO THE PINNACLES OF THE LESSER GATE."

"You come lucky, sir, you come lucky, true! Hafmitz gone yonder; he and mate, too; he go to see why other men cry out!"

I saw it like a flash. The alarm had been given at the other end of the reef, and the two that should have guarded this had put out in their boat to see what the matter was. If a man had wished to believe that Providence guided him that night, he could not have found a circumstance to help him farther on the road.

"Luck! Luck's no word for it, my lads," said I. "If a man told such a thing ashore, who'd believe him? And yet it's true—true, as your own eyes tell you."

They had not found their tongues yet and none of them uttered a syllable. The wonders they had seen: that house of mystery lying like a palace of the story-books far down below the rolling Pacific; the surprise of it all; the picture of lights and rooms and of a woman's face; and now this plateau of rock with breakers at their feet and the island mists for their horizon; and, in the far distance, away upon the sword-fish reef, sights and sounds which quickened every pulse—who shall blame them if they could answer me never a word? They simply halted there and gazed spellbound across the shimmering water. I alone knew how far we stood from the end where safety lay.

Now, Peter Bligh was the first to give up his star-gazing; and, shaking himself like a great dog, he turned to me with a word of that common sense which he can speak sometimes.

"'Tis a miracle, truly, and a couple of

doors to it," cried he, like one thinking keenly. "Nevertheless, I make bold to say that if they have a key to yonder hatch we are undone entirely, captain."

I sat upon a crag of the rock and tried to think of it all. Czerny's men would return in an hour, or two at the most, and the truth would be out. They would come—the seamen to the lesser gate, the others to this door of steel by which we sat—and, finding that knocking did not open, they would take such measures as they thought fit to blast the doors. A gun well fired might do as much if gun could be trained upon the reef. Once let them inside and it needed no clever tongue to say how it would fare with us or with those we sought to protect. No man, I said, would live to tell that story, or to carry the history of Edmond Czerny's life to a distant city. All that lay between us and life was this door of steel shutting like a port-hole in the solid rock. And could we hold it against, it might be one, it might be three hundred men? That was a question the night must answer.

"Regnarte," I said, upon an impulse, "you have guns in this house?"

He held up his fingers and opened them many times to express a great number.

"One, two, three hundred guns," said he. "Excellency has them all; but here one gun much bigger than that. You seamen, you shall know how to fire him, captain. Excellency say that no man take the gate while that gun there. Ah! the leg on the other boot now!"

He cracked his fingers all the time he said this, and shook his keys and danced about the plateau like a madman. For a while I could make neither head nor tail of what he meant; but presently he turned as though he would go down to the cabins again, and, standing upon the very threshold of the staircase, he showed me what I had never seen or should have looked for in twenty years—the barrel of a quick-firing gun and the steel turret which defended it.

"'Tis a pom-pom, or I'm a heathen nigger!" cries Peter Bligh, half mad at the sight of it. "A pom-pom, and a shield about it. The glory to Saint Patrick that shows me the wonder!"

And Dolly Venn, catching hold of my hand in like excitement, he says:

"Oh, Mr. Begg, oh, what luck, what luck at last!"

I crossed the plateau and saw the thing with my own eyes. It was a modern Krupp quick-firing gun, well kept, well fitted, well placed behind a shield of steel which might defend those who worked it against a hundred. Those who set it upon the rock so set it that not only the near sea but the second gate could be covered by its fire. It would sweep the water with a hail of lead, and leave unseen those that did the work. And the irony of it was chiefly this, that Edmond Czerny, seeking to defend the door of his house against all the world, now shut it upon himself.

"Yes," said I, at last, and I spoke almost like a man drunk with excitement; "give me shell for that, and we'll hold the gate against five hundred!"

The hope of it set every nerve in my body twitching; sweat, I say, began to roll down my face like rain.

"You have a magazine in this place," I continued, turning upon the Italian in a way that surprised him; "you have arms in this house and shot for that gun. Where are they, man, where are they?"

He stood stock-still with fright, and stammered out a broken reply.

"Excellency has the key, captain—I show you! Don't be angry, captain!"

He turned to enter the house again, and I followed him, as eager a man as ever hunted for that which might take a fellow-creature's life.

"Do you, Peter and Dolly, keep a watch here," said I, indicating the place, "while I go below with this man. We must hold the gate, lads, hold it with our lives! If the two yonder come back, be sure you close their mouths. You understand, Peter—close their mouths!"

"Aye, I understand, captain!" said he, very quietly. "They'll not sing hymns when I've done with them!"

I followed the Italian down the stairs, and we made for the great hall again. Many lights were burning there, and the figures of women passed in and out of the splendid rooms. At the far corner, opposite Miss Ruth's own apartment, the Italian came to a halt and began to gabble again.

"Excellency live here, sir," said he; "the gun-room—you go right through to him; but Excellency, he have the key. Me only door-man. I speak true, sir!"

I opened the door of the room he indicated, and feeling upon the wall switched on a lamp. It was the palace of a place, with great book-racks all round it, and arm-chairs as long as beds in every corner, and instruments and tables and pretty ornaments enough to furnish a mansion; but for none

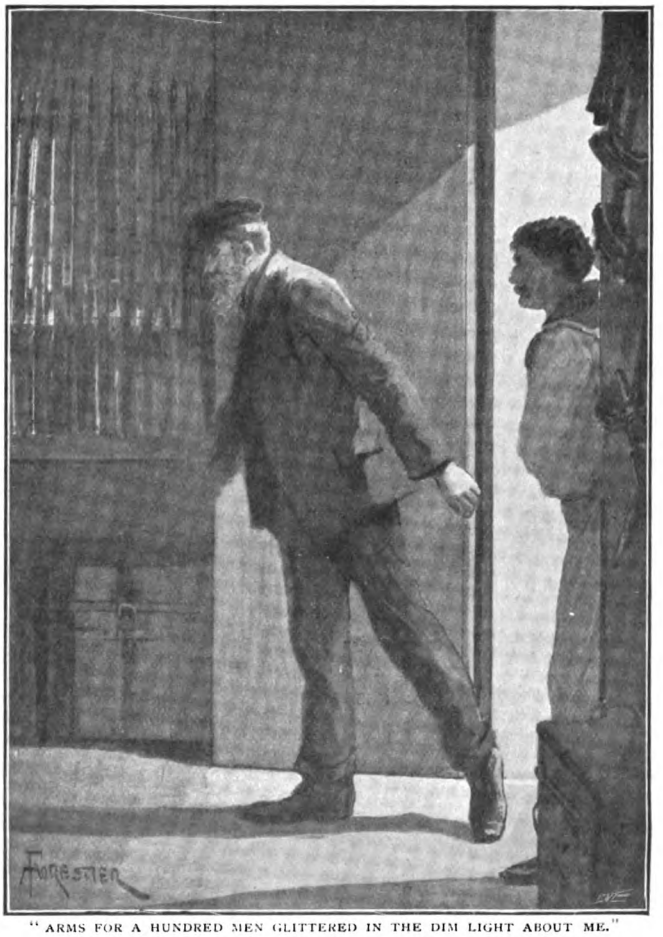
of these things had I eyes that night. Yonder, at the end of the room, a curtain opened above a door of iron: and through that door I saw at a glance the way to the gun-room lay. Ah, how my head tried to grapple with the trouble! The keys—where lay the keys? What chance or miracle would show me those? Was the key on Czerny's person or here in one of the drawers about? How much would I have paid to have been told that truly! But how to open it!

Now the Italian watched me with curious eyes as I went up to the door and drew the curtain back from it. A quick glance round the room did not show me what common sense was seeking — an iron safe in which Czerny's keys might lie. That he would keep the key of the armoury in the room, unless it were on his person, I had no doubt; and argument began to tell me that, after all, a safe might not be necessary. If alarm came it would come from the sea; or from the lower doors, which were locked against his demon crew. I began to say that the keys would be in a drawer or bureau, and I was going to ransack every piece of furniture, when—and this seemed beyond all reason—I saw something shining bright upon a little table in the corner, and crossing the room I picked up the very thing for which a man might have offered the half of his fortune.

"Heaven above!" said I, "if this is it—if this is it——"

And why should it not have been? News of the wreck had come to the house like a sudden alarm leaping up in the night; the keys, which I held with greedy fingers, might they not have been in Czerny's hands when the bell clanged loudly through the startled corridors? I saw him, forgetful in his very greed, serving out rifles to his willing men, running up at hazard to be sure of the truth, leaving behind him that which might open his house to the world for ever. And in my hand the fruit of his alarm was lying.

Ah, Heaven! it was the truth, and the door opened at my touch, and arms for a hundred men glittered in the dim light about me.



"ARMS FOR A HUNDRED MEN GLITTERED IN THE DIM LIGHT ABOUT ME."

CHAPTER XX.

THE FIRST ATTACK IS MADE BY CZERNY'S MEN.

We carried the shot to the stairs' head, each man working as though his own life were the price of willing labour. If Miss Ruth had tidings of the great good fortune the night had sent to us, she would neither stay our hands with questions nor wait for idle answers. For a moment I saw her, a figure to haunt a man, looking out from the door of her own room; but a long hour passed before I changed a word with her or knew if that which we had done would win her consent. Now, indeed, was Ruth Bellenden at

the parting of the ways, and of all in Czerny's house her lot must have been the hardest to bear. She had blotted the page of her old life that night and it never would be re-written. None the less, a woman's courage could show me a bright face and all that girlish gentleness which was her truest charm. Never once would she speak of her own trouble, but always lightly of ours; so that we three—little Ruth, Dr. Gray, and Jasper Begg—might have been friends met upon any common adventure, and not at the crisis of that desperate endeavour. And so I think it will befall in all the perilous days, that what is written in the story-books about loud exclamations and pale faces and all the rest of it is the property of the story-teller, and that in plain truth you find none of these things, but just silent actors and simple talk, and no more noise of the difficulty than the common day will bring. This, at least, is my memory of that never-to-be-forgotten night. To-morrow might give us life or death—a grave beneath the seas or mastership of that house of mystery; though of this no word passed between us, but briefly we gave each other the news and asked it in return.

"Captain," says the doctor, he being the first to speak, "they tell me you've struck a gun-store. Is it true or false?"

I told him that it was true, and making light of it—for I did not wish Miss Ruth to be upset before there was good reason—I named another thing.

"Yes," said I, "we shall defend ourselves if there's need, and give a good account, I hope. For the rest, we'll take it as we find it. I am trusting that Mister Czerny will listen to common sense and not risk blood-shed. If he does, the blame be on his own head, for I shall do my best to make it easy for him."

"I know you will I know you will, Jasper," says little Ruth, closing her hand upon mine, and not caring much what the doctor thought of it, I'll be bound; "we can do no more than our duty, each of us. Mine is very hard, but I shall not turn from it—never, while I know that duty says, 'Go on!'"

"That I'm sure you won't, Miss Ruth," was my answer to her; "if ever duty justified man or woman it justifies you and I this night. Let us begin with that and all the rest is easy. What we are doing is done as much for the sake of our fellow-men as for ourselves. We work for a good end—to let the world know what Ken's Island harbours and to keep our fellow-men from such a place. Accomplish that much, and right and humanity owe us something, though it's not for me to speak of it, nor is this the time. My business is to hold this house against the demons who are pillaging the ship yonder. The sea-gate I can take care of, Miss Ruth. It's what's below in the pit that I fear."

She listened with a curiosity which drank in every word and yet was not satiated. Nevertheless, I believe but half of my story was plain to her. And who blames her for that? Was not it enough for such a bit of a girl to say, "My friends are with me. I trust them. They will win my liberty." The arguments were for the men—for Mister Gray and me, who sought a road in the darkness, but could not find one.

"Two doors to this house, captain," says the doctor, after a little while, "and one of them shut. So much I understand. Are you sure that the cavern below is empty, or do you still count men in it?"

"'Tis just neither way," said I, "and that's the worst of it, doctor. The sea's to be held while the shell lasts and perhaps afterwards; but if there are men down below, why, then it's another matter. I'm staking all on a throw. What more can I do?"

He leaned back upon the sofa and appeared to think of it. Presently he said:—

"Captain, a man doesn't shoot with his foot, does he?"

And then, not waiting for me to answer, he goes on:—

"Why, no; he shoots with his hand. Just you plant me in the passage and give me a gun. I'll keep the door for you—by Jove, I will!"

Now, I saw that this promise frightened Miss Ruth more than she would say, for it was the first time that it occurred to her that men might come out of the pit. But she was just the one to turn it with a laugh, and crying, "What folly! what folly!" she called out at the same time for little Rosamunda, and began to think of that which I had clean forgotten.

"Jasper," says she, "you will never make a general—never, never! Why, where's your commissariat? Would you starve your crew and think nothing of it? Oh, we shall feed Mister Bligh, and then it will be easy," says she, prettily.

I made no objection to this, for it was evident that she wished to conceal her fears from us; but I knew that the doctor was wise, and before I left him there was a rifle at his side and twenty rounds to go with it.

"If there's any sound at the door of the corridor — so much as a scratch," said I, "fire that gun. I shall be with you before the smoke's lifted, and you will need me, doctor—indeed, you will!"

poor creatures! Did man ever hear of such a villainy—to fire a good ship in her misfortune? It would be a sin against an honest rope to hang such a crew as that!"

I stepped forward to the water's edge that

"I SHALL BE WITH YOU BEFORE THE SMOKE'S LIFTED."

I left him upon this and went up, more anxious than I would have confessed, to my shipmates at the gate. I found them standing together in the moonlight, which shone clear and golden upon a gentle sea, and gave points of fire to the rocky headlands of Ken's Island. So still it was, such a scene of wonder and of beauty, that but for the words which greeted me, and the dark figures peering across the water, and something very terrible on the distant reef, I might have believed myself keeping a lonely watch in the glory of a summer's night. That delusion the East denied. I knew the truth even before Mister Bligh named it.

"They've fired the ship, captain—fired the ship!" says he, with just anger. "Aye, Heaven do to them as they've done to those

I might see the thing more clearly. Looming up upon that fair horizon were wreathing clouds of smoke and crimson flames, and in the heart of it all the outline of the ship these fiends had doomed. No picture ever painted could present that woful scene or describe its magnificence as we saw it from the watch-tower of the reef. It was, indeed, as though the very heavens were on fire, while the sea all about the burning hull shone like a pool of molten gold in which strange shapes moved and the shadows of living things were to be seen. Now licking the quivering masts, now blown aside in tongue-shaped jets, the lambent flame spurted from every crack and crevice, leaped up from every port-hole of that splendid steamer. I saw that her minutes were numbered, and I said

that before the dawn broke she would sink, a mass of embers, into the hissing breakers.

"Good Lord, Mister Bligh!" cried I, the seaman's habit coming to me at the dreadful spectacle, "was ever such a thing heard of? And the poor people aboard—what of them now? What haven may they look for?"

"They've put the men ashore, sir," said Dolly Venn, hardly able to speak for his anxiety. "I saw two boat-loads go across to the bay while Mister Bligh was piling the ammunition. They've sent them to die on the island. And we so helpless that we must just look on like schoolgirls. Oh! I'd give all I've got to be over yonder with a hundred bluejackets at my elbow. Think of it, sir! Just a hundred, and cutlasses in their hands."

"Aye," said I, "and a tree for every rogue that rows a boat yonder. Well, my lad, thinking's no good this night, nor can you get the bluejackets by whistling. We haven't all served our time in a Queen's ship, Dolly, and we're just plain seamen; but we'll try and speak a word to Edmond Czerny by-and-by, or I'll never speak another. Now, help me with your young eyes, will you, and tell me if that's a ship's gig yonder, or if it isn't——"

He said that it was a ship's gig, and he pointed out that which I had not seen before—a steam yacht lying off to the east of us and waiting for some of her crew to go aboard. Edmond Czerny would be on deck there, I thought, watching the hounds he had sent to the work; and if that spectacle of death and destruction did not gratify him, then nothing would in all the world. And surely such a sight even he had not beheld in all his years. That shimmering molten sea, the island catching the reflected lights and making its own pictures of them; the distant forests, whose trees lifted fiery branches and leaves of flame; the mist-clouds raining blood and gold, the burning steamer, the great arena of fire-flecked sea and the small boats swimming upon it—what more of delight or devilry could Ken's Island give this vulture of the deep?

So much the night would show us as Providence willed and good hearts might determine.

Now, I have told you that little Dolly Venn had served in the Naval Reserve and knew more of gunnery than the most of us. To this, I bear witness, we owed much that night.

"You've got a skipper's part, Dolly, lad," said I, "and yon gig begins the trouble, if my eyes don't deceive me. Why, she's coming in here, lad, straight to this very door, just as fast as oars can bring her. And there's more to follow—a fleet of them, as any lubber could tell you."

"'Tis like a fête and gala on the old stinking Liffey," says Peter Bligh, peering with me across the busy sea. "A dozen boats, and every one of them full. I'd give something to see Mister Jacob to-night; indeed, and I would, captain. We are over few for such an 'out and home' as this."

It was rare to see Peter Bligh serious, but he had the right to be that night, and I was the last to blame him. Consider our situation and ask what others would have felt, placed as we were—four willing men upon a bit of a craggy rock rising sheer out of a thousand fathom sea, and commanded to hold the gate for our lives and for another life more precious against all the riff-raff that Ken's Island could send against us. Out on the shimmering sea I counted twelve boats with my own eyes, and knew that every one of them was full of cut-throats. In the half of an hour or sooner that demon's crew would knock at our gate and demand to come in. Whatever way we answered them, however clever we might be, was it reason to suppose that we could hold the rock against such odds, hold it until help came when help was so distant? I say that it was not. By all the chances, by every right reason, we should have been cut down where we stood, and our bodies swimming in the sea before the sun shone again on Ken's Island and its mysteries. And if this truth was present in my mind, how should it be absent from the minds of the others? Brave faces they showed me, bright words they spoke; but I knew what these concealed. We stood together for a woman's sake; we knew what the price might be and made no complaint of it.

"We are over few, Peter," said I, "but over few is better than many when the heart is right. Just you drink up that grog and put yourself where there is not so much of your precious body in the moonlight. It will be Dolly's place at the gun, and mine to help him. There is this in my mind, Peter, that we've no right to shoot fellow-creatures unless they call upon us so to do. When the gig comes up I'll give them a fair challenge before the volley's fired. After that it's up and at them, for Miss Ruth's sake. You will not forget, Peter, that if we can hold this place until help comes, belike we'll carry Miss Ruth to Europe and shut down this demon's den for ever. If that's not work good enough to put heart into a man, I don't know what is.

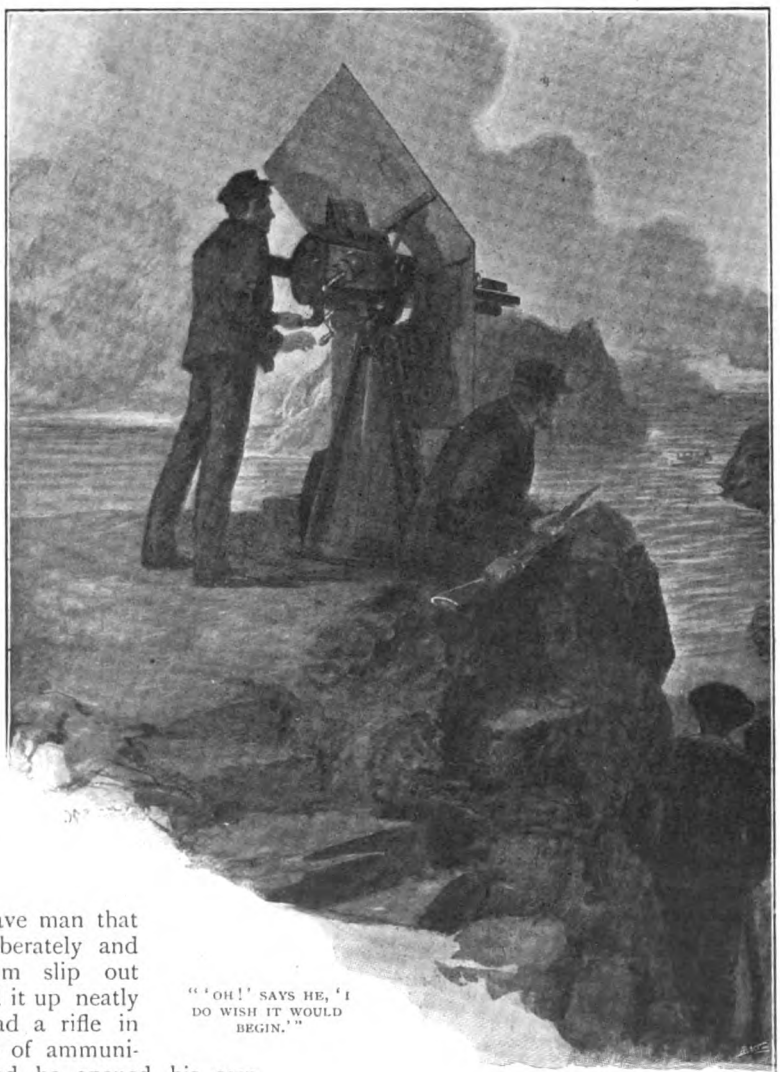
Aye, my lads," said I to them all, "tell yourselves that you are here and acting for the sake of one who did you many a kindness in the old time; and mind you shoot straight," says I, "and don't go wasting honest lead when there's carrion waiting for it."

They answered "Aye, Aye!" and Dolly, leaping up to the gun, began to give his orders just for all the world as though he skippered the ship and I was but a passenger.

"We'll put Regnarte in front," says he, "so that we can keep an eye on him. Let Peter hail them from where he's standing now; the rock covers him, captain, and the shield will take care of you and me. And oh!" says he, "I do wish it would begin—for my fingers are just itching!"

"Let them itch, lad, let them itch," was my answer; "here's the gig by the point, and they won't trouble you with that complaint long. Do you, Peter, give them a hail when I cry, 'Now!' If they stop, well and good; if they come on — why, you won't be asking them to walk right in!" says I.

He took my meaning and set to work like the brave man that he was. Very deliberately and carefully I saw him slip out of his coat and fold it up neatly at his feet. He had a rifle in his hand and a pile of ammunition on the floor, and he opened his own Remington and began to fill it. For my part, I stood by the gun's shield, and from that place, covered by a ring of steel, I looked out across the awaking sea. Impatience, doubt, hope, fear — these I forgot in the minutes which passed while the gig crept slowly across that silver pool. The silence was so great that a man might almost breathe it. Slow, to be sure, she was; and every man who has waited at a post of danger knows what it means to see a strange sail creeping up to you foot by foot, and to be asking yourself a dozen times over whether she be friend or enemy, a welcome consort or a rogue disguised. But there is an end to all things, even to the minutes of such



"'OH!' SAYS HE, 'I DO WISH IT WOULD BEGIN.'"

suspense; and I bear witness that I never heard sweeter music than the ringing hail which Mister Bligh sent across the still sea to the eight men in the gig, and to any other his message might concern.

"Ahoy!" cries he, "and what may you be

wanting, my hearties, and what flag do you sail under?"

Now, if ever a hail out of the night surprised eight men, this was the occasion and this the scene of it. They had come back from the pillaged ship believing that the sea-gate of the house stood open to them and that friends held it in all security. And here upon the threshold a strange voice hails them; they are asked a question which turns every ear toward the rock, sends every man's hand to the gun beside him. Instantly, their own vile deeds accusing them, they cry, "Discovery!" They tell each other, I make sure, that Czerny's house is in the possession of strangers. They are stark mad with curiosity, and unable for a spell to say a word to us.

They would not speak a word, I say; their oars were still, their boat drifted lazily to the drowsy tide. If they peered with all their eyes at the rock from which the voice came, but little consolation had they of the spectacle. The shadows spoke no truth, the gate hid the unknown; they could read no message there. Neither willing to go back nor to advance, they sat gaping in the boat. How could they know what anxious ears and itching hands waited for their reply?

A voice at last, crying harshly across the ripple of the water, broke the spell and set every tongue free again. Aye, it was good to hear them speak.

"Bob Williams," cries the voice. "What ho! my ancient! I guess that's you, Bob Williams."

"And I guess it isn't," roars Peter Bligh, half mad, like a true Irishman, at the thought of a fight. "It isn't Bob Williams, and be derned to you! Are you going ashore to Ken's Island or will you swim awhile? It's good water for bathing," says he, "and no charge for the machine. Aye," says he, "by the look of you cold water would not hurt your skins."

Well, they had nothing to say to this; but we could hear them parleying amongst themselves. And presently, another long-boat pulling up to them, the two together drifted in the open and then, without a word, began to row away to the lesser reef, whose gate I had shut not an hour ago. This I saw with very great alarm; for it came to me in an instant that if they could force the trap—and there were enough of them to do that, seeing that they had rifles in their hands—the whole of the lower rooms would swarm with their fellows presently, and I did not doubt that the house would be taken.

"Dolly," cried I, appealing to the lad, when, the Lord knows, my own head should have been the one to lead, "Dolly," cried I, "they'll force the gate—and what then, Dolly——?"

He had leapt up when the boats moved off, and now, drawing me back, with nervous fingers he began to show me what a man-of-war had taught him.

"No, sir, no," says he, wildly, "no, it's not that. Help me and I'll tell you—and, oh, Mister Begg, don't you see that this gun was put here to cover that very place?" says he.

Well, I had seen it, though in the stress of recent events it had slipped my memory; and yet it would have been as plain as the nose on the face to any gunner, even to the youngest. For if Czerny must hold his house against the world, how should he hold it with one door of two open to the sea? That devilish gun, swung there on a peak of the rock, could sweep the waters, turn where you might. It was going to sweep the lesser gate to-night.

"Round with her and quick about it," cries Dolly Venn, and never a gladder cry have I heard him utter. "They're coming ashore, captain. They are on the rock already."

I stood up to make sure of it, and saw four men leap from the gig to the rock which it was life or death for us to hold. And to Dolly I said:—

"Let go, lad; let go, in Heaven's name!"

He stood to the gun; and clear above all other sounds of the night the sharp reports rang out. That peaceful, sleeping sea awoke to an hour the like to which Ken's Island will never know again. We cast the glove to Edmond Czerny and powder spake our message. Henceforth it was his day or ours, life or death, the gallows or the sea.

There were four men upon the rock when the gun began to spurt its vomit of shot across the sea, and two of them fell almost with the first report. I saw a third dragging himself across the crags and pressing a hand madly against every stone as though to quench some burning flame; a fourth crouched down and began to cry to his fellows in the boats for mercy's sake to put in for him; but before they could lift a hand or ship an oar the fire was among them; and skimming the waves for a moment, then carrying beyond them, it caught them as a hail of burning steel at last and shut their lips for ever. Aye, how shall I tell you of it truly—the worming, tortured men, the

gaping wounds they showed, the madness which sent them headlong into the sea, the sagging boat dipping beneath them, the despair, the terror, when death came like a whirlwind? These things I shut from my eyes; I would not see them. The sharp reports, the words of agony, the oaths, the ferocious threats—they came and went as a storm upon the wind. And afterwards, when silence fell, and I beheld the silver sea, the ebbing flames where the steamer burned, the woods wherein honest seamen suffered in the death-trance from which but few would waken, I turned to my comrades and, hand linked in hand, I said, "Well done!"

"THE MADNESS WHICH SENT THEM HEADLONG INTO THE SEA."

CHAPTER XXI.

WHICH BRINGS IN THE DAY AND WHAT BEFELL THEREIN.

IT was just after dawn that Miss Ruth came up from her room below and found me at my lonely post on the plateau of the watch-tower rock. Dolly Venn was fast asleep by that time, and Peter Bligh and the carpenter no less willing for a spell of rest. I had sent them to their beds when it was plain to me that, whatever might come after, the night had nothing more in store for us; and though heavy with sleep myself I put it by for duty's sake.

Now, I was watching all alone, my rifle

between my knees and my eyes upon the breaking skies, when I heard a quick step behind me, and, turning round, I saw Miss Ruth herself, and felt her gentle hand upon my shoulder.

"I couldn't sleep, Jasper," said she, a little sadly I thought. "You are not angry with me for being here, Jasper?"

It blew cold with the dawn, and I was glad to see that she had wrapped her head in a warm white woollen shawl—for these little things stick in a man's memory—and that her dress was such as a woman might wear in that bleak place. She had dark rings about her eyes—which I have always said could look at you as the eyes of no other woman in all the world; and I began to think how odd it was that we two, whom fortune had cast out to this lonely rock together, should have said so little to each other, spoken such rare words since the ship put me ashore at the gate of her island home.

"Miss Ruth," said I, "it's small wonder what you tell me. This night is never to be forgotten by you and me, surely. Sometimes, even now, I think that I am dreaming it all. Why, look at it. Not two months ago I was in London hiring a ship from Philips, Westbury, and Co. You, I believed, were away in the Pacific, where all things beautiful should be. I saw you, Miss Ruth, in an island home, happy and contented, as it was the wish of us all that you should be. There were never lighter hearts on a quarter-deck than those which set out to do your bidding. 'It's Miss Ruth's fancy,' we told ourselves, 'that her friends should bring a message from the West, and be ready to serve her if she has the mind to employ them.' What other need could we think of? Be sure no whisper of this fiend's house or of yonder island where honest men will die to-day was heard by any man among us. We came to do your bidding as you had asked us. It was for you to say 'go' or 'stay.' We never thought what the truth would be—even now it seems to me a horrid nightmare which a man remembers when he is waking."

She drew a little closer to me, and stood gazing wistfully across the westward seas, beyond which lay home and liberty. Perchance her thoughts were away to the pretty town of Nice, where she had given her love to the man who had betrayed her, and had dreamed, as young girls will, of all that marriage and afterwards might mean to her.

"If it were only that, Jasper," she said, slowly, "just a dream and nothing more! But we know that it is not. Ah, think, if these things mean so much to you, what they have meant to me. I came away from Europe believing that Heaven would open at my feet. I said that a good man loved me, and I gave myself heart and soul to him. Just a silly little girl I was, who never asked questions, and trusted—yes, trusted all who said they loved her. And then the truth, and a weary woman to hear it! From little things which I would not see, it came speaking to me in greater things which I dare not pass by, until I knew—knew the best and the worst of it! And all my castles came tumbling down, and the picture was shut out, and I thought it was for ever. The message I spoke to the sea would never be answered, or would be answered when I no longer lived to hear it spoken. Do you blame a woman's weakness? Was I wrong to believe that you would forget the promise?"

"I never forgot it, Miss Ruth," was my answer, "never for a moment. 'Maybe,' said I to Peter Bligh, 'she'll laugh when I go ashore; maybe—but it is a thousand to one against that—she'll have need of me.' When I saw Ken's Island looming on my port-bow, why I said, 'It's just such a picture of a place as a rich man would pitch upon for an island home. It's a garden land,' said I, 'a sunny haven in this good Pacific sea.' Judge how far I was from the truth, Miss Ruth, how little I knew of this prison-house that, God helping me, shall stand open to the world before many days have come and gone."

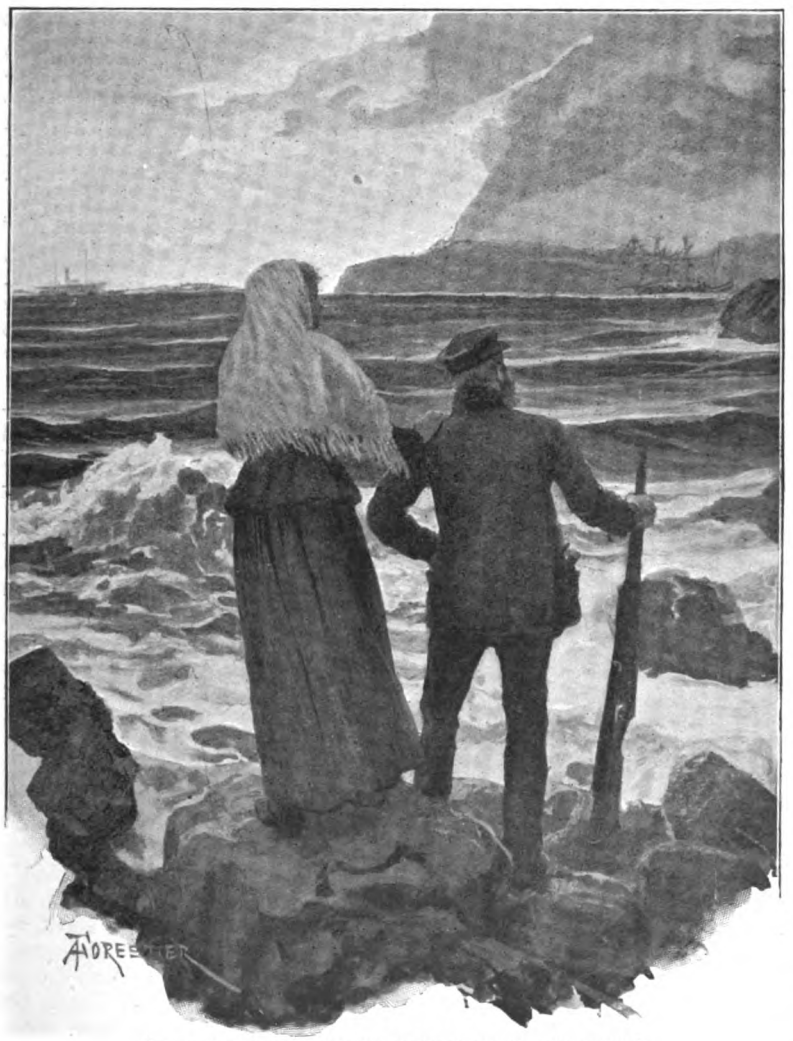
She was silent for a spell, for her eyes were searching the distant island, and she seemed to be scanning its fog-bound heights and misty valleys as though to read that secret of the night of which I hoped no man had told her.

"The ship that came ashore last night, Jasper?" she asked, of a sudden. "What have they done to the ship?"

I put my hand upon her arm and led her forward to the sea's edge, whence we could espy both the sword-fish reef and the ashes of her bungalow at the island's heart. The day had broken by this time, quick and beautiful as ever in the Pacific Ocean. Sunny waves rolled up to our very feet. There were glittering caps of rock gleaming above the island of death. Czerny's yacht lay, the picture of a ship, eastward in the offing. The long-boats, twelve of them, and each loaded with its vile crew, drifted round and round the master's ship; but never a man that went aboard from them.

"The ship," said I, "is where many a good ship has gone before: a thousand fathoms down by yonder cruel reef. As for those that sailed her, they live or die on Ken's Island, mistress. Last night in my watch I heard them crying like wild beasts that hunger drives. Those who do not sleep to-day herd together on yonder beach. I counted nine of them not half an hour since."

She tried to see with me, looking across the water; and presently she said:—



"SHE TRIED TO SEE WITH ME, LOOKING ACROSS THE WATER."

"There are men there and women, too—oh, Jasper, think of it, women!"

"Ah!" said I, "I have been thinking of it for an hour or more, ever since I first made a signal to them. So much comes of being a seaman, who can speak to folks when others are dumb. If they read my message aright, they'll not stay on Ken's Island to sleep, be sure of it; but I doubt that they'll dare it, Miss Ruth. Poor souls; their need is sore, indeed!"

"And our own, Jasper," says she, "is our own less? You are brave men, and you have all a woman's trust and gratitude; but, Jasper, when my husband comes, what will you say to him? They are a hundred and we are but five, shut up in this prison of the sea! We may live here for ever and no help come to us. We may even die here, Jasper. There are things I will not either name or think of. But, oh, Jasper," says she, "if we could save those poor people!"

It was always thus with her—nine thoughts for others and not the half of one for herself. What she meant by the things she would not name or speak of, I could hardly guess; but it was in my head that she meant to indicate the corridors below and that unknown danger which iron doors shut down. I had been a clearer-headed man that morning if I could have put away from me my doubt of what the depths were hiding from us. But I hid it from her always. A truce of self-deception shut out the question as one we neither cared to hear nor answer.

"Miss Ruth," said I, speaking very slowly, "those people have a boat, for you can see it on yon sands. Let them find the courage

to float it, and it is even possible that Dolly Venn and I can do the rest. We should be thirteen men then, and glad of the number. I won't hide it from you that we are a pitiful handful to face such a horde as lingers yonder. Why, think of it. Your husband keeps them off the yacht, that's clear to a child's eye. What harbour, then, is open to them? The island—yes, there's that! They can go and sleep the death-sleep on the island, as many an honest man before them. But they will have something to say to Czerny first, if I know anything of their quality! Our plight is bad enough; but I wouldn't be in your husband's shoes to-day for all the money in London City. We may pull through—there would be rasher promises than that; but Edmond Czerny will never see a white man's town again—no, not if he lives a hundred years!"

"It would be justice, God's justice," said she, very slowly; "there is that in the world always, Jasper. Whatever may be in store for me, I should like to think that I had done my duty as you are doing yours."

"We won't talk of that," said I; "the day is dark, but the sunshine follows after. Some day, in some home across the sea, we'll tell each other how we held Ken's Island against a hundred. It may be that, dear friend; Heaven knows, it may be that!"

It was five o'clock in the morning by my watch when I signalled for the second time to the people on the beach, and half-past five when first they answered me. Until that time I had not wished to awake Dolly Venn or Mister Bligh; but now, when it began to come to me that I might, indeed, save these poor driven folks and add to the garrison which held the house, sleep was banished from my eyes and I had the strength and heart of ten. No longer could I doubt that my signals were seen and read by some sailor on that distant shore. Driven out, as they must have been, by the awful fogs which loomed over Ken's Island, gasping for their lives at the water's edge, who shall blame their hesitation or exclaim upon that delay? Over the sea they beheld a white flag waving. Was it the flag which friend or foe had raised? There, from that craggy rock, help was offered them. Could they believe such good fortune, those who seemed to have but minutes to live?

Well, Dolly Venn came up to me, and Peter Bligh, half awake from sleep; and all standing together (Seth Barker keeping watch below) I told them how we stood and pointed out that which might follow after.

"There'll be no attack from Czerny's men with the light," said I; "for so much is plain reason. If there's murder done out yonder, look for it on Czerny's yacht when his friends would go aboard. Why, see, lads, there are a hundred and twenty men, at the lowest reckoning, drifting yonder in open boats. Who's to feed them, who's to house them? They can go ashore on Ken's Island and dance to the sleep-music; but they are not the sort to do that, from what we've seen of them! No, they'll have it out with Edmond Czerny; they'll want to know the reason why! And let the wind blow more than a capful," said I, "and by the Lord above me not a man among them will see to-morrow's sun! Does that put heart into you, Peter, or does it not? There are folks to save over there, Peter Bligh," says I, "and we'll save them yet!"

His reply was an earnest "God grant it!" and from that moment the sleep left his eyes, and standing by my side, as he had stood many a day on the bridge of the *Southern Cross*, he began to read the signals and to interpret them aloud as the old-time duty prompted him.

"Eight men and a woman, and one long-boat," says he; "sickness amongst them and no arms. 'Tis to know if they shall put off now or wait for the dark. You'll be answering that, captain."

"Let them come, let them come," said I; "how's the dark to help them? Will they live a day in the fogs we know of? And what sort of a port is Ken's Island in the sleep-time for any Christian man? If Czerny murders them on the high seas, so much the more against him when his day comes. Let them come, Peter, and the Lord help them, poor wretches."

I was using my arms with every word, and trying to make my meaning clear to the poor folks on the beach. So far they had been content to answer me with questions; but now, all at once, they ceased to signal, and a black object riding above the surf told me that they had risked all and were afloat, be the danger what it might. At the same moment a sharp cry from Dolly Venn turned my eyes to Czerny's yacht; and I saw his men rowing their boats for the open water of the bay, and I knew that murder was in their minds, and that the hour had come when every veil was to be cast aside and their purpose declared against all humanity.

"Clear the gun and stand by," was my order to the others; "we'll give them something to take home with them, and it sha'n't

be pippins! Can you range them, Dolly, or must you wait? There's no time to lose, my lad, if honest lives are to be saved this day."

He went to work without a word, charging his magazine and training the gun eastwards towards the advancing boats. If he did not fire at once, it was because he doubted his range; and here was his difficulty, that by sweeping round to the east and coming at the refugees upon a new course, Czerny's lot might yet cheat us and do the infernal work they intended. Indeed, the poor people in the long-boat were just racing for their lives; and whether we could help them or whether they must perish time alone would show. Yard by yard, painfully, laboriously, they pushed toward the rock; yard by yard the brigand crew were bearing down upon them. And still Dolly kept his shot; the gun had nothing to say to them. No crueller sight you could plan or imagine. It was as though we were permitting poor driven people to be slaughtered before our very eyes.

"Fire, Dolly, lad!" cried I, at last—"fire, for pity's sake! Will you see them die before our very eyes?"

"HIS FINGERS TREMBLED UPON THE GUN."

His fingers trembled upon the gun. He had all the heart to do it; but still he would not fire.

"I can't," says he, half mad at his

confession, "the gun won't do it—it's cruel, captain—cruel to see it—they're half a mile out of range. And the others dropping their oars. Look at that. A man's down, and another is trying to take his place——"

It was true as I live. From some cause or other, I could only surmise, the long-boat lay drifting with the tide and one of Czerny's boats, far ahead of its fellows, was almost atop of her.

"They're done!" cries Peter Bligh, with an oath, "done entirely. God rest their souls. They'll never make the rock——"

We believed it surely. The refugees were done: the pirates had unsheathed their knives for the butchers' work. I said no human help could save them; and, saying it, a voice from the open door behind me gave the lie to Peter Bligh and named a miracle.

"'Tis the others that need your prayers, Mister Bligh — Czerny's lot are sinking sure——"

I looked round and found Seth Barker at my elbow. His orders had been to watch the gate of the corridor below. I asked him what brought him there, and he told me something which sent my heart into my mouth.

"There's knocking down below and strange voices, sir. No danger, says Mister Gray, but a fact you should know of. Belike they'll pass on, sir, and please God they'll leave the engine for their own sakes."

"Does Mister Gray say that?" asked I. "Does he fear for the engine?"

"If it stops, we're all dead men for want of breath, the doctor says."

"Then it sha'n't stop," said I, "for here's a man that will open the trap if two or twenty stand below."

He had quickened my pulse with his tale, for the truth of it I could not deny; and it seemed to me that danger began to close in upon us, turn where we might, and that the outcome must be the worst, the very worst a man could picture. If I had any satisfaction, any consolation of that wearing hour, it was the sight I beheld out there upon the hither sea, where Czerny's boat drifted upon its prey—yet so drifted that a child might have said, "She's done with; she's sinking."

"Cheated, by all that's wonderful," cries Peter Bligh, with a tremendous oath; "aye, down to oblivion, and an honest man's curse go with you. The rogue's done, my lads; she's done for, certain."

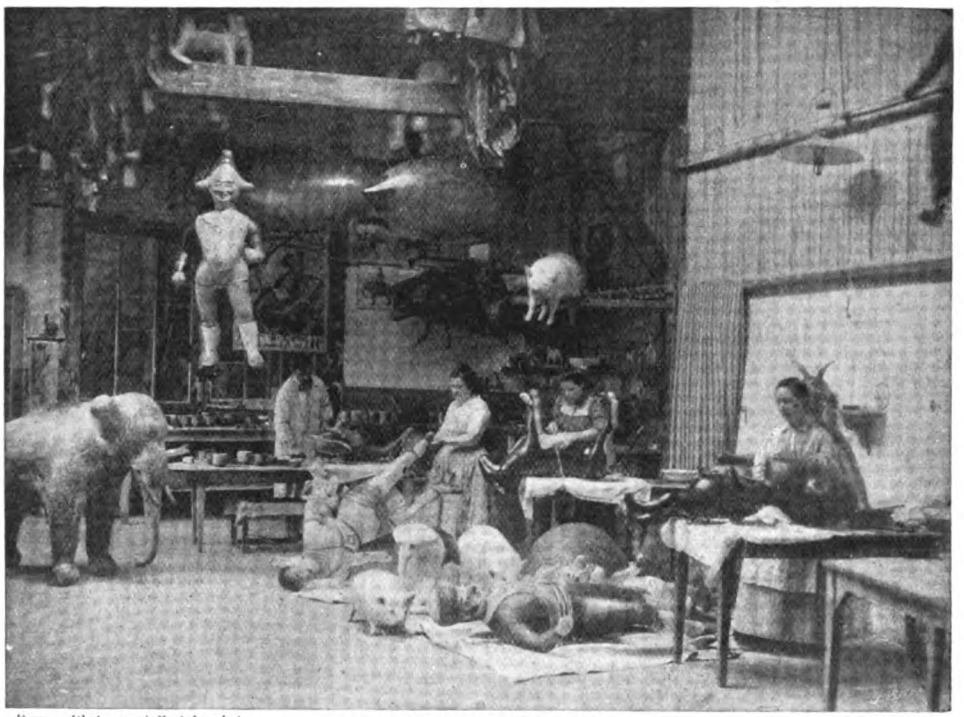
We stood close together and watched the scene with burning eyes. Dolly Venn chattered away about a shot that must have struck the boat last night and burst her seams. I cared nothing for the reasons, but took the facts as the sea showed them to me. Be the cause what it might, those who would have dealt out death to the refugees were going down to eternity now, their arms in their hands, their mad desire still to be read in every gesture. When the truth came swift upon them, when the seas began to break right in across their beam, then, I say, they leaped up mad with fear, and then only forgot their prey. For think what that must have meant to them, the very boat sinking beneath them; their comrades far away; the waves lapping their feet; the sure knowledge that they must die, every man of them within hail of those very woods wherein so many had perished for their pleasure. Aye, it came upon them swiftly enough, and the good boat, making a brave effort to battle with the swell, went down headlong anon, and the cries of twelve drowning men echoed even in the distant island's hills. That which had been a placid sea with two ship's boats was still a placid sea though but one boat swam there. I beheld horrible faces looking upward through the blinding spindrift; I saw arms thrust out above the foam-flecked waters; I witnessed all that fearful struggle for life and air and the sun's bright light; and then, aye, then the scene changed awfully, and silence came upon all, and the sun was still shining, and the untroubled deep lapped gently at our feet.

The twelve had perished; but the nine were saved. Stand awestruck as we might, seeing the hand of God in this deliverance, the truth of it remained to put new heart into us and to hide that scene from our eyes. There, pursued no longer, was the island boat. Glad voices hailed us, wan figures stood up to clasp our hands; we lifted a woman to the rocks; we ran hither, thither, for help and comfort for them. But nine in all, they were our human salvage, our prize, our treasure of honest lives. And we had snatched them from the brigand crew, and henceforth they would stand with us, shoulder to shoulder, until the day were won or lost and Ken's Island gave up its mysteries, or gathered us for that last great sleep-time from which there is no waking.

(To be continued.)

The Hoardings of the Air.

By Herbert Vivian.



From a Photo. specially taken by] A SCENE IN THE BALLOON FACTORY. *[Paul Geniaux.*

I HAVE always felt a temptation to join the society for checking the abuses of public advertisement. It is too aggravating, when you have toiled up mountains, crossed crevasses, and dodged avalanches in the hope of beholding a unique piece of scenery, to be confronted by unsightly puffs of a soap or a chocolate. Travelling by train is tedious enough, but it sometimes has compensations. For instance, M. Bouguerreau, daintiest of French artists, told me the other day that his latest and best masterpiece was suggested to him by a couple of minutes' outlook from a railway-carriage window. It was after an all-night journey, when he saw wonderful mists curling up into the false dawn, and they suggested to him a cloud of nymphs, while some rough brown stones in the foreground were satyrs crouching to admire the mysterious vision. But how quickly the spell would have been conjured away if, in the midst of this fairy scene, his eye had suddenly met a mustard-maker's hoarding! Again, what noble edifice or venerable pile could altogether escape being vulgarized by a lavish decoration of sky-signs?

On the other hand, there are not the same objections to balloons as an advertising device. Perhaps it is that the mobility of a balloon confers upon it a certain natural grace; at any rate, distance lends enchantment to it. I remember at one of the Paris exhibitions a fine sensation was produced by the extraordinary balloon, of which a photograph is reproduced on the next page, shaped like a scent-bottle, whereon a perfumer's name was writ very large indeed. A car, capable of holding thirty persons, was attached and the bottle used to float all over Paris. Each trip cost some £400, but a far more effective advertisement was secured than if the money had been spent in the ordinary humdrum way.

This balloon was the creation of M. Lachambre, who stands quite at the head of his profession. It was he who constructed the balloon in which the unfortunate André

From a Photo. specially taken by] A GENERAL VIEW OF THE WORKROOM. *[Paul Géniaux.*

set out for the inexorable Arctic. All the air-ships of M. Santos-Dumont have come from the same workshops, and I was able to observe the process of manufacturing his latest design. What we may call the passenger-balloons, whether captive, navigable, or otherwise, are made of silk; and in view of aeronautics possibly becoming some day a popular pursuit, I thought it would be interesting to get an idea of the cost of the sport.

At present a balloon of 150 cubic mètres, with all the necessary accessories, costs from £54 to £62, according to the silk used. This is the smallest size made for human ascensions, and would only accommodate one person. A balloon of 3,000 cubic mètres may cost as much as £900, but could carry sixteen persons. In fact, to buy a balloon may be reckoned as rather cheaper than buying a motor-car. But when you come to the cost of using your vehicle you will find that you must spend a pound in the air when a few pence would suffice on the road.

THE SCENT-BOTTLE BALLOON.
From a Photo. by Henri Lachambre, Paris.

M. Lachambre

had plenty to say about his aeronaut clients and the balloons he had constructed for them, but the subject has lately lost much of its novelty, and I was more specially anxious to hear about the possibilities of balloons for advertisements. He confessed at once that his grotesques were intended originally to add to the fun of a fair, and had only come by chance to be adapted to the more serious purpose. Yet he agreed that few, if any, ways of catching the public eye were likely to be so attractive. Picture the effect upon a crowd, say at a race-meeting or a coronation, or any great popular concourse, if the air were suddenly filled with floating effigies of wild beasts, clowns, Mother Hubbards, John Gilpins, soldiers, policemen, and even famous public characters, all proclaiming the merits of a new quack medicine. At election times they might be provided with "clean slates" and sent up to overhang a constituency with exhortations to vote for "the people's friend" or "pure beer," as a substitute for the monotonous array of posters now in vogue.

A FULL-BLOWN TIGER.
From a Photo. specially taken by Paul Géniaux.

When I entered the chief workshop I seemed to have stepped into the midst of a fairy tale. Huge fish of strange shapes and vivid colours were swimming about leisurely, tethered to the rafters. All the funniest characters that have been made familiar by many pantomimes bobbed up and down, shaking with merriment, or conspired in corners as though hatching prodigious practical jokes. There were pigs with wings, monkeys riding a-cock-horse, apocalyptic beasts wearing each other's heads promiscuously, gnomes, ogres—in fact, every conceivable accessory to a first-class nightmare.

M. Lachambre laughed at my amazement.

"That is nothing," said he; "I have whole warehouses full of stranger beings than these."

He opened a cupboard and displayed hundreds of variegated bundles all ranged together most symmetrically.

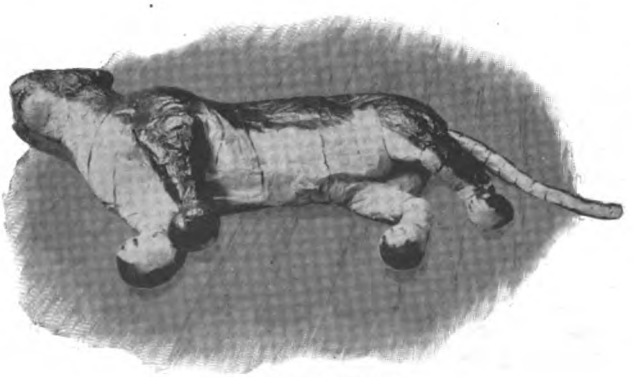
"If these were blown out," said he, "I could quickly fill this room."

"And if you inflated all your stock?"

"Ah! then I could populate the air for the whole of the Metropolis."

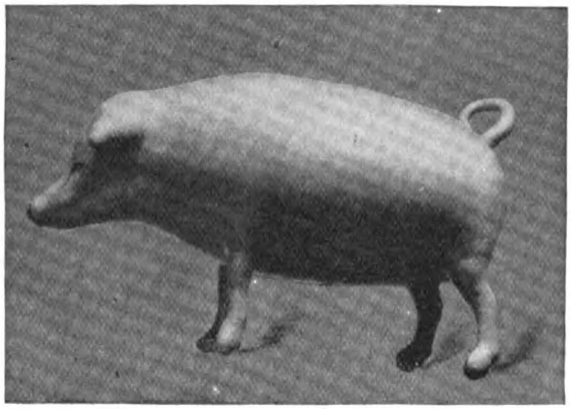
He gave a sign, and industrious hands set to work to undo bundles. A nozzle was applied to a pump; a few quick foot-beats and a mysterious being sprang suddenly into existence. In less than ten minutes a score of them were bumping about the floor in all directions, as though bewildered with their new-found life, and struggling to rise up. Frankenstein himself would have grown green with envy.

A life-size tiger was blown very taut and hung up to have his likeness taken. Never was there a more provoking sitter. It seemed an age before he would consent to stop fidgeting, and so natural were his movements that I half expected him to emit a roar and fall upon the great sleek porker which had just come to life hard by. When we had had our fill of admiration,



THE TIGER COLLAPSING.
From a Photo. specially taken by Paul Géniaux.

his air-nozzle was untied and he was thrown upon a rug to expire. Never could I have imagined a more realistic death-scene. His convulsive agonies were terrible to behold. He lashed the air with his tail, which tied itself into knots as it grew more limp; his legs stretched themselves out in writhing convulsions; they were drawn in painfully; the beast made frantic efforts to extend them again, each time feebler and feebler; and most horrible of all were the deep throbbing gasps of his great white breast. His head fell back with a jerk; his tail was now extended, limp and flat; his legs were feebly stiffened, and the hard breathing grew more laboured and more faint. It was all horribly gruesome, and reminded me irresistibly of the saddest death-scene I ever witnessed—that of my dear gazelle. An attendant now wanted to come and give the tiger his *coup de grâce* by rolling him back into his bundle, but I begged him to let me see the whole tragedy to its natural end. I felt that the dramatic scene was too good to be lost, so the bellows were called into requisition once more, the lord of the forest received a fresh lease of life, and died anew before the cold stare of the camera.



A PORKER BALLOON.
From a Photo. specially taken by Paul Géniaux.

I was by this time so profoundly distressed that I welcomed more jovial sights. The porker was filled out so tautly that I am sure he would have taken a prize at any show, and I was told that his sleek surface would be peculiarly adapted for advertising purposes. Paint some thick red letters upon his hams and they would command attention at a great distance. Next came a merry Polichinelle with the traditional humps, soaring aloft in pursuit of a red-nosed gendarme. The police force, I understood, was in special request as a medium of buffoonery, which is scarcely encouraging for those who expect to find law and order respected in France.

Then we went on to organize various comic scenes. On the next page are the figures of a funny little man and woman, whose wedding we extemporized. As a matter of fact, they are not little when we come to measure them in inches, but their huge heads, out of all proportion with their bodies, give them the appearance of dwarfs. When we posed them side by side the female instantly gave a lurch, with the result that her arm thrust itself into that of her companion, to the intense amusement of the company, who were evidently impressed by her familiarity. Having taken their picture, we set to work to provide unsuitable wedding-guests, and all the cupboards had to be ransacked. What would I prefer? I suggested a chimney-sweep, but a long search failed to produce one. Presumably he was sleeping after his early labours. Then I said: "Let us have some political characters. Where is Monsieur Chamberlain?" But it turned out that almost alone among the makers of grotesques in France M. Lachambre had not yet started to caricature the chief butt of the French Press and music-halls. However, I was able to produce an indiarubber

POLICHINELLE SOARING.
From a Photo. specially taken by Paul Géniaux.

toy which I had purchased on the boulevards. It had a cannibal-looking face, with very long teeth, and an eye-glass served to dot the i's. When blown out it proceeded to expire with sepulchral groans, and it had a great sale as "Chamberlain's last sigh" (*le dernier soupir de Shambairlan*).

My two suggestions having failed, I decided to leave the choice of the guests to my host, and he soon produced a goodly array. Instead of a chimney-sweep he produced a fireman, whom he declared to be far more frequently summoned in Paris. As a substitute for the Colonial Secretary he gave me a choice of General Boum, a light tenor, and a *singe comique*, but I dismissed all three as uncomplimentary. However, we had a cook and a wrestler, a pastry-cook and a harlequin, an apothecary and a pork-butcher, a Turk, a redskin, a Zulu, the Marquis of Carabas, Robert Macaire, Don Quixote, an astrologer, an alguazil, a French sportsman, a duke, and an archangel. When I pointed out that the fair sex was insufficiently represented a further search was made, and we inflated Madame Pipelet (the concierge's wife), a geisha, a Neapolitan singer, a bathing-woman, La Mère Michel, Red Riding Hood (Petit Chaperon Rouge), Mrs. Satan, La Belle Fatma, Colombine, Mascotte, a mediæval Princess, and the Queen of the Washerwomen. The party was now complete, and there was plenty of fun to be had in allowing them to float about and flirt in the air. I related the story of the wedding-party at Uzhitse, in Servia, where a pack of wolves devoured the bride and bridegroom, the pope, and all the guests. The hint was taken at once Six life-size wolves were inflated and let loose upon our happy party. With a little childish freedom of the imagination it would have been possible to vow they were giving chase among the rafters, and when the bridegroom's valve opened in the embrace of a wild beast and he collapsed upon the floor we adjudged him to have been devoured. This description may serve to indicate the amount of fun to be obtained for a children's party from a good supply of these inimitable balloons.

A MARRIED COUPLE.
From a Photo. specially taken by Paul Géniaux.

After this, various set-pieces were produced. We had a bull-fight with a very creditable number of accessories; a tamer of crocodiles, who was deliciously grotesque; the King of Yvetot (a famous character in French nursery-rhymes) riding on his donkey and attended by his Court; and, finally, a menagerie. I put them on their mettle to produce as fine a menagerie as any in the world, and they certainly produced a far funnier one. Scarcely any animal was missing, and the incongruities of size added to the fanciful effect. The dormouse was bigger than the wild boar, and Puss in Boots could have put St. George to shame by swallowing up the dragon. There was a very fine sea-lion, with an absurdly knowing face; a mild-eyed hippopotamus coquetted with a ferocious rabbit; and a bloated lion lay down with a brutal lamb. I could have gone on playing with these delightful toys for days, but an overdue luncheon-hour recalled me to business, and I requested to see something made.

Big, serious balloons are made of silk, but those with which we are concerned consist of skins to be found inside oxen. As each is only about a foot square it may be imagined that a large number are required to make an elephant or a life-size Polichinelle. The

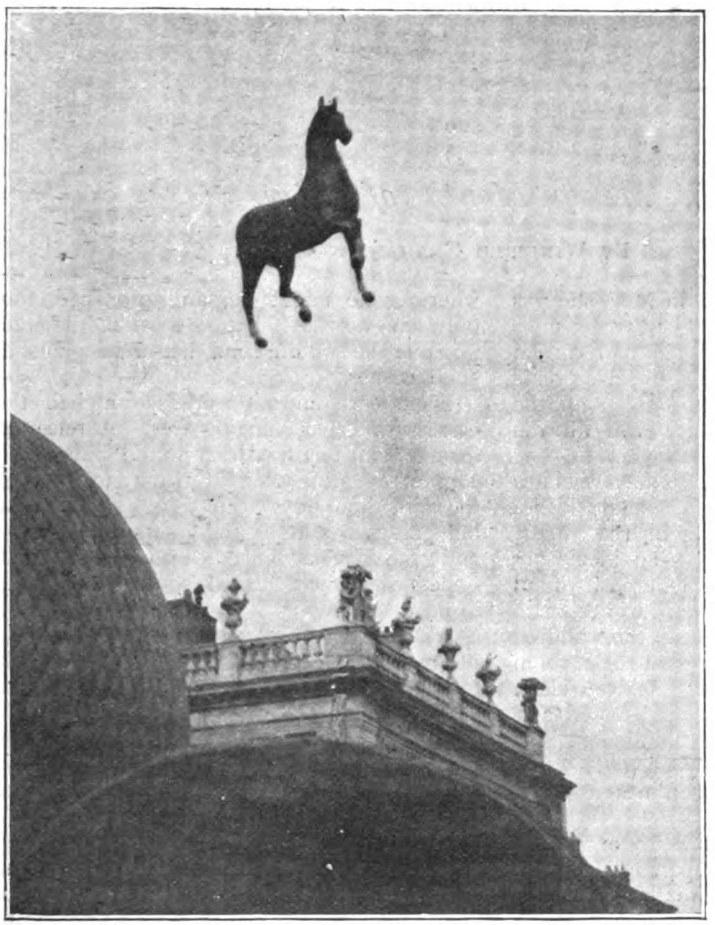
skin is called *baudruche*, which I fancied was French for gold-beaters' skin, but the slimy white films, which were taken out of water-buckets for my inspection, seemed very different from the dainty little plasters sold by our chemists under the same name.

PREPARING A MODEL.
From a Photo. specially taken by Paul Géniaux.

When a gold-beaters' skin balloon is to be made, the first step is to make a model in wood, divisible into two sections. On this the skins are stretched, double thickness, to form a skin-model. The wood having been removed, the two halves of the skin-model are joined and inflated. These models are often more grotesque than the finished balloon itself. I espied one, which was intended to represent a Norman woman, with a great bump on her head where her *coiffe* would appear, and took a photograph of it when it was being trimmed—like someone lying flat on his back to be shaved.

When the skin-model is finished it is inflated; more skins are stretched out upon it to take the exact shape; finally the air is let out and the model is extracted. Then the balloon is expanded itself and a man proceeds to paint it. I saw a big fish treated in this way. It was intended as an advertisement of some preserved salmon, and the artist had only a label off a tin to guide his labours. Still, he succeeded in contriving a very effective effigy. These balloons are not very cheap. A creature 19in. long, if made with single skins, will only cost 4s.; but the single-skin balloons are only intended to be let off once on a *fête* day and allowed to disappear. To hang outside a shop or to float a number of times you require a double thickness of skin. This, if filled with ordinary household gas, will maintain its equilibrium in the air, and may be used by advertisers as a sort of captive balloon. Nineteen inches long it will cost 7s. 6d., but in the case of an animal between 5ft. and 7½ft. long it will come to £3, while for a life-sized elephant, fatted ox, or gigantic Queen of the Washerwomen you must run to £6.

Perhaps the most successful toy or advertisement balloon which M. Lachambre has created was a Brobdingnagian horse, which trotted and galloped over the roofs of houses, even away over the domes of Nancy, and suggested some magical creature out of the "Arabian Nights." There is, however, no limit to the size and minuteness of what can be done in this respect, and any princely pill-man who cared to give M. Lachambre *carte-blanche* would have no difficulty in staggering the town.



From a Photo. by] A HORSE-BALLOON, ALOFT. *[Henri Lachambre.*

M. Lachambre, however, looks on all this as child's play. He considers it his mission in life to equip an André for the North Pole or a Santos-Dumont to brave the Mediterranean. On the subject of military balloons he has a great wealth of information, though he is somewhat chary of dispensing it. There is no doubt that an aeronaut makes an excellent spy, particularly if he can ascend out of the range of bullets. The outfit for one officer consists of a balloon of 350 cubic mètres, a hydrogen apparatus producing sixty to eighty cubic mètres of gas per hour, and a steam trolly with four or five horse-power and a cable 350 mètres long. For more serious operations the maker recommends a balloon of 650 cubic mètres, which would be about 34ft. in diameter, with a 500-mètre cable, and apparatus capable of producing gas at the rate of 150 to 175 cubic mètres per hour. These would evidently be of no great utility on a sudden emergency, but might assist a campaign where guerilla warfare was barred.

My conclusion when I came away was that ballooning is still in absolute infancy. But so was motor-travelling a very few years ago. All the polish and finish of detail have been perfected, and, within the limitations of the sport, all possible comfort has been attained. But, as in the case of the gold-beaters' skin tiger who died so pathetically, each balloon possesses the semblance without the reality of life. Frankenstein has formed his monsters but cannot inspire them. Probably some trivial, semi-accidental discovery will very soon render the navigation of the air as easy as tricycling. For the present it is mere rudderless meandering. But I think I have shown that both graceful and amusing balloons are available, and I have no hesitation in recommending them to advertisers in search of a novelty, as well as to those who seek original distractions for an outdoor festival.

The Merry Month of May.

By Winifred Graham.

SHE was born in May, she was christened "Maisy," and winter and summer she had carried with her through seven years of happy existence all the beauty together with all the sweetness of May flowers.

Her home lay amongst the Wicklow mountains in the fair, fresh Emerald Isle, a delightful old house nestling in the valley, surrounded by a large park—an ideal spot for childhood's dreams. All the year round this small person looked forward to her birthday party. From far and near the children flocked to dance in the great oak room with its highly-polished floor. At five o'clock all the shutters downstairs were closed and a blaze of artificial light illuminated the simpering family portraits of old-world damsels and the frowning manliness of their sterner companions.

Mrs. Arnold stood by her bedroom window in the sunlight. All was prepared below, and she thought with a sigh this was the second year Johnnie had been absent from his little step-sister's birthday treat. Johnnie, her first-born, her only son, the child with whom she had been left a widow at the early age of nineteen—far away on African soil, fighting for his country. Dearly as she loved her second child, it was impossible not to feel sad occasionally when certain anniversaries especially emphasized Johnnie's absence.

The red-tinged clouds were just settling on the distant mountains, hiding their peaks in a misty radiance. Below the white may trees, heavy with blossom, foretold the speedy approach of June. In a few more days the month of roses would crown the earth and timid spring give way to flaming summer.

The garden looked strangely ideal in the twilight; Mrs. Arnold felt a sudden thrill at the beauty of the evening.

"Everything must be merry and gay for Maisy's party," she told herself; "it would not do for a single shadow to fall on the child's happiness, or Johnnie would be vexed." He had promised to think of *her* wherever he might be, and promised, too, only in his last letter, that if it were possible he would send her a telegram of good wishes.

From early morning Maisy watched the drive with eager, longing eyes. A telegram for her from South Africa would have been a great event, a splendid trophy to show to the girls and boys who were coming to be her guests. But as the hours dragged on and the day advanced, even the childish hopes, which had burned so brightly, began to flag.

"You really must not expect it to come," her parents told her; "Johnnie is so unlikely to be able to send it off. He only said, 'If it were possible!'"

No sooner was Maisy dressed for the party than she danced down the broad, low-stepped staircase of oak, with the intention of taking a last look out of the hall door.

Turning the massive handle with difficulty, the "birthday child," in her frock of spotless muslin, let in a gust of fresh, sweet-scented air, straight from the hills beyond.

She could hardly believe her eyes, for the joy of a long day's waiting was actually facing her in the form of a boy standing with a yellow envelope in his outstretched hand.

"I was just going to ring, miss," he said, as she snatched the precious telegram, her fingers trembling and her cheeks aflame with scarlet roses. Very pretty she looked in her soft, fluffy frills, her hair tied on one side, American fashion, with a pale blue ribbon, little blue shoes, blue bows on her sleeves, and wide, inquiring eyes.

She never thought to look if the telegram were addressed to her; she just rushed back into the house, saying excitedly to herself, "It's come! It's come!"

The hall was empty, though brightly lighted and decorated with great bowls of spring flowers. Maisy knelt on a broad sofa under a hanging-lamp and opened the precious message, her heart beating so fiercely with suppressed emotion she could hardly breathe.

Maisy was an exceptionally quick child, and had been able to read since she was five.

Carefully she spelt out the words one by one, till their full import broke upon her with paralyzing force. Then, as if filled with deadly terror, she started off running as fast as she could to her own room at the top of the house. Shutting the door, she sank down by the window, her head buried in the curtains, and lay crouching there as if stunned.

Close to her heart she held the terrible message, while haggard and drawn grew the now ashen little face. Was this "sorrow," of which she had vaguely heard: this beat, beat of a sledge-hammer at one's temples, the horrible burning dryness of eyes which could not shed a tear?

Maisy possessed a peculiarly strong nature for her years; she suffered in a way uncommon to childhood. Her pain could not find relief in a sudden outburst of sobbing like a heavy storm on an April day. The clouds of her grief sailed high in the heaven of her soul, touching regions of despair, making her kind little heart ache and bleed to think she could not be alone upon these dark, grave heights of misery. Other feet must tread the path of sorrow, and even as the thought burned in upon her brain she caught the sound of a woman's musical laugh.

Mrs. Arnold's voice echoed cheerfully through the old house; she was calling, "Maisy! Maisy!"

"SHE COULD HARDLY BELIEVE HER EYES."

The guests of the birthday queen were actually arriving, and no Maisy to greet them!—children who had mostly driven long distances, with horses and servants to be fed before returning.

"The party must be stopped, must be stopped!" said Maisy to herself, in a tremulous whisper — a whisper which sounded so strange and unnatural, she hardly recognised her own voice.

The rumble of carriage wheels on the drive made the pitiful little figure turn a white, scared face to the window-pane.

A vision of daintily-frocked figures with eager, smiling faces caught her eyes as she looked out, and the merry laugh of a little boy, so like the pictures of Johnnie in his childhood, met her gaze. He had dropped his hat as he sprang off an Irish car, and dived under the horse to regain his lost property, much to the amusement of a bevy of small girls in a brougham.

No thought of human suffering, of human

care, entered their calculations! They looked so full of anticipation, so happy and high-spirited, that Maisy quickly shut out the sight, and pulled the blind down with a snap.

She slipped off the window-seat and stood upright in the dim room. A number of bewildering thoughts chased each other through her brain. How was she to tell her mother the news which would break her heart? Johnnie, she knew, was mother's idol. Johnnie belonged more to mother than to father, yet both loved him dearly.

Gradually Maisy began to realize this telegram from the War Office was not her property, yet she had opened it in all innocence, and by a strange chance became the possessor of a dread secret.

Maisy had asked Mrs. Arnold only that morning whether she, being grown up, would really enjoy a children's party? Her mother for reply snatched her up in her arms, kissed her many times, and declared heartily she would enjoy the party as much as Maisy or any of her guests.

"CAREFULLY SHE SPELT OUT THE WORDS ONE BY ONE."

All this passed with lightning speed through the child's puzzled brain, and with it an idea which set every nerve on the rack, as she braced herself to an effort.

Why not leave both father and mother in merciful ignorance until the last carriage rolled away and the party, already fast assembling, had been played out to its bitter end? No suffering, she tried to think, could add to her own heart's torture, and at least mother would have a few more happy hours!

She was an intensely unselfish child; the blood of heroes and martyrs must have flowed in her veins, for the fiery trials of the stake would have seemed nothing in comparison to the task she now set herself.

"Mother must think I am enjoying the party or she won't be happy herself!" Maisy said aloud, and again she gave a little start at hearing her own voice.

She smoothed her crumpled muslin frock, tossed back her dishevelled hair, and, setting her small lips firmly in unspoken resolve, moved slowly to the door.

She could hear the children uncloaking in the room below, the music of their voices filling the house with mocking merriment. Against her heart lay the cruel message, like a sharp dart piercing the sensitive flesh; the walls seemed to swim round. Maisy wondered what it meant—the queer, rocking feeling as she groped her way down the passage. Was this another sign of her new acquaintance—"sorrow," this odd sensation of giddiness and the sound of rushing waters in her ears?

On the stairs Maisy met her governess, carrying a picturesque wreath of may-blossoms, which she placed on the child's curly hair. It had been twined by the head gardener, despite repeated assurances from the servants that may-flowers were unlucky when brought into the house.

"There!" said Miss Brown, smilingly; "you look quite a birthday girl now that you are crowned. We could not find you, and lots of the children have come. Mrs. Arnold has been looking for you everywhere."

"I was upstairs," said Maisy, simply; and Miss Brown fancied there was something mysterious in the sweet little face which looked wistfully into hers. Somehow its

expression did not seem in keeping with the may-wreath and the general air of festivity below.

But a moment later the child had darted away before Miss Brown found time to ask if anything were the matter. As Maisy ran quickly towards the hall she collected her scattered thoughts with difficulty. Maisy knew that to please her mother, and to hide the dark cloud hovering over the house and its inmates, she must pretend to enjoy the party provided for her pleasure, the party which appeared so terrible in the light of Maisy's superior knowledge. Little could Mrs. Arnold guess how fiercely the baby heart was beating under its white party frock, or what a load of pain lay throbbing under the dainty wreath, with its freshly-opened buds, just tinged by the faintest pink shadow on frail white leaves. The child's aching head might well have carried a crown of thorns instead of a halo of spring flowers. Yet the little feet skipped to and fro, twinkling across the floor in their small blue shoes, as she welcomed her juvenile friends.

"How happy she is!" said Mrs. Arnold, watching her tiny daughter with pride. "Maisy has quite the instincts of a hostess already. It is the great day of the year for her, this May birthday, and she seems to have quite got over her disappointment at the non-arrival of Johnnie's telegram."

"Yes," replied Maisy's father, "I never thought he would be able to send it, so it seemed almost a pity to raise the child's hopes. I keep thinking so much of him to-day; he always made these children's parties such a success."

Mrs. Arnold sighed.

"He is never out of my thoughts a moment," she murmured, and a suspicious moisture gathered momentarily in her eyes as she watched the romping dance.

She felt glad to see that her husband was putting his whole soul into Maisy's party, as if to make up to the child for Johnnie's absence. Mr. Arnold dearly loved his beautiful little daughter, and never felt jealous of the intense devotion she lavished upon her step-brother. Johnnie had a knack of always winning love; no one grudged him his universal popularity.

It seemed to Maisy that the music and dancing would never cease, or the endless chatter of merry voices. Whenever she felt she could bear it no longer her eyes travelled to Mrs. Arnold, and catching her smiling glance she laughed and shouted with the rest, as children will do from sheer gladness of heart when play, dance, and feasting prevail.

At last the carriages once more came rumbling up the drive, small figures in cloaks and shawls congregated in the hall, and good-bye kisses fell in showers upon Mrs. Arnold's pleasurably-flushed cheek.

The party had distracted her thoughts at last from their channel of keen anxiety. The light-hearted little creatures, with healing hands, all unconsciously gave back to the anxious mother the glow of her own youth.

"I really have enjoyed it, dear," she said to her husband, in Maisy's hearing.

With a sharp pang at her heart the child moved away. She had not thought out yet how and when she would break the news. Every moment seemed to make the task more difficult.

Miss Brown struck up a last tune as the farewells were being said; it was Maisy's favourite: "When Johnnie Comes Marching Home!"

It broke like a funeral dirge on Maisy's ear; no one noticed her fall back against the oak panelling, her wide, tearless eyes staring straight in front of her, and a pair of tiny, nervous hands fingering a thin envelope, half-hidden by the white frills of her little muslin dress.

She caught the sound of her mother's voice speaking cheerfully in the hall, and, once more hiding the dreadful message, Maisy said "Good-night" without betraying her despair.

As she kissed Mr. Arnold she whispered something in his ear.

"Eh? What's that?" he queried.

"Please," said the small voice, "please come up and see me when I've gone to bed; it's vewy, vewy particular!"

"All right, young woman, I won't forget," came in reassuring accents, as the birthday child flitted away.

Maisy hurried into bed, scarcely speaking a word.

She lay quite still, gazing at the flickering night-light, and for the first time great hot tears began rolling down her cheeks. At last the tears came so thick and fast she could no longer see the shadows on the wall.

Anxiously she listened for a footstep, and presently a tall figure pushed the door open and peeped in.

"Daddy, is that you?"

"Yes, little one."

"Come vewy close to me, daddy, I've something to tell you."

He bent over the child's bed, surprised to

find her crying. She sat upright, tossing back her hair, and revealing a face with two bright pink spots on each cheek.

"It was just when the party was beginning," she said; "I could not tell then, with all the children and mother so happy, and —and everything like that!"

Even now this tear-stained atom of humanity paused in her story, thinking how she could try her little best to smooth the path of pain, wondering, with the unquenchable hope of a child, whether her weak hands seemed to fill the air with wailing: "Johnnie is dead—Johnnie is dead!"

Mr. Arnold never spoke. He appeared to be struck dumb with the shock of Maisy's revelation.

He took the crumpled paper to where the night-light burned upon the washing-stand.

A narrow tongue of flame leapt up with a flickering glow to illuminate the writing. Maisy followed her father, and the shadows gave the white-robed figure an ethereal look. She appeared peculiarly phantom-like in the

"COME VEWY CLOSE TO ME, DADDY."

might not in some way hold back the roaring torrent or stay the dreaded tide.

"Go on," he said, in a low, kind voice.

"A—a telegram came," she faltered, "I thought it was for me, and oh! it's just under my pillow."

With eager fingers she felt for the hidden horror.

"Here it is," she cried, diving under the sheet. "Oh! daddy, daddy, you couldn't guess how dreadful it is — you couldn't, weally!"

She pushed the flimsy message into his hand; then, hiding her eyes on his shoulder, whispered the awful intelligence: "Johnnie —our Johnnie is dead!"

Only five words, spoken in a gasping sob, yet they re-echoed round the room and dim room. She might have been a miniature high priestess, as she stood with her hands pressed on the cold marble slab, her dark-fringed eyes fixed upon the small flame as if it were a holy light burning upon some sacrificial altar.

Mr. Arnold struck a match and lit another candle. He did not hear an excited footstep enter the room quickly. Maisy, seeing her mother, crept to her side, clasping her tightly round the waist with both arms.

Mrs. Arnold also held an open telegram in her hand.

"I can't understand what this means," she said, "a telegram from the War Office, apparently explaining some error. Johnnie is well and safe; it seems his name has appeared in a wrong list—a list of the dead or wounded."

A cry broke from the startled child, a cry unlike any Mrs. Arnold had ever heard, and her blood ran cold as she watched her husband catch the little swaying form to his heart. A strange medley of laughter and sobbing burst in agony and relief from the baby lips, till gradually, between them, the anxious parents soothed and calmed her.

"Oh, isn't it lovely to fink Johnnie is weally alive after all!" Maisy gasped, as it gradually dawned on her mother the hours of fearful misery she had been saved through the forethought of her child.

"I've been dweadfully unhappy—but now I don't mind, because we are so vewy, vewy happy again, it makes up for evewything!"

A joyous trio went down the broad staircase to the brightly-lighted dining-room, Mr. Arnold carrying Maisy wrapped in her little pink dressing-gown.

She had seized her faded wreath of may-blossoms, and was once more a birthday queen, crowned by the namesake flowers of her own especial month.

"We must drink Johnnie's health," said her father, "before we put you back to bed again, young lady."

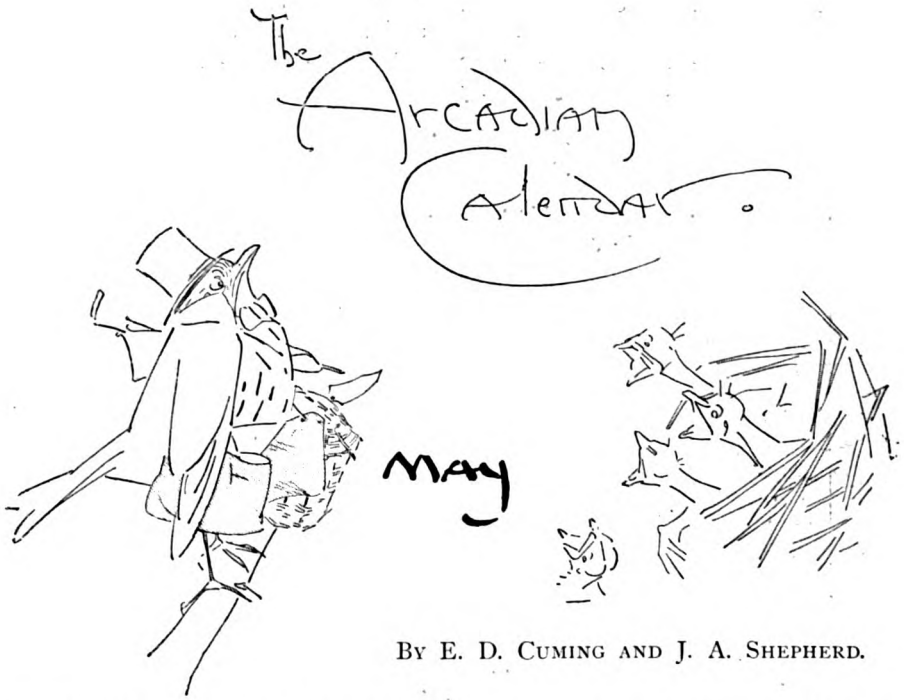
"To Johnnie, to Johnnie!" she cried, as

"'TO JOHNNIE, TO JOHNNIE!' SHE CRIED."

Mr. Arnold stood her on the table, her little pink feet looking like roses. The tumbled wreath on her dishevelled curls gave her a bacchanalian air—the miniature high priestess had changed into a sprite of revelry—with sparkling eyes, glowing cheeks, and a shrill, merry voice.

She was carried up to bed by Miss Brown, strangely sleepy, and, at last, husband and wife were left alone.

Then there fell upon them a silence—"The joy that is deepest is dumb!" A sense as of something holy, and a shadow of something vast, filled both their hearts as in that quiet home, under the shelter of green mountains, they locked their bliss from the world, and the shadow of a sorrow mercifully withheld drew back like a vast tidal wave, leaving them rejoicing on a golden shore.



By E. D. Cuming and J. A. Shepherd.

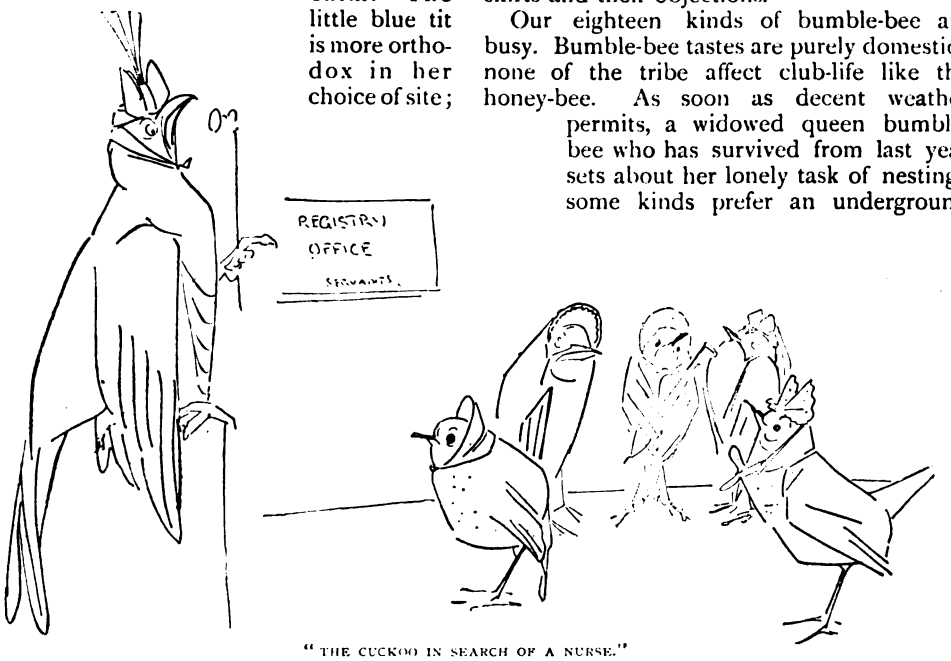
THIS is one of the busiest months of the year: few birds now are free from brow-wrinkling family responsibilities. The kingfisher is sitting on half-a-dozen round white eggs in an untidy nest of small fish-bones built at the end of a hole. You would not expect anything so bright and beautiful to do such coarse work as digging: and though the kingfishers sometimes make one for themselves, they more often take the deserted house of a water-vole—one who has moved into more commodious premises. The splendour of his tenant must astonish the simple-minded water-vole:—

> A bird like him take such a hole as that!
> Dark and ill-drained as 'prentice paws could make it.
> I'm sure a self-respecting water-rat
> Would rather die without a home than take it.

The cuckoo has no housekeeping cares, but she must engage suitable foster-mothers to whose care she may confide her eggs, and in the absence of a registry office must go round the hedges and find them for herself. The cuckoo has been known to choose them among one hundred and ten different species, the reed-warbler, hedge-sparrow, robin and garden-warbler, and meadow-pipit being preferred. A cuckoo gets into the habit of employing nurses of one kind, and is supposed to give preference to the species by a member of which she herself was reared, which seems a very sensible thing to do. She never asks a bird to take care of her egg; she simply deposits it in the nest if the owner be out when she calls, if necessary laying it on the ground and using her bill to lift it in. If the foster-mother be sitting it is a hundred to one she mistakes the cuckoo for a hawk and takes flight instantly, leaving her nest at her employer's disposal. Nature, whose arrangements here seem to the unscientific mind to err on the side of partiality, has made the cuckoo's egg absurdly small, and this enables a bird less than half the cuckoo's size to hatch it.

The nightjar, latest of our spring migrants, arrives about the middle of May. The nightjar resembles nothing so much as a big, beautiful moth; but a harmless indiscretion has earned him a bad name. He lives on insects, and as insects abound about cattle in the twilight when he comes abroad, he is prone to haunt their neighbourhood; whence the luminous notion that he milks the cows. The tits have either eggs or babies to look after; the great tits' sense of humour leads them to nest in places where they are least

wanted; a letter-box strikes them as an ideal situation; but it is due to him—or rather to her—to say that she has no objection to the letter-box being used for its legitimate purpose, and tolerates periodical inundations of letters upon herself and nest with philosophic calm. The little blue tit is more orthodox in her choice of site;



"THE CUCKOO IN SEARCH OF A NURSE."

any hole in wall or tree is good enough for her; there she sits, defying man and all his fingers with vigorous pecks; it is as though a dormouse should hit you with his clenched fist. The while she hisses fiercely with touching but misplaced confidence in her ability to make you believe she is a snake.

The long-tailed, otherwise the bottle, tit orders his establishment on lines which his wife must deem susceptible of improvement. The house is egg-shaped, with the door at the side near the top; it is very pretty, but, like all "bijou" residences, has drawbacks. You see, this bird has a tail about twice as long as his body, and the house does not lend itself to stowage of the same. One can't help feeling for the housewife in these circumstances:—

"It's a beautiful nest," said the doubting hen tit,
"But will you just kindly explain
How on earth you suppose I am going to sit
When I haven't got room for my train?"

"You will sit," said her mate, "on the soft feather bed
I have carefully placed on the floor,
And arrange your long tail neatly over your head
With the end sticking out at the door."

She does what he tells her, and very uncomfortable the position must be, particularly when her ten or twelve children are beginning to grow: with such a family twice a year the long-tailed tit's wife might adopt a working dress--but we have heard enough about long skirts and their objections.

Our eighteen kinds of bumble-bee are busy. Bumble-bee tastes are purely domestic: none of the tribe affect club-life like the honey-bee. As soon as decent weather permits, a widowed queen bumble-bee who has survived from last year sets about her lonely task of nesting: some kinds prefer an underground burrow; others build a tiny house—the merest cabin—of carded moss and dried grass on the ground. In this the mistress piles a heap of pollen and honey, within which she lays her eggs: so the larvæ are born literally in the midst of plenty. The true bumble-bees suffer a good deal of annoyance from disreputable relations (*Apathi*), who call when they are out and lay their eggs in the heap of pollen and honey—much as the hedge-sparrow, meadow-pipit, and others are victimized by the cuckoo. The larvæ reach full growth in a few days, and some species then retire into a silken cocoon which they spin for themselves; this would not be worth mentioning but for the thrifty practice of the bee: it carefully eats its way out at one end of the cocoon, and thereafter uses the receptacle as a pot in which to store food.

The sand-martin, first of the family to arrive, is the first to nest. Sand-martins, industrious souls, dig their own holes, a yard deep sometimes, and use them year after year. The nest, a loose, untidy jumble of feathers with a little dry grass, is the abiding-place of countless fleas—a tin of Keating

would be a boon to a colony of sand-martins.

The black-headed gulls, whom we last saw making up parties for their visit to the "gullery," or nesting-ground, on some inland mere or marsh near the sea, are all sitting by the beginning of May; those of them whose eggs have been taken away by men for food have got over their trouble and have laid more. The common gull, companionable like others of his kind, selects a somewhat similar nursery, but begins housekeeping rather later than the black-headed. The herring gull—perhaps at the dictates of an uneasy conscience, for he is an inveterate egg-thief—builds a careless nest of herbage on cliff-ledges where callers are likely to be few. The great black-backed gull is exclusive in his habits: no house in a cliff-terrace or crowded gullery-town for him; he and his wife retire to some solitary rock-stack and there bring up two or three children in their own iniquitous ways, which include the slaughter of young or injured gulls, of lambs, and even of sickly ewes. This disreputable but majestic fowl steals eggs, and his soul is not superior to the consumption of carrion. The kittiwake, common on every coast in its entirety, and on ladies' hats in fragments, is a comparatively late breeder, but the birds are now assembled on the narrow rock-ledges, where each pair has a holding about large enough to turn round in. All these gulls build a nest, nothing architecturally remarkable, but a clumsy, practical sort of dwelling suitable enough for the reception of eggs. The puffins don't trouble about a nest; when the cock has spent weeks digging and delving out a cave, we can understand his declaring that he won't do another stroke of work; but when the pair lease an old rabbit-burrow or other hole, there is no excuse. Anyhow, each hen lays her single egg on the bare ground in this shady retreat or in a deep nook under a stone; the deplorably dirty state of the puffin's egg, originally dull white freckled with pale brown, suggests that the birds handle it a great deal and never think of washing their hands first. Some other birds are equally careless: the gannet, for instance.

"MR. BUMBLE'S TASTES ARE DOMESTIC"

The woodcock's children are old enough to feed themselves now, but cannot fly; therefore their parents, who believe in early tuition, take them out to late dinners every evening on the soft, marshy ground which young and tender bills can easily probe. The woodcock has a curious way of carrying her progeny: she clasps the young bird between her thighs, tucked close up against her breast. Thus she can make short work of any rebellious chick who doesn't want to go home when daylight doth appear: the woodcock is essentially a bird of night. The young grouse, who can follow their mother soon after they leave the egg, are now beginning to grow enterprising. Peril dogs the steps of the grouse from the day he chips out of the handsome egg, for he enjoys the more than doubtful privilege of being susceptible to a form of acute infectious pneumonia known as "grouse disease," for which no remedy is known. The pheasant is sitting on eggs which will soon hatch out. The pheasant's idea of housekeeping is peculiar. Two or three hens will sometimes club together,

"POOR MOTHER."

either for company (their husbands never coming near them) or from desire to save themselves trouble, and use one common nest. From the fact that the pheasant will occasionally go shares with a partridge in her nest it looks as though she considered building a nuisance to be avoided if possible. The partridge, whose motherly heart does not consider twenty an excessive family, perhaps arranges for her guest to sit on some of her eggs; how a partridge single-handed can spread herself over a score of eggs is a mystery; her husband helps in the hatching, but the parents do not appear to sit together, though both act as nurses to their chicks when they hatch out.

The skylark has now her first laying of four or five eggs in the grass-lined nest she makes under some grass tuft in the open field; the cock bird knows better than to sing right over the nursery and advertise its whereabouts to all the world. Mark the spot where he alights after a trip heavenward and you may be sure the nest is not there: he comes down fifty yards away from it and walks silently home through the grass.

The cockchafer is abroad, booming, buzzing, and blundering in the twilight; he never looks where he is going, and frequently comes to grief. If he carried a lamp it would save him many headaches. Talking of lamps, the glow-worm has lighted hers. The lady glow-worm is wingless, and she can only hope to secure a husband if she be bright and attractive; so she sits in the grass under the hedge and shines by the hour together, with an eye to winged but usually lampless gentlemen. The male glow-worm is not intelligent; he will come in scores to lay his hand and fortune at the feet of candle or lamp, and pesters the unresponsive thing till he dies of misplaced devotion, or oil. The pale green light the glow-worm wears under her tail does not seem to be entirely under her control, which suggests possibilities:—

When a glow-worm has neuralgia and a sadly aching head,
Nearly anything in reason she would give to go to bed,
And it isn't very pleasant, as I'm sure you will not doubt,
To be kept up till eleven by a light you can't put out.

"HE WON'T DO ANOTHER STROKE OF WORK."

"AN UNRESPONSIVE JULIET."

The bats are nursing their children: tender mothers they are, carrying about with them the blind, naked, helpless babies which cling to their fur. When the mother bat hangs herself up to rest she folds a wing like a shawl about the child.

The young woodpeckers have been introduced to the world—the world in their case being the trunk of the tree in a hole of which they were hatched. They scramble about with their mother learning to spear insects with their barbed tongues: a feeding woodpecker looks as though he were practising billiards with the cue in his mouth. The dipper down by the stream is giving her family a lesson in diving: the young dippers could swim as soon as they left the big moss-ball nest on the rock-ledge under the waterfall; but before they can pass the dipper higher standard they must learn to sink gently to the stream bottom, and when there walk along holding by the weeds, and learn to swim with their wings under water.

The oil beetle's first brood of larvæ, some three or four thousand in number, develop in May. Their first aim in life is to get a bee to carry them around and show them the world: hence, as soon as hatched, each larva hurries away to the nearest flower to wait for a bee—as to the station to wait for a train. He embarks on board the first bee that comes without asking where she is going or anything else, and holds on with all his six hooked legs. Eventually he will leave the bee and settle on her eggs and eat them, in course of time becoming a soft and pampered grub without a thought but of honey.

Numbers of young trout have hatched out by this time. They cannot be called "fish" at the earliest stage of their active career—they cannot feed themselves, and each is supplied with a feeding-bottle nearly as big as himself containing nourishment, which he gradually absorbs. The polecat, whose smell is the least objectionable feature of her character, has now four or five young criminals in some disused rabbit-hole to rear on the proceeds of midnight robbery and assassination. The morals of the polecat

"COMMON BAT AND BABY."

"A MODEL HUSBAND."

are far worse than those of stoat or weasel. He kills from sheer superfluity of naughtiness: he is a wanton murderer without a redeeming trait to warrant recommendation to mercy.

The foxes, having moved their children half-a-dozen times, to escape real or fancied enemies, are freed from anxiety, the cubs being able to take care of themselves by this time. The vixen brings them out of the gorse covert in the evening and sits by while they play: tug-of-war with a rabbit's leg is one of their favourite games, but, however absorbing the game, the whole family bolt out of sight in a moment if their watchful mother only remark, "Keck, keck!"

As for the birds, there now is not one who can sing who is not singing for all he is worth, the missel-thrush only excepted. The blackcap, whose song would be as famous as the nightingale's were he only endowed with a name that lent itself to poesy and rhythm, is so enthusiastic that he sings nearly all day as he sits on the eggs (he is one of those model husbands who do a full half of the nursery work) and most of the night. The goldfinch considers his work done when he has helped his wife to build that wonderfully neat and compact nest: she does the hatching and he sings to her. Mrs. Bullfinch, who should have four or five children gaping for insects and grubs by this time, did the hatching herself, too; the cock bullfinch does his share of the catering when the children appear. The nightingale's wife is sitting on four or five olive-brown eggs in an untidy nest of dead leaves on the ground under some close hedge-row; both the birds, we may suppose, doze away the day, as no dutiful wife, with or without a taste for music, could sleep through the song he maintains, with short intervals for refreshment, from dark till long after dawn. Towards the end of May the cuckoo's dupes begin to find out what a little monster has been thrust upon them. Nature, pursuing her one-sided policy in favour of the cuckoo, brings the young bird into the world with a curiously hollow back, for no other reason than to enable him to throw his foster-brothers out of the nest; when thirty hours old this infant infanticide, blind and featherless as he is, gets to work, wriggles himself under each nest-fellow in turn, and heaves him bodily overboard to starve. His appetite is so enormous and he grows so fast that he wants all his foster-parents' attention and the whole nest to himself. The adaptation of means to end is not invariably beautiful. What can the

"NIGHTINGALE AFTER A LATE NIGHT."

bereaved and puzzled parents think of this child they suppose to be their own?

From dawn to dark we toil to meet his needs;
He's *always* hungry, cram him as you will
With beetles, spiders, caterpillars, seeds—
He *always* greets you with an open bill.
Never an instant can his father sit
And rest; nor snatch a minute for his tea.
"More food!" he cries; and what he does with it
Is an enigma to my wife and me.

The herons are very hard-worked in these days; they often bring up two families in the season, and are in such a hurry to get through the business that the hen lays the second batch of eggs without waiting for her first leggy brood to quit the nest. The barn-owl, by the way, does the same thing. The young eels are wriggling up the stream under the bank. Mystery overhangs the domestic affairs of the eel. We know that two sods wet with May dew won't produce vast quantities of eels, as an old authority assured us was the case; and the deservedly popular error that horse-hairs put in water turn into eels is now, even in the worst-informed quarters, regarded with regretful doubts; of eel affairs more by and-by.

"THE INFANT CRIMINAL."

The badgers, whose family was born soon after the spring cleaning, have repeated the turning-out process, and Mrs. Badger is now nursing two or three children in the remotest chamber of that great underground mansion. She has her own views concerning the upbringing of children, and hers are not allowed to put their noses out of doors till they are eight or ten weeks old. The fox cubs must laugh at the young badgers thus tied to the maternal apron-string, but it were a brave fox cub who ventured near the nursery when Mrs. Badger is about. Up on the deer forest the hind has betaken herself to some quiet and sheltered nook where she can devote herself to the calf who arrives about this time. The fallow buck sheds his antlers and appears usually to leave them lying where they happen to drop. After all, a lunch of horn cannot have much to recommend it to an animal with no front teeth in his upper jaw. The buck is not quite so sensitive about his discrowned appearance as the stag; at any rate, he remains with his brethren sunning himself lazily, feeding and chewing the cud by turns. The fallow deer change their winter coats for their summer dress in May; but they have no narrow-minded rules about the colour and pattern of their clothes. You will see half-a-dozen different shades varying from chocolate brown to pale fawn at any season; some go in for the orthodox white spots, others don't. Equal catholicity of taste is displayed in the matter of antlers: some are broadly palmated, while others are like sticks; the quality of the deer's food has something to do with this, though.

The turtle-doves, who begin nesting rather later than their relatives, are cooing over their apology for a nest. Looking on that wretched structure, on the irregular outline of the bird's beak, his habits and tortuous flight, the cry of the turtle-dove always suggests reasonable complaint:

"A LIBEL."

Because his voice is very soft and low
Men talk of dove and love, and never think
How pregnant is the little fact they know
That "all the pigeons regularly drink"!
It's crooel—too *croo*-el!

A dozen twigs loose-laid on naked boughs
Is "home"! I blush when thrifty chaffinch sees
My nest; or if he mark my erring spouse
At sunset lurching homeward through the trees,
It's crooel—too *croo*-el!

We hasten to withdraw this reflection on a blameless character; all the pigeons are rigid teetotalers, though they do drink much and often; and the turtle-dove is a kind and attentive mate who can, and does, hatch an egg as well as his better half. Well might the eider-drake take a leaf from the turtle-dove's book.

No sooner does *his* wife begin to sit than he votes home-life a bore, and goes off with a party of male friends to amuse himself. Perhaps the eider-duck's appearance at this time offends his orderly eye (she gradually strips off her famous down to line the nest, and certainly does look rather down-at-heel), but this excuse for his behaviour will not hold water; drakes of other species do the same, whose wives do not wear *déshabille* in the nursery. It may be that they feel their own state of eclipse unfits them for female society: they lose their brilliant plumage in the nesting season.

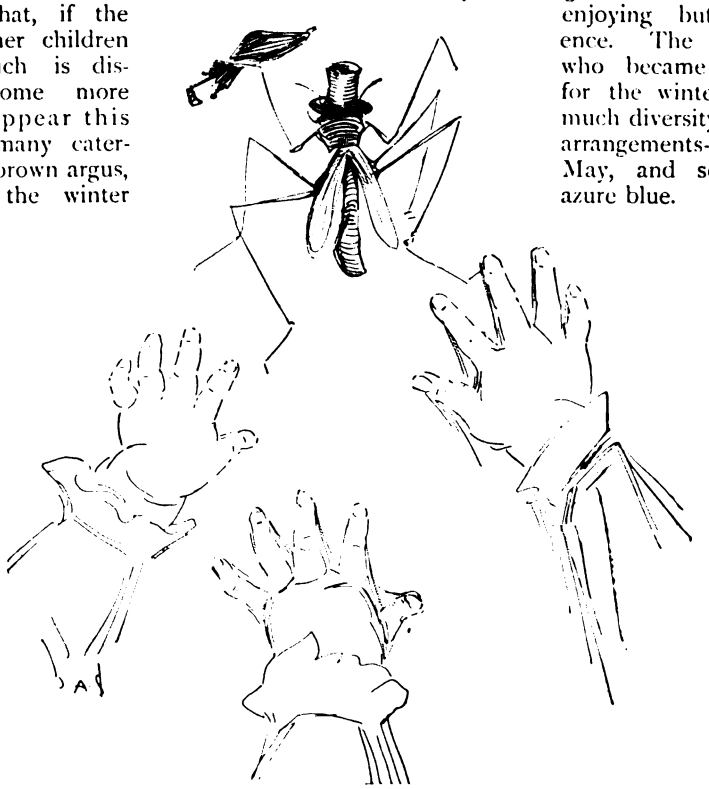
The water-rats have five or six children in a comfortable nest of dry grass deep down in the gallery in the stream-bank. The water-vole, to give him his proper name, is an upright and estimable member of society, a vegetarian whose honesty only yields to the temptation of potatoes, which he loves. On fine evenings he is fond of sitting on his front door-step to contemplate the scenery and wash his pink hands. He enters and leaves his house by the back door, which is under water, when his sworn foes the heron or weasel are about.

That sorely-tried friend of our childhood,

"HOME HAS NO ATTRACTION FOR THE EIDER-DRAKE."

the daddy longlegs, emerges from the larval state underground to dance in the sun or sit contentedly among his knees. What an advantage he must have over other insects when there is any show going on! The gentle earwig is bringing up her family; most insects die when they have laid their eggs, and those who do not die leave them to take care of themselves. Not so the earwig, in whose bosom the maternal instinct is strong. She hovers round her yellow eggs laid under a stone, and looks after them. Scatter them and she will carefully collect them again. When the baby earwigs hatch out she takes them for walks, teaching them to eat the flowers and to wash their faces. Earwigs are scrupulously clean in person, and wash themselves like unto cats. The only blot on the character of this noble creature is that, if the mother die, her children eat her, which is disrespectful. Some more butterflies appear this month and many caterpillars. The brown argus, which spent the winter as an egg, has passed through the caterpillar and chrysalis states. The purple hairstreak, which also wintered as an egg, comes forth as a caterpillar: likewise the brown hairstreak. The greasy fritillary, who prefers to hibernate as a caterpillar, has gone through the chrysalis stage and appears a full-fledged but curiously lazy butterfly; the greasy fritillary is much influenced by weather: on dull, cloudy days it seems to think life not worth living and consents to be caught almost willingly, so depressed are its spirits. Its cousin, the heath fritillary, is out, too, after wintering as a chrysalis: this is an intelligent butterfly who shams death when caught. The speckled wood and meadow brown butterflies wintered as caterpillars; these have passed through their chrysalis stage of existence and are enjoying butterfly existence. The swallow-tail who became a chrysalis for the winter — there is much diversity in butterfly arrangements—appears in May, and so does the azure blue.

"THE WATER-VOLE AT HOME."



"THE SORELY-TRIED FRIEND OF OUR CHILDHOOD."

In the Heart of the Rock.

By Frank Savile.

"YOU heard that Sir Arthur had made Smeatoun his private secretary and personal A.D.C.?" said Thring.

I nodded. I had come back from leave only an hour before and too late for mess. Thring was giving me the gossip of the last six weeks over a pipe and a glass of toddy.

"He wrote to me at the time," said I. "A bit of luck for him. But then he's got any amount of family influence."

Thring grunted.

"The job is sending him stark mad, I believe," he said, drily.

I stopped with my glass half-way to my lips and stared at him.

"What do you mean?" I demanded.

"What I say," said he, shortly. "The attack, or at any rate the symptoms, took him about ten days ago. He has grown a dozen years older in the last week. He gapes at you—he doesn't hear what is said to him. He's grown a score of wrinkles. He starts like a rabbit if you drop a book, and a salute from one of the men-of-war in harbour makes him skip out of his very skin. There's no sort of doubt he's half-way out of his mind."

"He's ill!" I cried.

"Mentally," agreed Thring, "but not physically. It's simply nervous breakdown."

"What on earth is there to upset a man's nerve in writing invitations to dinner and superintending garden parties?" I inquired.

"You must ask me something easier," said Thring, "but you'll see for yourself that I haven't overstated the case. Well, I must be turning in. It's nearly twelve."

I filled another pipe and sat meditating when he had gone. Smeatoun and I are friends, closer than many brothers, and the news disquieted me more than a little. Money troubles? It couldn't be that. A hundred pounds here or there would not come between him and his sleep, or, for the matter of that, a thousand. And then I heard a step in the passage and a tap. The man himself was standing in the doorway.

"Come in, old chap," I cried, cheerily; "I was just thinking of you." I kicked forward a chair, passed him the whisky and seltzer, and gripped his hand hard as I pushed him into his seat. "And how's the world using you these days?" I asked.

He muttered a few vague words of greeting, tried to pour out some seltzer, spilled the half of it, and then turned with a sort of jerk to look at the clock on the mantelpiece. The hand stood within a minute of midnight. I stared at him in unutterable surprise.

"What's the matter?" I demanded, sharply.

He hesitated and stammered.

"I was wanting to see you," he gulped out at last, and then, some little way off, I heard what sounded like the report of a biggish gun. He leaped to his feet, staring wildly towards the window.

I made for the blind and pulled it up.

"The Spaniards have dropped on one of those smugglers this time," I cried, peering out into the night for a glimpse of a flash. It sounded as if one of the Algeciras batteries was firing.

"No!" he cried, vehemently; "it's no gun! It's here—in the town! It's down by the Victualling Yard; it's——" And then, very distinctly through the night, came a bugle call—the "Alarm."

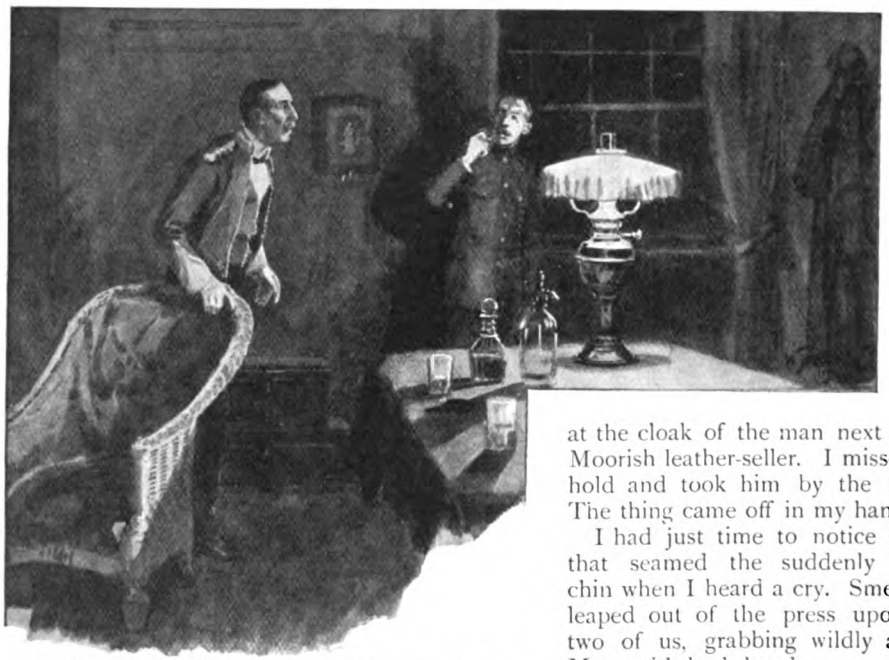
"Ugh!" I snarled, disgustedly, "there's a fire somewhere. Now, if we have to turn out the men, it's a ten to one chance it will be my company. And I'm simply dog-tired. Just my luck!"

The words were hardly out of my lips when a bugle went in our own barrack-yard. It was the regimental call!

"What did I say?" I cried, turning to find my sword and belt. The sight of Smeatoun's face brought me to a sudden halt. If ever I have seen terror incarnate it was staring out of his eyes. He was gripping the back of his chair, every muscle in his features a-twitch. "Heavens, man!" I exclaimed, "what's there to be frightened of? Have we never had a fire before? Why, I can see it," I went on, throwing up the window; "it's down by the New Mole."

He gave a sort of inarticulate cry, made for the door like a frightened animal, and went down the stairs three steps at a time. I followed as fast as I could, to find no trace of him in the barrack-yard. The men were falling in, and, just as I expected, A and B Companies were detailed for duty and sent off at the double. There was no doubt about our destination as we clattered down the ramp. The flames were soaring above the wharf-houses beyond the Victualling Yard.

We were ordered to form a cordon to keep off the mob of loafers, while inside this the



"HE WAS GRIPPING THE BACK OF HIS CHAIR, EVERY MUSCLE IN HIS FEATURES A-TWITCH."

brigade worked both manuals and steam engines for all they were worth. And they had their job cut out for them. I have seen a few fires in my time, but none equal to that. The blaze seemed eating into the very stones of the breakwater. Storehouse after storehouse caught, and matters for a time looked very serious. As usual, not only had we to dodge falling walls and rafters, but we had all we could do to restrain the crowd of townspeople that swarmed around apparently bent on self-destruction. My men stamped deliberately on the slippered feet of the rabble. Here and there a Spaniard tried to draw a knife to resent this summary discipline, but it was invariably knocked out of his fist and he himself hustled off into the hands of a picket before matters got to bloodshed. But the fire spread farther and farther.

"Are the buildings made of asphalt?" I shouted to Broadwood, who had the company of the Fusiliers next me. "The flames are licking up the stonework as if it were so much tar."

Before he could open his lips to answer me there was a crash in the roof of the dock-house above us. A great beam thundered from its place.

I spun back upon my line of men. Half-a-dozen of them, with as many civilians and myself, rolled in a heap. I clutched aimlessly at the cloak of the man next me, a Moorish leather-seller. I missed my hold and took him by the beard. The thing came off in my hand!

I had just time to notice a scar that seamed the suddenly bared chin when I heard a cry. Smeatoun leaped out of the press upon the two of us, grabbing wildly at the Moor with both hands.

The other wriggled, spurned me off, left his cloak in Smeatoun's grasp, and was gone into the darkness before I could speak. A clatter of falling stones followed the beam. One took my friend fairly on the forehead and knocked him senseless. He was dragged off by a bearer-party to the waiting ambulances. The whole incident was over in a matter of seconds.

It was two hours after that before the blaze died down at all and was finally got under control. By three o'clock I got my men off, grimy, smoke-stained, and sore with continual hustling. A dozen of them had to take their bruises to hospital. I doubt if a minor engagement would have furnished more casualties.

The two companies were excused parade the next morning. I was smoking and rubbing embrocation on my shin where a lump of wood had thumped it when the door opened and Smeatoun came in, a large patch of plaster staring on his forehead. If he was excited the night before, at that moment he could only be called distracted. He grabbed me by the arm and shook me impatiently.

"Come with me!" he cried; "come at once!"

"Steady!" I said, a trifle irritably; "don't jerk my bruises like that. Where do you want to go? You had much better keep that banged head of yours quiet."

"You must come — you must!" he

answered, vehemently. "It's life and death —of a truth, it's life or death for all of us!"

I looked up at him a bit sobered by his passion. His eyes were bloodshot and staring and his lips were white. I reached for my hat, shrugged my shoulders, and nodded.

"Very well," I said, quietly, "lead on!"

I followed him downstairs and across the barrack-yard. Instead of making for the town, as I expected, he led me towards Europa Pass.

"Where now?" I asked, curiously.

"Wait!" was all the answer I got and the only word that I extracted from him till the road ended at the Eastern Cliffs below the Monkey Cave. He sat down upon the parapet, fumbled in his breast-pocket, produced a packet of letters, and flung one on to my knees.

"Read that!" he said, curtly.

It was directed in Spanish to His Excellency the Governor of Gibraltar, and a glance showed me that the contents were in the same language.

"Did Sir Arthur allow you to show me this?" I demanded, before I looked farther. Smeatoun nodded, impatiently.

"Yes—yes!" he cried; "read it—read it!"

"Most illustrious señor," it began, "I have made arrangements which will enable me at any moment to transform the Rock of Gibraltar into an active volcano. For the sum of £1,000,000 (English) I consent to definitely defer such action. I forward proofs. Apply the powder enclosed to the limestone of your own dwelling, ignite it, and watch the result. When I tell you that over a ton of similar composition is stored within the cliffs of this peninsula, your little experiment will make plain to you possibilities which it is worth your while to avert. Kindly advertise your answer in the *Gazette*, using the cipher which you will find over the page. May your Excellency live a thousand years.—X."

I looked from the letter to Smeatoun and from Smeatoun to the letter.

"When a man goes mad at home," said I, "his first thought is to write to the King. Here, I suppose, the Governor is the Official Receiver for the same sort of rubbish."

He nodded, gloomily.

"Of course," he answered. "What I said myself when it arrived—what Sir Arthur said —what anyone would say. Yet, when I took that powder in idle curiosity into the yard and touched it off with a fusee upon the horse-block, I give you my word of honour the stone became molten lava before my eyes!"

He flung another envelope at me.

"Read that before you speak," he shouted, as I opened it. The second letter was fully as brief as the first.

"As your illustrious Excellency, amid all your valiant toils, has forgotten your humble servant, I take the liberty of reminding you that I await an answer. Should your Excellency require a light to read this ill-written scroll, you will find ample illumination by midnight. I kiss your Excellency's hands and feet.—X."

"We received that two hours before the works caught fire!" cried Smeatoun, before I could make any comment.

For the moment I was nonplussed. I stared at the paper, scratched my head, and gaped at Smeatoun stupidly. The irritation, born of his ten days of anxiety, was too much for him. He laid a hand upon my shoulder and shook me as a terrier shakes a rat.

"Can't you say something?" he demanded, passionately. "What are we to do? What is to be done to save this place to the Empire? Sir Arthur believes in you—since that Russian affair he thinks the world of you; he sent me to you; can't you suggest something instead of scratching your head and gaping like a pig? We've got to act, I tell you—we've got to act. Is the biggest fortress in the Mediterranean to become a cinder-heap?"

"He can't do it again," said I, weakly. "He's bluffing, even if it weren't a mere coincidence. He knows too good a watch will be kept to give him another chance."

He rose to his feet and paced backwards and forwards a step or two as if he were choking down his passion. Then he spoke as calmly as he could.

"All you can suggest in the face of a catastrophe like this is to overwork the police and the patrols. You think that a man who can invent this process is the sort of person to be dealt with by a handful of military constables, whose main duties are restricted to taking drunk and disorderly comrades to the cells? That's your idea, eh?"

"Well?" said I, sullenly.

"Did you mark his letter at all—did you consider it with the slightest care? What did he say? 'Within the cliffs.'" He lifted his hand and pointed to the crags above us. "What is to prevent a human mole working silently and unobserved behind that curtain of rock to store any amount of explosive if he so will? 'A ton.' How can we prevent his storing fifty tons if he likes?"

"All the caves and galleries are under inspection," said I.

"Are they?" he answered, scornfully. He put his fingers to his lips and whistled shrilly. The undergrowth about the cave stirred. Half-a-dozen baboons ambled out of their green ambush and lifted their snouts to the breeze. At their head appeared the father of the colony, an old veteran with hardly a hair upon his bald poll, and known, in consequence, as "Elisha." Smeatoun feigned to have brought sugar, but years of deceit have taught the deceived discrimination. They were not to be taken in, and after a moment's gaping and stretching padded out of sight again.

"They are there to-day," said Smeatoun. "Has it ever occurred to you to think how many days they are not there? You can come and whistle—you may bring sugar or nuts, and not the vestige of a monkey will you see. *Where do they go?*"

I shrugged my shoulders.

"There!" he cried, pointing across the silver shimmer of the Straits to where Almina Point danced in the heat haze. "There's where they go, from there they come, and now they have shown someone else the way."

I looked at him steadily to see if he was serious. Then I laughed. "That cock-and-bull old story about the submarine passage from Ceuta!" I cried. "Heavens! my good man, of all the far-fetched notions——"

He interrupted me with an impatient gesture.

"You saw Elisha just now?" he asked. "Is it possible to mistake him? Is there another baboon as bald and as scarred in all Africa?"

"The chances are against it," I admitted, with a grin. Elisha is the most disgracefully ragged and strangely blemished quadruped that I have ever had the luck to set eyes upon.

Smeatoun brought his hand down with a crash upon the parapet.

"I saw him over there," he cried; "I saw him face to face within fifteen yards. I saw him as plainly as I see you this minute."

"Then he's a better swimmer than I thought him," said I, coolly.

"Swimmer!" he exclaimed. "I tell you he walked there, he and the whole band of them. They are doing it continually. It's nothing short of miraculous that it hasn't been discovered before. Will you listen while I tell you what I saw?"

"Why, certainly," said I, lighting a cigarette; "but don't expect me to do more than listen without uncommon good evidence. Fire away."

"It was this way," he went on, quietly. "The Brethertons brought in their yacht ten days ago and took Sir Arthur and the rest of us a jaunt over to Ceuta. We had the usual ride. I was in the bazaar, and by some mischance they thought I was on board and left without me. They didn't miss me for an hour or two, and meanwhile I had got a horse to ride over to Tangier and take the morning boat back. Up by Cape Leona I halted for a few minutes, tethered my horse, and had a smoke among the boulders. Just as I was going to start again a whole tribe of baboons came frolicking round the corner right upon me, and old Elisha here was at their head. I believe he recognised me. He gave a 'wuff,' halted, grinned, and then anticked off in the direction from which he had come, followed by the rest. I ran after them. Turning a big boulder I missed them and lost their track. I was near the top of the hill, and as I came over the brow on the landward side I could hear them still below me. I looked over the edge to see the whole herd disappear in a gap through the rocks. But I saw more than that. A man, a Moor, was passing down the slope not thirty paces away, running slantwise in the same direction. I could see his face with absolute distinctness, and noticed at the time how unlike an ordinary Moor he was, though he wore djelab and slippers. I ran after him, though he went three yards for my one. I got to the gap. There was nothing the other side of it—not a sign of man or monkeys! Not a sound either. They had utterly disappeared!"

"Well," said I, imperturbably, "and why shouldn't they?"

"Because they couldn't!" he shouted, paradoxically. "The plain behind those rocks is as bare as the palm of my hand. There isn't a niche or a cranny to be seen. I rummaged about—I examined—I looked in every hole or corner within a hundred yards, but entirely in vain. There must be an entrance, but I didn't find it. It has got to be found, though," he added, grimly.

I looked at him meditatively, tapping my fingers on the stone.

"I believe, then, that I understand your murderous attack on that slipper-seller last night?" said I. "You thought he was your man from the other side of the Straits?"

"Thought!" he cried. "I knew him the moment you tore his beard off! The whole explanation came home to me in an instant.

I had never given him a thought since, because that first letter came the very day I got back from Tangier and drove everything else out of my head. For ten days Sir Arthur and I have had before our eyes a perpetual vision of Gibraltar as an imitation inferno! But the minute I recognised that scar I knew that he was the villain himself looking on at the results of his own work. And I had my hands upon him—actually had my hands upon him," he groaned, "till that confounded stone knocked the senses out of me!"

"Then your idea is that he rambles a dozen miles beneath the sea to store his dynamite, or whatever it is, in the heart of this rock—you seriously believe that?"

"I know it," he answered, doggedly. "There is no other solution possible. All the caves and galleries are under inspection, as you yourself acknowledge. He comes and goes as he likes. He has this place in the hollow of his hand! We have got to find that entrance on Cape Leona or Gibraltar is doomed—gutted—destroyed!"

I hesitated how to answer him. Suddenly an illuminating thought flashed into my mind.

"Now, look here," said I, "the whole thing hangs on whether that was Elisha you recognised or not. We needn't go to Ceuta or Cape Leona to prove whether there is an entrance *this* side or not. If the baboons do go backwards and forwards that gives your theory a foundation at once. Apart from this affair, it must be proved or disproved. When France takes Tangier we don't want her prying over here how and when she likes."

"How are you going to find out?" he cried. "It may take days—weeks! And every minute the peril is growing!"

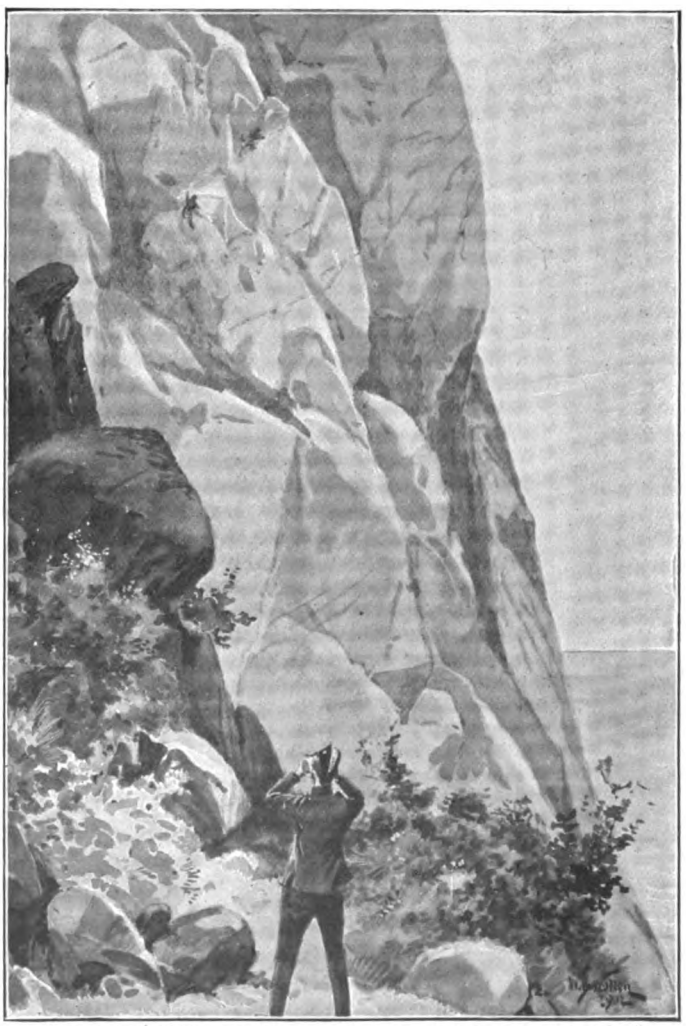
"Don't you trouble yourself," said I. "I know a good deal about the habits of my friends the baboons. I'll guarantee that if they have a secret entrance to the rock I'll find it before to-morrow's dawn."

"How?" he demanded.

"That's my affair," said I; "but be back here by to-morrow evening, with a good strong rope, a large flask of whisky and water, some food, a couple of revolvers, and some candles. That is all I can think of for the present. If any other article occurs to your native intelligence, bring it along. Now I am off to get three days' leave to go up to Ronda."

"Ronda!" he cried; "Ronda!"

"It's as good a place as any to suggest to the Colonel," said I, as I began to walk back towards the town, and that was all he got



"THE WHOLE HERD REACHED THE POINT, ROUNDED IT, AND WERE GONE."

out of me till we parted. By midnight I was back among the shrubbery below the cave, smoking, dozing, considering, and occasionally chuckling, as I heard the baboons snore and "snoof" among the creepers. What an awakening they were to have!

As the first glimmer of the sunrise showed across the sea from the east one or two of the bushes parted. Old Elisha passed out into the open, stretching his long legs and yawning cavernously. He lifted his nose and sniffed the air curiously, evidently getting the faint taint of human presence and resenting it. As the light increased one or two others followed, till at least a dozen stood blinking meditatively out towards the sea. I felt that my time was come.

I drew out the crackers that I had bought the night before at Bianchi's little firework shop, touched off a couple with a match, and flung them into the group. As they fizzed and snapped among the terrified brutes the reports echoed in the cave with tenfold power. The whole tribe flew out of their den, gave one frantic glance at me as I waved my arms and shouted, and then burst for the cliff in a headlong rush, Elisha leading. I whipped out my binoculars to watch them.

Up they went, hand over hand, flitting from hold to hold like flies rather than like quadrupeds, and sending the limestone chips rattling down among the shrubs below. They strung out across the crags in a long line, one behind the other. There was no uncertainty in Elisha's leading; the path was evidently a well-used and well-remembered one. They made for safety under the goad of this sudden stress, and made for it in a bee-line. The mob fled across the open cliff side, straight, as it seemed, for the summit of Flagstaff Hill. And then Elisha disappeared!

I rubbed my eyes. As far as I could see he had been passing along a ledge a hand's-breadth wide, and was turning a jutting point that only stuck out a foot or two. I waited confidently to see him reappear on the far side. A second baboon vanished—a third —half-a-dozen. Yet no sign came of the leader. The whole herd reached the point, rounded it, and were gone. I flung my cap into the air. The secret was mine!

I heard the sound of voices and the clatter of ammunition boots upon the pebbles. A sergeant and a couple of bombardiers were running down from Europa Pass, aroused by the crackle of my fireworks. I had no notion of any investigation of my doings as yet. I flitted into the Monkey Cave, crouched behind a boulder, and waited while they peered about till they were satisfied. Then I settled down to a long and a hot day's vigil till Smeatoun came with the night.

They are not the pleasantest hours in my recollection—those that I waited through the baking heat of a Gibraltar May. I had a little food, but a most inadequate amount of drink, and I never heard a sweeter sound than Smeatoun's whistle as he came softly down the path, carrying the material I had suggested. I had a most satisfying pull at his flask, and seldom have I enjoyed tepid liquid more.

We sat and smoked a pipe while I told him the story of my morning's surprise of Elisha's band, and pointed out to him the exact point at which the baboons had disappeared. Then we began to discuss how we should reach it unobserved. It was about fifty yards out upon the cliff, which at that point was about two hundred feet high. The ledge was about midway between the top and the bottom.

"I'll lower you down and then slip after you myself," I explained to Smeatoun. "If we make the rope a continuous one, running over the stake, we can untie it from below and pull it down after us. Then we shall leave no trace for the curious to track us by."

"And how are we going to get up again?" he demurred.

"We sha'n't get up at all," said I; "we shall simply repeat the process when we want to come out and lower ourselves to the slope below."

Smeatoun is a brave man, but he has no head for cragsmanship. When we had got our stake driven into the ground and the rope had been rove over it he peered fearfully over the edge and turned very white. He looked at me.

"Oh, there's no way out of it," said I.

I lashed him to the rope with a smaller cord and lowered him gently till I heard him whistle. I looked down as I felt his weight grow less. He was perched upon the narrow shelf, holding on to the jutting point with one hand while he cut himself from the rope with the other. He did not look happy.

I saw him tighten the rope round a jag of the rock and steady it. I slid down to him like a lamplighter, showering rubble on him right and left. He groaned audibly as I landed beside him.

"Good heavens!" he whispered, "I wouldn't do this again for a million pounds. I'm simply sick with giddiness!"

"You and our friend inside seem to have identical ambitions in finance," I chuckled. "That's the very sum he values his own efforts at."

I began to feel cautiously round the point for the crevice which I knew must be there. The moonlight was vivid, and I saw the black shadow of it the moment I raised my eyes above the little pinnacle round which the baboons had disappeared—a low, narrow cleft, big enough for a monkey's entrance, but scarcely wide enough for a man. Smeatoun closed his eyes as I pointed it out to him. I had practically to lift him over the jutting point to it. The sight of the drop below made him nearly faint.

He is a thinner man than I am, and he wormed his way into the entrance without effort. But it took the whole of his strength to haul me through from the inside, and the buttons flew from my jacket in showers. Three yards in, however, we could both stand upright.

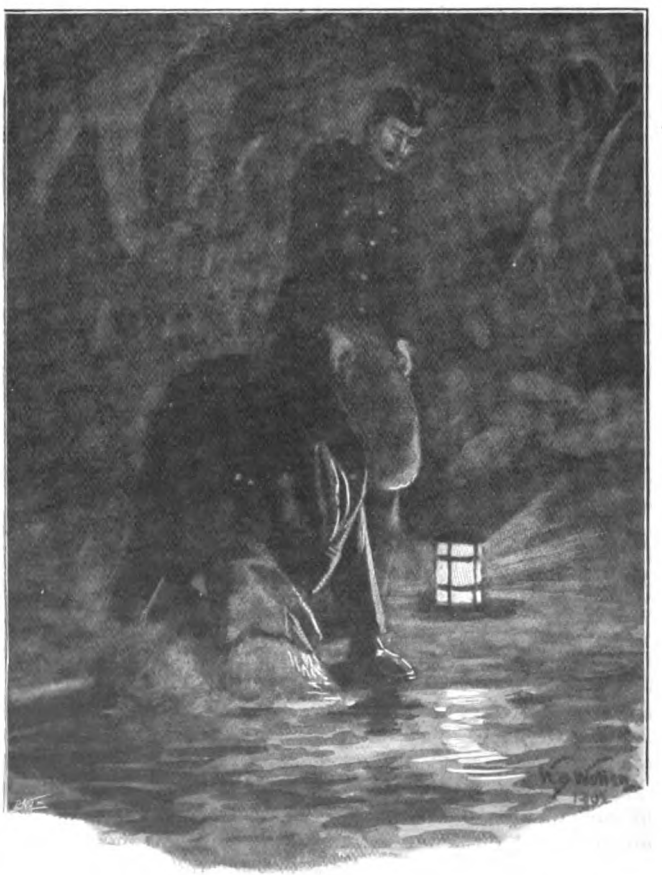
I would not light the lantern till we had felt our way ten yards or more and had turned a corner. The feeble light seemed swallowed in the emptiness and I lit one of the magnesium flares, of which I had brought a dozen or more. Then we realized the vastness of the hollow in which we stood.

We were standing on the threshold of a huge hall, larger by many hundreds of yards than "St. Michael's Cavern," that the guides take globe-trotters to gape at. All about the floor beside us huge fragments of rock were lying, and a look at the sides and roof showed us that they had evidently been broken off many years before and had blocked what was once a magnificently hewn entrance. At an acute angle to the rift by which we had entered another passage passed back into the darkness. The roof of the main cavern was burdened by half-formed stalactites in many places, while in others it was supported by thicker ones that reached to the very floor. A still pool, a quarter of an acre broad, was fed by drippings and filled the whole of the centre of the cave. The soft purr of tiny streams echoed from the walls, which gleamed damp with a multitude of tricklings. As we approached the water's edge Smeatoun suddenly gripped my arm.

"Look!" he whispered, in a half-strangled voice.

Across the thick dust the tread of many footsteps had worn a line from the darkness behind us into the darkness beyond. I flashed the lantern light upon it, following it eagerly.

We soon came to a halt. A neat, compact heap of flour-bags lay before us, piled against the rock side and arranged in a methodical square. I took out my knife, lifted one—and, my goodness! the weight of it—ripped the sacking, and spilt the contents upon the floor. A tiny heap of yellow, meal-like powder was the result. Without another word I took up a pinch of it between my fingers and cast it gingerly into the pond behind me. Some potassium amalgams



"BAG AFTER BAG WE SEIZED, SLASHED OPEN, AND POURED INTO THE LAKE."

ignite in contact with water, and I was taking no risks.

There was a faint fizzing. A white scum formed, floated away, and all was quiet again. I made an impatient gesture to Smeatoun. Without speaking, we began to work like coal-heavers. Bag after bag we seized, slashed open, and poured into that most appropriate lake. For half an hour we toiled, glistening with perspiration, till of all that store of death and destruction nothing remained but the pocketful I had reserved for our chemical expert's analysis. Gibraltar was saved from one more attack.

We looked at each other when all was done and, for some unexplained reason of sentiment, suddenly clasped hands.

"The next thing is the man," said I.

"Yes, the man," agreed Smeatoun, with a revengeful snarl in his voice. "Let's get the man!"

And then it occurred to me to put out both pipe and lantern and to sink my voice to a whisper as I explained my plans. On that sodden dust anyone might have drifted up within a yard or two unseen.

As I showed Smeatoun, there was but one thing to do: we must get him between us when he came, or in those pipe-like passages he might escape us yet. Whether we had to wait hours or days we did not know, but we were full of determination—there we would stay if it were a week. We felt our way down the lower passage for a hundred yards or more. Our feet told us that it was paved with squared, regular blocks, built in with all the grace of ancient masonry. "Phœnician?" hazarded Smeatoun, as he bent and fingered one or two, and I saw no reason to contradict him. What would not the Spaniards have given for that secret when gallant Elliot was holding them off through seven years of ceaseless siege and famine! We shuffled along nearly half a mile of it, sinking gradually lower and lower in the earthy-smelling aisle, till dread lest our man might come and find us unprepared sent us back at last to settle in for our vigil.

I found myself a lair behind a rock in the main cavern. My companion scraped a lounge for himself about fifty yards down the tunnel. And so, like two human ferrets alert within a warren, we waited for the coney that we knew must come.

We waited, and we waited, till my repeater told me that outside it was day. I was beginning to fight desperately with the desire for sleep when I heard the click of pebbles and the sound of soft footsteps through the darkness.

I sank down in my hiding-place, every nerve in my body tense. The soft pad of feet came on, and I marvelled that he should be so sure of his path that he could dispense with a light. He was near now—he was past Smeatoun—the very rasp of his breathing was audible. I struck the cap of the port-fire I held. The glare illuminated the cavern, and at the same time Smeatoun's laughter echoed and re-echoed through and through it. He had his revenge then for the taunts I had thrown at him about his courage on the cliffs.

Blazing with indignation, the white teeth a-gleam and the eyeballs rolling, old Elisha's face stared at me through one short instant of inexpressible surprise. His mouth was agape, one paw was rigidly upheld in the stride that astonishment had halted. Then with a wrathful "wuff" he bounded past me, followed by half-a-dozen of his family that I had not noticed at first, skipped into the upper passage, and was gone. I sank back into my seat swearing, while for full five minutes more Smeatoun's chuckles broke the stillness. And for still longer hours weariness and expectancy were our only company till evening.

Whether I dozed or not I cannot say. All I know is that when I realized that a light was illuminating the lower passage it was bright and ruddy. It did not grow from a pin's point by slow degrees to full power, from which I infer that at first my eyes were closed to its rays. I saw it, understood that it was advancing rapidly upon me, and was intently alert, all in the space of seconds. It was a resin flare, held high above the head of the man who bore it. He strode confidently and unsuspectingly along. I saw Smeatoun, after he had passed, rise from behind his rock at the fellow's back and follow him. Silently I crept forward to fill my end of the passage. The prey was in the snare!

I suppose in the security of his unconsciousness he did not look keenly about him. He was within twenty paces of me when my foot unsettled a pebble that clanged upon the floor. His eyes lifted with a swift, startled stare and his lips pealed out a terrified shriek as I rushed headlong for him.

I was near enough to recognise the scar upon his chin before he turned from me and ran, hauling at his waistbelt, where a knife-hilt shone. He bolted all unseeingly into Smeatoun's outstretched arms. There were another yell and an oath as they met. Then the man dashed his torch in his captor's face. In a moment we were in darkness.

I cursed my awkwardness as I fumbled at the port-fire that *would* not light. The pant and clatter of the wrestling men spurred me to efforts which my excitement made all the clumsier. There were a thud and an exclamation from Smeatoun. I heard the pad of flying slippers passing away into the darkness.

"He's off—he's escaping!" roared my companion, and at the same instant the lagging port-fire took flame.

Silhouetted against the darkness I saw the white djelab flitting with desperate speed down the tunnelled passage, while between me and it Smeatoun's figure was outlined, his arm outstretched to point his revolver. There was a red flash, then a report. The runner staggered, lurched, but still fled. Smeatoun began to run himself. There was a second report—a third. I followed, holding aloft the blazing flare and snatching at my own revolver. But the fourth report was buried in overwhelming uproar.

I saw the flash of the revolver, and at the very same instant a spume of flame seemed to break out among the draperies that streamed from the fugitive's shoulders. Against that white-hot core of light Smeatoun stood out gigantically distinct. A stunning shock flung me back against the rock and into temporary unconsciousness, while to my fainting senses there seemed to come feebly an after-rush of noise like the thunder of a mountain torrent.

It was the cool touch of a rising flood that sent my senses trembling back to me. A trickle of water was at my feet and the deep roar of a cascade was in my ears. Half floating on the mounting tide I saw Smeatoun's unconscious body. I splashed recklessly forward, dragged at his collar, and half-pushed, half-carried him upwards through the darkness. At the same time the port-fire I had dropped went out with a hiss. I spat out a gulp of water that my heedless splashings had flung between my lips. It was salt!

And that was what made me understand. It must have been some detonating explosive that the man was carrying for his infernal composition. Smeatoun's last bullet must have hit it. The explosion, spending its force upwards, had riven the roof, and it was the Mediterranean that was bursting its way into the tunnel and closing for ever the work of the lost centuries. And, when my companion's consciousness fluttered back to him, we two sat silent in the upper cave to see the volume of waters rise nearly to our feet, and to know that one great danger to Gibraltar was past by the instrumentality of the very man who was using it against her. No human moles will creep in to stab her in the back again. While Britain's fleet keeps the seas they must come, if come they dare, by swimming!

"I FOLLOWED, HOLDING ALOFT THE BLAZING FLARE."

The Australian Bowlers in England.

By C. B. Fry.

FROM the beginning of Anglo-Australian cricket, excellence in bowling has been the main feature of the Colonial teams. Any superiority which England from time to time has held has in nearly every case been confined to batting; even the weaker Australian teams have been, with perhaps two exceptions, distinctly strong in bowling, and that judged by the high standard of international cricket.

The earlier group of Australian bowlers, which was distributed over the first five teams, from 1878 to 1886, was phenomenally powerful.

Of this earlier group F. R. Spofforth is pre-eminent in fame. It has been maintained by some of the experts, practical and theoretical, who are familiar with the doings of the first five Australian teams that Spofforth's excess of fame over his colleagues does not justly represent their respective merits; and that upon good wickets, fast, true, and favourable to batsmen, not only Palmer but also Garrett and Boyle were his equals. But the expert judge of cricket is generally inclined to contest, slightly at the expense of the truth, a wholesale popular verdict in favour of a particular batsman or bowler. Spofforth did more work, got more wickets, and won more matches than any of his colleagues; and his personality struck deeper home into popular imagination. His out-and-out admirers claim that he was the greatest bowler yet seen; and on the whole their claim stands justified. Moreover, among these extremists are some of the most highly esteemed judges of the game. George Giffen, to mention one, declares him to have been "absolutely the greatest bowler of my time."

F. R. SPOFFORTH.
From a Photo. by Hawkins, Brighton.

In any catalogue of the greatest fast bowlers Spofforth's name would no doubt be included. As a matter of fact, to describe him as a fast bowler is somewhat misleading: it only gives part of the truth; he was a fast bowler, but he was much else besides. The term "fast" as a distinguishing epithet is properly applied to those bowlers who depend for their effectiveness upon sheer pace either altogether or in chief. Spofforth, however, though he could and did bowl a terrifically fast ball, is not correctly to be classed with Jackson, Tarrant, Mold, Richardson, and Jones. His standard ball, the ball he bowled more often than any other, was of medium pace, or perhaps fast-medium, perhaps a trifle faster than Jack Hearne's; but he used a slower ball than this and also a very much faster. Had he wished he could have been a fast bowler pure and simple, and would no doubt as such have been very effective. But he preferred to be an artist. Sheer speed is of so much value in bowling that most bowlers who can command it prefer to use it for all it is worth. Spofforth worked on different lines; he appears to have been the first naturally fast bowler to discover that the subtle variations of pace and deceptive tricks practised by a slow-medium bowler like Alfred Shaw might with advantage be imitated and developed in conjunction with sheer speed. On this score it is justly said of him that he founded a new school of bowling. He took a long run, came up to the crease with long, vigorous strides, and delivered the ball with a high overhead action, apparently intent on delivering the ball with all the speed he could muster. He appeared to throw the whole swing of his long arm and his long body into his effort, and after he delivered the ball his body and arm followed right over until his hand almost touched the ground. In fact, to all appearances he was a very fast bowler. But appearances were deceptive. By subtle differences in the way he held the ball in his hand he varied the pace of the ball without in the least varying his style of delivery. Consequently, the batsman opposed to him never knew at what pace the ball was coming. Sometimes it came very fast, sometimes quite slow, generally something between the two. Such a complete master was he of his art that, though he bowled four or five different kinds of ball, he bowled each kind

as well as if he had devoted all his attention to that one in particular; in fact, he was four or five bowlers rolled into one, all first-class. The value of his very fast ball to him was twofold: in the first place it often beat the batsman by its sheer speed; in the second, the batsman never being quite sure when it was coming was continually on the look-out for it, and, consequently, was kept unsettled in mind, and was liable to make mistakes in playing the slower ball. He had complete control over the ball, kept a very accurate length, and when the wicket allowed the ball to bite could make it break back prodigiously from the off. But he was an artist in the use of break; he varied the amount of it: if the pitch enabled him to make the ball break back two feet, he did not, therefore, try to compass this every time, but so graduated his finger work that the ball turned now a foot, now an inch, according as he chose. Many bowlers can make the ball break when the wicket helps them, but very few can control the amount of their break. A noticeable characteristic of Spofforth's bowling was that when he beat the bat he hit the wicket.

Not only did he by his skill and judgment take the fullest advantage of any help the state of the pitch afforded, but he made a study of the play of the batsmen opposed to him, and was as quick at perceiving their weaknesses as he was adroit in attacking them. His comrade and captain, W. L. Murdoch, has some amusing stories of how Spofforth used to work out mentally beforehand various methods of attack to suit various batsmen. He used to keep Murdoch awake at night with discussions of tactical problems. Spofforth was a theorist in the best sense, and a very practical theorist. W. G. Grace says that a good many batsmen "funked" Spofforth's bowling, and that this contributed largely to the great bowler's success. The criticism is amusing, because it is undoubted that many bowlers "funked" bowling at W. G., and so, as it were, gave him best without a struggle. The moral advantage, of course, was in each case earned by masterful skill.

There is no doubt that Spofforth's bowling was the main source of strength of the Australian teams of which he was a member. But he could not have done what he did had he not been well backed up. A bowler cannot bowl both ends. Australian cricket made its mark and secured its position in the second match of the first tour in England, when a very powerful team of the M.C.C., including W. G. Grace, A. N. Hornby, A. W. Ridley, A. J. Webbe, Alfred Shaw, and Morley, was beaten by nine wickets. The match was won by the bowling of Spofforth and H. F. Boyle. In their first innings the M.C.C. eleven was disposed of by them for thirty-three runs, Spofforth taking six wickets for four runs; in the second for nineteen runs, Boyle taking six wickets for three runs.

Boyle was also associated with Spofforth on the epoch-making occasion when for the first time Australia defeated England. This was at Kennington Oval in 1882. In the fourth innings of the match the tremendous batting power of the eleven of England required only eighty-five runs to win. Spofforth's wonderful bowling secured a dramatic victory for his side by seven runs; he got seven wickets, but it was Boyle who kept the runs down at the other end. Boyle's bowling was a notable feature of the first four Australian visits; some of his individual performances were remarkable, and his record all through was consistently good—in fact, in 1882, his statistics at the end of the season were even better than Spofforth's. His merits, however, were not so striking and dramatic as those of "The Demon," and, though well recognised by the *cognoscenti*, did not so impress the general public. He was a typical right-hand, medium-pace bowler. He was famous for his steadiness and for the extreme precision with which under all circumstances he maintained a perfect length. This accuracy combined with a very sharp off-break made him a most difficult bowler on sticky or crumbled wickets. Batsmen who played against him say that on good wickets he was fairly easy to play, but never easy to score from; he never gave you any runs, you had to get them yourself, and in trying to force him you were always in danger of making a mistake. One of his great merits was that he bowled with the same precision and heartiness when a good score was being made against him as when he was getting a wicket every other over. He was dogged and persevering, and never gave up trying.

Like most other medium-paced bowlers noted for their precision, he was supposed to achieve his success entirely by his excellence of length; but it seems fairly certain that all very successful good-length bowlers of medium pace have something peculiar or deceptive in the flight of the ball in the air,

and it is the combination of this quality with their length that differentiates them from the ordinary. It was said of Boyle that his bowling looked very easy from the pavilion, but lost its simplicity the moment you got to the wicket and had to play him. His accuracy was by no means merely mechanical. Although his style of bowling did not admit of the wide variations practised by Spofforth, he, nevertheless, varied both his pace and his pitch within the limits that were possible in his own particular style. The best length for a ball is not a fixed quantity, but varies not only according to the pace of the ball, but according to the style of the batsman. Boyle was very clever at finding out immediately the exact length of ball the batsman disliked, and when he bowled a ball a trifle faster or a trifle slower than usual he altered his length proportionately a few inches one way or the other.

H. F. BOYLE.
From a Photo. by Hawkins, Brighton.

The Australians themselves had the highest opinion of Boyle and the greatest confidence in his nerve at a crisis. He won no little fame for his intrepidity in fielding in the position now known familiarly as "silly mid-on," a position invented by the Australians. They noticed that batsmen in playing forward at Spofforth's off-breaks often cocked the ball up in front of the wicket on the leg side somewhere between short square-leg and mid-on; Boyle volunteered to go there and secure these catches, and took up his stand within three or four yards of the batsman, regardless of the possibility of a hard drive in that direction. He had some marvellous escapes from hard hitters like E. M. Grace, who hit with a bit of a pull, but he brought off some marvellous catches.

The bowler who ranked second to Spofforth in reputation in the earlier group was G. E. Palmer. He was a member of the second and the three succeeding teams. Australian opinion sets him very high and declares that in spite of his great success in England he never really achieved here all that he was capable of. The English cricketers who played against him are somewhat divided in their estimation, some putting him second to none, not even to Spofforth, others reckoning him as rather overrated. It is quite certain that some of the English batsmen found him more difficult than Spofforth; in fact, Palmer had among our batsmen a certain number of foredoomed victims. On the whole it appears doubtful whether Palmer has ever had a superior at his best as a bowler upon perfectly true wickets altogether favourable to batting. It was upon the "plumb" wickets that he proved of such great value to the Australian teams in England, and he was remarkably successful under these the prevailing conditions in Australia. He was a born bowler in that he possessed by nature an exceptionally easy and graceful action and a power of imparting an exceptional spin to the ball. His pace was above medium and, owing to the ease of his action, somewhat faster than it appeared. A ball with which he got a great many of his wickets, and which was much feared by batsmen, was his fast yorker pitching on the leg-stump. The peculiarity about it was that, when he bowled it, it was a yorker genuine and exact, with no variation towards being a full pitch or a half volley, as is so often the case. There have been a good many bowlers credited with ability to break the ball both ways, but in nearly every case this has meant that the bowler could make the ball break a good deal one way and very little the other, and that little only occasionally. Palmer was a genuine instance of the double power; he really could make the ball break equally well from the off or from leg. When he first came over here he relied chiefly upon his off-break, which was very deadly because he made the ball come so quickly from the pitch, but he used now and then to send

down a beautiful leg-twister, which proved most destructive. Afterwards, however, he tended to reverse the process, and went in for making the leg-break his standard ball; but in making the change he sacrificed somewhat of his certainty and accuracy of length. His leg-breaks were not of the high-tossed "cock-a-doodle" description; he bowled them much the same pace as his off-breaks, and with almost identically the same action, only changing the way in which he worked his fingers as he let the ball go. It is thought that he would have achieved better results had he stuck to his original style; but any slight falling off that he showed in his bowling the last time he came to England was probably due as much to his having become one of the leading batsmen on his side as to the alleged change in his bowling method.

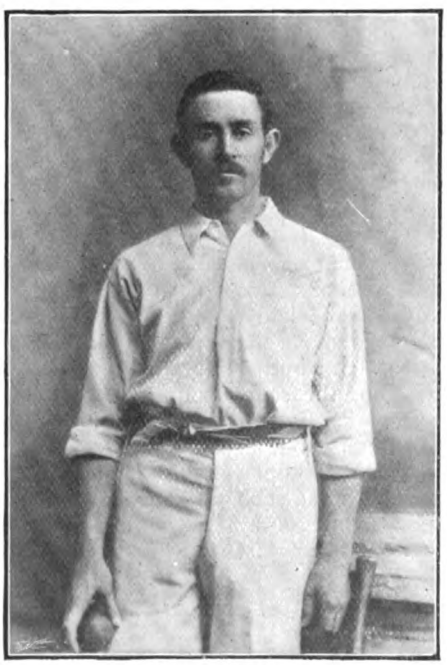
G. F. PALMER.
From a Photo. by Hawkins, Brighton.

Another bowler who did excellent service for the first, third, and fifth Australian teams was T. W. Garrett. Like Palmer he had a beautifully easy action, and could make the ball come very quickly off the pitch; but he was a rather faster and had not the same power of spin and finger work. In his methods he was more like an English bowler than an Australian, for he relied less upon subtle variations of pace and length and such artistic deceptions than upon pegging away with an accurate length on the off-stump or just outside it. A particular ball of his was one which, after pitching, went away a little from the batsman, and that very smartly; at this the batsman would often play a trifle late and a trifle inside the ball, and give a catch to the wicket-keeper or one of the slips. Garrett is not reckoned to have been as formidable a bowler as any of the afore-mentioned, but he was nevertheless a very good bowler indeed, and was uncommonly useful to the Australians on fast wickets.

George Giffen may be described as the connecting link between the earlier and later Australian bowlers. He came over with the third, fourth, and fifth Australian teams, and was thus a contemporary of Spofforth, Boyle, Palmer, and Garrett; then, missing out the two teams of which C. T. B. Turner and J. J. Ferris were the chief bowlers, he came again in 1893—when, together with Turner, he did most of the bowling—and again in 1896 as a comrade of H. Trumble, E. Jones, and T. R. McKibbin. So his name really runs through the whole history of Australian bowling. With the exception of M. A. Noble no Australian cricketer can be reckoned in the same class as an all-round man with Giffen, who was certainly of the very highest class both as a batsman and as a bowler. His best year in England was 1886, when he proved himself the best man in the team with both bat and ball. An examination of his record as a bowler shows him to have been sometimes extraordinarily effective, sometimes rather expensive. The first two years he came his side was very strong in bowling, and his services, as a rule, were not required except when conditions of play favoured run-getting; on bowlers' wickets Spofforth, Palmer, and Boyle usually accounted for their opponents. But even when he was a stock bowler of the side his form was rather more variable than that of the other great Australian bowlers, a fact which is emphasized by reason of some of his performances in particular being equal to any of theirs. He seemed now and then to have off-days, when he forgot how to bowl. And no one was more surprised than the bowler! But he was very fond of bowling, and always sanguine of success. These off-days were not very frequent; that they occurred at all is curious in the case of a bowler of such consummate ability. He bowled, or rather bowls, medium pace or a trifle under, and has a curious and rather baulking action. Starting

G. GIFFEN.
From a Photo. by Hawkins, Brighton.

well outside the crease from towards mid-off he comes up to the wicket on a curve; he begins with three or four walking steps, moving delicately on his toes, rather after the manner of a high-jumper on the approach, and he eyes the batsman intently the while, much as a jumper eyes the bar; just before getting to the crease he breaks into a couple of strides of run; until then he holds the ball in front of him in his left hand, but at the last moment he transfers it to his right and delivers it over his head sideways, as it were, with his left shoulder pointing down the wicket. Batsmen prefer a simpler process of delivery. As Giffen lets the ball go he flips his fingers across it and gives it a spin that causes it to dance springy and lively from the pitch. One of his best balls is a slower one, which he tosses higher than usual in the air. Its advent can usually be anticipated from the peculiarly cunning smile upon the bowler's face as he comes up. Few bowlers have kept their skill unimpaired so long as Giffen. He is probably to this day worth a place in an Australian eleven.



C. T. B. TURNER.
From a Photo. by Hawkins, Brighton.

The sixth and seventh Australian teams form, so to speak, the middle period of Anglo-Australian cricket, the period of Turner and Ferris. The sixth team, which came in 1888, struck right away into new ground, for of the set of bowlers that had been the making and the mainstay of the preceding teams not one was included. But C. T. B. Turner and J. J. Ferris, upon whom the mantle of the older generation fell, were in every way worthy to wear it.

Considered as a pair they were perhaps the most remarkable of the Australian bowlers: for not only did they each individually achieve great success, but together they bore practically the whole burden of the bowling. In fact, inasmuch as the batting strength of the teams in which they played together either was not considerable or else was unable to realize itself in England, this wonderful pair of bowlers constituted the total match-winning power of these teams.

It is curious to note that neither of them was as successful after their partnership was dissolved. Ferris stopped in England at the end of the 1890 season and qualified to play for Gloucestershire; but though he had on his performances for the Australians established his claim to be reckoned among the greatest of bowlers, comparatively he failed altogether in county cricket with the ball, and indeed became more valuable as a batsman.

Turner came to England a third time with the eighth Australian eleven, but did not bowl quite up to the form of his previous tours. Indeed, George Giffen, his partner-in-chief, was more successful. Even if it be taken into consideration that the conditions of English county cricket may have been less favourable to Ferris than those to which previously he had been accustomed, and that ill-health was partly accountable for Turner's falling-off, there is still room for the belief that the combination of the two bowlers contributed in a great degree to the success of each.

Turner bowled right hand, rather above medium pace. So facile and graceful was his action that it was a positive pleasure to watch him. He held the ball with his first finger screwed round on the top of it so that the under side of the first joint was tightly pressed down on the seam. Whether from this method of holding it, or from this combined with the lively, fluent swing of his arm, he made the ball spin like a humming-top. You could hear the ball buzz in the air as it travelled from his hand, and it flew from the pitch at a pace altogether out of keeping with its pace in the air. For this lightning flick from the ground and sheer abruptness of break Turner's bowling has never been surpassed. Batsmen speak with awe of the terrors of his off-break even on pitches which, though they allowed the ball to bite,

were dead and slow rather than difficult. On such wickets most bowlers, and even some of the very best, while able to turn the ball, can only turn it slowly; but the abnormal spin of Turner's bowling compensated, as it were, for any want of liveliness in the ground. His delivery was simple and clear to see, yet you could not tell exactly what pace the ball was coming, so completely did he disguise any alteration.

Such, however, was the natural quality of his bowling that he could have dispensed with deceptive artifices and yet succeeded almost as well. In Spofforth's case the run-up, action, and general aspect of the man suggested and were in keeping with the result: he seemed as one bent on producing a decisive piece of bowling every time. In George Giffen there was always a hint of plot-hatching and cunning artifice. Turner gave the impression of bowling for pleasure, all above-board and open-hearted, without troubling himself about the result or striving after effectiveness. Even Spofforth, though his career was longer and more consistent, has no record for one season equal to Turner's in 1888, when the latter bowled some 10,000 balls, and took 314 wickets at a cost of 11.38 runs apiece.

J. J. Ferris was unique among the Australians as their one really great left-hand bowler. F. E. Allan, a member of the first team, came over with a great reputation as a slow left-hander; indeed, he was called "the bowler of the century," but, apparently, though his skill was considerable, he could not stand the hard work of an English season; at any rate, his achievements were only moderate. Ferris, during his first visit, took 220 wickets for 14.23 runs each, and during his second 215 for 13.43 runs each, records that upon paper put him side by side with Spofforth. In style he was in marked contrast with Turner; his method was complex. He took a longish run, halting once or twice in the course of it and swinging his arms about, first together straight out in front of him, then together above his head; and as he delivered the ball he seemed to use the downward swing of his right arm as a help to bring his left over. The whole action was complicated and strange, but was quite natural to him and neither unsightly nor laboured. He brought his left arm over straight and high, as though endeavouring to touch some spot in the air just out of reach. Most left-hand bowlers swing their arms somewhat across the line from wicket to wicket, but Ferris rather seemed to swing his straight down it. The effect was that, when bowling round the wicket, his balls rather resembled in flight those of a left-hander bowling over the wicket. He had the natural left-hand break, from leg to off to a right-hand batsman; and he also made deadly use of a faster ball which had no break, but after pitching kept straight on. He was for some reason difficult to hit even when he pitched the ball well up, and his usual length was farther up than that of most bowlers of his pace. There was something uncommon in the flight of his balls: they came strongly in the air all the way, yet seemed to drop down just at the last. He was a particularly good bowler on fast, true wickets, on which he not infrequently succeeded better than Turner. Though, like nearly all the Australian bowlers, he went in for variation of pace, he was, like Turner, essentially a natural bowler, and owed his success more to the inherent peculiarities of his bowling than to cultivated finesse.

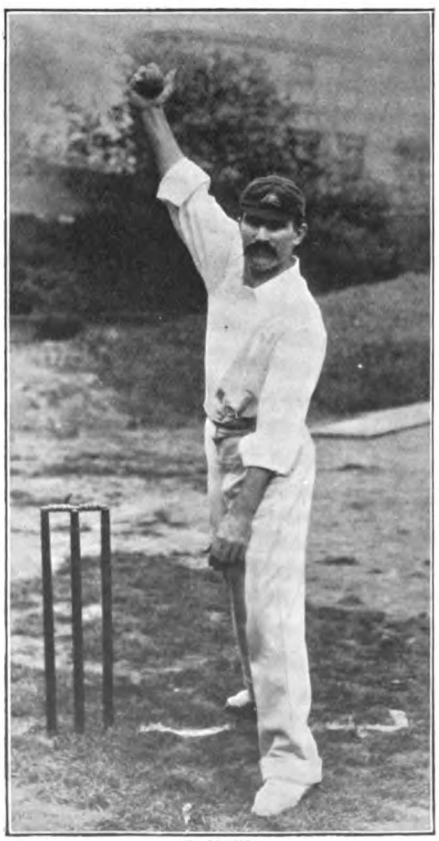
THE LATE J. J. FERRIS.
From a Photo. by Hawkins, Brighton.

Of the modern Australian bowlers, whose styles are familiar to most of us, Hugh Trumble is the eldest in English cricket. During his first visit, with the team of 1890, he had little opportunity of proving his real worth; but in the next tour, in 1893, he was not far from sharing honours with Giffen and Turner. Since then his bowling has been one of the institutions of Australian cricket. Except on a sticky or crumbled pitch, when he can make the ball talk as loudly as any bowler, there is at first sight nothing very striking about his bowling: being very tall, he can cause the ball to rise a trifle abruptly; he is very steady and keeps an excellent length. That is all. At least, so you think, until you happen to play against him; then you discover that you are opposed to a most judgmatic and long-headed adversary who knows every move

H. TRUMBLE.
From a Photo. by Hawkins, Brighton.

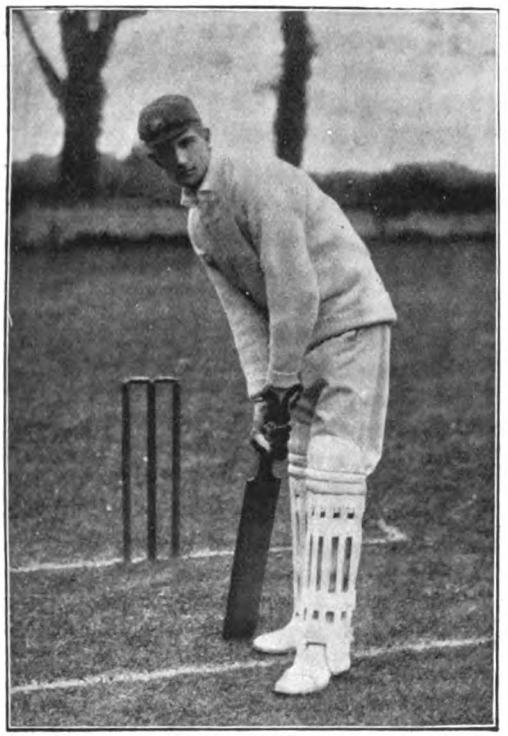
in the game. Not only does he quickly discover any weakness in your defence, but sets about using your very strongest points as means of getting you out. If there is one stroke at which more than another you fancy yourself, you find that Trumble, having spent a couple of overs perhaps in trying to bowl you clean, is feeding you with exactly the sort of ball that you would ask for. But somehow, when he begins doing this, the field is always placed in such a way that if you make the least mistake you are bound to be caught. And you are the more likely to make a mistake because Trumble feeds your strokes with just something in his favour: the ball does not prove quite so easy to play as you expected; it drops a little shorter or a little wider than you want. He does not attempt to wring difficulty out of an easy wicket, but provides the batsman with admirable chances of getting himself out. His plans may not always succeed, but they are nearly always the best suited to the man and the occasion. Consequently, Trumble is a great bowler.

Another sort altogether is E. Jones. His merit is pure and undiluted speed. He is a fast bowler in the genuine sense of the term; for his pace alone, together with ordinary straightness and length, is sufficient in itself to get wickets. To a certain extent he is independent even of length, for his speed is so great that his very shortest ball is liable to prove difficult. On recent form in Australia he is reported to have lost the extra bit of pace which has hitherto constituted his excellence, but in all probability most of our batsmen will find him quite fast enough when he lands in England again. He is immensely powerful, and drives all the strength of his arm, back, and hips into his bowling. He was of great value to the Australian team of 1896, but, as he had meanwhile improved in accuracy, even more so to that of 1899, the last. Richardson, Lockwood, and Mold, the three fastest English bowlers of recent date, all had at their best not only great speed, but a big off-break; Jones's bowling sometimes swings away a little after pitching and sometimes breaks in a few inches from the off, but on good wickets it may fairly be described as dead straight. But Jones's straightness does not involve simplicity. On his form in 1899 he was reckoned to be, at any rate for some half-dozen overs, the fastest bowler yet known.



E. JONES.
From a Photo. by Hawkins, Brighton.

In M. A. Noble and W. Howell, members of the last team, the Australians possess two more bowlers of the first rank. Noble would play for Australia either for his bowling or his batting, and is, perhaps, on

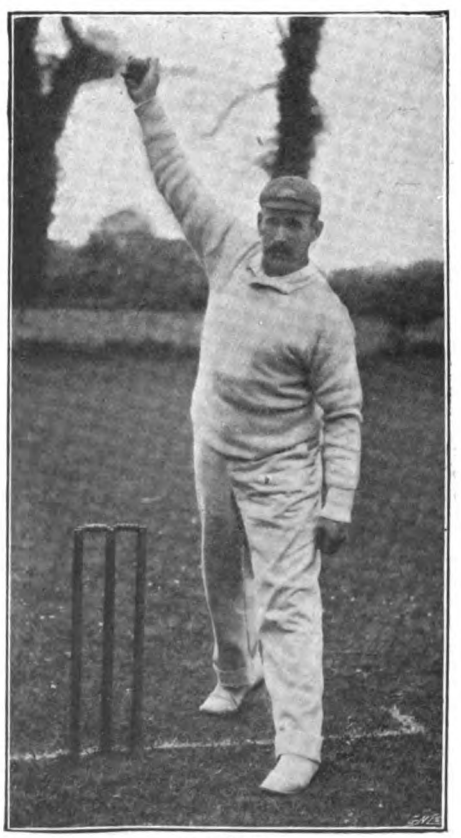


M. A. NOBLE.
From a Photo. by Hawkins, Brighton.

the score of joint excellence in both branches of the game, to be reckoned the best all-round cricketer alive. His bowling is right-hand, rather above medium pace, and its virtue, besides good length and — on favourable pitches—a smart off-break, consists in its peculiar flight. This peculiarity is not invariably present; but when it is his bowling is very difficult. The ball sometimes swerves in the air inwards, either from the off or from leg, and sometimes seems to duck downwards. Perhaps batsmen are inclined to exaggerate the amount of this swerve, but no one who has played Noble with a slight wind blowing can doubt its existence. The swerve which marked George Hirst's bowling last year was more pronounced than Noble's, but its curve was always regular and always from the same direction, the off. Noble's swerve is, so to speak, more swimmy. When he delivers the ball he appears to draw his fingers not sideways across the ball, but down under it, and thus to impart what in billiards would be called "drag" to the ball. Perhaps this back-spin is the cause of the swerve. The question is a subtle one; its solution would seem to require collaboration between a senior wrangler and a base-ball thrower.

Howell is another instance of the good-length Australian bowler: accuracy and precision glorified by the quickening addition of spin. In many respects his bowling resembles that of J. T. Hearne, of Middlesex, a model of exact length combined with liveliness. Howell now and then has days when the quality in his action that produces his spin seems in abeyance; then he is useful rather than dangerous. Otherwise he is one of the very few that can make the ball break appreciably on a modern polished and perfect artificial pitch.

It will be seen that the Australians have brought over practically only one left-hand bowler and only one properly described as fast. Nearly all of them have varied in pace merely from slow medium to fast medium. Yet within this limit of style they have displayed great variety; no two of them have closely resembled each other. There seems no doubt that the conditions of Australian cricket tend to produce medium-pace bowlers, and these extremely good.



W. HOWELL.
From a Photo. by Hawkins, Brighton.

The Humorous Artists of America.—III.

By Thomas E. Curtis.

[Attention is drawn to the fact that the present series of articles on the Humorous Artists of the World have already dealt with English artists in January, 1902; with those of Germany in April, 1901; and with those of France in December, 1901.]

KEMBLE'S treatment of the "coon" has made that excellent artist famous. The negro, from time immemorial, has been a favourite subject with the American comic artist, and if the possibilities for fun-making in his figure, face, and speech have not yet been fully exhausted, it is not because the illustrators have been lacking. Regarding Kemble's work, it must be admitted that he has almost run the gamut of negro-humour. There is no one, unless it be W. L. Sheppard, the veteran depictor of the Virginian negro, who approaches him in unctuous drollness and subtle touch. Kemble was born in Sacramento, California, in 1861, and was educated in the New York public schools. He began his professional career on the New York *Daily Graphic* and attended the Art Students' League. The *Century Magazine* took his earliest work, and his most ambitious illustration has appeared in that and other American magazines. For *Life* most of his distinctively humorous drawings have been done, but an occasional sketch in other weeklies, notably in *Puck*, shows that the appreciation of his work is not confined to one public.

From a] MR. E. W. KEMBLE. [*Photo.*

Kemble gets local colour and character by frequent visits to the South, but uses white models for his "coons." Some of his figures are a trifle exaggerated, but such exaggeration makes the laughter heartier. One's constant wonder is that Kemble does not exaggerate still more. His restraint in dealing with a type containing so much possibility of exaggeration is remarkable. His work is always distinctly American and genuinely realistic. If he has a weak point it is his carelessness in detail.

"Now we'll see ef dat sawed off Peterson man kin escape de issue dis time." DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE FOR "LIFE."

The career of Grant E. Hamilton has been that of a cartoonist, but many of his comic sketches have appeared in *Judge*, of which paper he is now the art editor. One of Mr. Hamilton's drawings, a very good illustration of the Irish type so common in American cities and so beloved of the comic draughtsman, is shown on the next page. Mr. Hamilton was born in Youngstown, and graduated from Yale University in 1880. His early contributions appeared in

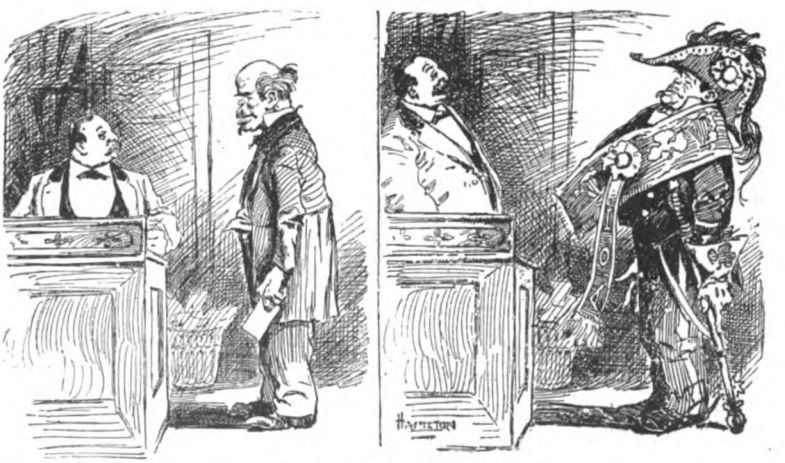
"Doan' try ter insult me, Mister Pugsley, by offerin' me a life preserver like dat. I ain't used ter homœopathic treatment."

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE FOR "LIFE."

keen power of observation, especially in the construction of mechanical implements and all sorts of machinery. In his cartoon work he possesses a genuine faculty for anticipating the public fancy, and although it is a common saying in cartoon work that no experience can teach the artist what the public will like, Mr. Hamilton happily gives it to them with exceeding success. It will be remembered that on the American papers the cartoon subject is often chosen two or three weeks in advance, and it takes a clever student of public affairs to know what the public will be thinking of two or three weeks hence.

In connection with the work of Gus Dirks we mentioned the animal drawings which in two or three years have been so prominent in American comic journalism. One of the most amusing of these animal artists is A. Z. Baker, whose peculiar signature, to be noticed on the sketches reproduced on the two pages following, is far better known than the draughtsman's real

Harper's, *Puck*, and the *Daily Graphic*, from which last paper he went to *Judge*. He has a



HIS ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE UNIFORM.

Superintendent of Tram Line: "You'll have to make a deposit for a uniform."

McGlue: "Oi hov wan alriddy as good as new."

Superintendent: "All right. Put it on in the morning and come to see me."

McGlue (on time): "Oi'd like wan o' th' new cars, sor.'

DRAWN BY GRANT E. HAMILTON FOR "JUDGE."

name. Mr. Baker, although not always so funny as Dirks, is a far better artist, and the training which he received in Paris at Julien's and at the Beaux Art Schools has indeed stood him in good stead. He was born in Baltimore in 1870, and after some desultory art study there he went, at the age of eighteen, to Paris. Being interested in animals, he made many studies of them at the Jardin des Plantes and in the menagerie of Bidel, the well-known animal trainer. "This animal study was, at the time, merely a side issue," says Mr. Baker, "and I did it for my private amusement, it being then my intention to paint historical pictures as a life work. The knowledge of animal action and anatomy thus gained has been of incalculable value since." On his return to the States in 1890 Baker painted many pictures, a few of which were animal subjects, and these found admittance to the National Academy in New York. The financial crisis of 1893 disturbed the sale of easel pictures and Baker went in for illustration, some of his first work appearing in the *Century Magazine* and in *Life*.

From a] MR. A. Z. BAKER *[Photo.*

The variety which enters into an artist's life is aptly shown by the next incident in Mr. Baker's career. He received a proposal from a friend in South America to join a revolutionary movement in which that friend was interested, and "as this promised to pay better than illustrating," writes the artist, "I gave up my studio and sailed to the aid of the deposed President in whose restoration to power my friend was interested. The revolution not succeeding, I returned to the States and again took up illustration. It was at this time I did the first of my animal comics, which were, from the beginning, popular. In adopting the style in which I chose to do them I was greatly influenced by the Japanese, and particularly by the work of Hokusai, that greatest master of line. Their popularity increased rapidly, and soon I could not turn out enough of them to meet the demand."

As regards his methods of work, Mr. Baker says: "I have followed my Japanese models and draw entirely with the brush, thus, to my idea, getting much more swing and beauty of line than if I used a pen."

For some reason or other Peter Newell is usually imagined by those who have not met him to be short and round, but, as a matter of fact, he is slender and 6ft. 2½in. in height. This, then, is the man whose drawings the American children love. Mr. Newell is an Illinoisian, and was born in 1862. He showed a decided bent for drawing, and after passing through the public schools of his native town he entered a photographic studio, where he spent several years making crayon portraits and doing such other work as came to hand in the line of business.

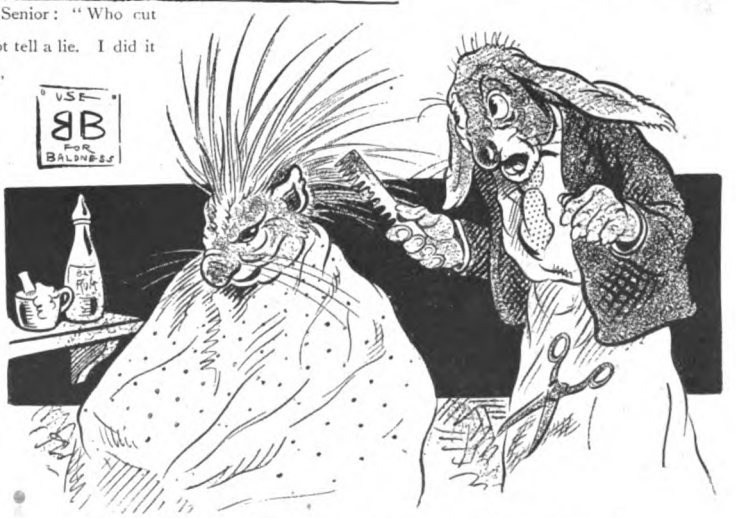
UTILITARIAN.—Father Elephant: "Ah, now this will make an excellent teething-ring for the baby!" DRAWN BY A. Z. BAKER FOR "PUCK."

"Having accumulated some money in this way,' says Mr. Newell, "I was enabled to go to New York, where I entered the Art Students' League. My stay in this school was comparatively brief and my work not in any sense striking. It was at this time that I began supplying comic illustrations to the illustrated journals, the first of which appeared in the New York *Graphic*, long passed away. The bulk of this work, however, appeared in *Harper's Bazaar*, to which journal I became an active contributor. At this time I chose as the medium of expression pen and ink. It was not till about 1893 that I began working in flat tones in wash, which is my present style of work."

THE MONKEY: "Why on earth have you got all those feathers on your back?"
The Duke of Hippopotamus: "Hush! I'm travelling incognito. Want to be mistaken for an ostrich." DRAWN BY A. Z. BAKER FOR "PUCK."

FEB. 22.—Washington Beaver, Senior: "Who cut down my cherry tree?"
Little Georgie: "Father, I cannot tell a lie. I did it with my little toofies!"
DRAWN BY A. Z. BAKER FOR "PUCK."

Mr. Newell loves children, and they have largely been his subjects, though his drawings are done in a way that appeals to the old as well as to the young. He has a love for the quaint in art, and in his work has endeavoured to express this quality. Most of his "captions"—the technical word used by American artists to express the titles of their drawings—are in verse, and these the artist writes himself. He is an optimist in his draughtsmanship and is full of incongruous fancies. Of recent years he has devoted much time to book illustration, and his own "Topsys and Turvys" and "Pictures and Rhymes"—

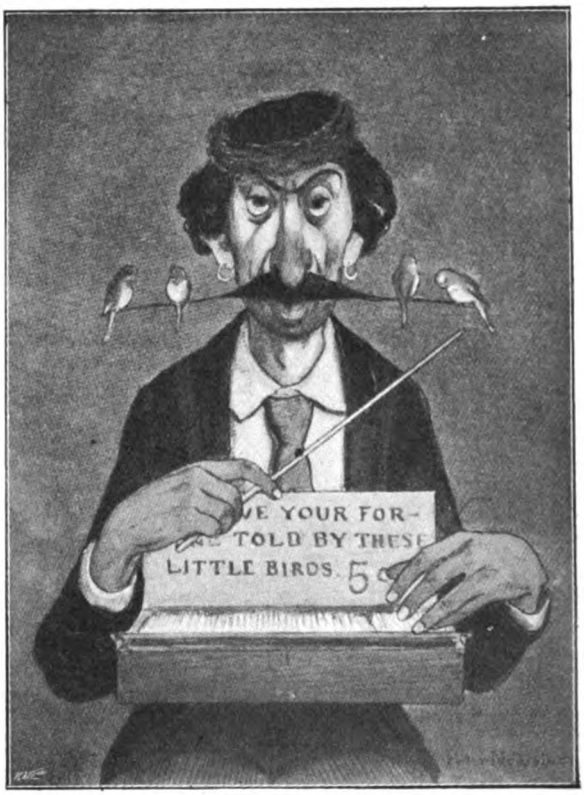


A PREDICAMENT.—The Porcupine: "Give me a shampoo, please!"
DRAWN BY A. Z. BAKER FOR "PUCK."

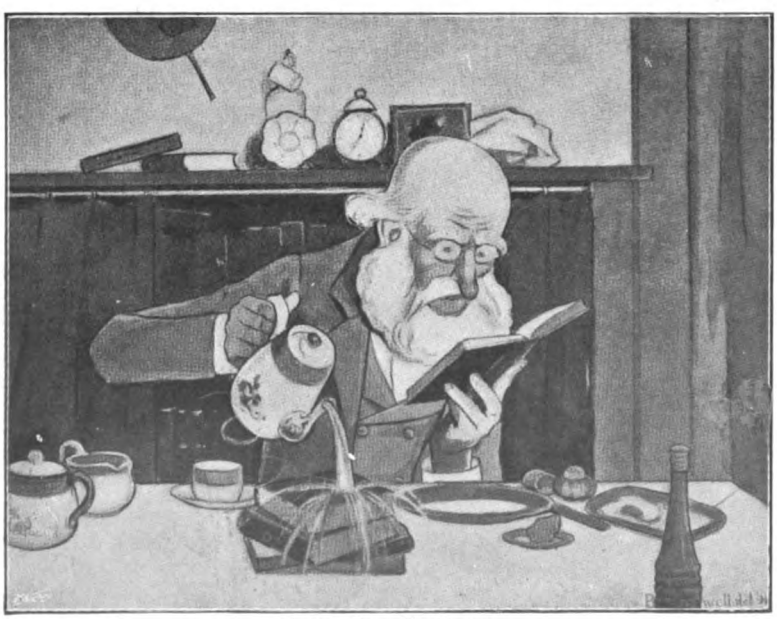
the last-named being the collection of his comic drawings that have appeared from time to time in the various publications of the Harpers—are among the most popular and best-selling of American humorous books. Most of Mr. Newell's best work has been done for the Harpers.

From a] MR. PETER NEWELL. *[Photo.*

Louis Dalrymple, the well-known caricaturist, was born at Cambridge, Illinois, in 1866, of Scottish parentage. From earliest childhood he displayed a talent for the drawing of cartoons and caricatures, which, as a rule, were highly appreciated in the community where he lived owing to the tightness with which political lines were drawn. He made light of local political affairs and turned the "bosses" into ridicule. In 1883 he found himself in Philadelphia, where he drew for the newspapers in the day and studied by night at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. His first regular staff connection



A STREET FAKIR.
DRAWN BY PETER NEWELL (COPYRIGHT, HARPER AND BROTHERS).



PORING OVER HIS BOOKS.
DRAWN BY PETER NEWELL (COPYRIGHT, HARPER AND BROTHERS).

was with *Judge*, and this engagement continued until he joined Mr. Wolcott Balestier in the publication of a comic weekly called *Tid-Bits*. In 1885 Dalrymple was the chief cartoonist on the New York *Daily Graphic*.

"During these earlier years of my training," says Mr. Dalrymple, "that famous comic journal *Puck* had grown to great power and influence, and in 1886 I was invited to the art staff of that paper, which embraced the most brilliant of cartoonists." Here his talents had a very wide scope, and covered many varieties of humorous and cartoon production. "My chief labours for *Puck*, however," he adds, "were devoted to the large central cartoon which carried the political lesson of the week." His pictures, published in the heat of a campaign waged for tariff reform and the election of Cleveland to the Presidency, are well remembered for their effective and trenchant arguments.

MR. LOUIS DALRYMPLE.
From a Photo. by Schloss, New York.

SCINTILLANT DETRACTORS.—Little Rachel: "Here, Mommer, dake my tiamondts vhilst I bractice at der biano."
Her Mother: "Do dey bodder your vingers?"
Little Rachel: "No! Dey bodder my learning; I gan't geep my eyes on der notes!"

DRAWN BY LOUIS DALRYMPLE FOR "PUCK."

Dalrymple is one of the many clever artists who have been induced by the big daily newspapers to leave their staff positions on the comic weeklies, and his work now appears in the New York *World*. Its quality shows no sign of slackening, and his cartoons are achieving a growing popularity. It is, however, as a humorist rather than as a cartoonist that we deal with him here, and the illustration which we reproduce contains the features which have made Dalrymple's name one of the best known in comic journalism.

Peculiarly individual and very popular are the drawings of Mr. F. M. Howarth, who may rightly be called the originator of the "big heads and little bodies" figures, which we mentioned in our last article when dealing with the work of Mr. Sullivant. Mr. Howarth is one of those who have given "serial" pictures a distinct popularity, and hundreds of these series have appeared in the American Press. Mr. Howarth was born in 1864, and while serving as a clerk in a business house drifted into the profession of making jokes and comic pictures. "At first," he says, "I did work for all the comic papers and the magazines which published comic stuff.

THE ADVANTAGE OF EDUCATION.—"Now, if I hadn't been able to read, what a fix I might have been in!"

DRAWN BY F. M. HOWARTH FOR "LIFE."

From a] MR. F. M. HOWARTH. *[Photo.*

My first work of any note was done for *Life*. In the course of four years I did a great deal for this paper, and it was from this material I gained my reputation. In 1891 I became a member of *Puck's* staff of artists and writers, and remained with that paper until July, 1901, when I left to go to the New York *World*." Mr. Howarth originates all his own ideas and, he humorously adds, many of those used by other artists. His style is not particularly original, but it is a very successful adaptation to American ideas of the principles of the Dutch school. If there is a monotony in this style there is no monotony in the ideas, and there is no artist in America who has amused more people so continuously and so consistently as Howarth.

STRATEGY.—Photographer: "My dear sir, can't you assume a more smiling countenance and throw off that jaded look?"

Rev. V. V. Heighton: "Take me as I am. I need a vacation this summer and these pictures are for distribution among my parishioners."

DRAWN BY F. M. HOWARTH FOR "LIFE."

IN THE GLOAMING.—Miss Pearl: "Whar am yous, 'Rastus?"

As we have said in a previous article, the staff of an American comic newspaper is dependent to some extent for its material on outside contributions sent in by "idealists," as the term goes in America for outside contributors. Mr. Syd. B. Griffin, in his *Puck* drawings, uses, we believe, many of these suggestions, and therefore does a lot of work to order, but the greater part of his drawings and jokes are his own invention. The thoroughly American quality of his draughtsmanship and its great originality have been widely recognised, and his versatility is amazing. One of the

'Rastus: "Here I is!"

DRAWN BY SYD. B. GRIFFIN FOR "PUCK."

WHAT TRAINING IS COMING TO.

Visitor to Paddock: "You've got Lightfoot down very fine; but what's that thing behind him?"
His Jockey: "Yessir!"
Mr. Dire: "That's Snap Wittles. Hi, Snap!"

DRAWN BY SYD. B. GRIFFIN FOR "PUCK."

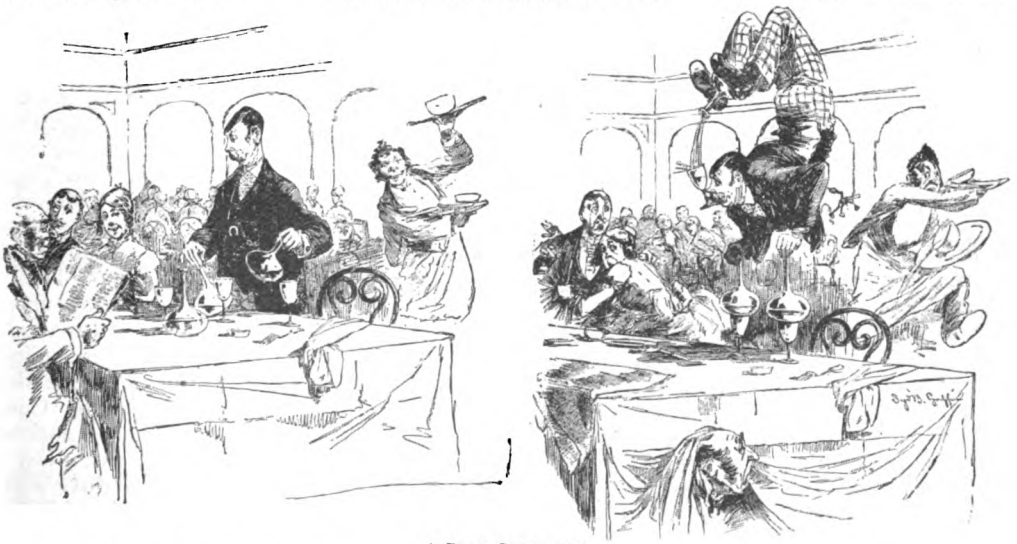
funniest things he has done is his negro drawing reproduced on page 552, but that he is handy in nearly all departments of illustrated work is here shown. If he does an acrobat, it is an acrobat to the life; if a jockey, it is a jockey in truth; and if a countryman, one almost gets the scent of the farm from his drawing. During his early career on *Puck* he seemed very fond of series drawings, and many of these

READY FOR THE GAME.—Mrs. Jipp: "Why, Rasper, my son, what in the world have you been doing?"
Rasper: "A new greyhound has moved into the next house but one, and I'm going over to play with him."

DRAWN BY SYD. B. GRIFFIN FOR "PUCK."

were genuinely amusing. It is to some extent disappointing to the lovers of American comic work that these series have latterly been so infrequent.

The work of Mr. A. S. Daggy is also of considerable merit, and *Puck* has numbered him for several years among its steady contributors. Daggy, like Griffin, finds his humour in the multitudinous types which make up America of the present. He has a



A BOON COMPANION.

Strange Guest (at hotel table): "Ladies an' gents, I ain't been very sociable, because I ain't no talker; but notwithstandin' I ain't got my sportin' clothes on, p'r'aps I can entertain you a bit."
(And he emphatically began.)

DRAWN BY SYD. B. GRIFFIN FOR "PUCK."

THE SMALLEST LIVING DWARF.

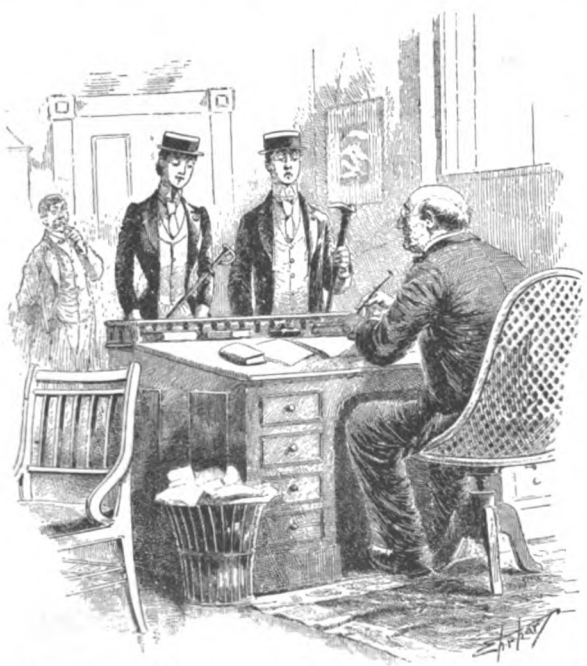
"Say, Tim, I hear you're de smalles livin' dwarf at de Exposition. How does yer work it, when you're so tall?"

Tim on exhibition—how he worked it.

DRAWN BY A. S. DAGGY FOR "JUDGE."

fondness for policemen, "bunco steerers," farmers, Hebrews, tramps, political "bosses," or any other variety of existing American, and he does all things with an energy and cleverness that please an immense public.

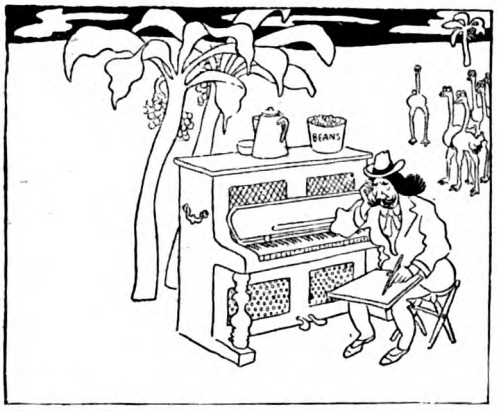
Mr. S. D. Ehrhart has achieved reputation mainly on account of the society illustrations which he has contributed to *Puck*. He possesses great daintiness of touch, and is said by an American critic "to make us feel the colour and warmth of the feminine face in pen and ink." The Ehrhart illustration here reproduced is an early example of his work in *Puck*, with which paper he has been connected for some years. He was born in Pottsville, Pennsylvania, and at the age of fifteen illustrated a burlesque poem in an old-fashioned style and sent it to *Harper's*. The acceptance of his work decided him on his profession, and he went to Munich to study. On his return to New York he went on to *Puck*. Ehrhart shows great felicity in illustrating all phases of modern social life. He is as happy in his skits upon the golfer as upon the fair motorist, and in costume drawings is almost invariably correct. The frequency with which his drawings appear proves their popularity.



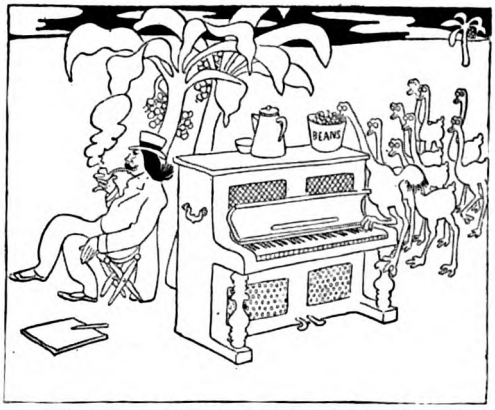
THOSE MANNISH MODES. Justice of the Peace (somewhat near-sighted): "Want to be married. Well er—eh—which one is the groom?"

DRAWN BY S. D. EHRHART FOR "PUCK."

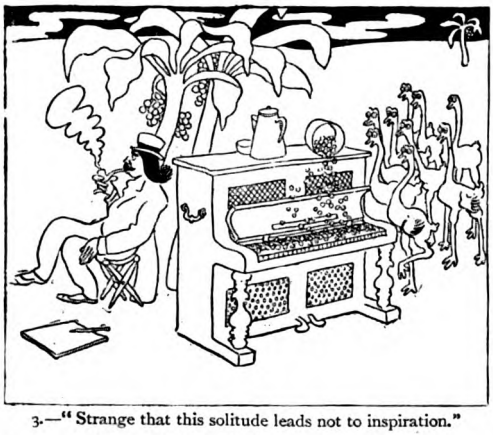
Gustave Verbeek, who made the series of musical illustrations with which we close this article, was born in Nagasaki, Japan, in 1867, and is the son of Guido Verbeek, who was connected with the Imperial College of Tokio. Here the artist was educated, and later studied in Paris under Benjamin Constant, Laurens, Blanc, and Girardot. Although original in his ideas, Mr. Verbeek is indebted in a



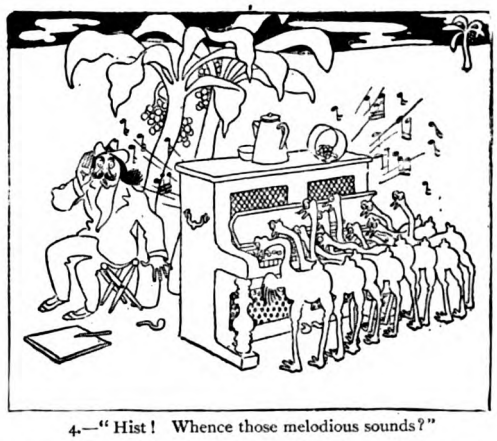
1.—"Just the ideal spot to compose my grand march 'The Desert.'"



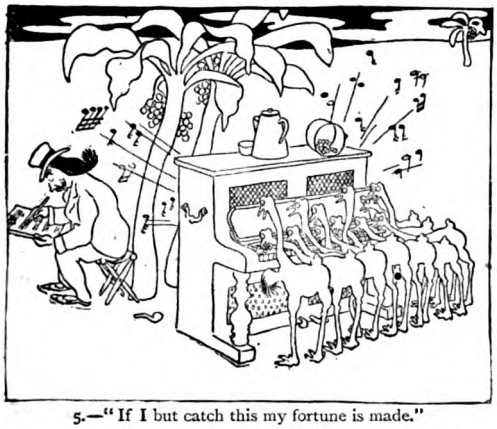
2.—"Yet nothing seems to come to me. I will smoke a while and think."



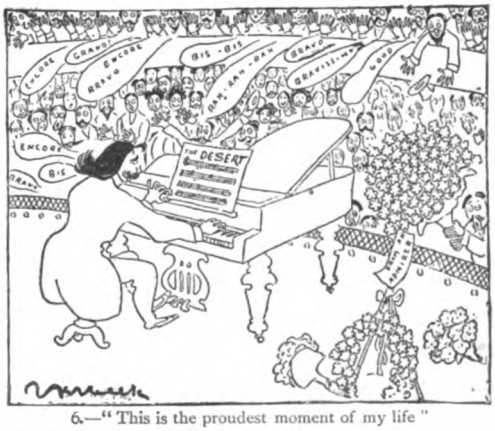
3.—"Strange that this solitude leads not to inspiration."



4.—"Hist! Whence those melodious sounds?"



5.—"If I but catch this my fortune is made."



6.—"This is the proudest moment of my life"

HOW SIGNOR BOVINSKY COMPOSED HIS PIECE FOR THE CONCERT.
DRAWN BY GUSTAVE VERBEEK FOR "JUDGE."

degree to French models for his style, and the likeness between the series shown above and the work of the great Caran d'Ache is evident. The popularity of Verbeek's drawings is equalled by their rarity. He has a keen sense of humour and is always cosmopolitan.

At Sunwich Port.

By W. W. Jacobs.

CHAPTER XXIV.

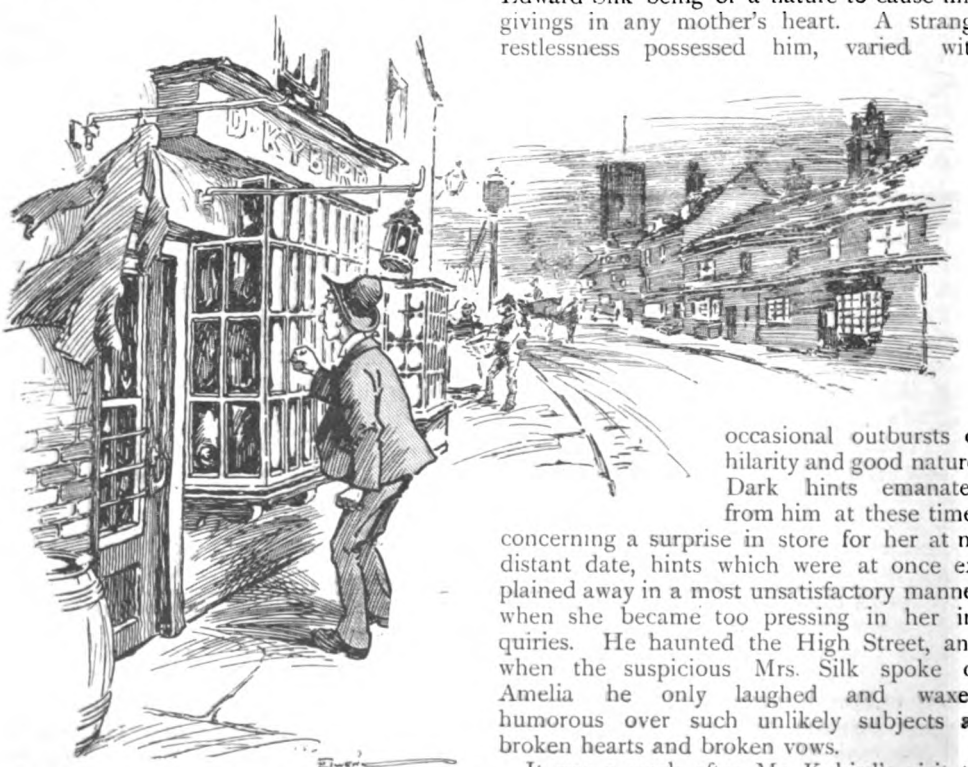
THE idea in the mind of Mr. James Hardy when he concocted his infamous plot was that Jack Nugent would be summarily dismissed on some pretext by Miss Kybird, and that steps would at once be taken by her family to publish her banns together with those of Mr. Silk. In thinking thus he had made no allowance for the workings and fears of such a capable mind as Nathan Smith's, and as days passed and nothing happened he became a prey to despair.

He watched Mr. Silk keenly, but that gentleman went about his work in his usual quiet and gloomy fashion, and, after a day's leave for the purpose of arranging the affairs of a sick aunt in Camberwell, came back only a little less gloomy than before. It was also clear that Mr. Swann's complaisance was nearly at an end, and a letter, couched in vigorous, not to say regrettable, terms for a moribund man, expressed such a desire for fresh air and exercise that Hardy was prepared to see him at any moment.

It was the more unfortunate as he thought that he had of late detected a slight softening in Captain Nugent's manner towards him. On two occasions the captain, who was out when he called, had made no comment to find upon his return that the visitor was being entertained by his daughter, going so far, indeed, as to permit the conversation to gain vastly in interest by that young person remaining in the room. In face of this improvement he thought with dismay of having to confess failure in a scheme which apart from success was inexcusable.

The captain had also unbent in another direction, and Mr. Wilks, to his great satisfaction, was allowed to renew his visits to Equator Lodge and assist his old master in the garden. Here at least the steward was safe from the designs of Mrs. Silk and the innuendoes of Fullalove Alley.

It was at this time, too, that the widow stood in most need of his advice, the behaviour of Edward Silk being of a nature to cause misgivings in any mother's heart. A strange restlessness possessed him, varied with occasional outbursts of hilarity and good nature. Dark hints emanated from him at these times concerning a surprise in store for her at no distant date, hints which were at once explained away in a most unsatisfactory manner when she became too pressing in her inquiries. He haunted the High Street, and when the suspicious Mrs. Silk spoke of Amelia he only laughed and waxed humorous over such unlikely subjects as broken hearts and broken vows.



"HE COULD JUST MAKE OUT A DIM FIGURE BEHIND THE COUNTER."

It was a week after Mr. Kybird's visit to the alley that he went, as usual, for a stroll up

Copyright, 1902, by W. W. Jacobs in the United States of America.

and down the High Street. The evening was deepening, and some of the shops had already lit up, as Mr. Silk, with his face against the window-pane, tried in vain to penetrate the obscurity of Mr. Kybird's shop. He could just make out a dim figure behind the counter, which he believed to be Amelia, when a match was struck and a gas-jet threw a sudden light in the shop and revealed Mr. Jack Nugent standing behind the counter with his hand on the lady's shoulder.

One glance was sufficient. The next moment there was a sharp cry from Miss Kybird and a bewildered stare from Nugent as something, only comparable to a human cracker, bounced into the shop and commenced to explode before them.

"Take your 'and off," raved Mr. Silk. "Leave 'er alone. 'Ow dare you? D'ye hear me? 'Melia, I won't 'ave it! I won't 'ave it!"

"Don't be silly, Teddy," remonstrated Mr. Nugent, following up Miss Kybird, as she edged away from him.

"Leave 'er alone, d'ye 'ear?" yelled Mr. Silk, thumping the counter with his small fist. "She's my *wife!*"

"Teddy's mad," said Mr. Nugent, calmly, "stark, staring, raving mad. Poor Teddy."

He shook his head sadly, and had just begun to recommend a few remedies, when the parlour door opened and the figure of Mr. Kybird, with his wife standing close behind him, appeared in the doorway.

"Who's making all this noise?" demanded the former, looking from one to the other.

"*I* am," said Mr. Silk, fiercely. "It's no use your winking at me; I'm not going to 'ave any more of this nonsense. 'Melia, you go and get your 'at on and come straight off 'ome with me."

Mr. Kybird gave a warning cough. "Go easy, Teddy," he murmured.

"And don't you cough at me," said the irritated Mr. Silk, "because it won't do no good."

Mr. Kybird subsided. He was not going to quarrel with a son-in-law who might at any moment be worth ten thousand pounds.

"Isn't he mad?" inquired the amazed Mr. Nugent.

"Cert'nly not," replied Mr. Kybird, moving aside to let his daughter pass; "no madder than you are. Wot d'ye mean, mad?"

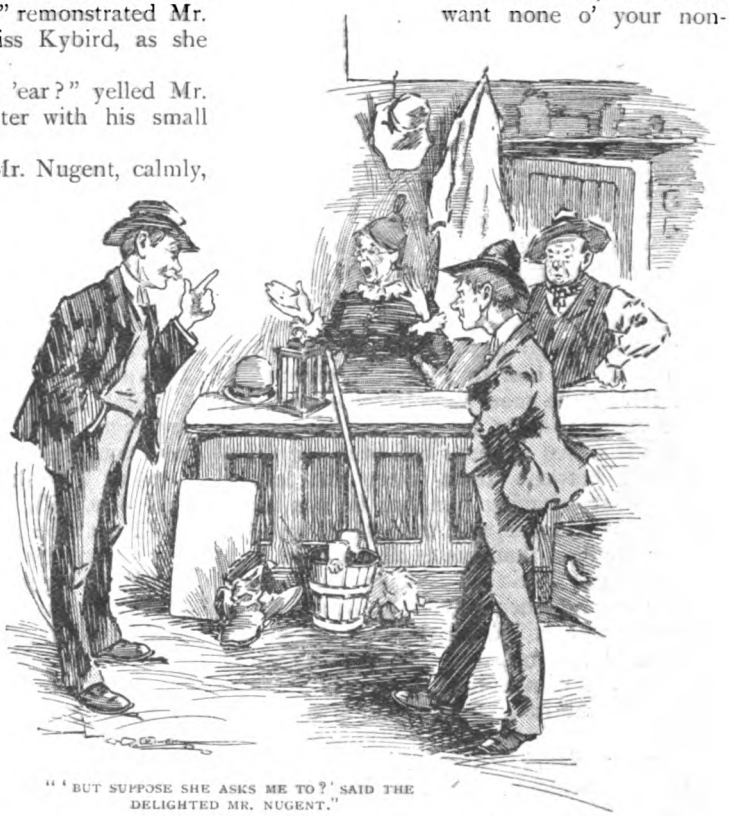
Mr. Nugent looked round in perplexity. "Do you mean to tell me that Teddy and Amelia are married?" he said, in a voice trembling with eagerness.

"I do," said Mr. Kybird. "It seems they've been fond of one another all along, and they went up all unbeknown last Friday and got a license and got married."

"And if I see you putting your 'and on 'er shoulder ag'in——" said Mr. Silk, with alarming vagueness.

"But suppose she asks me to?" said the delighted Mr. Nugent, with much gravity.

"Look 'ere, we don't want none o' your non-



"'BUT SUPPOSE SHE ASKS ME TO?' SAID THE DELIGHTED MR. NUGENT."

sense," broke in the irate Mrs. Kybird, pushing her way past her husband and confronting the speaker.

"I've been deceived," said Mr. Nugent, in a thrilling voice; "you've all been deceiving

me. Kybird, I blush for you (that'll save you a lot of trouble). Teddy, I wouldn't have believed it of you. I can't stay here; my heart is broken."

"Well, we don't want you to," retorted the aggressive Mrs. Kybird. "You can take yourself off as soon as ever you like. You can't be too quick to please me."

Mr. Nugent bowed and walked past the counter. "And not even a bit of wedding-cake for me," he said, shaking a reproachful head at the heated Mr. Silk. "Why, I'd put you down first on *my* list."

He paused at the door, and after a brief intimation that he would send for his effects on the following day, provided that his broken heart had not proved fatal in the meantime, waved his hand to the company and departed. Mr. Kybird followed him to the door as though to see him off the premises, and gazing after the receding figure swelled with indignation as he noticed that he favoured a mode of progression which was something between a walk and a hornpipe.

Mr. Nugent had not been in such spirits since his return to Sunwich, and, hardly able to believe in his good fortune, he walked on in a state of growing excitement until he was clear of the town. Then he stopped to consider his next move, and after a little deliberation resolved to pay a visit to Jem Hardy and acquaint him with the joyful tidings.

That gentleman, however, was out, and Mr. Nugent, somewhat irritated at such thoughtlessness, stood in the road wondering where to go next. It was absolutely impossible for him to sleep that night without telling the good news to somebody, and after some thought he selected Mr. Wilks. It was true that relations had been somewhat strained between them since the latter's attempt at crimping him, but he was never one to bear malice, and to-night he was full of the kindliest thoughts to all mankind.

He burst into Mr. Wilks's front room suddenly and then pulled up short. The steward, with a pitiable look of anxiety on his pallid features, was leaning awkwardly against the mantelpiece, and opposite him Mrs. Silk sat in an easy-chair, dissolved in tears.

"Busy, Sam?" inquired Mr. Nugent, who had heard of the steward's difficulties from Hardy.

"No, sir," said Mr. Wilks, hastily; "sit down, sir."

He pushed forward a chair and, almost pulling his visitor into it, stood over him attentively and took his hat.

"Are you quite sure I'm not interrupting you?" inquired the thoughtful Mr. Nugent.

"Certain sure, sir," said Mr. Wilks, eagerly. "I was just 'aving a bit of a chat with my neighbour, Mrs. Silk, 'ere, that's all."

The lady in question removed her handkerchief from her eyes and gazed at him with reproachful tenderness. Mr. Wilks plunged hastily into conversation.

"She came over 'ere to tell me a bit o' news," he said, eyeing the young man doubtfully. "It seems that Teddy——"

Mr. Nugent fetched a mighty sigh and shook his head; Mrs. Silk gazed at him earnestly.

"Life is full of surprises, sir," she remarked.

"And sadness," added Mr. Nugent. "I hope that they will be happy."

"It struck me all of a 'eap," said Mrs. Silk, rolling her handkerchief into a ball and placing it in her lap. "I was doing a bit of ironing when in walks Teddy with Amelia Kybird, and says they was married last Friday. I was that shaken I didn't know what I did or what I said. Then I came over as soon as I could, because I thought Mr. Wilks ought to know about it."

Mr. Wilks cleared his throat and turned an agonized eye on Mr. Nugent. He would have liked to have asked why Mrs. Silk should think it necessary to inform him, but the fear of precipitating a crisis stayed his tongue.

"What I'm to do, I don't know," continued Mrs. Silk, feebly. "You can't 'ave two queens in one 'ouse, so to speak."

"But she was walking out with Teddy long ago," urged Mr. Wilks. "It's no worse now than then."

"But I wouldn't be married by license," said Mrs. Silk, deftly ignoring the remark. "If I can't be asked in church in the proper way I won't be married at all."

"Quite right," said Mr. Nugent; "there's something so sudden about a license," he added, with feeling.

"Me and Mr. Wilks was talking about marriage only the other day," pursued Mrs. Silk, with a bashfulness which set every nerve in the steward's body quivering, "and we both agreed that banns was the proper way."

"You was talking about it," corrected Mr. Wilks, in a hoarse voice. "You brought up the subject and I agreed with you—not that it matters to me 'ow people get married. That's their affair. Banns or license, it's all one to me."

"I won't be married by license," said Mrs.

Silk, with sudden petulance; "leastways, I'd rather not be," she added, softening.

Mr. Wilks took his handkerchief from his pocket and blew his nose violently. Mrs. Silk's methods of attack left him little opportunity for the plain speaking which was necessary to dispel illusions. He turned a watery, appealing eye on to Mr. Nugent, and saw to his surprise that that gentleman was winking at him with great significance and persistence. It would have needed a heart of stone to have been unaffected by such misery, and to-night Mr. Nugent, thankful for his own escape, was in a singularly merciful mood.

"All this sounds as though you are going to be married," he said, turning to Mrs. Silk with a polite smile.

The widow simpered and looked down, thereby affording Mr. Nugent an opportunity of another signal to the perturbed steward, who sat with such a look of anxiety on his face lest he should miss his cue that the young man's composure was tried to the utmost.

"It's been a understood thing for a long time," she said, slowly, "but I couldn't leave my son while 'e was single and nobody to look after 'im. A good mother makes a good wife, so they say. A woman can't always 'ave 'er own way in everything, and if it's not to be by banns, then by license it must be, I suppose."

"Well, he'll be a fortunate man, whoever he is," said Mr. Nugent, with another warning glance at Mr. Wilks; "and I only hope that he'll make a better husband than you do, Sam," he added, in a low but severe voice.

Mrs. Silk gave a violent start. "*Better husband than 'e does?*" she cried, sharply. "Mr. Wilks ain't married."

Mr. Nugent's baseless charge took the steward all aback. He stiffened in his chair, a picture of consternation, and guilt appeared stamped on every feature; but he had the presence of mind to look to Mr. Nugent's eye for guidance and sufficient strength of character to accept this last bid for liberty.

"That's my business, sir," he quavered, in offended tones.

"But you ain't *married?*" screamed Mrs. Silk.

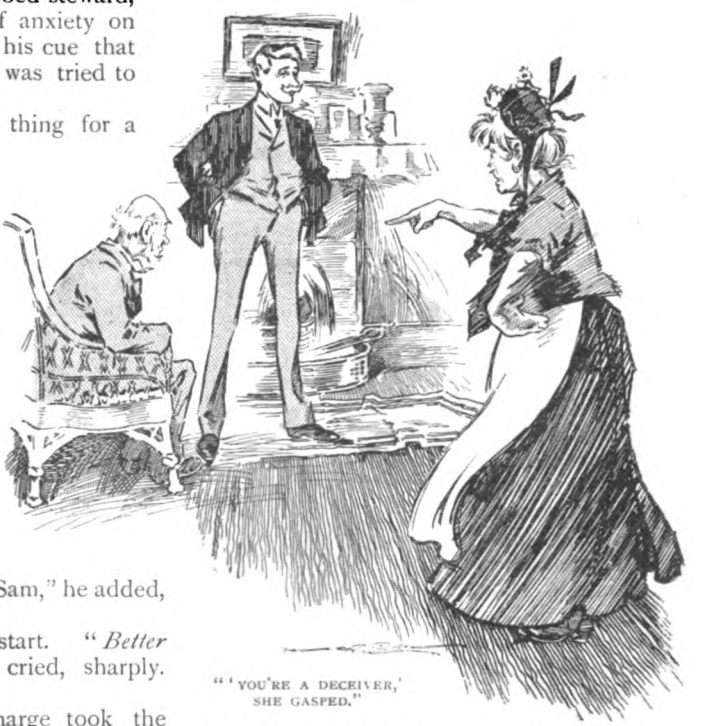
"Never mind," said Nugent, pacifically. "Perhaps I ought not to have mentioned it; it's a sore subject with Sam. And I daresay there were faults on both sides. Weren't there, Sam?"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Wilks, in a voice which he strove hard to make distinct; "especially 'ers."

"You—you never told me you were married," said Mrs. Silk, breathlessly.

"I never said I wasn't," retorted the culprit, defiantly. "If people liked to think I was a single man, I don't care; it's got nothing to do with them. Besides, she lives at Stepney, and I don't 'ear from 'er once in six months; she don't interfere with me and I don't interfere with her."

Mrs. Silk got up from her chair and stood confronting him with her hand grasping the back of it. Her cold eyes gleamed and her face worked with spite as she tried in vain to catch his eye. Of Mr. Nugent and his ingenuous surprise at her behaviour she took no notice at all.



"'YOU'RE A DECEIVER,' SHE GASPED."

"You're a deceiver," she gasped; "you've been be'aving like a single man and everybody thought you was a single man."

"I hope you haven't been paying attentions to anybody, Sam?" said Mr. Nugent, in a shocked voice.

"A-ah!" said Mrs. Silk, shivering with anger. "Ask 'im; the deceiving villain. Ask anybody, and see what they'll tell you. Oh, you wicked man, I wonder you can look me in the face!"

Truth to tell, Mr. Wilks was looking in any direction but hers. His eyes met Nugent's, but there was a look of such stern disdain on that gentleman's face that he was fain to look away again.

"Was it a friend of yours?" inquired the artless Mr. Nugent.

"Never mind," said Mrs. Silk, recovering herself. "Never mind who it was. You wait till I go and tell Teddy," she continued, turning to the trembling Mr. Wilks. "If 'e's got the 'art of a man in 'im you'll see."

With this dire threat, and turning occasionally to bestow another fierce glance upon the steward, she walked to the door and, opening it to its full extent, closed it behind her with a crash and darted across the alley to her own house. The two men gazed at each other without speaking, and then Mr. Wilks, stepping over to the door, turned the key in the lock.

"You're not afraid of Teddy?" said the staring Nugent.

"Teddy!" said Mr. Wilks, snapping his huge fingers. "I'm not afraid o' fifty Teddies; but she might come back with 'im. If it 'adn't ha' been for you, sir, I don't know wot wouldn't 'ave happened."

"Go and draw some beer and get me a clean pipe," said Nugent, dropping into a chair. "We've both been mercifully preserved, Sam, and the best thing we can do is to drink to our noble selves and be more careful for the future."

Mr. Wilks obeyed, and again thanking him warmly for his invaluable services sat down to compile a few facts about his newly acquired wife, warranted to stand the severest cross-examination which might be brought to bear upon them, a task interspersed with malicious reminiscences of Mrs. Silk's attacks on his liberty. He also insisted on giving up his bed to Nugent for the night.

"I suppose," he said later on, as Mr. Nugent, after a faint objection or two, took his candle—"I suppose this yarn about my being married will get about?"

"I suppose so," said Nugent, yawning, as he paused with his foot on the stair. "What about it?"

"Nothing," said Mr. Wilks, in a somewhat dissatisfied voice. "Nothing."

"What about it?" repeated Mr. Nugent, sternly.

"Nothing, sir," said Mr. Wilks, with an insufferable simper. "Nothing, only it'll make things a little bit slow for me, that's all."

Mr. Nugent eyed him for a space in speechless amazement, and then, with a few strong remarks on ingratitude and senile vanity, mounted the winding little stairs and went to bed.

"IT WAS TEDDY DONE IT,' SAID MR. KYBIRD, HUMBLY."

CHAPTER XXV.

THE day after Mr. Silk's sudden and unexpected assertion of his marital rights Mr. Kybird stood in the doorway of his shop, basking in the sun. The High Street was in a state of post-prandial repose, and there was no likelihood of a customer to interfere with his confidential chat with Mr. Nathan Smith, who was listening with an aspect of great severity to his explanations.

"It ought not to 'ave happened," he said, sharply.

"It was Teddy done it," said Mr. Kybird, humbly.

Mr. Smith shrugged his shoulders.

"It wouldn't 'ave happened if I'd been there," he observed, arrogantly.

"I don't see 'ow——" began Mr. Kybird.

"No, o' course you don't," said his friend. "Still, it's no use making a fuss now. The thing is done. One thing is, I don't suppose it'll make any diff——"

"Difference," suggested Mr. Kybird, after waiting for him to finish.

"Difference," said Mr. Smith, with an obvious effort. His face had lost its scornful expression and given way to one almost sheepish in its mildness. Mr. Kybird, staring at him in some surprise, even thought that he detected a faint shade of pink.

"We ain't all as clever as wot you are, Nat," he said, somewhat taken aback at this phenomenon. "It wouldn't do."

Mr. Smith made a strange noise in his throat and turned on him sharply. Mr. Kybird, still staring in surprise at his unwonted behaviour, drew back a little, and then his lips parted and his eyes grew round as he saw the cause of his friend's concern. An elderly gentleman with a neatly trimmed white beard and a yellow rose in his buttonhole was just passing on the other side of the road. His tread was elastic, his figure as upright as a boy's, and he swung a light cane in his hand as he walked. As Mr. Kybird gazed he bestowed a brisk nod upon the bewildered Mr. Smith, and crossed the road with the evident intention of speaking to him.

"How do, Smith?" he said, in a kindly voice.

The boarding-master leaned against the shop-window and regarded him dumbly. There was a twinkle in the shipbroker's eyes which irritated him almost beyond endurance, and in the doorway Mr. Kybird—his face mottled with the intensity of his emotions—stood an unwelcome and frantic witness of his shame.

"You're not well, Smith?" said Mr. Swann, shaking his head at him gently. "You look like a man who has been doing too much brain-work lately. You've been getting the better of somebody, I know."

Mr. Smith gasped and, eyeing him wickedly, strove hard to recover his self-possession.

"I'm all right, sir," he said, in a thin voice. "I'm glad to see you're looking a trifle better, sir."

"Oh, I'm quite right, now," said the other, with a genial smile at the fermenting Mr. Kybird. "I'm as well as ever I was. Illness is a serious thing, Smith, but it is not without its little amusements."

Mr. Smith, scratching his smooth-shaven chin and staring blankly in front of him, said that he was glad to hear it.

"I've had a long bout of it," continued the shipbroker, "longer than I intended at first. By the way, Smith, you've never spoken to anybody of that business, of course?"

"Of course not, sir," said the boarding-master, grinding his teeth.

"One has fancies when one is ill," said Mr. Swann, in low tones, as his eye dwelt with pleasure on the strained features of Mr. Kybird. "I burnt the document five minutes after you had gone."

"Did you, reely?" said Mr. Smith, mechanically.

"I'm glad it was only you and the doctor that saw my foolishness," continued the other, still in a low voice. "Other people might have talked, but I knew that you were a reliable man, Smith. And you won't talk about it in the future, I'm quite certain of that. Good afternoon."

Mr. Smith managed to say "Good afternoon," and stood watching the receding figure as though it belonged to a species hitherto unknown to him. Then he turned, in obedience to a passionate tug at his coat-sleeve from Mr. Kybird.

"Wot 'ave you got to say for yourself?" demanded that injured person, in tones of suppressed passion. "Wot do you mean by it? You've made a pretty mess of it with your cleverness."

"Wonderful old gentleman, ain't he?" said the discomfited Mr. Smith. "Fancy 'im getting the better o' *me*. Fancy *me* being 'ad. I took it all in as innercent as you please."

"Ah, you're a clever fellow, you are," said Mr. Kybird, bitterly. "'Ere's Amelia lost young Nugent and 'is five 'undred all through you. It's a got-up thing between old Swann and the Nugent lot, that's wot it is."

"Looks like it," admitted Mr. Smith; "but fancy 'is picking *me* out for 'is games. That's wot gets over me."

"Wot about all that money I paid for the license?" demanded Mr. Kybird, in a threatening manner. "Wot are you going to do about it?"

"You shall 'ave it," said the boarding-master, with sudden blandness, "and 'Melia shall 'ave 'er five 'undred."

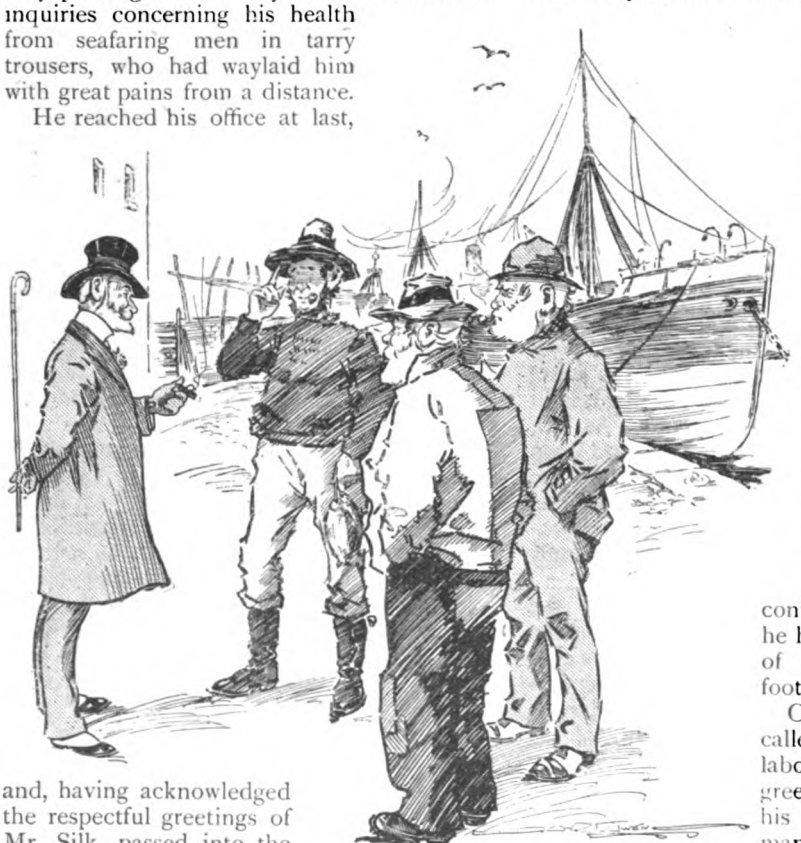
"'Ow?" inquired the other, staring.

"It's as easy as easy," said Mr. Smith, who had been greatly galled by his friend's manner. "I'll leave it in my will. That's

the cheapest way o' giving money I know of. And while I'm about it I'll leave you a decent pair o' trousers and a shirt with your own name on it."

While an ancient friendship was thus being dissolved, Mr. Adolphus Swann was on the way to his office. He could never remember such a pleasant air from the water and such a vivid enjoyment in the sight of the workaday world. He gazed with delight at the crowd of miscellaneous shipping in the harbour and the bustling figures on the quay, only pausing occasionally to answer anxious inquiries concerning his health from seafaring men in tarry trousers, who had waylaid him with great pains from a distance.

He reached his office at last,



"PAUSING OCCASIONALLY TO ANSWER ANXIOUS INQUIRIES."

and, having acknowledged the respectful greetings of Mr. Silk, passed into the private room, and celebrated his return to work by at once arranging with his partner for a substantial rise in the wages of that useful individual.

"My conscience is troubling me," he declared, as he hung up his hat and gazed round the room with much relish.

"Silk is happy enough," said Hardy. "It is the best thing that could have happened to him."

"I should like to raise everybody's wages," said the benevolent Mr. Swann, as he seated himself at his desk. "Everything is like a holiday to me after being cooped up in that bedroom; but the rest has done me a lot of good, so Blaikie says. And now what is going to happen to you?"

Hardy shook his head.

"Strike while the iron is hot," said the shipbroker. "Go and see Captain Nugent before he has got used to the situation. And you can give him to understand, if you like (only be careful how you do it), that I have got something in view which may suit his son. If you fail in this affair after all I've done for you, I'll enter the lists myself."

The advice was good, but unnecessary, Mr. Hardy having already fixed on that evening as a suitable opportunity to disclose to the captain the nature of the efforts he had been making on his behalf. The success which had attended them had put him into a highly optimistic mood, and he set off for Equator Lodge with the confident feeling that he had, to say the least of it, improved his footing there.

Captain Nugent, called away from his labours in the garden, greeted his visitor in his customary short manner as he entered the room. "If you've come to tell me about this marriage, I've heard of it," he said, bluntly. "Murchison told me this afternoon."

"He didn't tell you how it was brought about, I suppose?" said Hardy.

The captain shook his head. "I didn't ask him," he said, with affected indifference, and sat gazing out at the window as Hardy began his narration. Two or three times he thought he saw signs of appreciation in his listener's face, but the mouth under the heavy moustache was firm and the eyes steady. Only when

he related Swann's interview with Nathan Smith and Kybird did the captain's features relax. He gave a chuckling cough and, feeling for his handkerchief, blew his nose violently. Then, with a strange gleam in his eye, he turned to the young man opposite.

"Very smart," he said, shortly.

"It was successful," said the other, modestly.

"Very," said the captain, as he rose and confronted him. "I am much obliged, of course, for the trouble you have taken in the affairs of my family. And now I will remind you of our agreement."

"Agreement?" repeated the other.

The captain nodded. "Your visits to me were to cease when this marriage happened, if I wished it," he said, slowly.

"That was the arrangement," said the dumfounded Hardy, "but I had hoped—— Besides, it has all taken place much sooner than I had anticipated."

"That was the bargain," said the captain, stiffly. "And now I'll bid you good-day."

"I am sorry that my presence should be so distasteful to you," said the mortified Hardy.

"Distasteful, sir?" said the captain, sternly. "You have forced yourself on me for twice a week for some time past. You have insisted upon talking on every subject under the sun, whether I liked it or not. You have taken every opportunity of evading my wishes that you should not see my daughter, and you wonder that I object to you. For absolute brazenness you beat anything I have ever encountered."

"I am sorry," said Hardy, again.

"Good evening," said the captain.

"Good evening."

Crestfallen and angry Hardy moved to the door, pausing with his hand on it as the captain spoke again.

"One word more," said the older man, gazing at him oddly as he stroked his grey beard; "if ever you try to come bothering me with your talk again I'll forbid you the house."

"*Forbid me the house?*" repeated the astonished Hardy.

"That's what I said," replied the other; "that's plain English, isn't it?"

Hardy looked at him in bewilderment; then, as the captain's meaning dawned upon him, he stepped forward impulsively and, seizing his hand, began to stammer out incoherent thanks.

"You'd better clear before I alter my mind," said Captain Nugent, roughly. "I've had more than enough of you. Try the garden, if you like."

He took up a paper from the table and resumed his seat, not without a grim smile at the promptitude with which the other obeyed his instructions.

Miss Nugent, reclining in a deck-chair at the bottom of the garden, looked up as she heard Hardy's footstep on the gravel. It was a surprising thing to see him walking down the garden; it was still more surprising to observe the brightness of his eye and the easy confidence of his bearing. It was evident that he was highly pleased with himself, and she was not satisfied until she had ascertained the reason. Then she sat silent, reflecting bitterly on the clumsy frankness of the male sex in general and fathers in particular. A recent conversation with the captain, in which she had put in a casual word or two in Hardy's favour, was suddenly invested with a new significance.

"I shall never be able to repay your father for his kindness," said Hardy, meaningly, as he took a chair near her.

"I expect he was pleased at this marriage," said Miss Nugent, coldly. "How did it happen?"

Mr. Hardy shifted uneasily in his chair. "There isn't much to tell," he said, reluctantly; "and you—you might not approve of the means by which the end was gained."

"Still, I want to hear about it," said Miss Nugent.

For the second time that evening Hardy told his story. It seemed more discreditable each time he told it, and he scanned the girl's face anxiously as he proceeded, but, like her father, she sat still and made no comment until he had finished. Then she expressed a strong feeling of gratitude that the Nugent family had not been mixed up in it.

"Why?" inquired Hardy, bluntly.

"I don't think it was a very nice thing to do," said Miss Nugent, with a superior air.

"It wouldn't have been a very nice thing for you if your brother had married Miss Kybird," said the indignant Jem. "And you said, if you remember, that you didn't mind what I did."

"I don't," said Miss Nugent, noticing with pleasure that the confident air of a few minutes ago had quite disappeared.

"You think I have been behaving badly?" pursued Hardy.

"I would rather not say what I think," replied Miss Nugent, loftily. "I have no doubt you meant well, and I should be sorry to hurt your feelings."

"Thank you," said Hardy, and sat gloomily gazing about him. For some time neither of them spoke.

"Where is Jack now?" inquired the girl, at last.

"He is staying with me for a few days," said Hardy. "I sincerely hope that the association will not be injurious to him."

"Are you trying to be rude to me?" inquired Miss Nugent, raising her clear eyes to his.

"I am sorry," said Hardy, hastily. "You are quite right, of course. It was not a nice thing to do, but I would do a thousand times worse to please you."

Miss Nugent thanked him warmly; he seemed to understand her so well, she said.

"I mean," said Hardy, leaning forward and speaking with a vehemence which made the girl instinctively avert her head—"I mean that to please you would be the greatest happiness I could know. I love you."

Miss Nugent sat silent, and a strong sense of the monstrous unfairness of such a sudden attack possessed her. Such a declaration she felt ought to have been led up to by numerous delicate gradations of speech, each a little more daring than the last, but none so daring that they could not have been checked at any time by the exercise of a little firmness.

"If you would do anything to please me," she said at length in a low voice, and without turning her head, "would you promise never to try and see me or speak to me again if I asked you?"

"No," said Hardy, promptly.

Miss Nugent sat silent again. She knew that a good woman should be sorry for a man in such extremity, and should endeavour to spare his feelings by softening her refusal as much as possible, little as he might deserve such consideration. But man is impatient and jumps at conclusions. Before she was half-way through the first sentence he leaned forward and took her hand.

"Oh, good-bye," she said, turning to him, with a pleasant smile.

"I am not going," said Hardy, quietly: "I am never going," he added, as he took her other hand.

Captain Nugent, anxious for his supper, found them there still debating the point some two hours later. Kate Nugent, relieved at the appearance of her natural protector, clung to him with unusual warmth. Then, in a kindly, hospitable fashion, she placed her other arm in that of Hardy, and they walked in grave silence to the house.

THE END.

[*In next month's number Mr. Jacobs will commence a series of complete short stories.*]

From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

LXXIII.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

AN OLD TORY.

ONE of my earliest recollections of the House of Commons, a fascinating study, was Mr. Newdegate, member for North Warwickshire, a constituency he represented for nearly forty years. He was one of the first old stagers to claim a corner seat. It was the fourth below the gangway. Thence, through the changing years, his solemn figure loomed on the right of the Speaker if the Conservatives were in; on the left if, for its sins, the country was bestridden by Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues.

Mr. Newdegate would have been notable in any company. Without affectation of peculiar dress, his presence suggested reminiscence of the English gentleman of the pre-Victorian epoch. His constant companion was a voluminous red silk bandana — "his nearest approach to contact with the Scarlet Woman," as was said of him a quarter of a century ago. When speaking, he held the handkerchief in his hand and waved it in the face of the foe. Having concluded his speech, he rolled the bandana up ball-shape, and held as much of it as his hand would cover rested on his knee.

MAJOR O'GORMAN.

When in the Parliament of 1880 the Conservatives crossed over to the Opposition side, the Irish members retained their seats below the gangway, and Mr. Newdegate, changing places, found himself in their midst.

It was an odd fate, like others, borne with monumental gravity. It was his duty, once a year, to move the second reading of a Bill authorizing State inspection of conventual institutions. This drove the Irish Catholics into paroxysms of indignation, and drew from Major O'Gorman the memorable speech that established his reputation. The Bill thrown out, their old feeling of kindly esteem for this typical Protestant Tory revived. Whenever he rose, save when he had his Conventual Bill in hand, the Irish members hailed him with a boisterous cheer.

There was a story told in "Gosset's Room" how Mr. Newdegate for a full hour, all unconsciously, filled the place of the Irish Leader. When one night he rose from the corner seat there was the customary cheer from the Irish benches below him.

"Who's that?" asked a stranger in the gallery.

His neighbour, equally ignorant, but capable of putting two and two together, noting the cheer, felt it would be evoked by only one man in that part of the House. "It's Parnell," he answered.

The whisper went round the crowded gallery, whose occupants looked down with fresh interest at the solemn figure uttering lamentation and woe from the corner seat.

MR. WHALLEY.

Mr. Newdegate's life was made gloomy by the Pope. He saw His Holiness's hand stretched forth in all directions, working evil small and great. By a strange coincidence, a contemporary, Mr. Whalley, was equally apprehensive of the Jesuits. The House listening to the speech of either member wickedly waited for the inevitable alternative reference, and was rarely disappointed.

By a not unfamiliar impulse of human nature in certain circumstances, these estimable gentlemen each thought the other was slightly cracked, and spoke pitifully of his prevailing illusion. One night, Mr. Whalley having alluded slightingly to the member for North Warwickshire's craze, Mr. Newdegate brought the House down by confiding to it his lugubrious conviction that Mr. Whalley was a Jesuit in disguise.

A CROMWELLIAN NEWDEGATE.

What I didn't know at the time about Mr. Newdegate is that he was among the very few members of the House of Commons whose family connection with the place went back in direct line to the days of Cromwell. His ancestor was Mr. Serjeant Newdigate, member for Tamworth in 1660. Cromwell made him a judge. Not being sufficiently obsequious to please the Lord Protector, he was removed from the Bench and returned to his former practice at the Bar. At the Restoration the ex-judge was made a baronet, and died full of honours in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

He was succeeded by his son Richard, who came into possession of the family estates at Arbury in Warwickshire, and Harefield in Middlesex. These descended to our old friend, who, like his far-off kinsman, Sir Richard, used to come up to Westminster from Arbury to attend the sitting of the House of Commons.

MR. WHALLEY AS IMAGINED BY MR. NEWDEGATE.

PEEPS AT THE PAST.

There has lately been discovered at Arbury a collection of MS. News-Letters written to Sir Richard Newdigate (he spelt his name with an *i*), dated from 1675 to 1712. Also the wreck of a private diary kept by Sir Richard during the busier years of his life, including his membership of the House of Commons. Doubtless the original work contained descriptions of events in Parliament and in the political world outside it that would be invaluable to-day. When Charles II. was on the throne it was not judicious to keep on the premises written documents relating to public affairs. At some crisis Sir Richard tore out whole sheets of his diary and mutilated others, with the result that they contain little of political interest.

But the News-Letters, the London Correspondence of Stuart days, remain intact and throw many side-lights on life in Merrie England in the days of Charles II. Here is a glimpse of Nell Gwynne photographed in the street: "Madame Gwynne is said to wager very highly at races and cockpits, and one morning in a frolic she clothed herself in man's apparel with a horseman's coat, etc., and meeting the King saluted him, at which His Majesty and Court were very well pleased.'

Later, we come on the following item: "Madame Gwynne's mother was found drowned in a ditch near the Noah houses by Chelsea, and last night was privately buried in St. Margaret's." If, as appears probable, this is St. Margaret's, Westminster, members of the House of Commons will be interested to find fresh connection between their parish church and the storied past.

Political conviction took strange turns with gentlemen about the Merry Monarch's Court. "On Sunday night," it is written in one of the News-Letters, upon which Sir Richard Newdigate lavished a subscription of twenty-five shillings a quarter, "the Lord Kingston and Lord Hunsdon went from Will's Coffee House to Peter's in Covent Garden to affront the Whigs, where they looked about the room and cried, 'D—— the Whigs for rogues,' etc. But nobody speaking to them they took hold of one party, a tailor, as he was going, and asked him whether he was a Whig or a Tory, and he crying 'A Whig' they burnt his periwig, and Billingsley kicked him down stairs, of which he threatens to complain to the council."

There is a gruesome story showing how the hangman, approaching the gallows to do his duty, came near by being hung. Two villains convicted of murder at Hertford Assizes were sentenced to be hung in chains at Barnet. "While the executioner was busy in fastening the rope on the gibbet, Bungay, one of the malefactors, unloosing his hands with his teeth, took off the rope from his own neck and dexterously put it over the executioner's head, got astride on the gibbet, thrust away the ladder, and had certainly hanged him had not the rope been somewhat entangled in one part of his hat, which occasioned him to drop through; and it was well-nigh an hour (he defending himself from their assaults) before he could be got down and executed."

MR. CALDWELL ENJOYS HIMSELF.

Since Saul was observed "also among the prophets" there has been no such strange sight as the member for Mid-Lanarkshire seated on the Treasury Bench bossing the colleagues of Lord Salisbury.

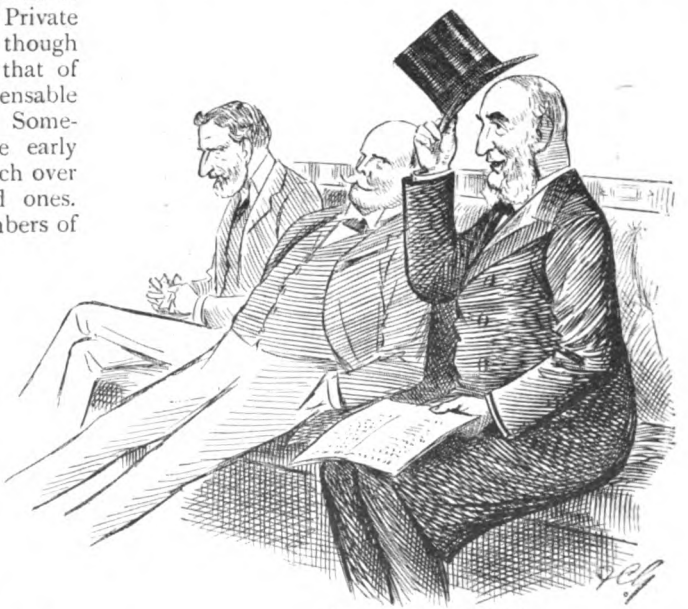
As soon as Private Bill legislation gets into swing it may be seen every day. Mr. Caldwell's proper place is immediately behind the Front Opposition Bench, in close proximity to the Chair, so that he may keep his eye on the Speaker; immediately opposite the Treasury Bench, so that he may correct Mr. Balfour on points of order; immediately behind Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, who, amid much tribulation, is conscious of a feeling of strength and security born of the knowledge that Mr. Caldwell's knees are in close contiguity to his back.

The member for Mid-Lanark takes his seat on the Treasury Bench in virtue of his office as Chairman of the Private Bill Committee. The office, though obscure by comparison with that of the Colonial Secretary, is indispensable to the progress of legislation. Someone must formally move the early stages of private Bills and watch over the full course of unopposed ones. The promoters, not being members of the House, have no *locus standi*. It would be a waste of time and trouble to tack on members of the House to each Bill. Accordingly the Chairman of the Private Bill Committee undertakes the duty, and from time immemorial it has been the usage that he shall conduct the operation from the Treasury Bench.

To see Mr. Caldwell at work is refreshing even in the summer solstice. He sits on the extreme edge of the bench, with the breadth of his frock-coat carefully wrapped about his legs, to prevent possible contamination from contact with a Unionist Secretary of State for India and his colleague, the President of the Local Government Board, who frequent this section of the Treasury Bench. In the course of the performance Mr. Caldwell makes many speeches. His poignant regret is that they are necessarily brief. The Clerk at the table, reading down the list of private Bills, cites them severally, also the proposal that they be read a first time or a second time. Mr. Caldwell raises his hat in token that he makes the motion, his uttered speech being limited to naming a day for the next stage. The process may seem monotonous, especially when, as sometimes happens, it runs through a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes. But the bustling importance Mr. Caldwell throws into the business, the stern glance he keeps on the Clerk, the effective manner in which he resents furtive attempts by Lord George Hamilton and Mr. Walter Long to edge him on the seat, invest the episode with peculiar and irresistible charm.

THE CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES.

The selection of a Chairman of Ways and Means widely differs from the ceremony that marks the election of a Speaker. The latter is a full-dress affair, the occasion of considerable speech-making. It is carried out in accordance with precedent, going back to the earliest days of Parliamentary history. It is quite possible for the selection of the Speaker's Deputy to be accomplished without the observant stranger in the gallery knowing that anything unusual has happened. No notice is necessary, nor is there any preparation for ceremonial. The first time a new Parliament gets into Committee of Supply the Leader of the House, half rising from the Treasury Bench, casually observes, "I move that Mr. Lowther"—Mr. Courtney, or whomsoever may be the person selected—"take the chair." The motion is not seconded, nor is the question put. The Speaker promptly retires, and the new Chairman of Ways and Means, who by unvarying good fortune is at this moment found arrayed in evening dress, seated at the end of the Treasury Bench, steps into the chair



MR. CALDWELL AT WORK.

at the table vacated by the Clerk of the House.

It is not good form to make any demonstration. The new Chairman, seizing hold of the Estimates, puts the first vote as if he had been engaged on similar business all his life, and discussion goes forward in Committee. Like the Speaker, the Chairman is appointed for the duration of the Parliament. His salary is £2,500, just half that of the Speaker. Unlike the Speaker, residence, stately or otherwise, is not attached to the office. On the other hand, the position of Chairman of Ways and Means is free from encumbrance of heavy expense that attaches to the dignity of the Speaker.

MR. JEFFREYS, THE NEW DEPUTY SPEAKER.

SECRETARIES TO THE TREASURY.

Something akin to the plain business-like procedure in the election of Chairman of Ways and Means is found in the installation of Secretaries to the Treasury. These are two in number—the Financial Secretary, who has charge of the business of the House of Commons and is usually an understudy to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Patronage Secretary, a style now a misnomer. Sir William Walrond, the present incumbent of the office, sleeps o' nights with the glad assurance that he has no patronage at his disposal to be squabbled for. Although officially known as the Patronage Secretary, his more familiar style is that of Chief Whip.

INEVITABLE QUEEN ANNE.

Mr. Gladstone, by the way, in the full flush of reforming impulse, at one time proposed to add a third Secretary to the Treasury staff. This was in 1866, and was part of a large scheme of Treasury reform since in abeyance. Mr. Gladstone's impulse was checked by discovery that such an office could not be made practically useful without passing a special Act. Queen Anne, it is well known, has long been dead. But so recently as this present Session of the first Parliament of a new King the enactments of Queen Anne asserted themselves. On the meeting of the new Parliament a scare was raised by reference to an Act amending one of Queen Anne's statutes, necessitating, according to some authorities, a new General Election in Ireland and Scotland within six months of the demise of Queen Victoria. This same statute of Queen Anne required the bringing in of a Bill indemnifying the King's Ministers seated in the House of Commons from the consequences of sitting and voting without re-election on re-appointment to office under King Edward VII.

The particular lion in the path of Mr. Gladstone was the VI. of Queen Anne, which forbade any new Ministerial office subsequently created to be held with a seat in Parliament. As it was an essential part of Mr. Gladstone's plan that the proposed new Secretary should have a seat in the House of Commons, and as with the Parliamentary Reform Bill in hand he could not afford to potter round minor matters, the scheme was dropped.

AVERTING A DEADLOCK.

When a new Ministry is completed the Treasury meet in the Board-room and the Permanent Secretary reads the Patent. This constitutes the Board, and the First Lord of the Treasury thereupon directs that the new Secretaries shall be called in. By similar happy accident to that which finds the Chairman-designate of Ways and Means in evening dress as early as three o'clock in the afternoon on the day he is to be called to the chair, the new Secretaries to the Treasury are always within hail, ready to answer the signal of the First Lord. On entering the Board-room, the First Lord directs them to take their seats at the table, and without more ado business proceeds.

MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO THE TREASURY.

This process of installation is a small matter in itself. But it has substantial advantages for the Secretaries to the Treasury, and

is attended by much convenience in the House of Commons. As soon as a new Government is formed, members of it accepting office directly under the Crown must needs, in accordance with imperative Queen Anne, seek re-election. The consequence is that, for a week or ten days after a new Parliament meets, the House of Commons is as a sheep without a shepherd, the principal Ministers being forbidden entrance to the House to which they have just been elected by their constituents till they have obtained renewal of their confidence.

By rare exception, in the Parliament meeting for the first time in November, 1900, the Ministry dominant in the old Parliament having been reinstated in the new, the embarrassment did not present itself. In 1880 the Conservative Government were *chassés*, and Mr. Gladstone returned in their place. The existence of this statute of Queen Anne accidentally established a malign influence on the fortunes of the Gladstone Ministry, from which, in spite of its overwhelming majority, it never recovered. Between the date of the meeting of the new Parliament and the return of the Premier after re-election the Bradlaugh difficulty was born and, carefully tended by the incipient Fourth Party, lustily grew. Had Mr. Gladstone been in his place when the cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, showed itself on the horizon, he would have taken steps, easy and obvious, to prevent its spreading. In his absence, and that of all Ministers of Cabinet rank, the matter was so bungled that when they appeared on the scene the affair had grown out of hand.

"IS THAT SHAW-LEFEVRE?"

At such epochs the principal representative of the Government is the Financial Secretary to the Treasury. He, in company with his colleague, the Patronage Secretary, does not receive his appointment direct from the Sovereign. As we have seen, he is called in by the First Lord of the Treasury, and thereby escapes the inconvenience, loss of time, and possible peril of presenting himself for re-election.

MR. BALFOUR'S ANTIPATHIES.

Occasionally, under the pressure of work and momentary exasperation, Mr. Balfour "lets fly" in the House of Commons. As Sir Henry Howorth, Mr. Bartley, and Mr. Burdett-Coutts have reason to know, his attack is not necessarily, or by preference, directed towards the Opposition benches. But in that part of the House his antipathies live — or rather exist — happily unconscious of the nature of his regard. Mercifully the caprice of the constituencies has removed two from the direct line of his glance as he sits on the Treasury Bench. One was Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, an able, conscientious, hard-working man, the mere sight of whom, by some subtle irresistible influence, instantly changed the aspect of Mr. Balfour's usually smiling countenance.

The other was a Scotch member, an accomplished, amiable gentleman, who exercised the same mysterious influence. It was added aggravation that, seated behind the Front Opposition Bench, he night after night came in direct line of the vision of the right hon. gentleman lounging on the Treasury Bench. It is an undeniable fact that there was something in the contour of the hon. member's face and head that suggested the anatomy of a horse. One of his colleagues remarking this in the confidence of the Treasury Bench, Mr. Balfour sharply replied:—

"Yes, he looks like a horse, but he's only an ass."

Never since language was invented was it turned to anything so terrible in its scorn as this diminuendum of dislike.

MR. BRIGHT'S SPEECHES.

The subjoined note explains itself. I was under the impression that an old Cabinet colleague of Mr. Bright's, talking on the subject from personal knowledge, gave me the information conveyed in the March number. I was evidently mistaken:—

"DEAR MR. LUCY,—I see in an article in THE STRAND MAGAZINE you say that my father used always to write out his speeches and commit them to memory. You are quite mistaken in this. I have seen him prepare his speeches scores of times and he never wrote them out. In a letter published in the volume of his public letters and written in 1874, he says: 'I have never been in the habit of writing out my speeches—certainly not for more than thirty years past. The labour of writing is bad enough, and the labour of committing to memory would be intolerable. . . . It is enough to think over what is to be said, and to form an outline in a few brief notes.'—Yours faithfully,

"J. A. BRIGHT."

Old Maids' Charity.

By John Oxenham.

Author of "God's Prisoner," "Rising Fortunes," "A Princess of Vascovy," "Our Lady of Deliverance," etc., etc.

WHEN the Misses Georgine and Pauline de Nerval kept school at Rochellaine, just outside the village of Willstead, I enjoyed the unique privilege of visiting there on something more than terms of simple friendship. For Charles de Nerval, their nephew, had been my dearest friend, and when he joined Charles Leslie Kay in his bold attempt to cross the Great Australian Desert, and never returned, my grief and my loss were as their own. The common sorrow made us nearly kin, and whenever I tired of men and things and craved a breath of sweeter life, I went out to Rochellaine and found it in the simple companionship of two of the sweetest souls that ever cultivated a tiny corner of God's great garden.

My visits did not greatly tax their slender, and at that time gradually failing, resources. A cup of tea and the sight of their faces and the sound of their voices and the unconscious recharging of one's depleted stores of faith and hope and charity through simple contact with them were all I asked, and no one ever came away from Rochellaine wanting.

They were both getting on in years, and the consciousness that their working days ought really to have been over lay heavy on them at times. But no outward and visible sign of it ever escaped them, except possibly in a slight accession of exasperation on the part of Miss Pauline concerning one Todhunter, whom she regarded as the incarnation of perplexing malevolence, because he had had the misfortune to edit the algebra book she used for the fourth form. She vituperated him according to the complexity of the problem she had to prepare for the next lesson, and subjected him, in the person of his book, to much vicarious indignity. One of the regrets of her life was that she could not meet him face to face.

Miss Georgie, the elder sister, attended to the household matters, mothered the girls, and was just that much the sweeter saint in that she and Todhunter were not even on nodding terms. She had very real problems of her own, however, which tried her equanimity to the utmost and would have turned a less sweet soul to vinegar. She considered these light afflictions, however, compared with Pauline's, and when her sister and Todhunter were engaged in mortal combat she would sit with her work as quiet as a mouse and watch her with a sympathetic awe that came near to reverence, much as an early Christian might have watched her kinswoman suffering beasts in the arena.

It must have been the hospitable, homely look of the old house, lying back from the common among its ivy and roses and ancient trees, which sent every passing beggar to its gates. There was a legend in the school that Miss Georgie had once sent one importunate away empty. He had called one day and had been given food for the sake of his sick wife and five starving children. And the next day he called again and demanded more food, and this time, through an unfortunate lack of memory or a superfluity of other things, he asserted, with decorative emphasis, that he had five sick wives and one starving child, which aroused even gentle Miss Georgie's suspicions. She eventually got rid of him by calling to the rescue a mythical dog of unheard-of ferocity and rattling the chain of the gardener's shed as though she were unloosing him.

The girls at Rochellaine were always so exceptionally charming that I once taxed Miss Georgie with rigorously excluding all who did not come up to a certain standard of good looks. She admitted that they always were nice girls, but solemnly denied the other imputation.

"We take them as they are, and, *ma foi!* we are not in the position to refuse any who offer, and we do our best with them," she said.

And the best, when two such blue-blooded old gentlewomen put their souls into it, was very good indeed. As I have said before, they taught many things not always taught in schools, and it is possible that good looks depend less on regularity of features than we sometimes think, and that a plain face lighted from within gives us more pleasure than the most classic perfection which lacks soul. Certain it is that the girls at Rochellaine, with their shining hair, and shining eyes, and shining faces, all seemed to partake of the gentle grace of the dear little old ladies themselves. To sit and watch them flitting among the trees on a dusty summer afternoon, to catch the sparkle of their bright eyes, to hear the music of their voices and their rippling laughter — every voice at

"HE ASSERTED, WITH DECORATIVE EMPHASIS, THAT HE HAD FIVE SICK WIVES AND ONE STARVING CHILD."

Rochellaine was like music, and every laugh was like the rippling of brooks, Miss Georgie's own especially—was like translation to a promised land after durance vile among Egyptian bricks.

It seems incredible that souls so sweet and already so burdened as these gentle mistresses of Rochellaine should have been preyed upon by other and less needy and still less scrupulous adventurers than those of the back gate. But it was so, and they had many a tale of innocent betrayal to tell.

One day there marched into their drawing-room a tall, thin, elderly gentleman, whose light frock-coat and broad-brimmed wide-awake and rugged face and grey chin-whisker proclaimed him an American in advance of his own pronouncement.

Miss Pauline, whose duty it was to receive the first attack of strangers, promptly rang up reinforcements, and when Miss Georgie entered the stranger uncoiled himself to his full height and, taking her hand and working it solemnly like a pump-handle, said :—

"I'm vurry glad to make your acquaintance, Miss Dennerval. My name's Samuel P. Huckaback, of Rochester, New York. I've just quit business in that city, after forty years' hard work, without more'n three weeks' holiday in all that time. Seemed to me I was due a decent vacation, and so I decided to spend a whole year in Yurrup. And my two gaels, when they heard of it, they said they was bound to come, too. Their maw died two years ago, an' I couldn't find in my heart to leave 'em behind, so I just brought 'em along. But I kain't tote 'em around with me everywhere, and it seemed to me the best thing I could do was to find some good school where they'd be imbibing some English notions and p'r'aps a bit more polish than Rochester affords, while I was taking a preliminary look round. Then, maybe, I could take 'em for a break to some of the places they want to say they've been to, Rome and Paris and Switzerland and that, and so I reckoned we'd be able to combine pleasure and profit. I was at my banker's, Scotts, of Lombard Street, this morning, and happened to say I was looking out for a school for the gaels, and Mr. John Scott he said, 'Mr. Huckaback, you go right straight to Mansion House Station and take a return ticket for Willstead, and see the Miss Dennervals at Rochellaine. It's the best school in England.'"

"So good of him," murmured Miss Georgie. "Mr. Scott was at school here himself, and so was his wife, and we have two of their children here now."

"I've a very high respect for Mr. John Scott," said Mr. Samuel P. Huckaback. "He's a white man all through, and if there's one thing I respect it's a man that's white all through. They ain't any too many nowadays. So I up and away and made a bee-line for this house, and here I am like the other little Samuel"—a reference which puzzled Miss Georgie till midnight, when she laughed out in her sleep. "The gaels are at the Metropole, unless they've wandered out to look at the stores and got lost. They're good gaels. Susie, she's fifteen, and Pollie,

she's fourteen. And they're smart gaels too in their books, but there's things outside books I'd like 'em to learn, and unless I'm mistaken, and it ain't often I am, they can learn it here."

"Very good of you to say so," murmured Miss Georgie.

"So, if you'll make me out the bill for say six months for the two, I'll bring them down with their boxes day after to-morrow, and I'll give you a cheque right now for the amount."

"Oh, but there is no need," began Miss Georgie, with that involuntary little deprecating flutter of the hands with which she always received the offer of money, however much it might be needed at the moment.

"Short reckonings make long friends," said Mr. Huckaback. "That's been my motto all through, an' I ain't goin' to alter it now I've pulled out. Sold my business at Rochester for a million dollars two months ago, ma'am," he said, with natural pride, "and it was a bargain at that. But when a man gets to sixty, and never had more'n three weeks' holiday since he was a boy, he kind of hankers to take things easy and let others have a go at it."

"Surely!" murmured Miss Georgie. "What a terrible amount of money! Whatever can you do with it all?"

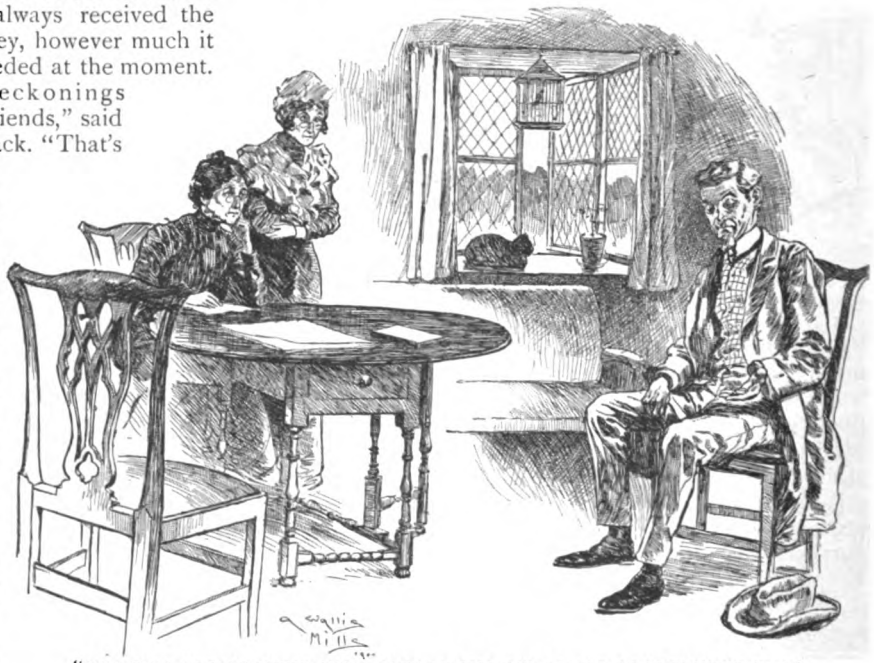
"Oh, I reckon I can find a use for some of it, and I guess them gaels o' mine'll find a use for the rest when my time's up," he said, with a quiet laugh.

He had got out his cheque-book, and Miss Pauline had made out the half-year's bill on the most liberal scale her tender conscience would permit. Mr. Huckaback glanced at the amount only to see the total, and sat down and wrote out a cheque at once on Scott and Sons' Bank in Lombard Street.

Then, as he put away his cheque-book, he dug his long brown hand into his deep trouser-pocket and fished up some silver and a piece of gold and looked at it thoughtfully.

"Now I wonder," he said, with a humorous twinkle in his eye, "if you could cash me a little cheque for myself. I promised to go out to Windsor to see a man there that we met on the steamer. And it seems to me I'd sooner ask you to cash my cheque than him. What say? Don't, if you——"

"Oh, certainly!" said Miss Georgie, hurling herself bodily into the spider's net. "Pauline, dear, just see—— How much would you like, Mr. Huckaback?"



"HE FISHED UP SOME SILVER AND A PIECE OF GOLD AND LOOKED AT IT THOUGHTFULLY."

"Well, let me see," and he reckoned up his probable expenditure at Windsor; "say £10 if you can manage it—if not——"

"Just see what there is, Pauline, dear"—and Miss Pauline went away to look, while Miss Georgie explained, "We don't keep very much money in the house, as a rule"—which was an undoubted fact and at times a trying one—"but I know there is some, because one or two of last quarter's accounts have just been paid. They don't all pay in advance," she sighed. "I wish they did. But"—with a flattering little smile—"they haven't all got a million dollars in the bank. I wish they had."

"It does make a difference to one's feelings," said Mr. Huckaback.

Miss Pauline came back with two £5-notes, and Mr. Huckaback promptly wrote out a cheque for £10.

"I am obliged to you, Miss Dennerval," he said, as he shook hands automatically with them. "Day after to-morrow I'll be round with the gaels and their things, and I take it vurry kindly of Mr. Scott to have sent me here"; and he went away.

"Things are brightening, Pauline," said Miss Georgie, with conviction.

"I hope so, dear," said Miss Pauline, pensively. "I hope it's all right." You see, much striving with Todhunter had given her a comprehensive grasp of business matters, and a certain suspicious distrust of figures in the abstract, as of one personally acquainted with the misleading pranks they could play.

"Why, Pauline, of course it's all right. The cheques are on John's own bank."

"Y-yes!" said Miss Pauline. "I know, dear——" and forbore more.

"We'll take them over to John to-night and ask him to bring us the money to-morrow," said Miss Georgie, and so they did.

"Well, I'll be—er! You don't mean to say that old—er——" said Mr. John Scott, when he saw the cheques and heard the story. The sudden breaks in his flow of speech were occasioned by wifely check-glances from Mrs. Scott.

"What's the matter, John?" asked Miss Georgie, anxiously. "There's nothing wrong with them, is there?"

"Oh, dear me, no!" said Mr. Scott, very red in the face through wifely suppression. "I know Huckaback. He's a bit strange in his ways sometimes."

"But you did tell him to come to us, didn't you?" asked Miss Pauline.

"Well, now, is it likely I'd send him anywhere else?" said Mr. Scott, as he lit a cigar with extreme care.

"No; of course not," said Miss Georgie, promptly. "The girls are to come the day after to-morrow. And I liked Mr. Huckaback extremely, though his style of talking was certainly very strange. I hope the girls won't talk like that."

"I shouldn't think it likely," said Mr. Scott. "I shall come round and see if they're up to Rochellaine standard."

"We'll soon bring them up to standard when we get hold of them," said Miss Georgie.

When they had gone home—it was only three doors away—Mrs. Scott asked, "Is he a swindler, John?"

"Of course he is," said Mr. Scott, "and if you hadn't scowled at me I'd have blurted it out. He's one of the arrantest rogues out. He got our cheque-book from another American who had an account with us last year. But how he got it I don't know. Stole it, maybe. We've had dozens of his cheques presented, and he's never had a cent with us. It's too bad——"

"They mustn't lose their ten pounds, John," said Mrs. Scott.

"Of course not. I'll send it to them to-morrow, and lie like a broker to explain the rest. I'll tell them Huckaback is wrong in the head and hasn't any girls, but thinks he has. He's placed those girls in every school round London, I should say, and done uncommonly well out of them."

Miss Georgie still considers Mr. Samuel P. Huckaback a good specimen of the free-handed, wealthy American, and mourns over his affliction. But Miss Pauline—thanks to Todhunter—probably appraises him more nearly at his proper value.

But that was nothing to the Nurse Clive episode, which was for long one of the mysteries of the little ladies' lives. Their speculations on that subject would fill a book.

Nurse Clive appeared quietly one day in the drawing-room at Rochellaine and captured them completely.

She was tall and graceful, with a sweet, purposeful, and rather sad face, and very telling, large dark eyes. She was dressed in a tasteful nurse's costume of dark serge, and she was eminently well bred in speech and manner and just a trifle nervous.

She asked for a prospectus, and after a glance at it said:—

"I am just home on furlough from India and Egypt after three years' service in the military hospitals. My brother is chaplain to the forces in Madras. His wife has just died, and he has sent his two little girls home and has asked me to find a good school for them. It was Lieutenant-Colonel Fitzroy who gave me your name and address——"

"His daughters were with us for five years," said Miss Georgie.

"Yes, he told me so. He said that my little nieces wou'd find a home here, and that is what I want. I nursed Colonel Fitzroy at Cairo, when he was down with fever. My brother's letter found me there,

and that is how I came to speak of the matter to the Colonel."

"We would do our very best to make them happy here," said Miss Georgie, "if you decide to leave them in our charge."

"I am sure I could not do better, and it will be a very great relief to me to know that they are in such good hands. You see, I must return to my duties. In fact, they would hardly let me come away," she said, with a pleasant laugh. "But after three years of crowded hospital work I really longed for the voyage and a few weeks in England. Even when you're used to it it is trying to the nerves when actual fighting is going on. It made one's heart bleed to see some of those splendid boys all smashed and broken"; and Miss Georgie and Miss Pauline shivered sympathetically.

NURSE CLIVE.

Just then the dinner-gong sounded.

"We are just going to have lunch," said Miss Georgie. "Perhaps you would stop and have some with us?"

"Thank you!" said Nurse Clive, hesitating one moment. "I shall be very glad to stop and see the other girls. I am always interested in girls."

"Perhaps you would like to wash your hands," said Miss Georgie, and led her up to her sister's bedroom, which was rather better furnished than her own. "And afterwards I will show you the rooms and we can arrange for your little nieces coming. Are they stopping with you in London?"

"They arrive on the *Poonah* the day after to-morrow. I had booked my passage or I would have waited for them. I think it will be best for me to meet them and bring them straight here. I am stopping at Lady Clontarf's town house in Piccadilly, but it is hardly worth while taking them there just for one night."

"Bring them straight to us by all means," said Miss Georgie. "We will make them feel quite at home, and take every care of them."

"By the way, my brother writes that Ellen, the elder girl, is a trifle delicate, and suggests that for some slight extra payment I should endeavour to procure them some little extra privileges at first, such as a fire in their bedroom when it is cold, and so on. You see, being used to the Indian climate, they may feel the change somewhat."

"Certainly," said Miss Georgie. "We had a similar arrangement with another little girl who came to us from India. Her parents paid £1 a month extra during the winter term for little matters of that kind. She was with us for four years. She, too, was delicate at first, but she became quite strong before she left us."

"If you will do as much for my little nieces I shall be very grateful to you," said Nurse Clive. "You will find them both quiet and rather shy children, I believe. That is a family disability. But I am sure they will very soon feel quite at home here, and I know you will be good to them."

"You may be quite sure of that," said Miss Georgie, and she left Nurse Clive to her toilet.

When she came down to the dining-room the girls were all awaiting her in a state of high expectation, and her appearance fully satisfied them. Her dress, now that the long cloak was laid aside, had the severe simplicity of an undress uniform, and fitted her shapely figure with masculine exactitude. On her breast she wore the Royal Red Cross. The girls were delighted. They could hardly eat any dinner. Every one of them in her own mind vowed she would become a military nurse as soon as she left school, and already saw herself looking just exactly like the distinguished personage who sat at Miss Georgie's left hand.

Nurse Clive understood their feelings and talked brilliantly to the little ladies for their benefit. She described the things she had seen: the heroism with which ghastly wounds were borne, the unselfishness of man to man,

the devotion of her own branches of the Service. And she talked extremely well. She had professionally attended quite a number of distinguished personages, and had met at one time or another almost everyone with whose names the newspapers had familiarized them; and she had bright little reminiscences of them all. None of them ever forgot that dinner.

After dinner, while Miss Pauline and the fourth form wrestled with Todhunter and the rest were all busy, Miss Georgie and Nurse Clive sat in the drawing-room and talked on, or rather Nurse Clive talked while Miss Georgie listened with rapt attention.

"She played upon me like a piano," said Miss Georgie afterwards. "She made me laugh and she made me cry, and—*eh bien!*—I do not understand it, but she had truly a most marvellous power of speech, and her eyes were eloquent beyond her words, and such a charming face! I really think she must have French blood in her."

Nurse Clive had one more surprise for the little ladies—well, perhaps more than one.

"Are you going down to see the procession to-morrow?" she asked. The morrow was the day of the Diamond Jubilee.

"No," said Miss Georgie. "It will be a sight for a lifetime, no doubt, but——"

"Then, do come, both of you, to Piccadilly. It is on the route. Lady Clontarf is on the Continent, but she begged me to make use of her house in any way I wished. You see, I had the good fortune to be of some service to her boy in India."

"That is very kind of you——" began Miss Georgie.

"You would have to come very early to avoid the crowd. Stay! I will come out for you myself in the brougham. It is at my disposal. Now will you and Miss Pauline be ready, say, by eight o'clock? It is very early, but the streets are to be closed at nine."

"We will come certainly, since you are so kind, and thank you very much, my dear," said Miss Georgie, and Nurse Clive got up to go.

"I promised to meet Dr. Mackenzie at the Guards' Hospital at five," she said.

"Oh, but you have plenty of time," said Miss Georgie. "You will have a cup of tea before you go?"

"Thank you so much, but I think I had better start at once," said Nurse Clive.

"The Guards' Hospital? Let me see—that is in——"

"Vincent Square."

"Of course. Now, how will you get there from here?"

Nurse Clive hesitated a moment, and there was in her face a mingled look of surprise and amusement and confusion, such as Miss Georgie saw at times in the faces of her girls when she caught them in some trivial lapse.

"Now, why do you ask that?" said Nurse Clive, with a twinkle in the dark eyes. "I wish you hadn't."

"Oh, my dear, I am sorry. I had no intention of annoying you. But why——"

Then Nurse Clive laughed quietly, and said, "To tell you the plain truth, Miss de Nerval, I'm going to walk, and I didn't want anyone to know. I only found out upstairs that I have lost my purse since I started. I know I had it in the train, for I put my return ticket into it. Either I dropped it or it was stolen."

"But, my dear, you cannot possibly walk from here to Vincent Square. Why, it would take you till midnight."

"Oh, not so long as that," laughed Nurse Clive.

"You must let me lend you what you need," said Miss Georgie, "and you can pay it back to me to-morrow," and she pulled out her slender purse. It contained a sovereign and a shilling and a halfpenny, and some receipted bills, and a bit of stuff she had intended to match some time ago, but had not yet seen her way to spare the money for.

"I wish you hadn't asked me that," said Nurse Clive, with evident reluctance. "I could have walked quite well, and now if I do you will feel unhappy about it."

"Most certainly I shall," said Miss Georgie. "It is not to be thought of for a moment. Pray take that, my dear," and proffered her the sovereign, and eventually prevailed on her to take it. And after a cup of tea Nurse Clive took her leave.

"Has she gone?" asked Miss Pauline, when she came in from the arena after a worse bout than usual with the enemy.

"Yes, dear. She would not let me disturb you in your class. And what do you think, Pauline? She is coming for us at eight o'clock to-morrow morning to take us to Lady Clontarf's house to see the procession."

"That is delightful," said Miss Pauline. "I was longing to go, but I wouldn't have cared to go into the crowd. I think she seems all right, don't you, Georgie?"

"Surely, dear. She is quite delightful. It was most kind of Colonel Fitzroy to remember us. She had to be at the Guards'

Hospital in Vincent Square at five to meet a doctor there. And do you know, Pauline, she had lost her purse or had it stolen since she got into the train." Miss Pauline stiffened into sudden attention and gazed at her sister as a startled deer gazes at the distant intruder. "And I lent her a sovereign to get back with. I had only that and a shilling and a——"

But Miss Pauline was half-way up the stairs with a heavy heart for the trifling valuables which usually lay about her dressing-table.

They were all there, however. The little enamelled watch with its thin gold chain and pencil-case, the little gold brooch with its single small diamond, the other curb brooch, the thin curb bracelet in its morocco case. Nothing was missing. She took a hasty glance into the drawers. They had not been touched. But Miss Pauline remembered Mr. Huckaback, and doubted. Miss Georgie laughed gently at her want of faith.

"Let us go over and tell John Scott all about her, and ask what he thinks," said Miss Pauline, and in the evening they went over to the Scotts' house.

And when Miss Georgie told how she had absolutely forced Nurse Clive to take the money, John Scott laughed out in his big, hearty way, and said, "Oh, Miss Georgie, you are too good for this wicked world. I always knew it, but now I know it more. If you ask my opinion I should say Nurse Clive is, as you say, an uncommonly clever woman, and you will never hear any more of her or of her mythical nieces. However, you are only a sovereign out of pocket, and I should think you've had a good pound's worth of entertainment out of her."

"Is it possible?" gasped poor Miss Georgie.

"I really think you'll have to begin sending all applicants to me," said Mr. Scott, still laughing at thought of Miss Georgie forcing her money on the reluctant Nurse Clive. "I shall have some cards printed saying: 'We do not change cheques; we do not lend money. If you have lost your purse you can walk home. Your references will be carefully looked into by Mr. John Scott, Banker, Lombard Street.' Then you will hand every visitor a card as they come in."

"They would go away at once," said Miss Georgie, piteously.

"And she was going to take you to see the procession," laughed Mr. Scott. "Well, you sha'n't miss that, anyway. A friend of mine who had secured a window in St. Paul's Churchyard sent me word this afternoon that he couldn't use it, and asked me to do so. I was coming across to ask you to go with us. We'll call for you in the carriage about half-past eight. Give the girls a holiday, and your minds will be at ease and theirs too. How's old Tod getting on, Miss Pauline? Got the whip-hand of him yet?" You see, John Scott had been at Rochellaine himself when he was a very small boy, and he knew the little old ladies very well indeed.

"OH, MISS GEORGIE, YOU ARE TOO GOOD FOR THIS WICKED WORLD."

"Does Lady Clontarf live in Piccadilly, John?" asked Miss Georgie, plaintively.

"I'll be bound she does. For you might have had a Court Directory handy, and Nurse Clive wouldn't give herself away like that. Just you forget all about Nurse Clive, Miss Georgie, and don't lie awake all night thinking of her, or you'll have a headache to-morrow."

"I can't help it," said Miss Georgie; "and I can't believe it. She had such a sweet face."

"Ah!" said Mr. Scott, "you can't always judge them by their faces. Even a cheque isn't always worth its face value."

At eight o'clock next morning a neat brougham drove up to Rochellaine and Nurse Clive jumped out, and Miss Georgie received her at the door with something more in her kind eyes than the prospect of viewing all the processions in the world could have put there. The sweet old face was rosy red with self-condemnation for the harbouring of un-Christian thoughts, and her welcome was the warmer in consequence.

"So glad you had faith enough in me to expect me," said Nurse Clive. "I have been blushing all night at thought of that sovereign. Here it is, dear Miss de Nerval, and I am so grateful to you. Is Miss Pauline ready?"

Miss Pauline had been ready for half an hour lest she should keep John Scott waiting. She had taught him punctuality in his early youth, and she was not going to give herself away in her old age. Miss Georgie wrote two lines and sent them over to the Scotts' house by the maid. Just—"Dear John, Nurse Clive is *not* a fraud. She has repaid the money and we are going down with her. You will understand. Please take *all* the children in place of us.—Yours sincerely, GEORGINE DE NERVAL."

And then they got into the brougham and drove off, and Miss Pauline was self-consciously quiet all the way, and whenever her fingers touched her brooch, or her bracelet, or her watch-chain, she blushed a little at the fears she had had for them yesterday.

They saw the procession from the window of a room which they and Nurse Clive had entirely to themselves. But the two little ladies were so flustered with the crowds and the flags that they never afterwards could tell which was the house they had been in that day, though they tried to find it more than once. A nice little luncheon was brought in afterwards, which they greatly enjoyed, and Nurse Clive took them home again in the brougham when the streets were clear.

"I shall bring the girls to-morrow," she said, as they bade her good-bye. "The *Poonah* will be up about noon, so we may be here between three and four."

Between three and four next day the brougham brought her and the two little girls and their luggage. Nurse Clive had tea with them, paid the quarter's fees in advance, told Miss Georgie where to send the next accounts to, and left, amid universal regrets.

The little girls were exceedingly nice children, pleasant-faced and gentle in their manners, but reserved almost to self-effacement. They spoke little, and even Miss Georgie's motherly kindness failed to draw them out of their little shells. But they worked hard at their lessons, and bade fair to become ornaments to the school.

John Scott took quite an interest in them in penitence for his mistrust of their aunt, and Mrs. Scott's kind heart went out to them and would have done a great deal more for them than they were willing to permit. Even she had to confess herself powerless against the strange reserve of the shy little maidens.

Miss Georgie in due course, and at the right time, sent on the bill for the next term's fees to the address Nurse Clive had given.

No answer came. She might have been transferred elsewhere, and Miss Georgie's faith suffered no eclipse. That quarter ran into the next, and that into the next again. And still no response from Nurse Clive. She might be dead. The girls had received one or two letters during the first quarter, but none since. Their reserve and timidity increased. Young as they were they seemed to suffer from the situation, though never, by look or word or the inflection of a tone, did the two little old ladies give them the slightest cause for discomfort. If anything their kindness increased as the thought obtruded that it was by no means impossible that the children were left friendless on their hands.

I always had an immense admiration for the little ladies of Rochellaine. It was increased tenfold, if that were possible, by what I saw of their gentle treatment of those two small girls, Ellen and Madge Clive. Their delicate and tactful consideration was the simple outcome of the goodness of their own hearts and could not have wounded the tenderest susceptibilities. And this at a time, mind you, when they had troubles enough of their own to have soured them. But, there, troubles sour some and some they only sweeten, and the dear old ladies of Rochellaine were of the minority.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott begged to be allowed to pay the overdue accounts. Miss Georgie asked why? And they could not, without wounding her feelings, tell her why. The accounts remained unpaid, and little Ellen and Madge Clive seemed only to retreat still farther and farther into their shells.

My own idea is that they comprehended the situation perfectly, and suffered accordingly.

Terms passed and no word came from Nurse Clive and no money. The little ladies bore the addition to their burden without a murmur. Miss Georgie had always, I do believe, the secret belief that it would turn out all right in the end. Miss Pauline, I fear, had given up all hopes; but that must be put down to Todhunter. Never by so much as the flicker of an eyelid did either of them make the slightest shade of discrimination between their waifs and the other girls. Indeed, I know that there was often a bit of fire in the little Clive girls' bedroom in winter, when Miss Georgie and Miss Pauline got away early to bed because coal was dear and bed was warmer than their sitting-room.

"A VERY FINE CARRIAGE AND PAIR DROVE UP TO ROCHELLAINE."

The girls had been with them close on two years, and Miss Pauline had given up making out accounts for Nurse Clive as a work of supererogation, when one day the little old ladies had a shock, from which they have hardly recovered yet. If ever you see a look of unusually deep thought on Miss Georgie's pleasant face—not when you are speaking to her, for then she is wholly and absolutely yours, unlike some people who rudely think their own thoughts instead of listening to what you are saying to them—you may know that she is thinking of Nurse Clive.

For a very fine carriage and pair drove up to Rochellaine one day, and the powdered footman flung open the door and a tall and handsome lady got out and walked quickly to the house.

She gave no name, but asked to see Miss Georgie, and Miss Georgie knew her the moment she set eyes on her, and the sweet old face lightened with a smile.

"Dear Miss de Nerval," said the visitor, "I have come to pay off some of my debts, but there is a great deal more that I never can repay you. Please do not ask me any questions. I have come as soon as I could. I am going to take the girls with me now, Miss Georgie. We are going abroad for a time. I am sorry to take them away from you, but ——. May I see them at once, please?" she asked, hungrily.

"Surely!" said Miss Georgie. "But we shall miss them. We are all very fond of them," and she went out and sent Ellen and Madge Clive in. They flew into the tall lady's arms with suppressed little murmurs of joy, as of children long parted from a mother, and half an hour later the carriage had whirled them all out of the little ladies' lives.

"Nurse Clive" paid up all arrears and more besides, but the little ladies missed their two quiet girls.

"How beautiful she is, and how very beautifully she was dressed!" said Miss Pauline, as they talked things over that evening after the girls had gone to bed.

"And in mourning. I wonder who she is?" said Miss Georgie.

And she would probably be wondering still, if John Scott had not happened to take her and Miss Pauline and his wife down, one night not very long ago, to see "Henry VIII." at the Lyceum. He was always planning little treats of the kind for the little old ladies, for he said he owed his wife to them and that was a debt not easily to be paid.

And at the Lyceum on this occasion they saw what interested them considerably more than the play.

For just before the curtain rose a lady came into one of the boxes on the second tier and with her two girls, all most beautifully dressed. And as soon as Miss Georgie saw them she gripped John Scott's arm and whispered, "That is Nurse Clive, John. Who *can* she be?" And during the interval Mr. Scott took a stroll and found some men he knew, and when they were going home in the train he told them all he had learned.

"A LADY CAME INTO ONE OF THE BOXES WITH HER TWO GIRLS."

"The lady you saw in the box, Miss Georgie, is the Countess of Kilgarnie. She was the daughter of a Colonel Clive, who was killed in India in one of the frontier wars. She was left alone and unprovided for and married young. Her husband, an Army man, also died in India, leaving her two little girls and practically nothing to keep them on. She managed somehow, however, and took to Army nursing. She met Kilgarnie at the Cape and nursed him through a bad bout of enteric. He fell in love with her and married her, and shortly afterwards went back to the front and was killed at Spion Kop. He was a very fine young fellow, and very wealthy, his estates having been carefully nursed during a long minority. He left her everything he could, and for his widow the fat days have succeeded the lean. They say the young Duke of Belcaster wants to marry her. But she is devoted to her girls, and will probably not tempt the gods by another matrimonial venture. And, as far as Belcaster is concerned, I should say she would be very wise. That is the story, Miss Georgie."

"And you thought she had robbed me of a sovereign!" said Miss Georgie.

"And I thought she had run off with my jewellery!" said Miss Pauline.

"Appearances were certainly against her," said Mr. Scott, "but sometimes what looks like gold is not always brass."

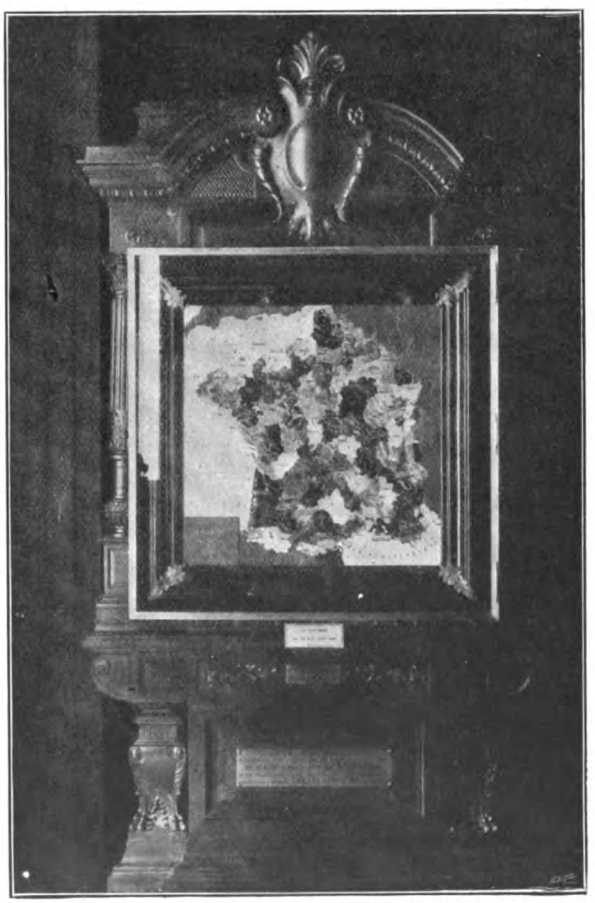
A saying which caused Miss Georgie to regard him thoughtfully for full ten minutes, and then she gave it up as being too abstruse for her, and wondered if Pauline had got to the bottom of it.

A Map of Precious Stones.

By H. J. Holmes.

A MAP of France, cut from the rarest jasper, flashing with costly jewels, and resplendent in gold and other precious metals! Truly a Royal gift, worthy of both giver and recipient: from the Imperial Czar of All the Russias to the great Republican nation, his friend and ally.

It is doubtful if the Czar could have chosen a gift more likely to prove acceptable to France and her people. An immortal map, which moth and rust can never destroy, appears to be a symbol of a nation that will live for ever. That the Royal giver had something of the sort in his mind when he selected his present is not for a moment doubted by the appreciative people whom the Czar thus honoured.



THE MAP OF FRANCE IN PRECIOUS STONES IN THE LOUVRE.
From a Photo.

It was when feeling between the two countries was warmest and most brotherly that the Royal Nicholas presented his unique gift. During the exposition of 1900 this map of jewels and gold was the centre of attraction so far as French visitors were concerned. For foreigners it possessed features that lovers of art and of the curious could not resist. Rarely, whilst the magnificent gift was on public view, was it not surrounded by a crowd, which was always full of admiration and interest, and frequently of enthusiasm. Even now, adorning, as it does, a selected position in the Louvre, it still attracts a great deal of attention owing to the circumstances surrounding its presentation, as well as its magnificence of design and artistic finish. Besides, it is claimed that there is nothing in the wide world like it: as a map it is unique. The French nation is proud of it. Even the usually taciturn officials who guard the priceless treasures of the Louvre wax eloquent and discursive when courteously asked for a short account concerning it.

This wonderful map was not produced without infinite pains. Thousands of Russian workmen and artists had a hand in the manipulation of its varied components.

It was designed, with the personal approval of the Czar, by the distinguished Russian engineer De Mostovinko, who also superintended its production and completion. It was put together at the Imperial factory of Ekaterinburg. Months were occupied in the process. It was finished with as much care and correctness as the importance of its destination demanded. So pleased was the Czar with his map of precious stones that he warmly eulogized its designer and presented him with a decoration.

Perhaps the most interesting feature about this wonderful map is that every precious stone and jewel included in its production came from the Imperial mines in the Ural Mountains. Several of the stones are only found in those mines, and are appropriated by the Czar. Some of them are never found at all in commerce.

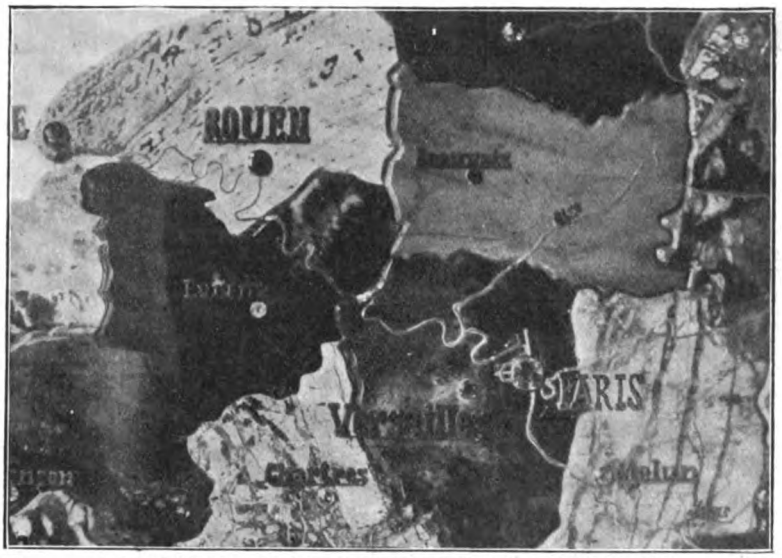
The map measures forty inches along each side, and is framed in slate-coloured jasper. The sea is represented by a pale marble, and the portions of foreign countries necessarily included — England, Germany, Italy, and Spain — are in dark grey. The whole is enclosed within a magnificently designed, heavy walnut case, elaborately carved, and standing about eight feet in height.

From a] A NEARER VIEW OF THE COMPLETE MAP. *[Photo.*

The formation of the various departments (or counties), as well as the surrounding seas and countries, is as perfect as that found in Governmental maps.

The whole of France is shown entirely in polished jasper, and it will be found that each department (or county) has been cut from jasper of a different colour, the whole blending without the slightest offence to the artistic eye. The mines were ransacked in all directions for the necessary material to

ensure this effect. The large number of counties thus represented will give the reader some idea of the enormous labour bestowed by the Czar's workpeople on this portion of the undertaking. The jasper used is all



From a] PART OF THE MAP SHOWING PARIS, REPRESENTED BY AN IMMENSE RUBY. *[Photo.*

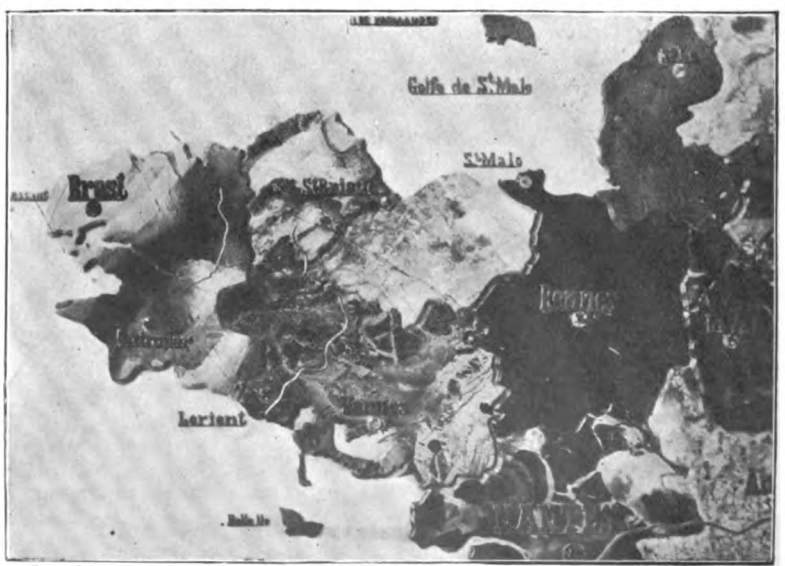
of the most beautifully veined that human eye has gazed upon. The polishing is perfect. The cutting of each piece must have entailed the greatest care, so artfully are the joinings of the various departments concealed, so exquisitely do the lines meet.

One hundred and six of the more important towns are given: the names in letters of pure gold, the towns represented by costly jewels.

Paris is represented by a ruby of immense size and value, and it must cause commotion amongst those connoisseurs who make a pilgrimage to the Louvre for the purpose of gazing upon this magnificent collection of precious stones.

Havre boasts a beautiful emerald under its golden name, Rouen is represented by a sapphire, Lille by a phenacite (a rare variety of rock-crystal), Rheims by a chrysolite, Lyons by a tourmaline, Nantes by a beryl, Bordeaux by an aquamarine, Marseilles by an emerald, Nice by a garnet, Cherbourg by an alexandrite (a variety of chrysoberyl found in the Ural Mountains, and which looks green by day and reddish-blue by lamplight), and Toulon by a chrysoberyl.

Twenty-one other towns are represented

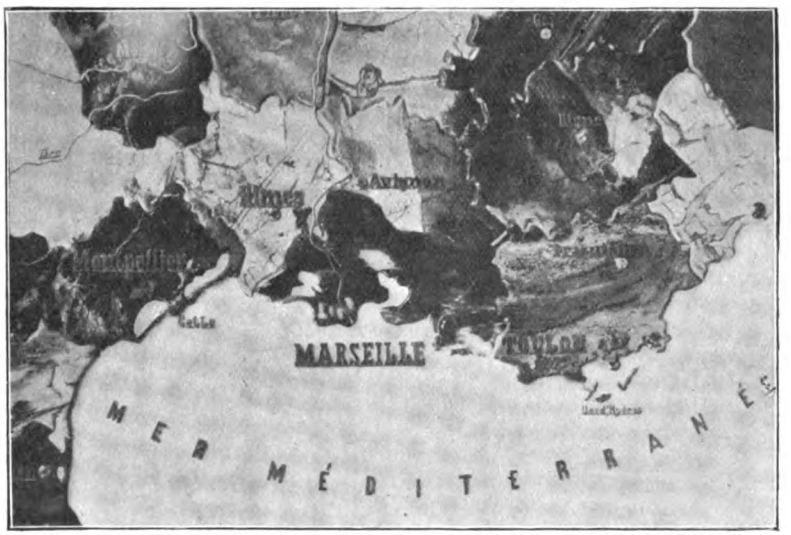


From a] THE NORTH-WEST COAST. *[Photo.*

by amethysts, thirty-five by tourmalines, and thirty-eight by quartz-crystals.

It can easily be imagined that a map whose towns were represented by precious stones should have something equally fine to mark the country's rivers. And the expectation will not be vain. All the rivers shown in this extraordinary map are represented in platinum sunk in the jasper. To effect this the courses of the rivers had first to be cut in the stone and the platinum laid in and polished. The whole effect is very beautiful indeed.

"And a pretty penny it must have cost!" the business-like Briton mentally exclaims.



THE SOUTH COAST, SHOWING MARSEILLES (AN EMERALD) AND TOULON (A CHRYSOBERYL).
From a Photo.

That the map cost a very large amount indeed is obvious. But the exact sum which came out of the Czar's exchequer to "pay the piper" has never, of course, been made public property; nor is it likely that the information will ever be known in a general way.

Estimates by experts on this point vary very greatly, ranging from £16,000, to £80,000. A well-known Parisian jeweller has explained the reason. All the stones and jewels came from the Imperial mines, and practically the only expense was the cutting, polishing, and putting together. The stones only found in those mines (and appropriated by the Czar), never being found in commerce, consequently have no quoted value.

"In fact," said the eminent jeweller referred to, "it is probable that the map did not cost the Czar more than £16,000, if as much; but if a millionaire came to my shop and ordered one like it, I should have to charge him three or four times as much—if, indeed, I could make it at all."

However, no matter whether the Czar expended £10,000 or £100,000 in its production, this map of France, with its precious stones and gold, is regarded by Russia's ally as one of its most priceless treasures.

The Sammead or the Gifts.

By E. Nesbit.

II.—THE GIFT OF GUINEAS.

ANTHEA woke in the morning from a very real sort of dream, in which she was walking in the Zoological Gardens on a pouring wet day without any umbrella. The animals seemed desperately unhappy because of the rain and were all growling gloomily. When she awoke both the growling and the rain went on just the same. The growling was the heavy, regular breathing of her sister Jane, who had a slight cold and was still asleep. The rain fell in slow drops on to Anthea's face from the wet corner of a bath-towel which her brother Robert was gently squeezing the water out of to wake her up, as he now explained.

"Oh, drop it," she said, rather crossly; so he did, for he was not a brutal brother, though very ingenious in apple-pie beds, booby-traps, original methods of awakening sleeping relatives, and the other little accomplishments which make home happy.

"I had such a funny dream," Anthea began.

"So did I," said Jane, wakening suddenly and without warning. "I dreamed we found a sand-fairy in the gravel-pits, and it said it was a sammyadd, and we might have a new wish every day, and——"

"But that's what *I* dreamed," said Robert. "I was just going to tell you. And we had the first wish directly it said so. And I dreamed you girls were donkeys enough to ask for us all to be beautiful as the day, and we jolly well were, and it was perfectly beastly."

"But *can* different people all dream the same thing?" said Anthea, sitting up in bed, "because I dreamed all that, as well as about the Zoo and the rain, and baby didn't know us in my dream, and the servants shut us out of the house because our radiant beauty was such a complete disguise, and——"

The voice of the eldest brother sounded from across the landing:—

"Come on, Robert," it said, "you'll be late for breakfast again, unless you mean to shirk your bath, as you did on Tuesday."

"I say, come here a sec.," Robert replied. "I didn't shirk it, I had it after brekker, in father's dressing-room, because ours was emptied away."

Cyril appeared in the doorway, partially clothed.

"Look here," said Anthea, "we've all had such an odd dream. We've all dreamed we found a sand-fairy."

Her voice died away before Cyril's contemptuous glance. "Dream?" he said; "you little sillies, it's *true*. I tell you it all happened. That's why I'm so keen on being

down early. We'll go up there directly after brekker and have another wish. Only we'll make up our minds solid before we go what it is we do want, and no one must ask for anything unless the others agree first. No more peerless beauties for this child, thank you. Not if I know it."

The other three dressed with their mouths open. If all that dream about the sand-fairy was real, this real dressing seemed very like a dream, the girls thought. Jane felt that Robert was right, but Anthea was not sure till after they had seen Martha and heard her full and plain reminders about their naughty conduct the day before. Then Anthea was sure, "because," said she, "servants never dream anything but the things in the dream-book—like snakes and oysters and going to a wedding—that means a funeral, and snakes are a false female friend, and oysters are babies."

"Talking of babies," said Cyril, "where's the Lamb?"

"Martha's going to take him to Rochester to see her cousins. Mother said she might. She's dressing him now," said Jane, "in his very best coat and hat. Bread and butter, please."

"She seems to *like* taking him, too," said Robert, in a tone of wonder.

"Servants *do* like taking babies to see their relations," Cyril said. "I've noticed it before; especially in their best things."

"I expect they pretend they're their own babies, and that they're not servants at all, but married to noble dukes of high degree; and they say the babies are the little dukes and duchesses," Jane suggested, dreamily, taking more marmalade. "I expect that's what Martha'll say to her cousin. She'll enjoy herself frightfully."

"She won't enjoy herself frightfully carrying our infant duke to Rochester," said Robert, "not if she's anything like me, she won't."

"Fancy walking to Rochester with the Lamb on your back! Oh, crikey," said Cyril, in full agreement.

"She's going by carrier," said Jane. "Let's see them off, then we shall have done a polite and kindly act, and we shall be quite sure we've got rid of them for the day."

So they did.

Martha wore her Sunday dress of two shades of purple, so tight in the chest that it made her stoop, and her blue hat with the pink cornflowers and the white ribbon. And the Lamb had indeed his very best coat and hat. It was a smart party that the carrier's cart picked up at the cross-roads. Its white tilt and red wheels had slowly vanished in a swirl of chalk dust.

"And now for the sammyadd!" said Cyril, and off they went.

As they went they decided on the wish they would ask for. Although they were all in a great hurry they did not try to climb down the sides of the gravel-pit, but went round by the safe lower road, as if they were carts. They had made a ring of stones round the place where the sand-fairy had disappeared, so they easily found the spot. The sun was burning and bright and the sky was deep blue—without a cloud. The sand was very hot to touch.

"Oh, suppose it was only a dream after all," Robert said, as the boys uncovered their spades from the sand-heap where they had buried them and began to dig.

"Suppose you were a sensible chap," said Cyril; "one's quite as likely as the other!"

"Suppose you kept a civil tongue in your head," Robert snapped.

"Suppose we girls take a turn," said Jane, laughing. "You boys seem to be getting very warm."

"Suppose you don't come shoving your silly oar in," said Robert, who was now warm indeed.

"We won't," said Anthea, quickly. "Robert, dear, don't be so grumpy—we won't say a word; you shall be the one to speak to the fairy and tell him what we've decided to wish for. You'll say it much better than we shall."

"Suppose you drop being a little humbug," said Robert, but not crossly. "Look out—dig with your hands, now!"

So they did, and presently uncovered the spider-shaped, brown, hairy body, long arms and legs, bat's ears, and snail's eyes of the psammead itself. Everyone drew a deep breath of satisfaction, for now, of course, it couldn't have been a dream.

The psammead sat up and shook the sand out of its fur.

"How's your left whisker this morning?" said Anthea.

"Nothing to boast of," it said; "it had rather a restless night. But thank you for asking."

"I say," said Robert, "do you feel up to giving wishes to-day, because we very much want an extra, besides the regular one. The extra's a very little one," he added, reassuringly.

"Humph!" said the sand-fairy. (If you read this story aloud please pronounce

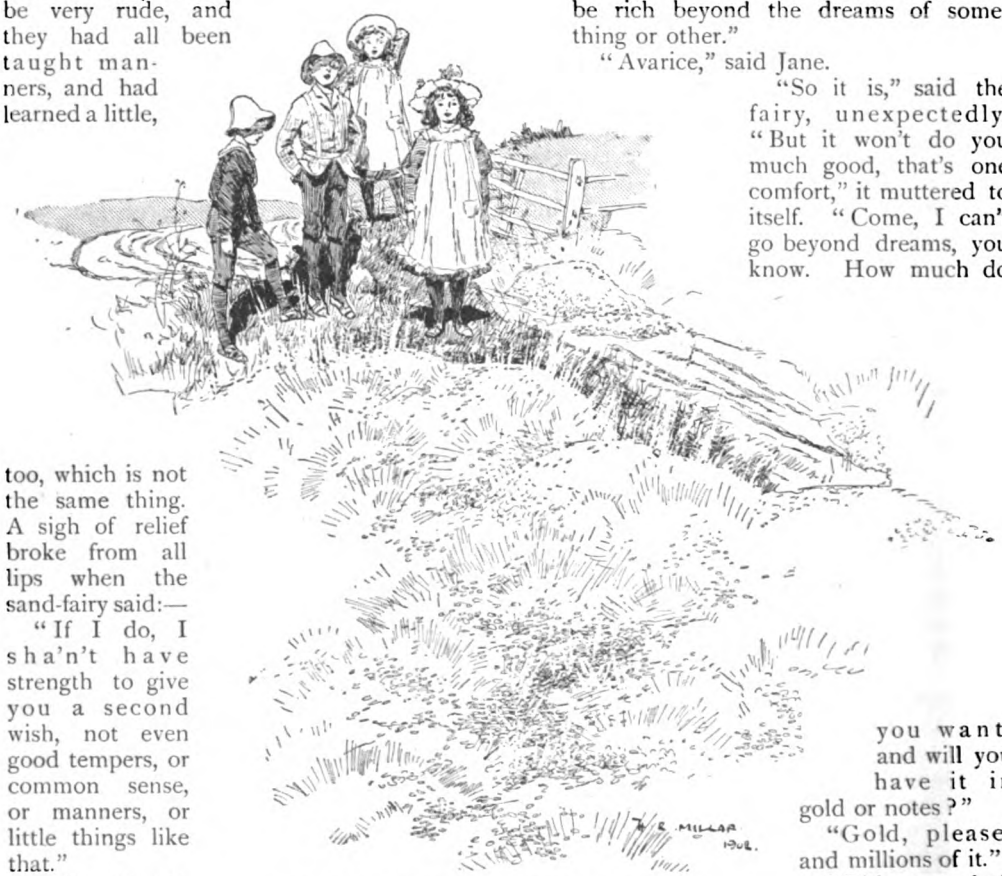
"humph" exactly as it is spelt, for that is how it said it.) "Humph! Do you know until I heard you being disagreeable to each other just over my head, and so loud, too, I really quite thought I had dreamed you all? I do have very odd dreams sometimes."

"Do you?" Jane hurried to say, so as to get away from the subject of disagreeableness. "I wish," she added, politely, "you'd tells us about your dreams—they must be awfully interesting."

"Is that the day's wish?" said the sand-fairy, yawning.

Cyril muttered something about "just like a girl," and the rest stood silent. If they said "yes," then good-bye to the other wish they had decided to ask for. If they said "no," it would be very rude, and they had all been taught manners, and had learned a little, too, which is not the same thing. A sigh of relief broke from all lips when the sand-fairy said:—

"If I do, I sha'n't have strength to give you a second wish, not even good tempers, or common sense, or manners, or little things like that."



"AND ALL THE GLEAMING HEAP WAS MINTED GOLD."

"We don't want you to put yourself out at all about *these* things; we can manage them quite well ourselves," said Cyril, eagerly, while the others looked guiltily at each other and wished the fairy would not keep all on about good tempers, but give them one good rowing if it wanted to, and then have done with it.

"Well," said the psammead, putting out its long snail's eyes so suddenly that one of them nearly went into the round boy's eye of Robert, "let's have the little wish first."

"We don't want the servants to notice the gifts you give us."

"Are kind enough to give us," said Anthea, in a whisper.

"Are kind enough to give us, I mean," said Robert.

The fairy swelled itself out a bit, let its breath go, and said:—

"I've done *that* for you—it was quite easy. People don't notice things much, any way. What's the next wish?"

"We want," said Robert, slowly, "to be rich beyond the dreams of something or other."

"Avarice," said Jane.

"So it is," said the fairy, unexpectedly. "But it won't do you much good, that's one comfort," it muttered to itself. "Come, I can't go beyond dreams, you know. How much do you want, and will you have it in gold or notes?"

"Gold, please, and millions of it."

"This gravel-pit full be enough?" said the fairy, in an off-hand manner.

"Oh, *yes*."

"Then get out before I begin, or you'll be buried alive in it."

It waved its long, skinny arms so frighten-

ingly that the children ran as hard as they could towards the road by which carts used to come to the gravel-pits. Only Anthea had presence of mind enough to shout a timid "Good morning, I hope your whisker will be better to-morrow," as she ran.

On the road they turned and looked back, and they had to shut their eyes and open them very slowly, a little bit at a time, because the sight was too dazzling for their eyes to be able to bear it. It was something like trying to look at the sun at high noon on Midsummer Day. For the whole of the sand-pit was full right up to the very top with new shining gold pieces, and all the little sand-martins' tiny front doors were covered out of sight. Where the road for carts wound into the gravel-pit the gold lay in mounds like stones by the road-side, and a great bank of shining gold shelved down from where it lay flat and smooth between the tall sides of the gravel-pit. And all the gleaming heap was minted gold. And on the sides and edges of these countless coins the midday sun shone and sparkled and glowed and gleamed till the quarry looked like the mouth of a smelting furnace, or one of the fairy halls that you see sometimes in the sky at sunset.

The children stood with their mouths open, and no one said a word.

At last Robert stooped and picked up one of the loose coins from the edge of the heap by the cart-road and looked at it. He looked on both sides. Then he said in a low voice, quite different from his own, "It's not sovereigns."

"It's gold, any way," said Cyril, and now they all began to talk at once. They all picked up the golden treasure by handfuls and let it run through their fingers like water, and the chink it made as it fell was wonderful music. At first they quite forgot to think of spending the money, it was so nice to play with. Jane sat down between two heaps of gold and Robert began to bury her, as you bury your father in sand when you are at the sea-side and he has gone to sleep on the beach with his newspaper over his face. But Jane was not half-buried before she cried out: "Oh, stop, it's too heavy, it hurts."

Robert said "Bosh" and went on.

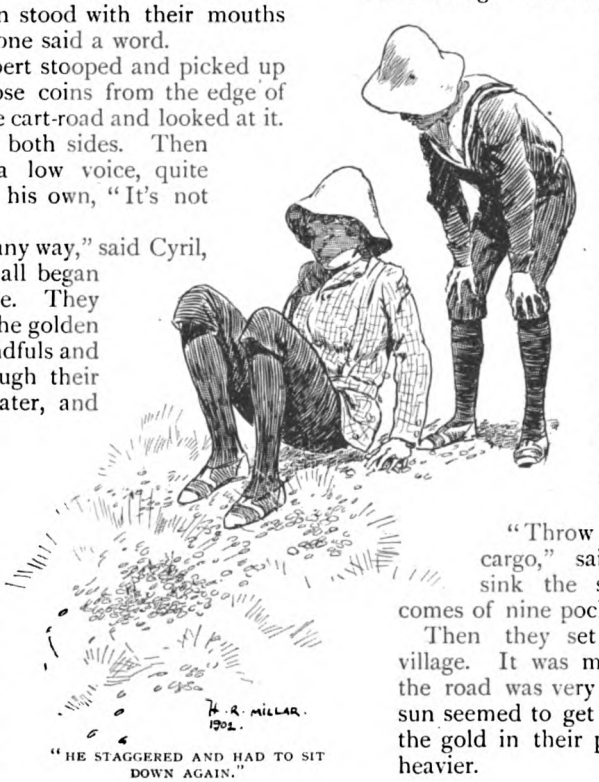
"Let me out, I tell you," cried Jane, and was taken out, very white and trembling a little.

"You've no idea what it's like," said she; "it's like stones on you, or like chains."

"Look here," Cyril said, "if this is to do us any good it's no good our staying garping at it like this. Let's fill our pockets and go and buy things. Don't you forget it won't last after sunset. I wish we'd asked the sammyadd why things don't turn to stone. Perhaps this will. I'll tell you what, there's a pony and cart in the village."

"Do you want to buy that?"

"No, silly, we'll *hire* it; and then we'll go to Rochester and buy heaps and heaps of things. Look here, let's each take as much as we can carry. But it's not sovereigns. They've got a man's head on one side and a thing like the ace of spades on the other. Fill your pockets with it, I tell you, and come along. You can jaw as we go, if you must jaw."



"HE STAGGERED AND HAD TO SIT DOWN AGAIN."

Cyril sat down and began to fill his pockets.

"You made fun of me for getting father to have nine pockets in my Norfolks," said he, "but now you see."

They did. For when Cyril had filled his nine pockets and his handkerchief, and the space between himself and his shirt-front, with the gold coins he tried to stand up. But he staggered and had to sit down again in a hurry.

"Throw out some of the cargo," said Robert. "You'll sink the ship, old chap. That comes of nine pockets."

Then they set off to walk to the village. It was more than a mile, and the road was very dusty indeed, and the sun seemed to get hotter and hotter and the gold in their pockets got heavier and heavier.

It was Jane who said, "I don't see how we're to spend it all. There must be thousands of pounds among the lot of us. I'm going to leave some of mine behind this stump in the hedge, and directly we get to the village we'll buy some biscuits; I know it's long past dinner-time." She took out a handful or two of gold and hid it in the hollows of an old hornbeam. "How round and yellow they are!" she said; "don't you wish they were gingerbread-nuts and we were going to eat them?"

"Well, they're not and we're not," said Cyril. "Come on."

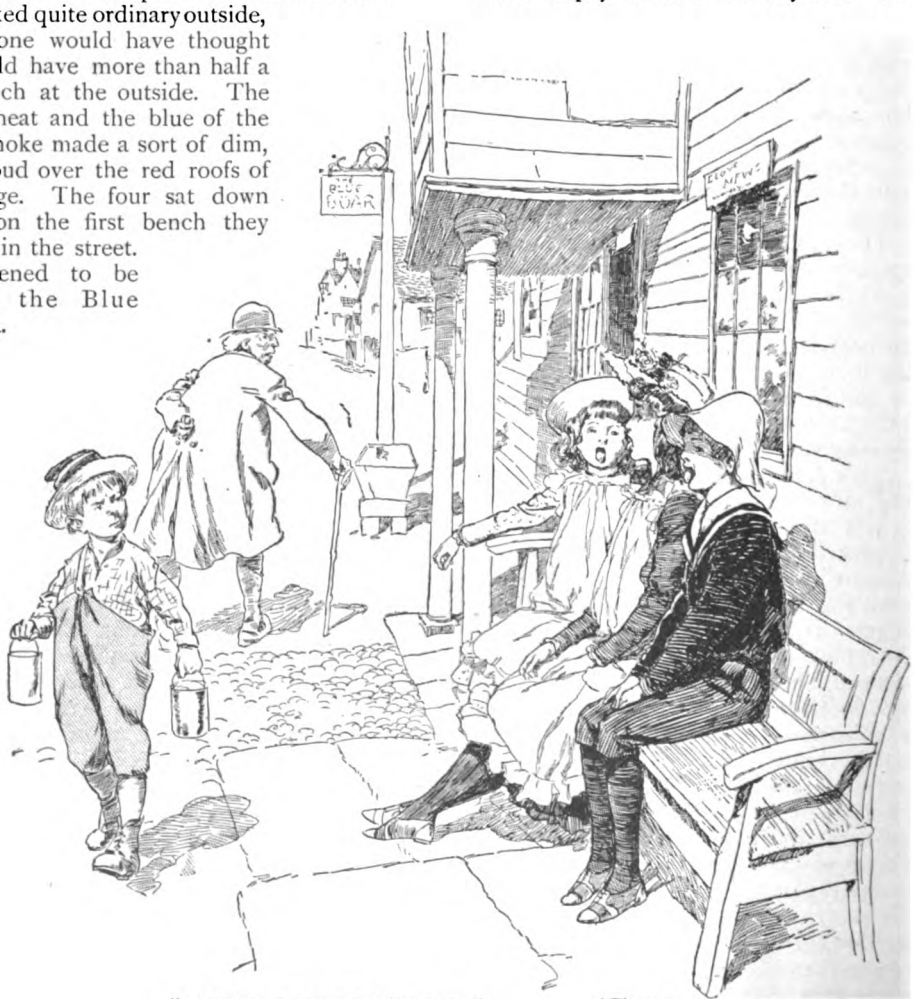
But they came on heavily and wearily. Before they reached the village more than one stump in the hedge concealed its little hoard of hidden treasure. Yet they reached the village with about twelve hundred guineas in their pockets. But in spite of this inside wealth they looked quite ordinary outside, and no one would have thought they could have more than half a crown each at the outside. The haze of heat and the blue of the wood smoke made a sort of dim, misty cloud over the red roofs of the village. The four sat down heavily on the first bench they came to in the street. It happened to be outside the Blue Boar Inn.

It was decided that Cyril should go into the Blue Boar and ask for ginger-beer, because, as Anthea said, "It is not wrong for men to go into public-houses—only for children. And Cyril is nearer being a man than us, because he is the eldest." So he went. The others sat in the sun and waited.

"Oh, hats, how hot it is!" said Robert. "Dogs put their tongues out when they're hot. I wonder if it would cool us at all to put out ours?"

"We might try," Jane said, and they all put their tongues out as far as ever they could go, so that it quite stretched their throats, but it only seemed to make them thirstier than ever, besides annoying everyone who went by. So they took their tongues in again just as Cyril came back with ginger-beer.

"I had to pay for it out of my own two-



"THEY ALL PUT THEIR TONGUES OUT." H. R. MILLAR. 1902

and-sevenpence, though, that I was going to buy rabbits with," he said. "They wouldn't change the gold—and when I pulled out a handful the man just laughed and said it was card-counters. And I got some sponge-cakes, too, out of a glass jar on the bar counter, and some biscuits with caraways in."

The sponge-cakes were both soft and dry—and the biscuits were dry too, and yet soft, which biscuits ought not to be. But the ginger-beer made up for everything.

"It's my turn now to try to buy something with the money," Anthea said. "I'm next eldest. Where is the pony-cart kept?"

It was at the Chequers, and Anthea went in the back way, to the yard, because they all knew that little girls ought not to go into the bars of public-houses. She came out, as she herself said, "pleased but not proud."

"He'll be ready in a brace of shakes, he says," she remarked, "and he's to have one sovereign to drive us in to Rochester and back, besides waiting there till we've got everything we want. I think I managed very well."

"You think yourself jolly clever, I dare say," said Cyril, moodily. "How did you do it?"

"I wasn't jolly clever enough to go taking handfuls of money out of my pocket to make it seem cheap, any way," she retorted. "I just found a young man doing something to a horse's legs with a sponge and a pail, and I held out one sovereign and I said, 'Do you know what this is?' He said, 'No,' and he'd call his father. And the old man came and he said it was a spade guinea, and he said, 'Was it my own to do as I liked with?' And I said 'Yes.' And I asked about the pony-cart, and I said he could have the guinea if he'd drive us into Rochester, and he said, 'Right, oh!'"

It was a new sensation to be driven in a smart pony-cart along pretty country roads. It was very pleasant, too (which is not always the case with new sensations), quite apart from the beautiful plans of spending the money which each child made as they went along—silently, of course, and quite to itself, for they felt it would never have done to let the old innkeeper hear them talk in the affluent sort of way they were thinking in. The old man put them down by the bridge at their request.

"If you were going to buy a carriage and horses, where would you go?" asked Cyril, as if he were only asking for the sake of something to say.

"Billy Peasemarsh, at the Saracen's Head," said the old man, promptly. "Though all forbid I should recommend any man where it's a question of horses, no more than I'd take anybody else's recommending if I was buying one. But if your pa's thinking of a turn-out of any sort, there ain't a straighter man in Rochester nor a civiller spoken than Billy, though I says it."

"Thank you," said Cyril. "The Saracen's Head."

And now the children began to see one of the laws of Nature turn upside down and stand on its head like an acrobat. Any grown-up person would tell you that money is hard to get and easy to spend. But the fairy money had been easy to get, and spending it was not only hard, it was almost impossible. The tradespeople of Rochester seemed to shrink to a tradesperson from the glittering fairy gold ("furrin money", they called it, for the most part). To begin with, Anthea, who had had the misfortune to sit on her hat earlier in the day, wished to buy another. She chose a very beautiful one trimmed with pink roses and the blue breasts of peacocks. It was marked in the window, "Paris model, three guineas."

"I'm glad," she said, "because if it says guineas it means guineas, and not sovereigns, which we haven't got."

But when she took three of the spade guineas in her hand, which was by this time rather dirty owing to her not having put on gloves before going to the gravel-pit, the black silk young lady in the shop looked very hard at her, and went and whispered something to an older lady, also in black silk, and then they gave her back the money and said it was not current coin.

"It's good money, and it says guineas on the hat," said Anthea, "and it's my own."

"I dare say," said the lady, "but it's not the kind of money that's fashionable now, and we don't care about taking it."

"I believe they think we've stolen it," said Anthea, rejoining the others in the street; "if we had gloves they wouldn't think we were so dishonest. It's my hands being so dirty fills their minds with doubts."

So they chose a humble shop, and the girls bought cotton gloves, the kind at sixpence-three-farthings, but when they offered a guinea in payment the woman looked at it through her spectacles and said she had no change, so the gloves had to be paid for out of what was left of Cyril's two-and-sevenpence that he meant to buy rabbits with, and so had the green imitation

crocodile-skin purse at ninepence-halfpenny which had been bought at the same time. They tried several more shops, the kinds where you buy toys, and scent, and silk handkerchiefs, and books, and fancy boxes of stationery, and photographs of objects of interest in the vicinity. But nobody cared to change a guinea that day in Rochester, and as they went from shop to shop they got dirtier and dirtier, and their hair got more and more untidy, and Jane slipped and fell down on a part of the road where a water-cart had just gone by. Also they got very hungry, but they found no one would give them anything to eat for their guineas. After trying two pastry-cooks in vain, they became so hungry, perhaps from the smell of the cake in the shop, as Cyril suggested, that they formed a plan of campaign in whispers and carried it out in desperation. They marched into a third pastry-cook's—Beale, his name was—and before the people behind the counter could interfere each child had seized three new penny buns, clapped the three together between its dirty hands, and taken a big bite out of the triple sandwich. Then they stood at bay, with the twelve buns in their hands and their mouths very full indeed. The shocked pastry-cook bounded round the counter.

"Here," said Cyril, speaking as distinctly as he could and holding out the guinea he had got ready before entering the shop, "pay yourself out of that."

Mr. Beale snatched the coin, bit it, and put it in his pocket.

"Off you go," he said, brief and stern, like the man in the song.

"But the change," said Anthea, who had a saving mind.

"Change!" said the man; "I'll change you! Hout you goes, and you may think yourselves lucky I don't send for the police to find out where you got it."

In the Castle gardens the millionaires finished the buns, and though the curranty softness of these was delicious, and acted like a charm in raising the spirits of the party, yet even the stoutest heart quailed at the thought of venturing to sound Mr. Billy Peasemarsh at the Saracen's Head on the subject of a horse and carriage. The boys would have given up the idea, but Jane was always a hopeful child and Anthea generally an obstinate one, and their earnestness prevailed.

The whole party, by this time indescribably dirty, therefore betook itself to the Saracen's. The yard-method of attack having been successful at the Chequers, it was tried again here. Mr. Peasemarsh was in the yard, and Robert opened the business in these terms:—

"They tell me you have a lot of horses and carriages to sell." It had been agreed that Robert should be spokesman, because in books it is always gentlemen who buy horses and not ladies, and Cyril had had his go at the Blue Boar.

"They tell you true, young officer," said Mr. Peasemarsh. He was a long, lean man, with very blue eyes and a tight mouth and narrow lips.

"We should like to buy some, please," said Robert, politely.

"I dare say you would."

"MR. BEALE SNATCHED THE COIN AND BIT IT."

"Will you show us a few, please, to choose from?"

"Who are you a-kiddin' of?" inquired Mr. Billy Peasemarsh. "Was you sent here of a message?"

"I tell you," said Robert, "we want to buy some horses and carriages, and a man told us you were straight and civil spoken, but I shouldn't wonder if he was mistaken."

"Upon my sacred," said Mr. Peasemarsh. "Shall I trot the whole stable out for your honour's worship to see? Or shall I send round to the Bishop's to see if he's a nag or so to dispose of?"

"Please do," said Robert, "if it's not too much trouble. It would be very kind of you."

Mr. Peasemarsh put his hands in his pockets and laughed, and they did not like the way he did it. Then he shouted, "Willum."

A stooping ostler appeared in a stable-door.

"Here, Willum, come and look at this 'ere young dook; wants to buy the whole stud, lock, stock, and bar'l! And ain't got tuppence in his pocket to bless hisself with, I'll go bail."

Willum's eyes followed his master's pointing thumb with contemptuous interest.

"Do 'e, for sure?" he said.

But Robert spoke, though both the girls were now pulling at his jacket and begging him to "come along." He spoke and he was very angry; he said:—

"I'm not a young duke, and I never pretended to be. And as for tuppence—what do you call this?" And before the others could stop him he had pulled out two fat handfuls of shining guineas and held them out for Mr. Peasemarsh to look at. He did look. He snatched one up in his finger and thumb. He bit it, and Jane expected him to say, "The best horse in my stables is at your service." But the others knew better. Still, it was a blow, even to the most desponding, when he said, shortly:—

"Willum, shut the yard doors"; and Willum grinned and went to shut them.

"Good afternoon," said Robert, hastily, "we sha'n't buy any of your horses now, whatever you say, and I hope it'll be a lesson to you." He had seen a little side gate open and was moving towards it as he spoke. But Billy Peasemarsh put himself in the way.

"Not so fast, you young off-scouring," he said. "Willum, fetch the pleece."

Willum went. The children stood huddled together like frightened sheep, and Mr. Peasemarsh spoke to them till the "pleece" arrived. He said many things. Among other things he said:—

"Nice lot you are, aren't you, coming tempting honest men with your guineas?"

"They *are* our guineas," said Cyril, boldly.

"Oh, of course, we don't know all about that, no more we don't. Oh, no, course not. And dragging little gells into it, too. 'Ere—I'll let the gells go if you'll come along to the pleece quiet."

"We won't *be* let go," said Jane, heroically, "not without the boys. It's our money just as much as theirs, you wicked old man."

"Where'd you get it, then?" said the man, softening slightly.

Jane cast a silent glance of agony at the others.

"Lost your tongue, eh? Got it fast enough when it's for calling names with. Come, speak up. Where'd you get it?"

"Out of the gravel-pit," said truthful Jane.

"Next article," said the man.

"I tell you we did," Jane said. "There's a fairy there—all over brown fur—with ears like bats and eyes like snails, and it gives you a wish a day, and they all come true."

"Touched in the head, eh?" said the man, in a low voice; "all the more shame to you boys dragging the poor afflicted child into your sinful burglaries."

"She's not mad, it's true," said Anthea; "there *is* a fairy. If I ever see it again I'll wish for something for you—at least, I would if vengeance wasn't wicked, so there!"

"Lor' lumme," said Billy Peasemarsh, "if there ain't another on 'em!"

And now Willum came back, with a spiteful grin on his face and at his back the policeman, with whom Mr. Peasemarsh spoke long in a hoarse, earnest whisper.

"I dare say you're right," said the policeman at last. "Any way, I'll take 'em up on a charge of unlawful possession pending inquiries, and the magistrate will deal with the case. Send the afflicted ones to a home, as likely as not, and the boys to a reformatory. Now, then, come along, youngsters. No use making a fuss. You bring the gells along, Mr. Peasemarsh, sir, and I'll shepherd the boys."

Speechless with rage and horror, the four children were driven along the streets of Rochester. Tears of anger and shame blinded them, so that when Cyril ran right into a passer-by he did not recognise her till a well-known voice said, "Well, if ever I did! Oh, Master Robert, whatever have you been a-doing of now?" And another voice, quite as well known, said, "Panty! Want go own Panty!"

They had run into Martha and the baby. Martha behaved admirably. She refused to believe a word of the policeman's story or Mr. Peasemarsh's either, even when they made Robert turn out his pockets in an

"THEY HAD RUN INTO MARTHA AND THE BABY."

archway and show the guineas.

"I don't see nothing," she said. "You've gone out of your senses, you two. There ain't any gold there, only the poor child's hands, all over crock and dirt and like the very chimbley. Oh, that I should ever see the day!"

And the children thought this very noble of Martha, even if rather wicked, till they remembered how the fairy had promised that the servants should never notice any of the fairy gifts. So, of course, Martha couldn't see the gold, and so was only speaking the truth; and that was quite right, of course, but not extra noble.

It was getting dusk when they reached the police-station. The policeman told his tale to a sergeant, who sat in a large, bare room with a thing like a clumsy nursery fender at one end to put prisoners in. Jane wondered whether it was a cell or a dock.

"Produce the coins, officer," said the sergeant.

"Turn out your pockets," said the constable.

Cyril desperately plunged his hands in his pockets, stood still a moment, and then began to laugh an odd sort of laugh, that hurt and that felt much more like crying. His pockets were empty. So were the pockets of the others. For, of course, at sunset all the fairy gold had vanished away.

"Turn out your pockets and stop that noise," said the sergeant.

Cyril turned out his pockets, every one of the nine which enriched his Norfolk suit. And every pocket was empty!

"Well?" said the sergeant.

"I don't know how they done it—artful little beggars. They walked in front of me the 'ole way, so as for me to keep my eye on them and not to attract a crowd and obstruct the traffic."

"It's very remarkable," said the sergeant, frowning.

"If you've quite done brow-beating of the innocent children," said Martha, "I'll hire a private carriage, and we'll drive home to their papa's mansion. You'll hear about this again, young man. I told you they hadn't got any gold, when you were pretending to see it in their poor, helpless hands. It's early in the day for a constable on duty not to be able to trust his own eyes. As to the other one, he keeps the Saracen's Head."

"Take them away, for goodness' sake," said the sergeant, crossly. But as they left the police-station he said, "Now, then," to the policeman and Mr. Peasemarsh, and he said it twenty times as crossly as he had spoken to Martha.

Martha was as good as her word. She

took them home in a very grand carriage, because the carrier's cart was gone, and though she had stood by them so nobly with the police she was so angry with them as soon as they were alone, for "trapseing into Rochester by themselves," that none of them dared to mention the old man with the pony-cart from the village, who was waiting for them in Rochester.

"HE SAID, 'NOW, THEN,' TO THE POLICEMAN AND MR. PEASEMARSH."

And so, after one day of boundless wealth, the children found themselves sent to bed in deep disgrace, and only enriched by two pairs of cotton gloves, dirty inside because of the state of the hands they had been put on to cover, an imitation crocodile-skin purse, and twelve penny buns, long since digested.

The thing that troubled them most next day was the fear that the old gentleman's guinea might have disappeared at sunset with all the rest, so they went down to the village next day to apologize for not meeting him in Rochester and to *see*. They found him very friendly. The guinea had *not* disappeared, and he had bored a hole in it and hung it on his watch-chain. As for the guinea the baker took, the children felt they *could* not care whether it had vanished or not, which was not perhaps very honest, but, on the other hand, was not wholly unnatural. But afterwards this preyed on Anthea's mind, and at last she secretly sent twelve stamps by post to "Mr. Beale, Baker, Rochester." Inside she wrote: "To pay for the buns." I hope the guinea did disappear, for that pastry-cook was really not at all a nice man.

A PICTURE-LETTER.

THE accompanying clever picture-letter was sent home by Corporal Standish, of the Duke of Edinburgh's Volunteer Rifles, from Kuruman, in South Africa. Many of our readers are, no doubt, ingenious enough to decipher it.

H. W. Standish

Curiosities.[+]

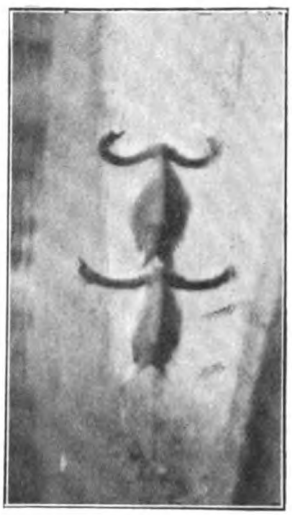
[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

AN EAGLE RISING.

"This is a most happy and probably unique snapshot of an eagle just rising from the ground with outstretched wings poised ready for flight, and its prey tightly clutched in its claws. It is not given to many people on this side of the water to see wild eagles, and if one did, by chance, get so close one has not always a camera ready to snap at it."—Mrs. Mariquita J. Moberley, Ravensbury Gardens, Mitcham.

A CORONATION APPLE.

"This is a photograph of an apple decorated with a portrait of His Majesty, and may not be without interest to readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE. The means employed was an ordinary paper stencil plate applied when the apple was nearly its full size, but before it had begun to acquire any colour. This particular specimen was grown in France; but the custom of thus decorating fruit is essentially a German one, and is employed in that country for the decoration of plums, pears, and even pumpkins. It is particularly applied in the matter of 'good wishes' for birthdays or greetings for Christmas and Easter."—Mr. C. Pring, 66, Lupus Street, Pimlico, S.W.



WHAT IS THIS?

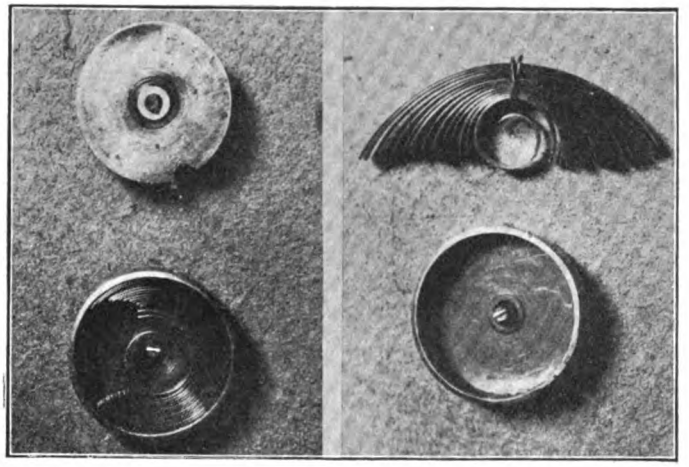
"I beg to send you photograph of two 'swans' on the Bolingbroke Pond. When I photographed them I had no idea they would appear so grotesquely absurd when shown in an unnatural position. The right-hand side is really the bottom of the picture."—Mr. Duncan Milligan, F.R.A.S., 21, Spencer Road, New Wandsworth, S.W.

RIDING HIS "HOBBY-HORSE."

"In country districts one often comes across an ancient bicycle still in use, and apparently little the worse for age. The one in the photograph is a genuine old hobby-horse driven by the toes of the rider touching the ground, and the boy was enjoying himself vastly on a gentle slope when we came round the corner."—Mr. Robert Elson, Acre Nook, Alderley Edge, Cheshire.

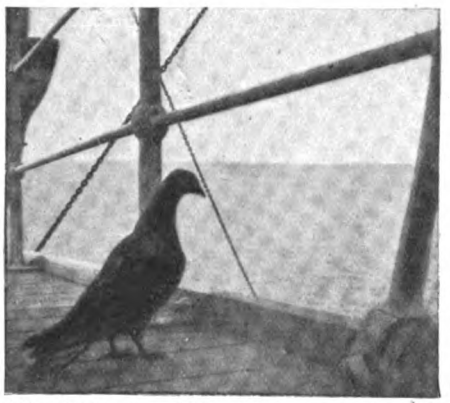
[+] Copyright, 1902, by George Newnes, Limited.

JACK FROST AND THE WATCH.

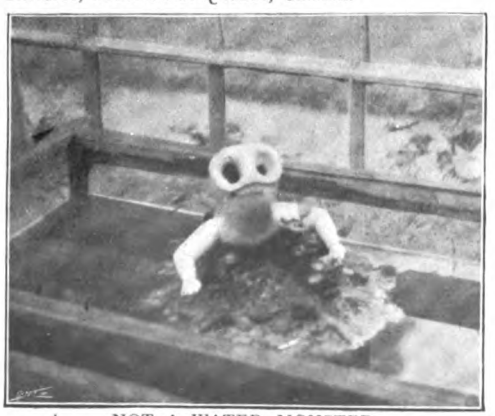


"Having seen your request for cur ous photographs, I thought the enclosed might prove useful as showing the remarkable effect of a sharp frost on the mainspring of a watch which was brought to me for repair. It was wound up and placed for the night on a marble mantelpiece; the next morning it had stopped. On taking out the barrel which contains the spring I found the latter broken through every coil, as shown in the photo. on the left (barrel with spring inside, cover removed). I counted the pieces and found there were fourteen instead of two, as usual when broken--thirteen breaks. Photo. on the right shows spring removed from barrel and the pieces bound together with a bit of wire in their proper order. I forgot to state that the watch was an English lever."—Mr. H. E. Warner, 80, Netherwood Road, West Kensington Park.

AN ADVENTUROUS PIGEON.



"I enclose a photograph of a pigeon that flew off to the steamship *Nyanza* after she had left the Land's End (England) a day. This pigeon stayed on board the entire passage to Canada and also returned to England on the ship. She again came to Montreal, where the bird mated with another pigeon and deserted the ship. The pigeon had a ring on its right leg and there were some words stamped on the inside of the wing, which could not be deciphered. The bird could have left the ship at any time it wished, but it evidently liked its quarters too well to leave till it found a mate at Montreal. The photograph was taken with a 1dol. camera on board ss. *Nyanza*. The words on the bird's wing we thought were 'Boston, Norfolk,' but were not certain."—Mr. Frank Harvey, Trois Rivières, Province of Quebec, Canada.



NOT A WATER MONSTER.

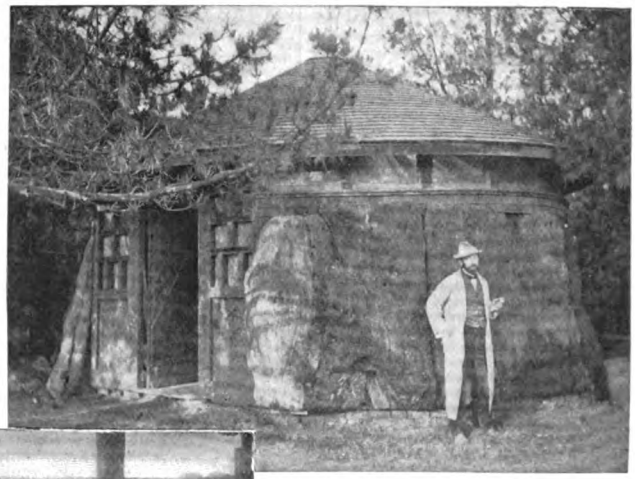
"The photo. I send you looks like the portrait of a remarkable creature emerging from the water in our aquarium. It is, however, only a broken doll which our baby has left lying on the rockery!"—Miss Madeline Turner, 161, Woodbridge Road, Ipswich.

A WOODEN DOG.

"Herewith a photo. of the 'Wooden Dog' at Asbury Park, N.J. It was washed up by the ocean several years since and is a very interesting curiosity. It is natural wood upon which there has been but little carving done, the body and tail being exactly as formed by Nature and the head practically so."—Miss Louise G. Hart, 518, "B" Street, N.E. Washington.

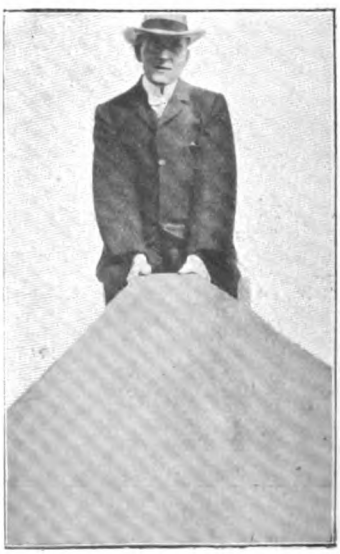
A CURIOUS STUDIO.

"In Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, California, is the trunk of a gigantic tree which is being put to the very odd use of a sculptor's studio. It offers plenty of room for stands, models, mounds of clay, and spectators, for the immense tree-butt has been hollowed out till it forms a room a little over 35ft. across. The outside diameter of the trunk is 38ft. 9in. When standing in its native glory the tree was over 325ft. high. Its trunk is now a relic of the big Mid-winter Fair held in Golden Gate Park in 1893. Once there they set it on a brick foundation, topped it with a circular-peaked shingle roof pierced with a skylight, touched up the rough wood finish of the interior, and in this fashion furnished one of the most curious structures on the Fair grounds. It was not exactly the kind of an office that a business man cares to move around with him, so when the Fair was over the exhibitors presented it to the Park Commission. Later on, when M. P. Nielsen, the sculptor, was selected to do some work on park statuary, he quickly realized the unique advantages of transforming it into a studio. The accompanying photographs show how well he has succeeded. In one of them Mr. Nielsen is seen standing beside the tree-trunk; the other is a picture of the interior showing some of the artist's work."—E. Wollens, 2020, Pine St., San Francisco, Cal.



WHAT IS A "PUSH-BALL"?

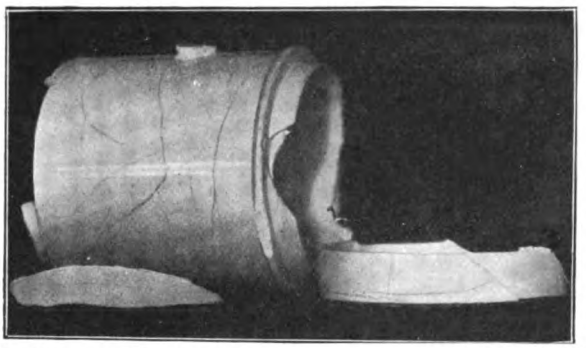
"Whilst journeying through the City recently I was in the neighbourhood of the athletic goods factory of Mr. Frank Bryan, outside which the enclosed photograph was being taken. I elicited the fact that this is the largest football that has ever been made, but was not intended for football, but for a game called 'Push-Ball,' a sort of tug-of-war reversed. I am sending this photo. to you thinking it might be of interest to your numerous readers. I might mention the smaller ball on the man's hand is an ordinary size match football."—Mr. W. G. Tarr, 82, Kilravock Street, Queen's Park, W.



AT THE OTHER END OF THE SEE-SAW.

"Enclosed is a photo. of a relation of mine sitting upon a 'see-saw.' The camera was placed upon the lower end of the plank and inclined upwards. The instrument was made by Kodak, Ltd."—Mr. F. Decimus Gordon, 96, Cotham Brow, Bristol.

A CHINA POT THAT GROWS.



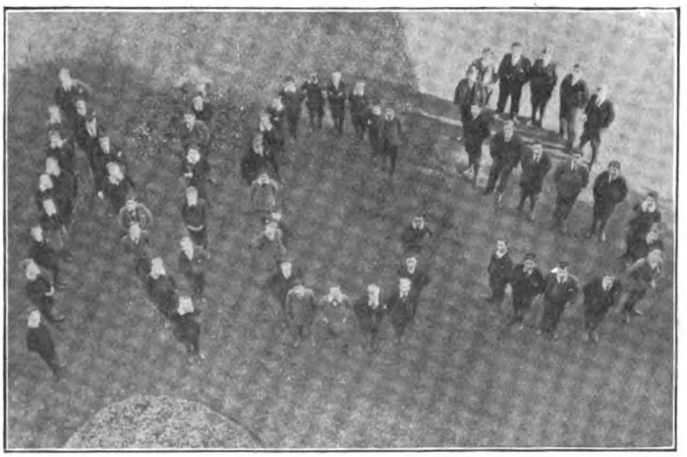
"I enclose a photo. for your Curiosities of a jar originally containing ointment from a chemist, which has taken to growing. It commenced growing in 1886, and has continued ever since. Its growth consists of pieces apparently cracking off, only instead of coming loose they rise up on crystals which gradually grow longer and thinner until about ¼in. long, when they get too weak and the piece drops off. The enclosed photo shows a piece rising off the side and off the top and bottom. The piece in front has grown and dropped off the lid. The following was written by my aunt in 1894, being all she then remembered about it: 'The gallipot was sent by a chemist in Aberystwyth, filled with ointment, to Mr. W. Williams, in May, 1883. It was soon washed clean, and remained empty for a year or two, and there was nothing remarkable about it. Then it was used for a week or two to hold salt and water; then washed out and left empty on a shelf. A year or more afterwards, in the spring of 1886, it was first observed to stand crookedly and to have its lid on one side, and, in fact, to be "sprouting." That summer Mr. Fisher, demonstrator of chemistry at Oxford, tested the crystals formed in "sprouting," and pronounced them to be salt. It has steadily continued to grow since.' From this you will see that three years elapsed between its containing ointment and beginning to grow; so that it is not remarkable what the ointment was had been forgotten."—Mr. T. K. Evans, 7, Clarendon Villas, Oxford.

NOT A FOOLISH NIGGER BOY.

"I send you a photograph of a dead branch in the park here, curiously resembling a nigger boy, with one leg hanging down. The illusion is so perfect that perhaps you may like to place it among your Curiosities. The photo., I may add, was taken with a telephoto. lens at a distance of about a quarter of a mile."—Mr. E. R. Wood, Temple Newsam, Leeds.

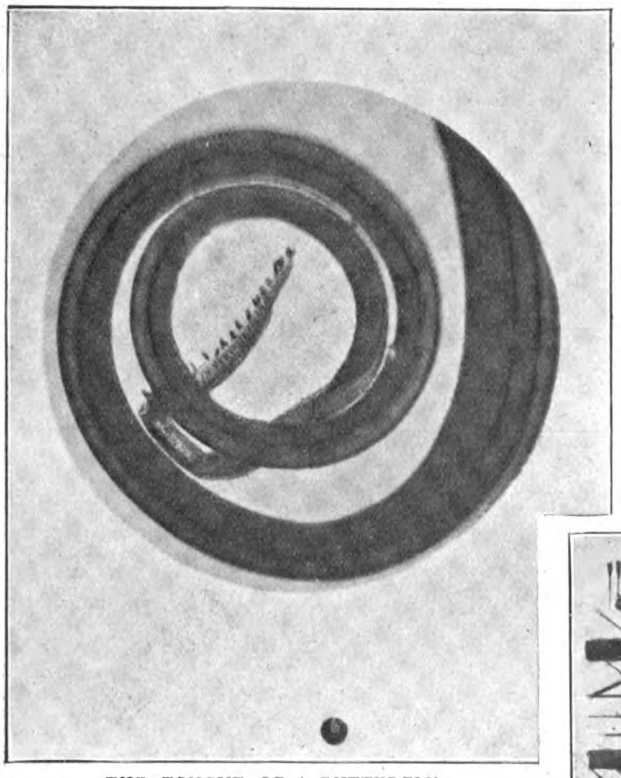
LIVING LETTERS.

"Here is a quaint photograph of a group of boys of the Northern Congregational School (N.C.S.), Silcoates Hall, Wakefield, forming the living letters which are the initials of their school's name. The photo., of course, was taken from an elevation in order to secure the desired result."—Mr. G. Clark, Trebevidd, Mold. Photo. by Mr. William F. Kelvey, of Mold.



SALMON LEAPING A FALL.

"I send you a snap-shot of a salmon leaping at the Falls of Tummel, Perthshire. I need hardly add that this photograph was taken with great difficulty."—Mr. D. R. McGavin, Taycliff, Tayport, Fife.

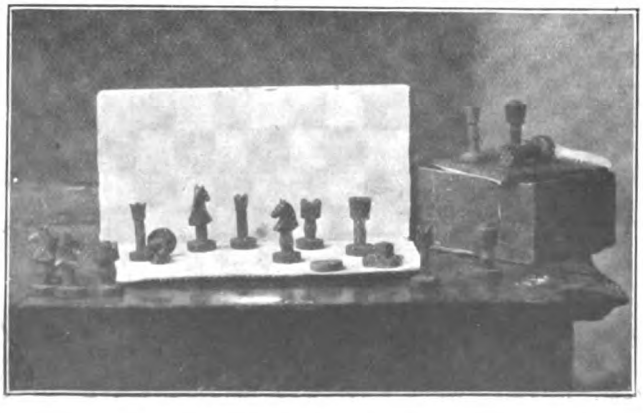


THE TONGUE OF A BUTTERFLY.

"Here is a photograph of a butterfly's tongue very much magnified. The proper size can just be seen in the smaller circle at the bottom of the mounted picture."—Miss Gladwell, Belmont, Belvedere Road, Durdham Downs, Bristol.

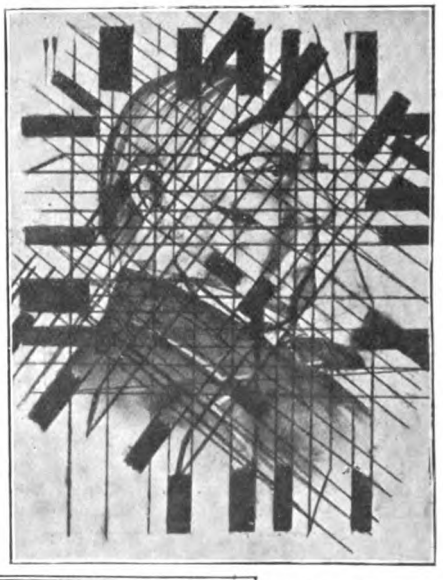
CURIOUS CHESSMEN.

"This photograph will perhaps be of interest to chess players as well as to those who value anything pertaining to war times. The board is of ordinary pliable cardboard, with shadings of pencil very much faded. The men are carved out of wood, one set being pencilled on the top, but as this is almost worn off it is not noticeable in the picture. The pawns of the one set are round, of the other square. The box in which these men have been kept for many years is a cigar-box, quite dilapidated, but still holding together. The set was made by Charles F. Johnson, Private of Co. I., 9th New York Volunteers, 'Hawkins' Zouaves,' while at Newport News. Many a game was played with them in camp and at the hospital, and the story goes that one game was interrupted by a stray shell bursting too near for comfort; the men looked at each other, then, 'It's your move,' said one, and the game proceeded."—Miss Emeline L. Johnson, 120, 4th Avenue, West Duluth, Minn.



A PATHETIC MEMENTO.

"Please find herewith a photographic novelty, which is the original idea of a convict in this prison. You will note that it is an outline or profile of the late lamented President McKinley, and the words which are inscribed across the face of it in elongated letters are his supposed last words, viz.: 'It is God's way; His will, not ours, be done.' In order to read the letters they must be held level with the eyes so as to foreshorten them."—W. E. McDonald, The Southern Illinois Penitentiary, Menard, Ills.



From the Picture by] "AN EPISCOPAL VISITATION." *[H. S. Marks, R.A*

(By permission of S. Hildesheimer & Co., Owners of the Copyright.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxiii. JUNE, 1902. No. 138.

Humour at the Royal Academy.

By Frederick Dolman.

TO speak of humour at the Royal Academy may be somewhat suggestive of the schoolboy's essay on the snakes in Iceland. But if humour is not one of the more prominent features of art at Burlington House it is certainly to be found there, from year to year, without resorting to the eyeglass of burlesque as so effectively used by Mr. Harry Furniss, and this in spite of the austere views which are said to prevail on every successive Hanging Committee. To humour which it is Mr. Furniss's delight to discover Hanging Committees have doubtless been as blind as its authors, and to humour which is conscious they have extended, it is generally believed, only a grudging toleration. That during the last fifteen years, say, so many examples of it should have got on to the walls of the Academy must be taken to illustrate the talent with which our artists have expressed their sense of humour and the pertinacity with which they have appealed to the judgment-seat.

"KING SOLOMON AND THE QUEEN OF SHEBA."
From the Picture by Sir Arthur Clay, Bart.
(By permission of the Artist.)

It must be admitted, however, that during the latter part of this period the humour of the Royal Academy has been a diminishing quality, until last year it had almost entirely disappeared. This circumstance, which is a matter of regret, I think, to the general public, whose shillings so largely help to fill the coffers of Burlington House, is very frankly explained by those who ought to know. They assert that sympathy with the sense of humour, which was never too abundant, has now almost entirely departed from the "powers that be." There is now no Stacy Marks or John Pettie to leaven the mass of R.A.'s who consider that no man has any right to be witty in oils, which must be regarded as the exclusive medium of classic dignity or, at any rate, of serious thought. The jest naturally finds its quickest and easiest impression, of course, in black and white. But it also has some claim to colour; humour, that is to say, should have a place in the higher art as it has a place in the higher literature, the higher music, and the higher drama.

If this be so, some recognition

is due to the small band of artists, such as J. C. Dollman and A. W. Strutt, who, notwithstanding such discouragement, have steadily maintained the right of pictorial humour to be represented on the Academy walls. These painters have found their true *métier* in the amusing aspect of things, and their treatment of serious subjects has been almost by way of digression. A review of the Academy catalogues, on the other hand, reveals several names credited with pictures which may be regarded as experimental excursions into the region of the comic. Instances of such pictures are Sir Arthur Clay's "King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba" and Miss E. W. Solly's "The Judgment of Paris," Sir Arthur Clay being known as a portrait-painter and Miss Solly, who was a pupil of Professor Herkomer at the Bushey School, having devoted herself chiefly to garden scenes and flower-pictures. "The Judgment of Paris" is a garden scene, it is true, but this is only a background for the humorous conception implied in the nude little figures which Miss Solly has painted with a dainty gleefulness. There is a close relationship between these two pictures as successfully parodying two themes from ancient lore which have been in much favour with artists.

From the Picture by] "THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS." *[Miss E. W. Solly.*
(By permission of the Artist.)

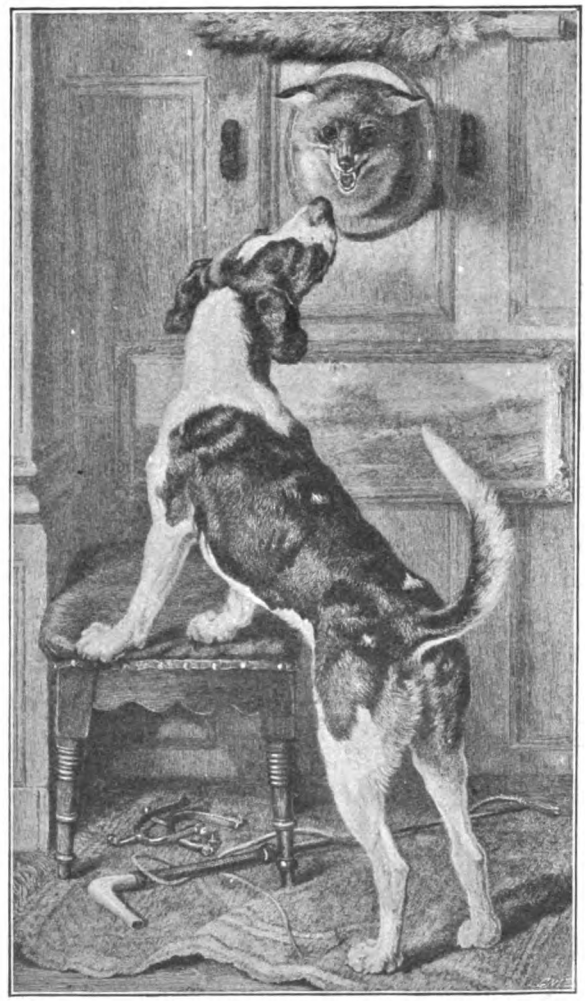
The humour of the Royal Academy, I have noted, is chiefly concerned with animals, infants, and highwaymen. For the highwaymen, it may be added, Mr. Dollman is almost entirely responsible, although this versatile artist has during the same years given us admirable examples in the two other departments I have specified. These limitations are probably due much more to the Hanging Committee than to the artists upon whose work they have adjudicated. The humour of animal as compared with human life, and of children, again, as compared with men and women, is certainly more apt to be natural and unstrained when presented on canvas. As one art critic has put it, in a passage which applies only less forcibly to many children: "There is no posing and no intentional fooling on the part of furred and feathered things. They are always in deadly earnest, and they take themselves so seriously that their very air of conviction becomes quaintly amusing. The characteristic habits that in all sections of the animal kingdom distinguish every individual have an essentially comic side that is the more fascinating to the human observer because it is absolutely natural and unconscious."

No artists have more frequently demonstrated this fact on the Academy walls during the past fifteen years than Mr. Alfred W. Strutt and Miss Fannie Moody. Mr. Strutt's brush has ranged from dogs and ducks to horses and foxes, whereas Miss Moody has almost entirely confined herself to cat and dog humour, but in both artists' work, as illustrated in these pages, will be seen the

same fidelity to Nature arising from close and sympathetic study. Mr. Strutt has become familiar with all kinds of animal life in the country—he is now living in the heart of Sussex—and is as much at home painting in a farmyard as in a studio. He knows the ways of a fox probably better than most of us know the ways of a cat. But, although based upon this exact knowledge, the humour of such pictures as "How Many More?" and "Hav'n't We Met Before?" is based upon imagination as well.

"A very little incident," Mr. Strutt tells me, "puts me on the track of a good subject, and it very rarely happens that I paint a scene which has presented itself actually to me. The slightest hint of an idea is often evolved into what is so often termed a 'humorous picture'; indeed, this has been the case with all my artistic successes. For instance, a lot of children clamouring round a carter leading his horse suggested 'How Many More?'; a favourite fox-hound running through the hall in which hung a fox's pate was the germ of 'Hav'n't We Met Before?'; while 'Hope Deferred' originated from the look of utter disgust I saw on the face of a little terrier seated near a steaming pan which he wished in vain to sample."

Although Miss Fannie Moody's most successful Academy pictures have all had a large element of fun, it was not her sense of humour but simply love of animals which first directed her pencil and her brush. Incredible as it seems, the painter of "The Battle of the Standard" and "Professional Jealousy" had no training in art beyond a few lessons in anatomy. As a child she made up illustrated books of natural history, and when she was old enough spent days in the National Gallery and the South Kensington Museum, copying all the animal pictures she found there. Miss Moody exhibited her first picture about twelve years ago, and almost every year since she has had a work on the line at Burlington House. Excellent as these pictures are technically, true as they are in knowledge of animal life, it is not too much to say that their humour in subject and title has proved their best passport to popular favour.



From the Picture] "HAV'N'T WE MET BEFORE?" *[by A. W. Strutt.*

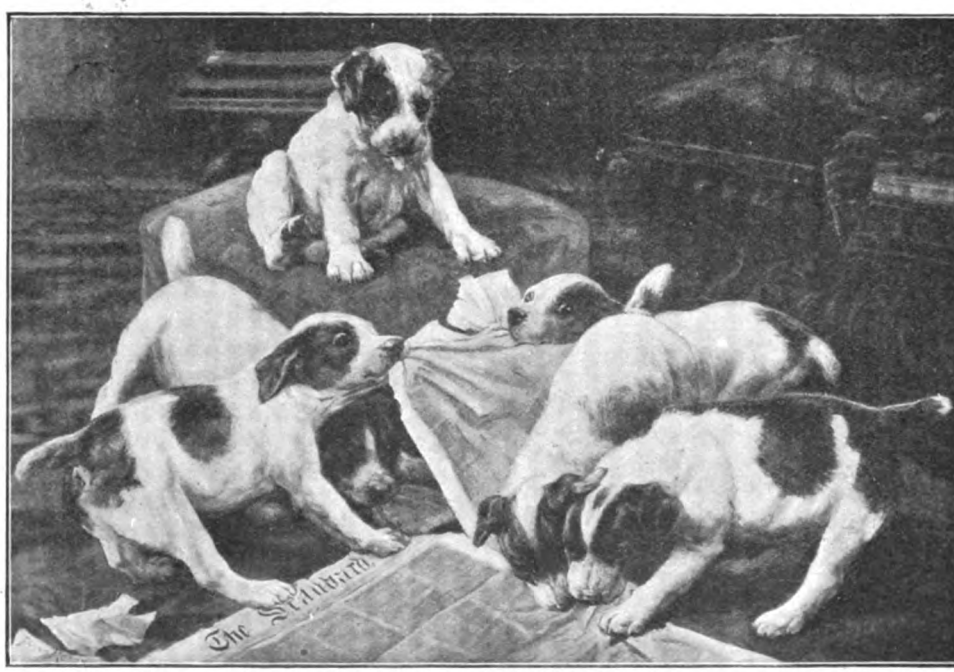
(By permi sion of Messrs. I. P. Mendoza, Limited, St. James's Gallery, King Street, St. James's, Owners of the Copyright and publishers of the etching.)

Miss Moody usually has several cats and dogs about her home at Battersea Park. She dislikes strangers as models. She must know them well before she can paint them, otherwise they prove the most sulky and lifeless of sitters. Now and again her pets themselves provide the subjects which she paints. This was the case with "The Battle of the Standard," I believe. More often, however, they merely give her the idea which develops into an amusing incident.

"I sketch my leading figure," to quote Miss Moody herself, "a dog or a cat maybe,

in a characteristic position, and then I think of an interesting grouping around it. For instance, I sketched that dog one day in what is perhaps his pleasantest natural attitude. Then, puzzling my brains for a suitable grouping, I happened to think of 'The Jackdaw of Rheims'—'The Devil must be in that little jackdaw'—and this led me to put in a bird who is audaciously carrying off in its beak a bone which it had snatched out of the dog's mouth.

"On the other hand, I actually saw the scene which I have painted in 'It is Better to be on the Safe Side.' As I was passing a house one morning I caught sight of a couple of dogs at a window peering through the glass at a cat which was gazing at them from the window-sill. And I have made several good pictures out of amusing incidents related to me by friends."



From the Picture by] "THE BATTLE OF THE STANDARD." *[Fannie Moody.*
(By permission of the Artist.)

The humour of animal life lost an exponent of considerable achievement and greater promise by the death, about two years ago, of Mr. W. H. Trood, whose well-known Academy picture, "Wait Till the Clouds Roll By," is given here. This picture was painted, together with much of his other work, in a village near Exmoor, where Mr. Trood resided during the latter years of his life, largely for the sake of the excellent variety of four-footed models to be obtained in the district.

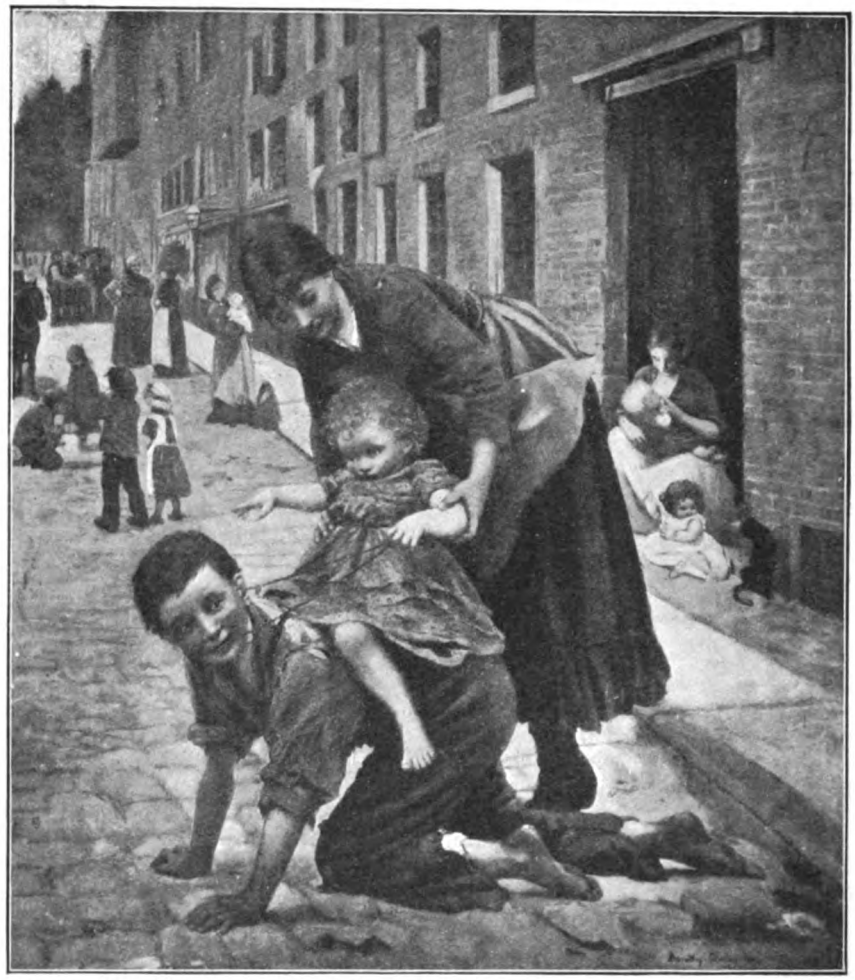
The artist's sympathetic understanding of dumb animals was possibly much developed by an affliction which, befalling him in childhood, was otherwise most unfortunate for him. An attack of scarlet fever left him stone-deaf. For the rest of his life he could receive only written communication from other people, whilst his own speech, apart from such words as he used in childhood, was in accordance with a pronunciation derived only from reading. Notwithstanding his affliction, which cut him off from so many pleasures, the painter was always as genial and pleasant as his pictures. Mr. Trood was a popular member of the Chelsea Arts Club, whose members recall, in illustration of his keen sense of humour and clever facial expression, how he obliged a friend by sitting for the well-known series of pictures, "A Game of Nap." About forty at the time of his death, "Wait Till the Clouds Roll By" and one or two similar works formed only the beginning of Mr. Trood's success on the walls of Burlington House.

To a good many people Mr. J. C. Dollman is perhaps best known for his black and white work in the *Graphic* and elsewhere, and this work has doubtless led incidentally to

From the Picture by] "WAIT TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY." [*W. H. Trood.*
(By permission of Arthur Lucas, 38, Baker Street, Owner of the Copyright.)

the painting of several of his most humorous efforts in oil and water colour. For instance, "Not Worth Powder and Shot," one of his Academy pictures, was suggested by the peculiar appearance of a model he had employed for one of his *Graphic* illustrations. He looked like a prosperous old gentleman until close inspection revealed the shabbiness of his dress and the "seediness" of his condition generally. As he was drawing him Mr. Dollman suddenly bethought himself of the discomfiture which such a figure might have brought upon the highwayman of old, who, after hard riding, overtakes him, only to find that the intended victim, for whom he had used up his horse, was not worth powder and shot as a penniless tramp. The picture was at once started and, with hard work, was finished

From the Picture by] "YOUR HUMBLE SERVANT." [*J. C. Dollman.*
(By permission of Cadbury-Jones & Co., 13, New Burlington Street, Owners of the Copyright.)



From the Picture by] "AN ARAB STEED." *[Lady Stanley.*
(By permission of the Artist.)

in a fortnight—in time for "sending-in day" in 1895. The sudden inspiration proved a very happy one, and the picture very soon found a purchaser in Lord Rosebery.

But although the humour of the picture—as is always the case with the truest humour—came quickly and spontaneously, and although it was finished in a fortnight, "Not Worth Powder and Shot" was no exception to the extreme pains which Mr. Dollman takes with all his works, irrespective of size and subject. In his view, evidently, the wittiest idea and the cleverest title cannot conceal careless draughtsmanship or unnatural composition. In this picture the two figures are all-important, yet the background was painted from a series of studies of Wimbledon Common, where an incident such as that depicted might have happened a century ago. Similarly, "Your Humble Servant," although probably suggested by a police-notice in London, had its background painted from landscape studies on the South Downs. In the middle of his work on this picture—which occupied a much longer time than "Not Worth Powder and Shot"—Mr. Dollman sent a man down to Purley to procure one of the large white stones common to that part of the country in order that he might paint it lying by the highwayman's feet. Possibly not one person in a dozen looking at the picture would notice this detail, and yet it is the accuracy and truthfulness of such details, Mr. Dollman believes, in a work of art, frankly humorous, which unconsciously impresses a spectator even as he smiles at the jest.

For the origin of another of his humorous

contributions to the Academy during the last few years—as well remembered, I fancy, as any of them—Mr. Dollman gives credit to a leading firm of print-sellers. They suggested to him the painting of a picture illustrating in some way the humour of golf. Up to that time the artist was quite ignorant of the game, but he joined a golf club and in a short time became an enthusiastic player. In the end, however, it was a bit of history in the Badminton book on golf, and not an incident in present-day play, which gave him the subject for his picture :—

"In 1592 and 1593 the Town Council of Edinburgh contributed to the pious gloom of their country by forbidding this harmless and healthy amusement on Sundays. John Henrie and Pat Rogie, early martyrs of the club, were prosecuted for 'playing of the gowff on the links of Leith every Sabbath the time of the sermonses.'"

"During the Time of the Sermonses" was exhibited at the Academy in 1898, and since that time its engraved copies in the shop-windows have contributed not a little to the gaiety of our streets.

The late Henry Stacy Marks, R.A., as an exponent of the humour of bird-life, has had no successor at the Royal Academy. The best of his pictures are still freshly remembered—"An Episcopal Visitation," "A Select Committee," etc. Mr. Marks, as everyone who knew him well recollects, was naturally gifted with a keen whimsicality which he was able to spontaneously impart to his canvas. But although always having the aspect of spontaneity, some of his humorous pictures were only produced after much toilsome effort. He spent three months in continuous work, for instance, on "A Select Committee," making studies for it among the birds in the Zoological Gardens almost every other day. The picture, "An Episcopal Visitation," which was actually suggested, I believe, by the sight of a well-known prelate communing with a parrot at the Zoo, occupied Mr. Marks for almost as long a period.

"I have never been able to 'dash off' anything," the painter of "An Episcopal Visitation" once told me. "I have to make many studies for every one of my pictures, whether humorous or serious in subject, and am continually altering till it is finished." But although thus elaborated "An Episcopal Visitation," like every other product of his wit, retains the original whimsicality of idea.

The example given in these pages of Lady Stanley's humour was contributed to the

From the Picture by] "FRUSTRATED." [*Walter Hunt.*

(By permission of B. Brooks & Sons, Owners of the Copyright.)

Royal Academy before her marriage, when she was still Miss Dorothy Tennant in fact as well as in fame. Most of Lady Stanley's studies in the child-life of London streets have a touch of pathos as well as of humour; but this is because they are, as a rule, so true to actuality. In "An Arab Steed" she has given free play to her fancy, with the result that the comic element is supreme. As a child in a big West-end house she used to paint her dolls, and these earliest pictures were, I believe, full of mirth and fun. Then came the subduing influence of art training in London and Paris, followed by the important discovery of the picturesque possibilities of the street-arab. With "An Arab Steed" might be coupled, perhaps, Lady Stanley's "Heads or Tails," another of her Academy pictures, for its quiet, unforced humour. Mr. Walter Hunt's picture, "Frustrated," which we reproduce, is an excellent example of the kind of humour of which it is our object to give specimens in this article.

No one who saw "For the Safety of the Public" at the Academy in 1887 can have forgotten the comic excellence of this picture of a muzzled puppy, and it has been a matter for regret to some of its admirers that the artist, Mr. Edmund Caldwell, has not attempted to repeat his success. A charming fox-terrier, belonging to a friend of the artist — "one of those rare models that suggest good subjects"—sat for the picture. Mr. Caldwell had made several studies of him for a picture entitled "Wonders of the Deep"—two little dogs watching some gold-fish in a bowl—and these studies, together with the anti-muzzling agitation of 1886, suggested to him the painting of "For the Safety of the Public."

"FOR THE SAFETY OF THE PUBLIC."
From the Picture by E. Caldwell.
(By permission of Messrs. I P. Me doza, Limited, St. James's Gallery, Owners of the Copyright and publishers of the etching.)

For a long time the artist could not think of an apt title. One day it was remarked by a friend that inspiration might be found in the police notice on the subject, and forthwith they proceeded to the nearest police-station. There the first line of the "Muzzling Order," "For the Safety of the Public," gave Mr. Caldwell his title. The Chief Commissioner of Police at that time, Sir Edmund Henderson, who wrote the notice, has since often bantered the artist upon their joint authorship. The picture was purchased at the private view by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and is now at Holly Lodge, Highgate. Of late years, it may be added, Mr. Caldwell has devoted himself to big-game subjects, which he rarely exhibits.

On looking at the pictures reproduced here one can hardly fail to observe the importance of a good title to humour on canvas. Its assistance has not, in the past, been disdained by the greatest masters. Landseer's "Dignity and Impudence," for instance, is a great picture from whatever point of view it is regarded, but its popularity would certainly not have been the same had it been less happily christened. Perusal of the Academy catalogues during the last few years, however, reveals a number of other pictures whose humour is wholly dependent on their titles. But the art of the canvas must equal that of its title in such cases if appreciation is to be sound, and, subject to this condition, the humour of the Royal Academy can never compromise its true dignity, even though humour should become more plentiful there than it is at present.

The River Fort.

A TALE OF THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER.

By Frank Savile.

MISS VANE and Major Fenton had strolled up the slope behind the tents to sit down beneath the shadow of a great boulder. The camp, bathed in the April sunshine, lay stretched at their feet. Just beyond its outskirts a cloud of dust rolled on towards the river banks, parting now and again to reveal glimpses of green and gold, and lit with swift gleams of scabbard and lance. The torrent shone like molten silver between grey overhanging rocks, till it disappeared two miles away into the shadows thrown by a towering crag in the very centre of the ravine. The battlements that crowned the crag were distinct against the sky, and it was evident that the horsemen who had set the dust astir were making straight for them. Fenton smiled grimly, as he pointed towards the group.

"There goes the blackest rascal on all the frontier line," said he.

Miss Vane arched her eyebrows beneath the shadow of her hat.

"Afrullah Khan?" she asked, with great surprise. "I thought his manners perfect."

Fenton nodded.

"This afternoon they left nothing to be desired," he agreed; "but they won't bear the strong light of history. Unspeakable legends of cruelty hang about his name."

"I think you are a little hard. He has fought us; he has been beaten. Now he sees that nothing is to be gained by further resistance, so he makes his submission and makes it freely."

"Quite so. While we keep our present garrison at Assourah in all probability he will be submissive enough. Wait till the road-making is finished and the troops are withdrawn."

She shook her head.

"Nonsense," she said, decidedly. "You may trust a woman's instincts a good deal farther than a man's suspicions. I feel certain that he means honestly by us; that he wishes to demonstrate his good faith. That is why he has asked Henry to return his visit before we move camp to-morrow."

Fenton stared.

"Do you mean to tell me that he has asked the Colonel into his fort—into Fort Kotal?" he demanded.

"Yes. We are going to ride over when the sun gets a little lower."

"We! Who are we?"

"Beatrice, Henry, and I."

Fenton started to his feet with something like the sound of an oath.

"Am I to understand that Colonel Macworth is going to take his wife and you into that jackal's den? He must be mad!"

"Really, Major Fenton, I think you may trust my brother-in-law to take proper care of, at any rate, his wife. Bee is most anxious to go. So am I."

"But—but—" he stammered, hardly knowing what words to use, so great was his vehemence, "but he *can't* know what he is doing! Not a soul but Afrullah Khan's own brigands have ever seen the inside of Fort Kotal since it was built. And they—in addition to the frightful oaths of fealty they have sworn—have got to come to him certified by blood-guiltiness. There isn't one of the villains but is stained with murder or worse!"

"Well," she answered, complacently, "that only proves my theory that his submission is thorough, or he wouldn't do it."

"It proves that he is up to some scoundrelly trick," exploded Fenton; "you sha'n't go."

The smile vanished from her face.

"Sha'n't?" she asked, coldly.

"I—I shall use my every effort to prevent it," stammered Fenton. "I shall explain matters to the Colonel. He has no previous knowledge of Afrullah Khan. I have."

"I think I can trust Henry to know his own mind," said the girl, "and I shall have a poor opinion of him if he changes it. Why, he would be failing in his duty to the Government if he neglected such an opportunity of gaining the goodwill of the hill-men."

"Their *goodwill!* The goodwill of a Pathan!" cried the man. "The blackguard wouldn't know the meaning of the term if you explained it to him for an hour! To him peace is only the interval used to prepare for further war! And I wish to goodness Macworth hadn't told him what our convoy was. When he heard that those cases contained the rifles for the new levies, and that there was a round thousand of

"DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME THAT HE HAS ASKED THE COLONEL INTO HIS FORT?"

them, his eyes grew simply wolfish—there is no other word for it."

"No doubt you would have made an infinitely better commander for the convoy than my brother-in-law," said Miss Vane, sarcastically, "but as he happens to be in charge of it—and of me—I shall venture to be guided by his opinions. Shall we go down? I see Beatrice waving her hand to signal that tea is ready."

Fenton flinched. He looked at her appealingly as they turned down the rocky path.

"I—I didn't mean to be rude," he said, humbly.

"But you were," said the girl, sharply, and an instant later regretted it. But as she was proud enough to keep her regrets to herself the rest of the walk was passed in a constrained and rather miserable silence.

Though nothing was openly announced it was tacitly understood in the camp that, though there were eight other officers, the chair next to Miss Vane at tea-time belonged of right to Fenton. Some slight surprise therefore was felt, though not shown, when he relinquished both this right and his tea by walking off to the Colonel's tent. Miss Vane plunged valiantly into the general conversation.

Although he was sore at his snubbing, it was anxiety that filled the Major's heart. He was only second in command of the convoy that was taking rifles, ammunition, and stores to Assourah, but his ten years' experience on the frontier had taught him much that his Colonel had yet to learn. What he had heard from Miss Vane made Fenton anxious to commence his commander's education at once.

Round the tea-table the talk concerned itself with the guest of the afternoon—Afrullah Khan, lord of Fort Kotal and of the adjacent uplands.

"His citadel is practically impregnable for mountain warfare," said Forrest, of the Sikhs, pointing towards it as he spoke. "Of course, a field-gun or two would blow it into fragments, but till we appeared on the scene he had nothing to fear but jezails and perhaps one or two old smooth-bore Cabul cannon. So he has dominated the country-side pretty absolutely."

"He could be starved out?" suggested Mrs. Macworth.

Forrest shook his head.

"There are acres of cellars in the rock below—enough to hold two years' grain, at least. He keeps them full, too."

"How about water, though? There surely can't be wells in that granite crag?"

Forrest laughed.

"It is the other way about," said he. "In flood time they have rather too much, if anything. The Kotal River runs *through* the fort."

"Through it?" echoed Miss Vane.

"Yes. The walls straddle the stream, so to speak. The river boils through the very centre of the courtyard."

"But there is an entrance at once, then. The fort can't be impregnable."

Carruthers, wing commander of the Gurkhas, chuckled.

"If you think it can be taken by swimming," said he, "you are making a very huge mistake. There is a great wrought-iron grating across the tunnel that passes under the fortification, and the torrent gushes against it at something like thirty miles an hour. They have nothing to fear there."

Miss Vane set down her tea-cup with a smile.

"It sounds most romantic from your description," she said, briskly, "and I am delighted we are going to see it with our very own eyes. We are going over to visit it in a few minutes."

Forrest's eyes grew wide.

"Visit the fort!" he exclaimed.

The obvious surprise in his voice irritated Violet Vane. It seemed to confirm Fenton's words of the afternoon.

"The Colonel is going to take us," she said, curtly.

"Oh, I think there must be a mistake," said Forrest, confidently, but at this moment the man in question appeared at his tent door. Fenton was speaking to him with evident eagerness, but Colonel Macworth was frowning. His last words were audible to all round the little tea-table.

"Thank you, Fenton," he said, drily. "You have done what you believe to be your duty. But as I don't share your views you must not be surprised if I don't attend to your warnings. Give me a cup of tea, my dear," he said to his wife as he dropped into a chair, "and then you and Vi had better get your habits on. We start almost directly."

When the horses were brought round Miss Vane made no objection to Fenton's lifting her to her saddle. In fact, she threw a little additional cordiality into her voice as she thanked him to atone for her ungracious words of the afternoon. Fenton's hand was trembling as he smoothed her skirt into place. He raised his eyes quickly.

"Must you go?" he asked, with a sudden impulse.

The ghost of a frown clouded her smile.

"Of course," she answered, as she drew the reins between her fingers. "How very extraordinary you are! Of course I must go!"

"Then take this," he said, eagerly, and drew a small object from his pocket and pressed it into her hand. The girl looked down to recognise, with great surprise, a neat little nickel-plated revolver.

She stared at it, hesitated, made as if she would return it, and then her lips began to move. Her brother-in-law's voice forestalled her.

"We are waiting, Violet," said Macworth, stiffly. He was under the impression that Fenton was using dissuasions which, as his superior officer, he resented.

Miss Vane started slightly and blushed. She thrust the pistol into the breast of her habit and her spur into her horse's flank, and cantered after her sister; but over her shoulder she threw a look at Fenton which was puzzled, anxious, and a little appealing. A minute later the dust was whirling up behind her horse's hoofs.

The three trotted slowly off into the shadows that the sunset slanted across the ravine, while the escort of eight sowars rode a discreet thirty paces in the rear. Fenton watched the little cavalcade dwindle into the distance, reach the river, and follow its banks to the walls of the fort. Through his binoculars he could distinguish the gaily-clad crowd that swarmed out to do them due honour, and then lost sight of them within the darkness of the arched gateway. He turned with a heavy heart to detail sentries and pickets for the night. He drew them from the Gurkhas. It is a silent-footed man indeed who can rush a Gurkha post.

Time passed. The glow of the sunset paled and died. The dusk grew deeper. Sentries were changed. The camp began to compose itself around the fires, yet no sound of the returning party was heard. Fenton examined his watch. They had been gone close on a couple of hours.

He remembered that Macworth had put the utmost limit of their absence at an hour and a half. He began to walk up and down. He strained his ears into the night for the jingle of curb and accoutrement, but nothing broke the silence of the ravine.

Half an hour later he roused Forrest, curtly bade him take command, and ordered the remaining forty Sikhs to boot and saddle. In another two minutes they were crossing the plain at the gallop to finally draw rein before the closed gates of Fort Kotal. There was silence on the battlements save for the purr of the cream-white eddy round the river grating. Suddenly through the darkness came a challenge, followed—so Fenton could have sworn—by a grim chuckle.

He walked his horse forward in front of the troopers.

"Tell the Colonel Sahib that I await him with escort," he called.

The reply came on the instant:—

"And he you, sahib—and he you. For two hours we have curbed his impatience."

The flare of a score of torches broke into the darkness of the towers above him. A hundred villainous faces grinned wickedly along the parapet: a hundred voices rained filthy jests at the staring soldiers. The hoarse laughter of the Pathans rang into the desert echoes. Then from the centre of the group a tall figure rose to curse them into silence.

"Cease, dogs!" commanded Afrullah Khan. "Let me have speech with this laggard who waits and is awaited."

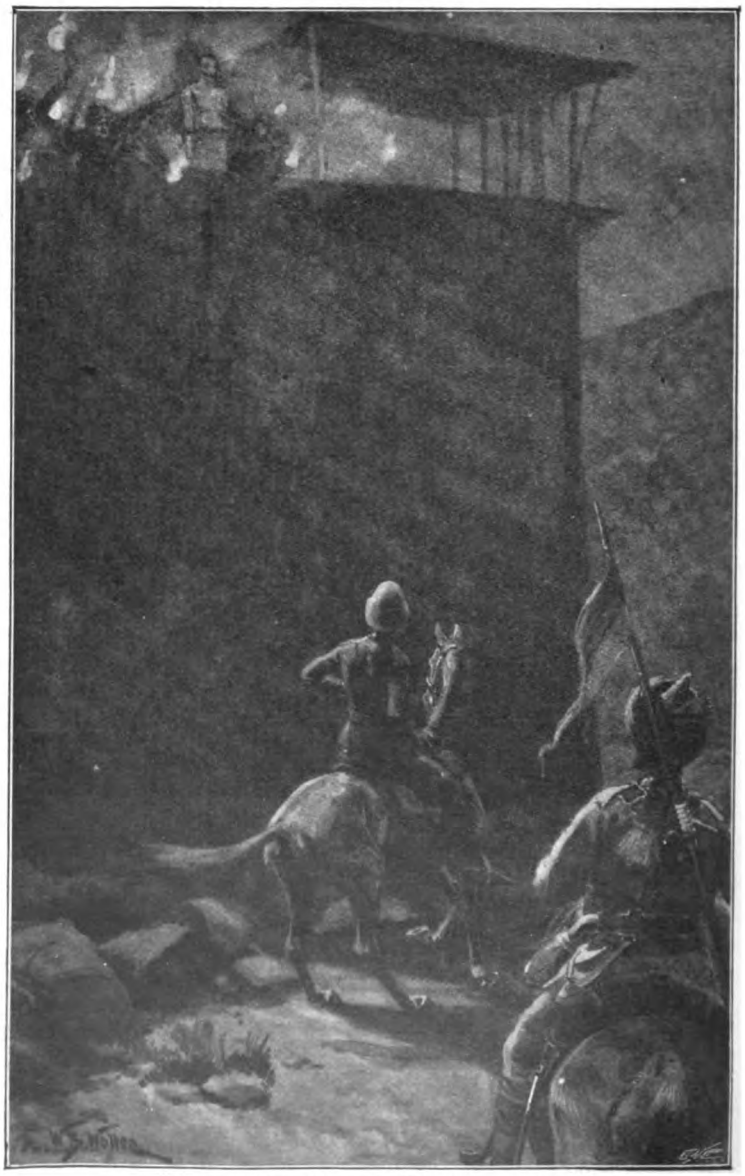
He made a motion of his hand to unseen followers behind.

"Is this your quest, soldier?" he demanded.

An oath burst from Fenton's lips. A chorus of vengeful curses rang down the ranks of the Sikhs.

Bound and stark, lashed at elbow, wrist, and ankle, a figure was thrust forward into the glare. The hopeless, tortured eyes were eloquent of the despair the gagged lips could not utter. Fenton gasped in his rage and his astonishment, and Afrullah Khan laughed grimly at the sound. The Englishman pulled himself together.

"Pathan dog!" he shouted, "as surely as the river runs you shall be hanged from your own battlements if this man and his following



"A FIGURE WAS THRUST FORWARD INTO THE GLARE."

be not immediately released and humblest apology made!"

"And as surely as the moon shines upon the river that runs, English jackal, no apology shall be made and no release shall be given till my terms are met. Hear them! Pile here beneath my walls the cases of rifles which you guard, and by my life and by the Holy Prophet's beard I swear to give you the man and his women unharmed. Continue to chatter idle threats to me, and it will go ill with the *memsahibs*; and as for the Colonel Sahib"—he licked his thick lips and spoke slowly—"the Colonel Sahib I will deal with—I, with mine own hands."

Fenton gripped at his saddle in the agony of his indecision. To leave Macworth and the two women to the mercies of this unspeakable scoundrel was unthinkable. To betray his trust—and perhaps unavailingly, for who could trust a Pathan's word?—was not that unthinkable, too? No, there was but one course open in honour: to meet threats with threats and force with force—to fling his command at those battlements and cow that grinning fiend with the terrors of a vengeance that should be red indeed. To this effect his answer went back.

"Touch a hair of their heads, Afrullah Khan, and by every shrine you hold holy I swear to you that no man of your following shall be left alive, no single stone of your walls upon another! Release them to me instantly, before I bring my guns to batter your puny walls into dust!"

The Pathan laughed.

"Well crowed, cockerel!" he cried. "You have no guns. Did I not satisfy myself of that this afternoon? And if you would attack with rifles, come, then, and be welcome! For each man that reaches to within fifty yards of my gates I will owe you his weight in silver!"

He strode over to his prisoner as he spoke and dragged the gag from his lips.

"Let this underling of yours know the measure of my mercies," he commanded, "and your pains if they be not met!"

Macworth leaned over the parapet, held by those behind him. He looked Fenton steadfastly in the eyes.

"It is my fault, and I and mine must suffer," he said, sternly. "Have no fear for the women. Thanks to you, Vi has a means of escape for them both. I *forbid* a rescue. There is not the ghost of a chance—you would all be wiped out. Surround the fort. Send for reinforcements to Peshawur—and get guns. Then you can take your vengeance. But give him no rifles—refuse——"

Someone among Afrullah's followers must have had a glimmering of English. He cried fiercely to his leader. The Pathan silenced Macworth with a blow upon the lips before he stuffed the gag again between his teeth. Then he turned to the group below.

"Till dawn I give you," he cried, "till dawn. Then if the rifle-cases be not piled one at a time beside the postern, your white lambs shall cry to you indeed. But hear me! If more than two carriers approach, or they be armed, in that instant they shall perish. You have my leave to go!"

The torches dropped behind the screen of the battlements. The prisoner was dragged out of sight. The shadowy sentries began to patrol the battlements again, and Fenton was left with his troopers, bewildered, hesitating, baffled. He had eight hours to make up his mind—eight only. He bade half-a-dozen troopers draw off into the cover of the hill shadows and keep watch, while with the remainder he galloped back to take counsel with his comrades.

The stillness of the camp woke to furious uproar when the soldiers heard the tale their fellows had to tell. The ressaldars and subadars came as a wrathful deputation, demanding to be led against this nest of hill-cats upon the instant. For the time being they were quieted with promises. A great vengeance should be taken—that Fenton Sahib promised, but they must wait. The little Gurkha infantrymen trotted back to their camp fires and began to whet their kukries impatiently.

Yet, for all his cheerful words to the men, despair was on Fenton's face as he met his brother officers' eyes. What in Heaven's name could they do? Could they only carry out Macworth's orders—watch, besiege, and hear, perchance, the tortured cries of English-women in silence? They swore not. The lives of four hundred men should be wasted before that came about. But was there no other way? The night was drawing on. Was nothing to be attempted?

And then Forrest spoke.

"The coolies with the first load might take a charge of dynamite, leave it beneath the walls, and blow in a breach. If we are waiting in the mountain shadows half a mile off we might win a way in before the first confusion has subsided."

Fenton nodded.

"Something of the kind has been haunting

my own brain," he said, "but it cannot be left to coolies. They would flinch at the last and give the whole thing away. And Afrullah Khan is no fool. There can be no time-fuse—he would send his underlings out and extinguish it. But a man might blow in a breach with a *percussion* fuse the instant he laid the case down."

"And be blown into fragments himself?" said Carruthers.

Fenton nodded.

"Of course," he said, simply. "And for me there is no question of living if those ladies are not rescued," he added, quietly.

For the moment they stared at him in silence. What was there to say?

"And as temporary commander of this force I claim the right to do the thing myself," he went on, rising to his feet. "We may call that settled."

The six others burst into a tumult of expostulation. Each spoke at once, giving fifty reasons why he and he alone should die. Fenton silenced them curtly. The thing was already arranged.

And then from the background a new voice joined the discussion. Haughton, the doctor, asked humbly if it was permitted a mere non-combatant to speak.

Fenton shrugged his shoulders. "Time is drawing on," he said, shortly.

"I don't want to waste time," said Haughton, smiling, "and at the same time I don't want to waste a man's life. Your plan is worthy of you, Fenton; but why not let the river do for you what you have decided to do yourself? The torrent there can take a charge of dynamite into Afrullah Khan's stronghold a great deal more certainly than you can, eh?"

Fenton looked at him earnestly.

"You mean we might set a charge of dynamite afloat on a raft? The men in the fort would see the fuse burning and rush out and drown it, even if it were not dashed to pieces long before it arrived."

"No; I didn't mean that," said Haughton.

"What did you mean, then?" cried Fenton, impatiently.

Haughton jerked his thumb over his shoulder.

"If you will come with me to the hospital tent I can explain much more quickly," he said, and led the way into the darkness. Fenton followed.

"Private Jones has fractured his patella," he said, as he entered a tent where a night-light burned dimly, "and I have managed to make his leg comfortable. Now it will have to be uncomfortable till we get up to Assourah, but I don't think he will mind when I tell him why."

He gently roused the sleeping man in the cot-bed. The soldier stared up at the two wonderingly.

"I have to borrow that air-cushion beneath your knee for the Colonel's lady, Jones," said Haughton.

The man bent forward and plucked it out from beneath the clothes without a word of comment. Haughton smiled as he arranged a pillow to take its place. "You don't ask what I'm taking it for," he said.

"Isn't it for the Colonel's wife?" said the private, simply. "Sure she may have it and welcome. Not ill, I hope, sir?"

And then Haughton gave him a short explanation, which unfortunately sent the patient's temperature up three degrees at a bound. They left him writhing beneath the agony of the knowledge that there was a fight in immediate prospect and that he would be out of it.

Haughton held up the bulky grey bag to Fenton.

"Now do you understand?" he asked.

"No," said the other, stolidly; "I'm blessed if I do."

"It's simple enough," said Haughton. "I unrip one side of this, suspend in the middle of it a glass phial with a few of the picric acid detonators you showed me the other day, add a pound or two of gun-cotton, and sew up the slit again. Then I blow out the bag to its fullest extension. If we set it afloat down the stream it can come to no harm till it reaches the grating, because it is so light and pliable."

"And then?" queried Haughton.

"Then it will jostle and bang about the iron bars."

"Yes. For hours, probably."

"No," said Haughton, "for the simple reason that I shall have made a minute puncture in it. When sufficient air has escaped, the phial will break as it is tossed against the bars, explode the dynamite or gun-cotton—I know you have brought plenty for road-making—and then Afrullah Khan's battlements——"

"Fly into the air," cried Fenton, as he slapped him on the back. "By Jove! Haughton, I believe you've saved us!"

"I hope I have saved you, at any rate," said Haughton, as he began his preparations. "Now go and make your own arrangements and try to remember that you are going to see Miss Vane again. That haggard face of

yours fairly frightened me a few minutes back."

Fenton wrung his hand silently and hurried out into the night.

Half an hour later the moon shone down on three hundred men stealing by twos and threes to the cover of the boulders that fringed the plain within half a mile of the fort. It was a space that the agile little Gurkhas could be trusted to cover within four minutes at need. The forty Sikhs, on their wiry Walers, believed that they could do it in less than a hundred seconds.

Down on the river-bank Haughton was busy for a minute. Then he raised his hand to a couple of waiting coolies, a hundred yards away. They staggered out into the full moonlight of the plain, swinging a long case between them, one that contained rifles, indeed, but only three. The bulk of the contents was human flesh. Fenton, stained a dark chocolate and clad in little beside a tunic and waist-cloth, with Hiram Singh, the ressaldar major, was carrying Carruthers, the lightest of the other officers, stretched out at length in this new coffin.

The three realized that they were placing themselves in the very grip of death. But it was necessary that they should be near enough to the scene of the coming explosion to profit by the confusion, to win a way into the breach, and to hold it for the one furious minute that must ensue before their troopers joined them. They lurched along slowly to give the floating vengeance time to work, making many halts to get their breath, and taking shorter and shorter paces as they neared their goal. They were within a furlong of the gates when they received a check that they had not foreseen.

"HE RAISED HIS HAND TO A COUPLE OF WAITING COOLIES."

"Halt where you are! I will send for your burden," roared Afrullah Khan from the battlements.

Fenton swore beneath his breath.

"The old villain is taking no chances," he whispered to the ressaldar.

The man nodded.

"No, sahib. The notion of blowing up the walls under cover of laying down the cases has occurred to him as well as to us. But Haughton Sahib's scheme — that is beyond his evil mind. Have no fear."

The clang of the opening gate was heard. Four dark figures came padding through the moonlight on bare feet. Two fierce eyes scanned Fenton's face, and a snarling Pathan voice said :—

"Return to your masters, sons of pigs, and say that there is need of haste. There are forty cases to bring and it wants but six hours of dawn. Away with you!"

He and his fellows bent to lift the burden the other two had laid down. Fenton hesitated, uncertain for the moment how to act. Why did the explosion lag?

"Thy servants have need of rest," he whimpered, in true coolie fashion. "Let it be granted us that we sit a moment to recover breath."

The Pathan stopped—suspicious. It was not like an ordinary Bengali camp-follower. Such a one should be scampering back to his fellows, thankful to find himself alive. He peered up into Fenton's face. As ill-luck would have it the Englishman's disguise slipped. A streak of white skin showed above the level of his tunic.

The Pathan's voice rang out in the shrill cry of "Treachery!"

There was instant bustle in the fort. Torches flamed—scores of eager faces lined the parapet. The sound of the gates being opened anew clanged into the night; the roar of voices and the clash of weapons stormed the echoes.

And then, as if the lightning had rent the darkness, a crimson streak flared into the sky and the thunderous boom of the explosion swallowed all lesser sounds into nothingness. The river wall, the towers, the grating, the bastion with its swarm of armed men, burst upwards into spinning fragments. Where a moment before had been dim shadows above the wash of innumerable eddies was a great rent into the heart of the citadel—a breach that laid the courtyard open to the very level of the plain.

Hiram Singh's tulwar had leaped from its concealment in his sash to find a new sheath in the Pathan's throat. Bullets from Fenton's revolver had accounted for two more. The fourth raced for the shattered fort, screaming shrilly, while the Englishmen and the Sikh panted at his heels.

Carruthers halted a bare second to bring his rifle to his shoulder. At the sound of the report the runner pitched forward upon the very brink of the opening, his outflung arms outlined against the glare within. At the same moment the three heard the thunder of the charge sweeping up from behind.

An instant later the troopers halted their horses upon their very haunches, flung the reins upon their necks tetherless, and stormed at their leader's back into the shambles of the inner court.

For a moment it seemed as if resistance was to lack to the attack. Then with yells of rage half a hundred Pathans came with a rush from a dozen doors and windows, Afrullah Khan at their head, every curse—and they are many—that a hillman knows snarling between his yellow teeth. Fenton leaped forward to meet him, Hiram Singh at his elbow.

The Pathan leader rushed on, but not at the Englishman. He swerved. With a quick turn of the heel he made for an open doorway at the courtyard end, his men, following blindly, with him.

Instinct made Fenton understand the hideous grin upon the Pathan's face. He knew himself undone—he was going to take vengeance. Somewhere up that dark entry the prisoners were caged, their fate still trembling in the balance!

He shouted to his troopers to cut the others off, and led them with a rush that jammed the doorway with a furious mob of slashing men, who cut, and cut blindly, at friend or foe—a jostle of living and dying that heaved like a troubled whirlpool as some suffocated wretch fell to smothered agonies, or when some panting hillman's muscles were galvanized into superhuman strength by a bullet in heart or brain. Out of the turmoil only two men won an entrance through the doorway across the heaped corpses—the Pathan leader and Fenton; Afrullah Khan had a lead of a dozen steps. He bounded up the stairs.

Fenton, following, heard the clash of a lock and the jar of an opening door. He leaped the last flight six stairs at a time to overtake his adversary. Afrullah Khan turned, with the door half open behind him, and raised his blade. The Englishman covered him with his revolver. There was no report, only a tiny click. He had emptied it in the courtyard fray!

The Pathan gave a triumphant cry. He raised his sword to the full height of his arm. Fenton flung up his wrist weakly to break the coming blow and slipped upon the uneven stair. The glittering blade seemed to hang aloft untold ages before it fell—he gasped—do what he would he winced before the coming shock.

And then the sword fell, indeed, but alone. It clattered from Afrullah Khan's grasp to

the floor as a sharp report filled the echoes of the stairway. The Pathan staggered, rocked against the opposite wall, and slid to the pavement. A reeking wound stared in his back, while the faint blue mist of powder-smoke came drifting through the still half-opened door.

And Fenton, too, reeled down unconscious. The strain upon his overwrought nerves had been too great.

When his senses fluttered slowly back to him ten minutes later the fight was over. Red flashes still flared upon the plain and the rifles still spoke, but they only told of hunted hillmen flying to the upland gorges before the Gurkha pursuit. Within the courtyard Colonel Macworth was already in command of his rescuing men.

Fenton stared drowsily at Afrullah Khan's body, still lying where it fell. Still half dazed, he turned to see Violet Vane watching him with anxious, questioning eyes. They were alone.

"He—he was shot down from behind," he muttered, weakly.

She was pale, but she did not falter. Her eyes avoided the Pathan's corpse and fixed themselves steadily on Fenton's face.

"I shot him—I," she answered, controlling a shudder.

He looked up at her wonderingly.

"You—you saved my life?" he cried.

"Or you mine?" she said, trying to smile.

He staggered to his feet. His eyes were shining. His lips moved with words that he hesitated to say. He had no need.

"And so," she said, eagerly, impulsively, "if your life belongs to me, mine is yours — yours," and laid her hands upon his shoulders and her face upon his breast.

"'HE WAS SHOT DOWN FROM BEHIND,' HE MUTTERED, WEAKLY."

Pampas Plumes.

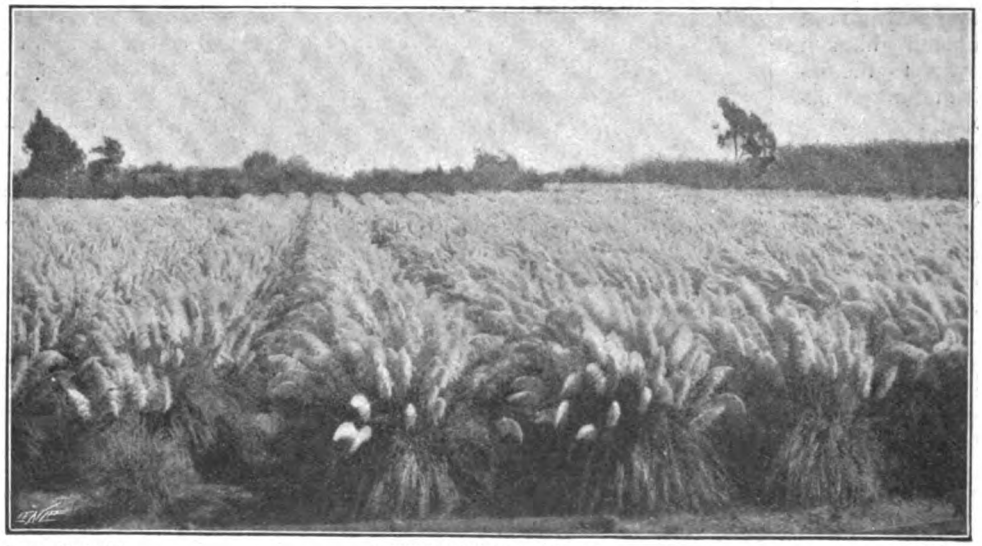
By Arthur Inkersley.

PAMPAS GRASS has long been known in Europe and the United States, having been introduced into England from Buenos Ayres in 1843 and into the United States in 1848. Its home is on the pampas, or great prairies, of South America, which extend over an area of one and a half million square miles in Peru, the Argentine Republic, Patagonia, and other regions. During the wet season the pampas supply food for enormous herds of wild horses and cattle, but in summer they are dry and parched. Only the female plants of the pampas grass possess the beautiful feathery plumes which are the chief reason of its adoption as an ornament to lawns and gardens. Most of the plumes are of a silvery, glossy white colour, but some have a purple and others a yellow tinge.

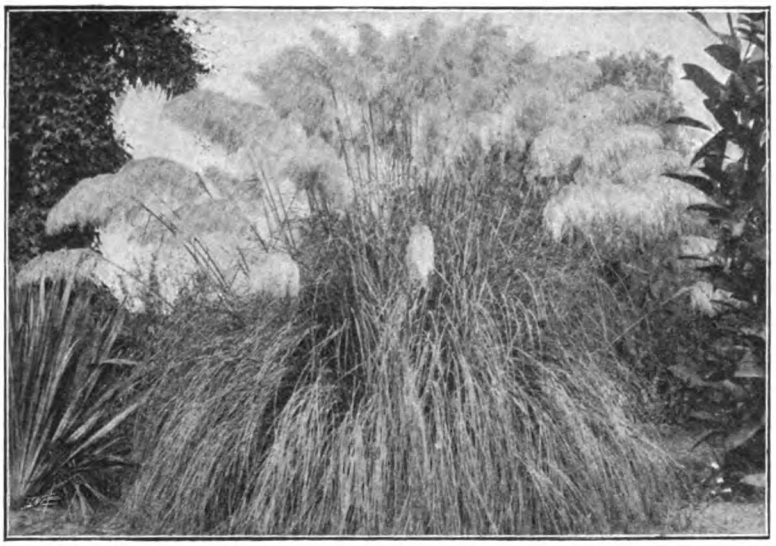
It is now nearly forty years ago since pampas grass was raised from seed in the county of Santa Barbara, in Southern California, by a Mr. Joseph Sexton, who sold several hundreds of the plants to adorn gardens.

Two years after the introduction of pampas grass into California it was accidentally discovered that in order to obtain the fluffy, feathery plumes it is necessary to gather the female plants while yet immature, pull them from their sheaths, and dry them in the sun. A good deal of experimenting was required before the growers were able to cure the plumes so that they would not drop to pieces when dry. After several trials a marketable article was produced and found a sale in Santa Barbara and San Francisco. Then a florist in New York ordered a few hundred plumes, and soon repeated his order.

In response to the rapidly growing demand for the plumes the producer extended his plantation, and by increased care in manipulation contrived to make the plumes both larger and handsomer. The production of the plumes was highly profitable. As a proof of this the case may be cited of a woman who planted twenty-eight acres with the grass, from which in one year she sold 260,000 plumes at a price varying from six guineas to twelve guineas per thousand. Taking an average of eight guineas per thousand, the amount realized during the year was not less than two thousand guineas. When first introduced into the New York market the plumes sold for half a guinea apiece, and for a long time the ordinary retail price was two shillings. Then it dropped to tenpence, and later to fivepence. At last the number of plumes became so



From a Photo. by] A FIELD OF WAVING PLUMES. *[N. H. Reed.*



From a Photo. by] A TUFT OF PAMPAS GRASS. *[N. H. Reed.*

great that the grower received only one half-penny for small ones and one penny for large specimens.

Pampas grass requires a low, moist soil, and for the first year or two considerable cultivation is necessary to keep the weeds down. In order to be sure of getting female plants the roots are divided; they are then planted in rows at intervals of about 16ft. The plants begin to produce plumes in their second year; in the third they produce a larger number; in the fourth, fifth, and sixth they are at their best; and afterwards the productiveness falls off.

Just before the harvest time arrives the grass is trimmed, so as to make it easy to reach the plumes. As is the case with nearly all plants and trees in California, pampas grass grows very luxuriantly, a bunch reaching a height and width of about 20ft. and weighing about a ton.

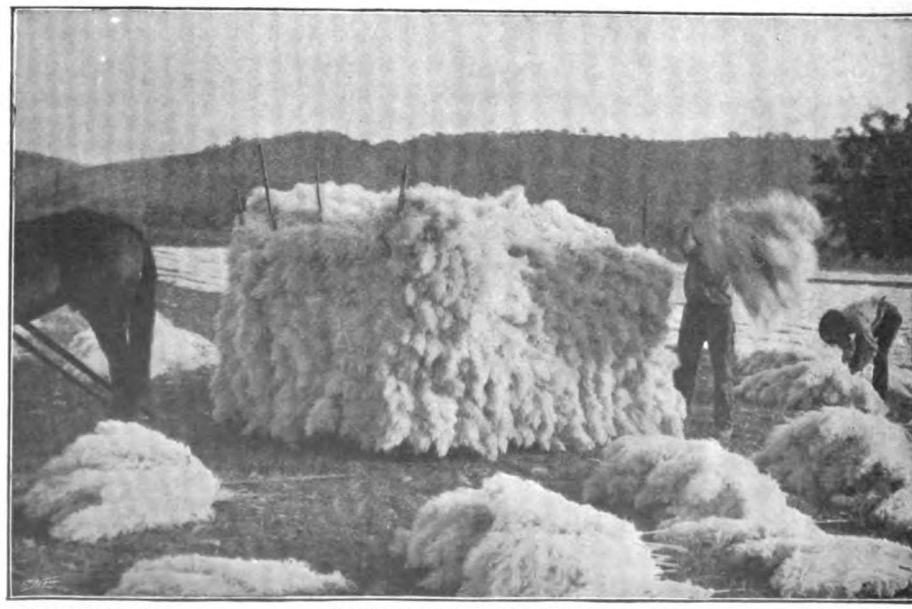
In the second week of September the plumes begin to show through the green sheaths, but as they do not all come to maturity at once the plants must be watched. The harvest lasts until October. When the plumes protrude about six inches from the sheaths they are cut, and the sheaths are stripped off by pulling upwards. The edges of the grass are so sharp that, if the gatherer attempts to strip the sheath downwards, he will cut his hands, even though he wears thick gloves to protect them. The plumes are laid down on the drying-ground in rows, and for forty-eight hours are left exposed to the sun by day and the dew by night, being turned occasionally. This treatment renders the

From a Photo. by] A DRYING AND BLEACHING GROUND. *[N. H. Reed.*

plumes white and gives them the feathery, fluffy appearance which constitutes their beauty. But though the heads of the plumes are dry, the stems are far from being so; they are, therefore, taken to the drying-house and stacked up there in heaps. After two weeks or so, being completely dried, they are sorted, packed in boxes, and sent away.

While cultivation has developed several varieties of pampas grass, the three principal ones are the Collins, which has a heavy plume; the Spence, which has a long, feathery plume; and the Hayward, which combines the length and heaviness of the other two. Some male plumes have a rose colour, but they are not much esteemed, as they are brittle. If any method of toughening them could be discovered they would be quite valuable. The Hayward variety is named from Mr. E. S. Hayward, a grower of much experience, who supplied most of the information herein given.

From a Photo. by] A CORNER OF THE BLEACHING GROUND. *[N. H. Reed.*



From a Photo. by] HARVESTING THE DRIED PLUMES. *[N. H. Reed.*

The principal markets for pampas plumes are London and Hamburg. They are used as ornaments or are pulled apart and made up in bouquets of dried grasses. In Southern California the plumes are employed in large quantities to decorate the houses, streets, carriages, cycles, automobiles, etc., for the floral carnivals given annually in Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, and other cities. The plumes are easily dyed and retain the colour imparted to them well. The American flag has been reproduced in pampas grass coloured red, white, and blue. Two or three years ago the Republican National Convention chose the pampas plume as its emblem, and in Europe it is commonly regarded as a characteristic product of America.

As has been said in the earlier part of this article, the cultivation of pampas grass was highly profitable at first, but it has received a severe check. After some years the plantations cease to be productive, and, unless some way is found of renewing the exhausted soil, the industry will languish and die out. After ground has been devoted for some years to the cultivation of pampas grass it is hard to put it to any other use, for the roots of the plants become so strongly intertwined that to pluck them out brings away all the soil down to hard-pan. If it becomes absolutely necessary to remove the plants, they are undermined and blown up with dynamite. This method makes an ugly cavity in the ground, which must be filled up with soil brought from elsewhere.

The growing of pampas plumes is certainly a fascinating employment, and it is to be regretted that so picturesque and profitable an industry should fail to maintain itself. A field of the grass, with lustrous, feathery, fluffy white plumes waving gracefully in the breeze, is a striking and beautiful sight. It is also a rare one, for it can be seen only when the plumes have been allowed to reach maturity before being gathered. And, as explained above, if intended for the market, the plumes must be gathered before reaching this stage, as otherwise they are fragile and will not bear transportation. The plumes laid out in long rows on the ground to dry and bleach present a remarkable appearance, as also does a flat, low-bodied waggon laden with the fluffy, cream-white, glistening harvest.

From a Photo. by] WOMEN AND BOYS STRIPPING THE PLUMES. *[N. H. Reed.*

The Handwriting.

By Richard Marsh.

IT was some time after mother's death before we knew if we were or were not penniless; and as, of course, it was our duty to be prepared for the very worst we used to discuss among ourselves how, if we were left without a farthing, we should earn one. Though I am perfectly well aware that a single farthing would not have been of much service to us; but, then, I suppose everybody knows what I mean.

When there are six children, and the eldest is a girl, and she is only sixteen, and they have no relatives and not one grown-up person to advise them, it does seem strange what a very few ways there are of making a fortune; that is, within a reasonable space of time. So far as I could make out from what the others said, for every one of them you wanted money to start with; and if you had no money it was not the slightest use your doing anything. Then the boys had such impracticable notions. Dick was full of South Africa. He declared that nothing was easier than to go to South Africa, find what he called a "claim," on which there were tons of gold, or so many pounds to the ton, I do not quite know which, turn it into a company, and there you were, a millionaire, in what he termed "a brace of shakes." But it appeared to me that that "brace of shakes" would be some time in coming. First he would have to get to South Africa; then he would have to find his "claim"—and there was no proof that one was found by everyone; then he would have to get his company up, which might take weeks; and, in the meantime, were we supposed to starve? I seemed to have read somewhere that a human being could not be kept alive without food for more than seven days. I doubted if there would be much left of me after four-and-twenty hours. Jack wanted to be an engine-driver on the railway line—a profession which I feel sure is not too highly paid; while Jim actually yearned to be a fireman in the fire-brigade, though how he imagined that he was going to earn a fortune that way was beyond my comprehension.

Nora and I were reluctantly compelled to admit that if our means of sustenance were to depend on the efforts of the masculine portion of the family we should apparently have to go very short indeed. And the field for girls did seem to be so circumscribed. As I said to her:—

"There do seem to be such a few ways in which girls can get money."

"There aren't any."

We were in the kitchen, she and I alone together. We were supposed to be getting the tea ready. There was not a servant about the place. And the condition the house was getting into in consequence was beyond anything. She was sitting on the edge of the table, with a coal-scoop in one hand and a toasting-fork in the other. Nora always was of a pessimistic disposition. She invariably looked on the blackest side of everything; so one got into the habit of allowing for the peculiarity of her outlook. Besides, I had in my head at that moment the glimmering of an idea how to earn an immense amount.

"There are some ways. For instance, there's writing. There are girls who write for papers and all kinds of things."

"Only those who can't write get paid anything."

I wondered if she had been trying her own hand; the statement did sound so sweeping.

"There's teaching. Look at the lots of governesses that must be wanted."

"Let 'em be wanted. I prefer prussic acid."

"There's drawing for the magazines."

"You might as well talk about drawing for the moon—unless you're a perfect idiot. Then you might have a chance."

I felt sure that she had had experiences of her own; her tone was so extremely bitter.

"And then there are prize competitions. There do seem to be a tremendous number of them about. And some of them for really large prizes."

"Prize competitions!" Nora seemed all at once to have woke to life and vigour. "Promise you won't split if I tell you something?" I promised. "I believe that all prize competitions are frauds run by robbers. Do you know"—she brought the toasting-fork and coal-scoop together with a bang—"that I've gone in for seventy-two of all sorts and kinds and never won a single prize,

not even a consolation. And some of them were hard enough to kill you. I've guessed how much money there was at the Bank of England; how many babies were born on a Tuesday; picked out twelve successful football teams; named three winners at a horse-race."

"Nora!"

"I have; or, at least, I've tried to. Much the largest prizes are offered for that. I've drawn things, written things, calculated things, prophesied things, made things, collected things, solved things, sold things. Once I tried to sell a lot of papers in the village for the sake of the coupons, but no one would buy a single copy. It was a frightful loss. I do believe I've tried my hand at every sort and kind of thing you can think of, and heaps you can't; and, as I say, I've never even won a consolation prize. No more prize competitions for me!"

exceeding twelve words in length. This you had to put into an envelope, which you had to seal and endorse with a pseudonym. This envelope you had to put into another envelope, together with your real name and address and a postal order for a shilling, or twelve stamps, and send it to the paper. The person whose calligraphy was considered to show that the writer was the possessor of the finest character was to receive one hundred pounds.

One hundred pounds for a shilling! Of course, I was perfectly well aware that hosts of people would go in, and that as the chances of success were presumably equal one's own individual chance was but a small one. But, on the other hand, what was a shilling? And, also, some people's writing was better than others. As a matter of fact, I rather fancied my own. It had been admired by several persons. It was large,

"NO MORE PRIZE COMPETITIONS FOR ME!"

That was not encouraging, especially as it was a prize competition which I had got in my mind's eye. After her disclosures I did not breathe a word of it to Nora. But when I got up to my bedroom I took out the paper in which I had seen all about it, and considered. The part which told you about the competition was headed "Delineation of Character by Handwriting." You had to write, on a sheet of paper, a sentence not bold, and, I was persuaded, distinctly characteristic. I perceived that the sentences had to be dispatched to the office of the paper on the following day.

Why should not one of mine go with them? There really seemed no reason. I had twelve stamps. There were pens, ink, and paper. My non-success would merely add to the list of failures with which the family was already credited, making seventy-

three. What was that? The question was, what sentence should I send? You were left to choose your own. But the presumption was that your chances of success would not be lessened if the one selected was a good one. I had it on the instant. My desk chanced to be open. There, staring at me on the top, was the very thing.

At Mrs. Sawyer's school there had once been a governess named Winston—Sophia Winston. We all of us liked her; I adored her. She was one of the best and sweetest creatures that ever lived, but her health was not very good and she had to leave. Before she left I asked her to write a motto in my book of mottoes. Although she said she would, when I came to look for the book I could not find it anywhere. Somehow in those days my things always were playing games of hide-and-seek with me. So, instead, she wrote a motto on a sheet of paper. There lay the identical sheet of paper in front of me at that moment. I took it up, opened it, read it:—

"Who goes slowly goes safely and goes far."

The very thing! I more than fancied that it was with *malice prepense* that Miss Winston had referred me to that rendering of what I knew was an Italian proverb. It was not my custom to go slowly or safely or—in the sense in which the word was there used—far. But, for the purpose of the present competition, that was not a matter of the slightest consequence. I made six copies of Miss Winston's sentence, picked out the one which I judged was the best, and, after destroying the other five, packed it up with the requisite twelve stamps and sent it off to the office of the paper.

Of course, I told no one of what I had done. I was not quite so silly as that. The boys would have laughed, especially Dick, who was once rude enough to ask me if I wrote with the end of a broomstick; while Nora—after her revelations of the hollowness and deceitfulness of such things—would have concluded I was mad. I simply held my tongue, and I waited.

The paper to which I had sent was a weekly one—it came out every Wednesday. It appeared that the competition was a weekly one also. The sentences had to reach the office on the one Wednesday morning, and in the paper which came out on the following Wednesday the results were announced. Either not many sentences were sent in, or there must have been someone in the office who was uncommonly quick at reading character. There used to be a girl at Lingfield House who pretended to read character from handwriting. She wanted pages of it before she would attempt to say what kind of character you had; then she would take days to form an opinion; and then it would be all wrong. I dare say that in the office of that paper they had had a deal of practice.

"IT WAS ADDRESSED TO MISS LILY HAYES."

On the Thursday morning of the week following I was down first—as, I am sorry to say, I generally had to be; sometimes I actually had to drag the others out of bed; and Nora was every bit as bad as the boys—and as I came into the hall I saw a letter lying on the floor. Smith, the postman, had pushed it through the slit in the door. I picked it up. It was addressed to "Miss Lily Hayes, The Elms, Alfold, Surrey." On the top of the envelope was printed "*Trifles*. The Paper for the Whole World." When I saw it something seemed to give

a jump inside me, so that I trembled all over. I could hardly tear it open. There were three things inside. One—could I believe my eyes? At first I felt that they must be playing me a trick—but one really was a cheque. "Pay Lily Hayes or order, one hundred pounds." I believe that at sight of it I very nearly fainted. I never have done quite; but I think that I very nearly did do then. It was a most odd sensation. I was positively glad to feel the wall at my back, and I went hot and cold all over. Of the other two enclosures the first was a letter from the editor himself—though, as it had been done by a typewriter, it was not in his own writing; perhaps that was because he was afraid of having his character told—saying that he was glad to inform me that I had been adjudged the winner of that week's competition; that he had pleasure in handing me a cheque for one hundred pounds herewith; and that he would be obliged by my signing and returning the accompanying form of receipt. The second enclosure was the receipt.

As soon as I recovered my senses I tore up the stairs about three at a time. I rushed in to Nora.

"Nora," I cried, "I've won a hundred pounds!"

She was lying reading in bed, and was so engrossed in her book that she did not catch what I said. She grumbled:—

"I wish you wouldn't come interrupting me like that, especially as I've just got to where the hero is killing his second wife."

"Bother his second wife, and bother the hero, too. Look at that!" I held out before her the editor's letter and the cheque. "Seventy-two times you've tried—at least, you said you had; and I've only tried once. And the very first time I've won."

"What are you talking about?"

"If you'll come to Dick's room I'll tell you all about it."

Off I raced to Dick's room, calling out to Con and Jack and Jim as I passed. Presently the whole family were gathered about Dick's bed. Nora had put on a dressing-gown, but the three younger boys were just as they had got out of the sheets.

"Well," said Dick, when he had turned the cheque over and over and over, and held it up to the light to see if it were a forgery, "some rum things do happen, and those who deserve least get most."

"I always have thought," observed Nora, "that those prize competitions were frauds, and now I know it."

Jack was more sympathetic—or he meant to be.

"Never mind what they say; it's only their beastly jealousy. I'm jolly glad you have won, because now we can have new bicycles."

"About time, too," declared Jim. "I've had mine tinkered so many times that there's none of the original machine left."

"I punctured my tyre again yesterday," groaned Con. "That's about the twentieth time this week. It's hardly anything but holes."

I had not contemplated providing the whole family with new bicycles, but they did seem a necessity. I knew that I wanted a new machine, and so did Nora, and in a little matter of that kind the boys were pretty sure not to be very far behind. Fortunately, nowadays, bicycles are so cheap, and then we could always give our old ones in exchange; so, supposing the worst came to the worst and we were all penniless, even after buying six new bicycles, I ought to have a good deal of money left to keep us in food and things. Because, of course, I had to remember that I could not expect to win a hundred pounds every time I tried.

The nearest place to us where they sold papers was the bookstall at the station, and that was six miles away. So after breakfast we all mounted the machines we had and dashed off to get a copy of *Trifles*. On the road Con had another puncture. It would not be stopped. As he said, his tyres did seem to have all they wanted in the way of ventilation. So, as Jim's handle-bar had come off and could not be induced to remain where it ought to be, we left them to console each other. Of course, Dick—who rides tremendously fast—got to the station first and Jack next. Nora and I never got there at all. They came flying back to us when we were about two hundred yards away, each waving a paper above his head and laughing like anything. I was half afraid that there was something wrong, and that, although I had got the prize, I had not won it. But it was something else which was amusing them.

"If ever anyone ought to be sent to a lunatic asylum it's the man who runs this paper," shouted Dick. "Let's get to the stile, and I'll prove my words to your entire satisfaction."

At the stile we all four of us dismounted. Unfolding his paper Dick read aloud from it, Jack following him in his own particular copy:—

"'We have much pleasure in announcing

that, this week, the possessor of the finest character as revealed by her handwriting is Lily Hayes, The Elms, Alfold, Surrey, to whom a cheque for one hundred pounds has accordingly been sent. Her character, as declared by her calligraphy, is as follows.' Now, then, all you chappies, listen !—attention, please !—and, mind you, the character 'declared' is supposed to be Lily's ! 'This writing shows a character of unusual nobility.'"

"Hear, hear !" from Jack.

"'The motto chosen is singularly appropriate.' By the way, the motto chosen was: 'Who goes slowly goes safely and goes far'; so everyone who knows her will perceive its peculiar fitness. Now, do just listen to this, Johnny, and I ask the lady herself if he doesn't credit her with exactly those qualities which she hasn't got: 'Patience and thoughtfulness, a high standard of honour, clear-sightedness, resolution combined with a sweet and tranquil temper'—what ho !—'are all clearly shown. The writer is strong on both the moral and the intellectual side. A large and beautiful faith is obvious. To a serene tranquillity of temperament are united a keen insight and a calm persistence in following to a successful issue well-considered purposes instinct with a lofty rectitude.' As an example of how not to delineate character from handwriting I should say that takes the record."

I felt myself that here and there that expert was a trifle out. I certainly should not have called the sentence selected "singularly appropriate" to me. Nor should I have laid much stress upon my patience or my thoughtfulness. I had not been hitherto aware that I was the owner of "a sweet and tranquil temper," or of "a serene tranquillity of temperament," or of "calm persistence." Indeed, there were one or two little matters in which I more than suspected that that character reader was a trifle at fault. But, after all, these were questions of opinion and had nothing to do with the real point, which was, that I had won the hundred pounds.

When we returned home I went upstairs, fetched my desk, carried it down to the morning-room, and prepared to write and tell everyone of my good fortune. In the frame of mind in which I was it was not a piece of news which I was disposed to keep to myself. I opened the desk, got out the note-paper, found the pen, and just as I had got as far as, "My darling Hetty,—I have won a fortune ! You never will guess how," I thought of Miss Winston's sentence. It was that which had brought me luck; I was convinced of it. If it had not been for the motto which that curiosity in character readers had found so singularly appropriate I seriously doubted if I should have won. The least I could do was to kiss it in memory of the writer.

I had placed it, after making those six copies, in an envelope which I had endorsed "Miss Winston's Motto." I laid down my pen, raked out the envelope, took out the sheet of paper. On it was the sentence, not in Miss Winston's small, exquisite penmanship, but in my own great, sprawling hand. For a moment or two I stared at it in bewildered surprise. Then—in the twinkling of an eye—I understood what had happened.

In my characteristic blundering fashion I had confused my copy with her original. My writing I had packed into the envelope I was holding, and hers I had put into the one which I had sent to the paper. It was her calligraphy which had been adjudicated on, her character which had been deduced therefrom. The thing was as plain as plain could be; the whole business had had nothing whatever to do with me. I re-perused the winning character as it appeared in the paper. The man was not such an idiot as we had all supposed. It was not a bit like me, but it exactly described Miss Winston. She was all the lovely things he said she was, while I—I was none of them; I was just an addle-headed donkey.

Talk about sensations ! My feelings when I found the cheque in the letter were nothing compared to what they were when I realized precisely what the situation was. The world seemed to have all at once stood still, as if something had happened to the works. It was perfectly awful. Here was my name printed in great, big letters in the paper, with my character underneath. I had flaunted the cheque in the face of all the family. In imagination the money was already spent. I had practically promised to buy each one of them a bicycle. And now, after all——

Whose was the money, after all?

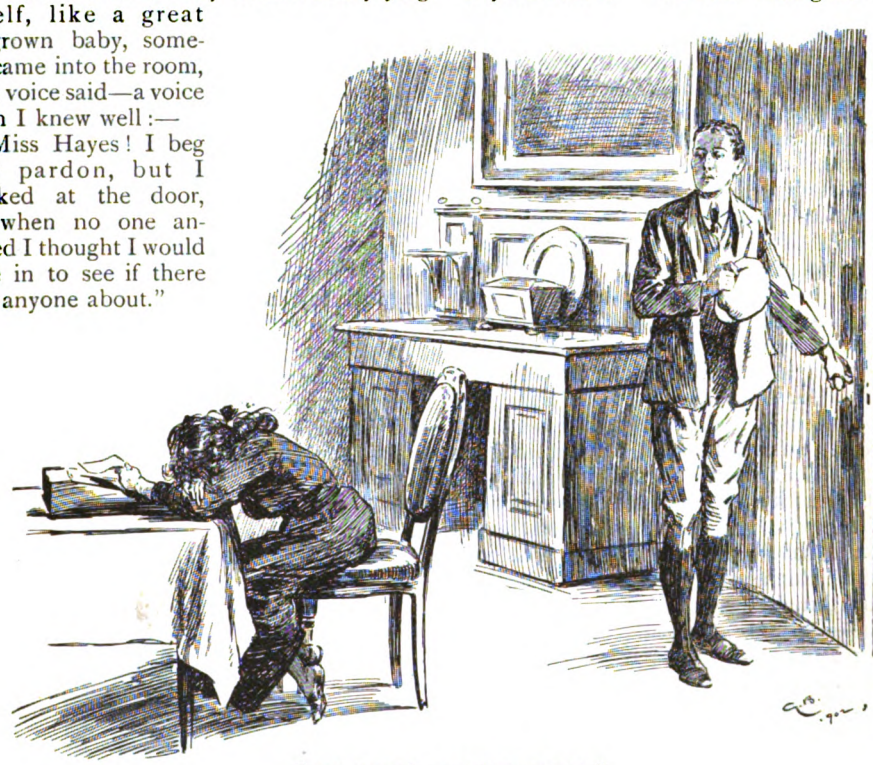
Never till that dreadful time did I thoroughly appreciate what it means about not leading us into temptation. It would be quite easy to say nothing. They were my twelve stamps which I had sent, and the sentence on the piece of paper was my property. Really, if you looked at it from one point of view, the hundred pounds belonged to me as much as to anybody else. I had only to keep my own counsel and it was impossible that anyone should even

guess that there was anything the least bit odd about the matter. Of course, I knew what I knew; and the misfortune was that I did know. If I had only never looked inside that horrid envelope and never found out what had happened, how much happier I should have been!

I laid my head straight down upon the table, and I did cry.

While I was in the very middle of enjoying myself, like a great overgrown baby, someone came into the room, and a voice said—a voice which I knew well:—

"Miss Hayes! I beg your pardon, but I knocked at the door, and when no one answered I thought I would come in to see if there were anyone about."



"MISS HAYES! I BEG YOUR PARDON."

It was Mr. Gardner! It only wanted him to find me going on like that to finish everything. As usual, all the luck was on my side. I was perfectly aware that the slightest scrap of crying makes me look an object; and here I had been howling myself inside out for goodness alone knew how long. I dabbed at my eyes with my pocket-handkerchief—though I knew I made a fresh smear every time I touched myself, because I had the best of reasons for knowing that tears made me positively grimy—and I tried to pretend that I was not yearning to sink into the ground. He seemed concerned.

"I hope there's nothing wrong — that nothing has been giving you further trouble?"

I did manage to gasp out something.

"No — thank you — nothing's — been — giving—me—trouble."

He apparently concluded that it might be advisable to seem not to notice that there was anything strange in my demeanour.

"I am the bearer of good news." We wanted some badly. I know I did. "You have been good enough to allow me to examine somewhat closely into the condition of your affairs." We had been good enough to allow him! As if it had not been perfectly splendid of him to do it, he being not only Hetty's cousin, but a barrister. "Your mother appears to have managed everything herself, and very well she seems to have done it, too; but the fact makes it somewhat difficult for a stranger to probe quickly to the bottom of everything; and my inexperience has not made it easier. But so far as I have gone I have ascertained beyond all doubt that instead of being in fear of the workhouse—as someone suggested—you are very comfortably off. As time goes on I shall not be surprised if you find yourselves —financially—in a still better position." It was a consolation to know so much. That hundred pounds would not be wanted. "By-the-bye, I saw my cousin Hetty yesterday,

and she entrusted me with what she called a note for you. I fancy you will find that it extends to about six sheets of paper."

It is not necessary to tell me it was ill-manners—I knew it was—but I felt that I must do something to avoid meeting his eyes; so I opened the envelope and started reading Hetty's letter then and there. The opening words seemed to leap up off the paper and strike me in the face.

"My very own dearest little Lily"—she always would call me little, though I was every bit as big as she was—"what do you think? You remember Miss Winston? She's starving! And she's not only starving, but she's dying of consumption. I've only just found it out by the merest accident. It seems that she's living in a little cottage at a place called Angmering, somewhere near Worthing. She's been ill ever so long, and able to do no work or earn a penny; so that she has absolutely no money to buy herself food or even to pay her rent. If someone doesn't come to her help soon they'll have to take her to the workhouse—to die! Poor Miss Winston! And she such a darling! Isn't it dreadful to think of?"

It was. So dreadful that I could not bear to think. I hope it was not wicked, but I almost felt as if that letter must have dropped out of Heaven. It did seem a miracle that it should have come to me at that very moment. Penniless! Starving! And there was that hundred pounds—her hundred pounds—lying on the table. Was it possible that I had even remotely contemplated the possibility of—of doing what? My conscience so rose up at me that, whether Mr. Gardner was or was not there, I had to hide my face with my hands and start crying all over again. My behaviour seemed to positively frighten him.

"I hope that Hetty has not said anything disagreeable—nothing to cause you pain. I assure you that nothing was farther from her intention, and that the letter was accompanied by all sorts of loving messages."

Then I felt that I must tell him everything. So I did—every morsel, right from the beginning. He was so patient, so full of understanding and of sympathy. Indeed, he was much more sympathetic than I deserved. Still, even if you are not deserving of sympathy, it is a comfort to receive it, particularly if it is nicely offered.

I do not wish to breathe a word against my own family. I am perfectly certain that no one could be fonder of Nora and the boys than I am. Yet I am inclined to think that there are times when, if one must confess, it is just as well to do it to someone who is not exactly a relation. One's relatives are apt to take such a narrow view. I am convinced that no one could have taken a broader view than Mr. Gardner did; and he never laughed once. That, in itself, was an immense relief. I have noticed in Nora, even when I have been confiding to her the most serious things, a tendency to treat me as if I were not quite in earnest. There was nothing of that sort about Mr. Gardner—not a trace. Or, at least, if he did show some faint sign of my having afforded him amusement he did not do it in a brutal way.

"Poor little soul!" he said when I had finished. "Poor little soul!" I was not certain that I liked him to address me in quite that form of words. But there was something so extremely soothing in his manner that I let it pass. "And so this has

"'POOR LITTLE SOUL!' HE SAID."

been the cause of the trouble?" He picked up the copy of the sentence which I had meant to send to the paper. "I see no reason why this should not have succeeded in winning the prize. If you will forgive me for posing as an expert, this handwriting is eminently characteristic."

"Don't be horrid."

"Such is not my intention. I am not suggesting that the character given in the paper is particularly applicable to this."

"I know it isn't."

"But it does not follow that this does not hint at something equally fine, though in a different way."

"Mr. Gardner!"

"I must ask you to forgive me if I annoy you by the expression of my opinion. In any case you are to be congratulated on what you have done."

"How do you make that out, when I have been winning other people's money with somebody else's writing?"

"Precisely. Though I should not phrase it quite like that. Hetty informs me that this lady is in sore straits. Well, you have gained for her what—in her position—she will regard as a fortune, which she never could have done for herself."

"I never meant to."

"Which actually makes it more delightful; because, while you have been trying to do a good deed, you have really done a better." He had a very nice way of putting things. "I would suggest that you yourself take the money to this lady at once. Her pleasure at seeing it will only be eclipsed by her delight at seeing you. And I shall be only too proud and happy if you will allow me to accompany you on your errand of mercy."

That was what did happen. Scarcely had he stopped speaking than Harris appeared at the window.

"If you please, Miss Lily, Miss Nora and the young gentlemen asked me to tell you that they've gone off for the day and won't be back till the evening."

"We also," observed Mr. Gardner, "will go off for the day. "You see, the stars in their courses are on the side of Miss Winston. I came over on my machine; if you'll jump on yours we'll be off."

He seemed to imagine that I could rush off to the other side of the next county just as I was. Masculine persons do have such curious notions—even when they are grown up. I had to scrub my face to make it clean. The condition of my hair was frightful; I seemed to have cried it into a tangled mass. Just as I was struggling with it, his voice came up the stairs.

"I don't know, Miss Hayes, if you are aware that you have been five-and-thirty minutes. If you can get down inside the next five we may catch the train; but if you can't, I'm afraid we sha'n't."

Of course, after that I simply flew. I left my hair nearly as it was, jammed my hat on anyhow, and bounded down the stairs.

"I hope I haven't kept you waiting," I remarked.

"I'm used to it," he said. "I have three sisters."

I do not know what he meant. It sounded very rude—almost like one of my own relations.

We caught the train, and, after changing at Chichester, reached Angmering at last. By that time I had come to the conclusion that Mr. Gardner was one of the most delightful persons I had ever encountered; and so intellectual. A trifle dogmatic, perhaps, and a little inclined to regard me as younger than I was. We had a long and most interesting discussion about women in politics, a subject of which I knew absolutely nothing. But it was not necessary on that account that he should hint as much, which he very nearly did. Yet, on the whole, I could not but regard him as the kind of cousin to do one credit, and, at the risk of making her conceited, almost made up my mind to tell Hetty so next time I wrote to her.

Dear Miss Winston! We found her, looking like the shadow of her former self, lying on such a hard, old couch, in such a poor little room. Had I been an angel she could not have seemed more glad to see me. As I told her all about it she was so sweet. And when I gave her the twenty five-pound notes for which Mr. Gardner had changed the cheque at Chichester, the way in which she thanked me did make me feel so strange. As if I had done anything to deserve her thanks! I never knew how happy it made one to be the bearer of good news until that day. As I came away I almost felt as if I had been in the presence of something sacred.

On our way home Mr. Gardner and I had a warm argument about old-age pensions, which nearly ended in a tiff. After we had been talking about them for more than half an hour he as good as said that he did not believe that I knew what an old-age pension was. Even if that were true—and it was perfectly—I did not propose to allow him, almost a stranger, to accuse me of downright igno-

rance as if I were an untutored savage. He might know something about everything—and anyone could see that he was awfully clever—while I might know nothing about anything—which possibly was the case; still, it was not civil for him to remark on it. The fact was that he would persist in regarding me—I could see quite plainly what was in his mind—as if I were a mere child; which, at sixteen, one emphatically is not. I do not hesitate to admit that I snubbed him in order to let him see that I resented his quite intolerable airs of superior wisdom.

Which made it the more singular that he should have told me, as we were entering the drive, that he had to thank me for one of the pleasantest days he had spent in his life. Considering that I had been metaphorically sitting upon him for ever so long I did not at all understand what he had to thank me for.

When I got out my desk to commence a letter to Hetty, my copy of Miss Winston's sentence was nowhere to be found. I could not think what had become of it. I distinctly remembered Mr. Gardner taking it off the table and making some uninvited comments on the writing—he seemed fond of criticising other people. But I did not recall what had happened to it afterwards. He could not have put it into his pocket by mistake. It seemed such a very odd thing for him to have done—and so excessively careless.

"WE HAD A MOST INTERESTING DISCUSSION ABOUT WOMEN IN POLITICS."

Versus Three Strong Counties.

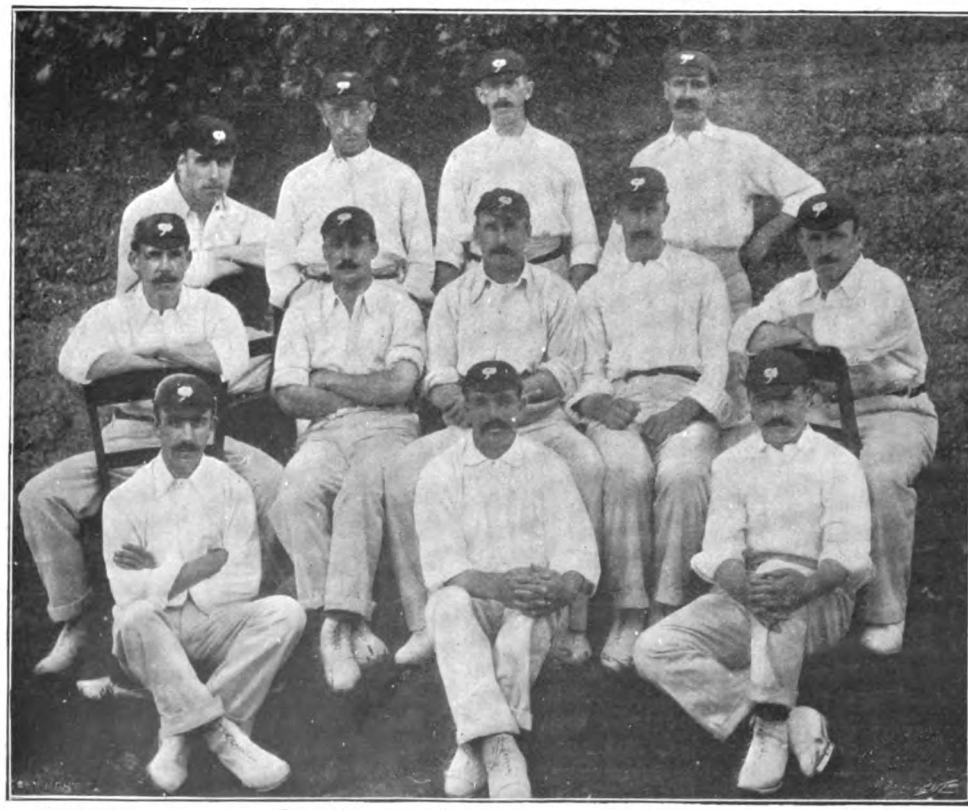
HOW IT FEELS TO PLAY AGAINST THEM.

By C. B. Fry.

I.

YORKSHIRE has, as all the world knows, established itself in county cricket during the last two years upon a pinnacle of success from which it can gaze serenely down upon the varying fortunes of those who struggle on the plain. Two seasons ago Yorkshire went through its programme of twenty-eight county matches with sixteen wins and not a single defeat; and last season, with twenty wins and one solitary defeat. Taking the two years together, you can figure up the pre-eminent strength of the team. Fifty-five county matches and only one of them lost! Truly a record worth recording. It is perhaps possible to exaggerate the present strength of Yorkshire in comparing it with some of the great county teams of the past; Surrey, for instance, in its all-conquering days, and one or two elevens of Lancashire. But although comparative statistics often enough lead to unjustified conclusions, there is no room to doubt that Yorkshire's pre-eminence in the present day is founded upon actual merit. As abstract cricketers we all love Yorkshire and are proud of the cricket of Lord Hawke and his comrades; speaking humanly we are rather jealous of Yorkshire — we would like to smite these inveterate conquerors and lay them low. Most of us other counties have not the resource and the backbone to climb up and sit beside Yorkshire; but we would like occasionally to fling up a long lasso, snare that serene eleven, and haul them down to the dusty arena of our own uncertain struggles. Of course, it is not impossible to beat Yorkshire; Somersetshire did it. Given a full measure of luck with weather and wicket, several counties might do it. But the worst of it is you may get

E. Smith. Rhodes. Whitehead. Hunter.



Wainwright. Denton. T. L. Taylor. Lord Hawke. Brown, J. T., Sen. Tunnicliffe. Haigh. Hirst.

THE YORKSHIRE ELEVEN.

From a Photo. by [*Hawkins, Brighton,*

Yorkshire into an apparently hopeless fix, and then that cheerful crew will work out of it—work, not worm out of it. So much for soundness combined with brilliancy.

In spite of the remarkable success of Rhodes and Haigh two seasons ago, and of Rhodes and Hirst last season, the self-respecting batsman who can play a bit may not without reason pause and conclude that after all it is not impossible to make quite a big score against Yorkshire. It has been done and it can be done. Then, again, the self-respecting bowler, fully aware that every man on the Yorkshire side can make runs, may not unreasonably see his way to out the side for a moderate total. Why, then, is it so difficult to beat Yorkshire? Run your batsman and the bowler into one, let one head see with double eyes, and the case is clear. Yorkshire has, and has had for two seasons, a pair of match-winning bowlers, backed up by several good changes. Its batsmen are all really batsmen; seven or eight of them come in one after another, any of them like enough to make a hundred runs, and one or all of the rest fit for fifty apiece. Add to this keenness and uniform efficiency in the field and the tale is told. Rare among individuals is the first-rate all-round man who can bat and bowl and field well and equally well; you can number them any year on the fingers of one hand. Rarer still is the truly all-round team—a team like Yorkshire. Such teams have appeared only now and then in the annals of county cricket, and none of them have been quite like Yorkshire, so sound, so all-round, and round again.

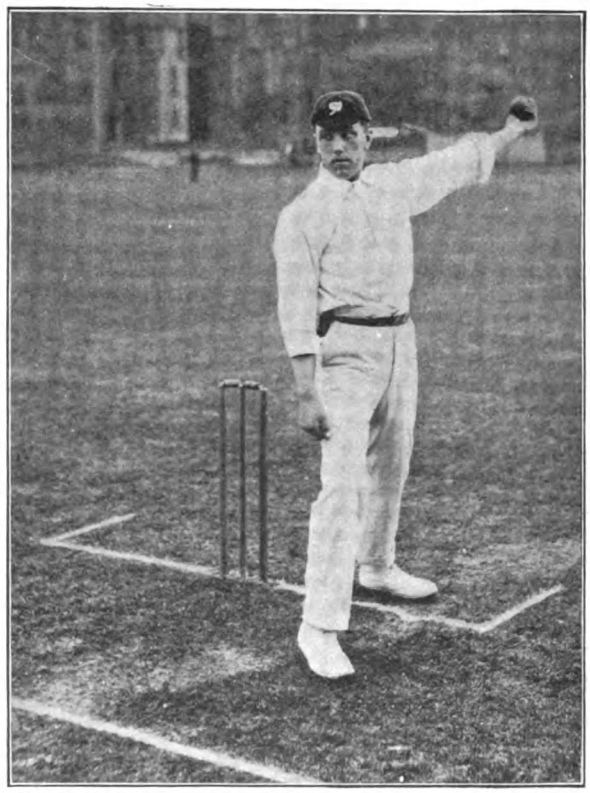
From a Photo. LORD HAWKE. *[by Chaffin.*

What is this team to us? Take its three great bowlers, Rhodes, Hirst, and Haigh. How does the batsman see Wilfrid Rhodes? Hostile meaning behind a boyish face—ruddy and frank; a few such easy steps and a lovely swing of the left arm over and the ball is doing odd things the other end; it is pitched where you do not like it, you have played forward when you did not want to—you have let fly when you know you ought not; the ball has nipped away from you so quickly; it has come straight when you expected break; there is discomfort. And Rhodes is not all of it. Part of it is John Tunnicliffe, yards of him wrapped up in the slip—alert to unfold—to shoot out an unerringly prehensile hand following an unerring eye. Part of it is David Hunter, crouching at the wicket with wide, sticky gloves, quiet, and sharpened ever to keenest anticipation. Jack Brown at point, square and astoop for the ball. George Hirst at mid-off, who moves in a lump, so quick and elastic, all round himself. David Denton in the far country, waiting — waiting; and the others, they are all parts of the batsman's idea of Rhodes. Away from his own side, among stranger comrades, Rhodes's bowling does not feel quite the same; it is the same bowling, just as good in itself, but the surrounding sequences are not so close and intimate. Familiar, well-tried accompaniments are so many finishing touches added to a bowler's merits: Jones, the Australian, with Trumble at slip, Trumble with Gregory at cover-point, Noble with Darling at short-leg.

As for Haigh, he is a bowler of temperament; one day the subtle spirit is alive within him; another, strive he ever so hard, and it is dead; but the lively day is often a long one, it may even cover a whole season,

as in 1900. Screwed-up antagonism in every line of him; cap tugged low over eyes, tight mouth, left boot tipped with brass, every item meaning you evil. Jaunty and springy he runs up, flattens himself over the crease with a long drag of his back foot, and the right arm slings through like a catapult; the ball comes low and swift in the air and then cannons in from the off with a little kick. So you may meet Haigh and regret it.

Hirst smiles at you, twinkling and genial; round he is and so very fit, made of Yorkshire beef and English sunshine; he bounces at you, bounce, bounce, bounce, and swings his left like a boxer, but higher, more over. Is it his swirling day? Two balls will tell you and tell his captain. The ball is new, a little wind blows from the off across the pitch; a whisper and a sign and only point and mid-off remain on that side; slips, third man, and the rest have become short-legs, fine, square, and forward, and there is a long-leg fine on the boundary. The batsman sees the ball feet outside the off-stump; no, it is on the wicket; no, it is outside his legs. It is a case of curve; if you would save your bails or the inside of your thighs, it behoves to forget straight lines and not to play or think of playing till very, very late, when the ball is almost past the bat. But dreadful things happen in spite of all precautions. Still, a day will come—so hope figures—when the ball will not be new and the wind will not blow and crooked things will be made straight. Meanwhile Yorkshire wins its matches, almost too easily for sport.



From a Photo. RHODES. *[by Chaffin.*

The Yorkshire batting begins with Brown and Tunnicliffe. Sometimes it ends with them, for the whole match—so Derbyshire and Sussex have known. The very names of these two players suggest a partnership, an old-established run-getting firm. As they walk to the wicket together, as a matter of business, to open the innings, the air is full of forebodings of them and of their runs; and you feel, if out of the corner of your eye you cannot see, that their comrades in the pavilion are all settling down in secure comfort, only vaguely conscious of their turn coming some time. Sturdy and square, Jack Brown takes root to chop and cut and now and then hook the ball, fending off the good ones with a stubby, half-way forward push. Catch him in the slips early, if you can, or he will stay and grow busy and more busy. John Tunnicliffe, easeful and deliberate, curbs his long-limbed strength for the most part into out-reaching forward pushes, measured and correct; though now and then he may unfold his height into a soaring drive or collect it to command a bat that licks heavily down upon the short ball on the "off." And all the time the fieldsman hears the slow, pleasant burr of "noä" or "ah'm coäming." Next, by your skill or good fortune, comes David Denton, dapper and slim, a narrow body with pads high up the thigh. His motto is "Ubique"; he starts the action at a gallop and lets fly at long range. Life is merry while he is there; catches flick about, but are not always caught. Although he did not play last year, it is difficult to think of Yorkshire batting without F. S. Jackson, the pre-eminent batsman of the side, a great batsman among the great batsmen of England,

an artist and a master of his art, with the style and polish of complete education added to the individualizing power of natural talent: not a chooser of wickets, not one who requires this or that to suit him, but fully equipped with the best methods, ready and versatile to make runs well, whether the ground be fast or slow, fiery or dead, sticky or crumbled. He fills the eye with every sort of stroke, every one finely played; interesting excellence and well informed; a cool blue eye, clean and accurate, never surprised at success, never expecting failure. Then there is T. L. Taylor, who in times of trouble, when even the Yorkshire wickets are falling too fast, marches in with an unruffled brow to slow the music, and tries what patience and perseverance can do; he sets his black eyebrows to the task, and is willing, if need be, to plod, forswearing all foolishness; his watchfulness and strong defence more often than not restore good order; accepted by all bowlers as an obstacle, he makes his runs well, if unobtrusively, match after match. Then there is Frank Mitchell, big and hard-bitten, with his safe defence and heavy, frequent drive. George Hirst is to follow, neat and quick on his feet, quick to click his heels back to his wicket and defend, quick to spin round and pull the short ball, quick to bounce out and drive, sanguine, sturdy, and aggressive. By this time the score-sheet should look well. But the tale is not finished; there is, or was, Wainwright, a fine exponent of the cut and the off-drive, solemn, but enterprising. Ernest Smith may be there, too, the finest natural hitter of the day, bar only Jessop. Not to mention Haigh, Rhodes, and Hunter, all of whom can make runs, we have not done with Yorkshire batting until Lord Hawke is out. He goes in late, and often his runs are not required, but often he plays better cricket than anyone on his side.

No wonder Yorkshire is hard to beat; the wonder is that they do not make more runs; on paper, they ought. Certainly their batsmen have a distinct advantage, owing to the distribution of responsibility; each man can play his own game secure under the skill of his comrades. How much better than the side whose runs are all in the bag of two or three batsmen! The chops and chances of cricket notwithstanding, the probability of such a side failing for want of runs is infinitesimal.

Mold. Sharp. Cuttell. Webb. Broughton. Hibbert.

Ward. H. G. Garnett. Tyldesley. A. C. Maclaren. A. Priestley. Smith. Hallows.

From a Photo. by] THE LANCASHIRE ELEVEN. *[Hawkins, Brighton.*

II.

ONE is apt, perhaps, to forget, in contemplating the glories of Yorkshire, what a great power its rival, Lancashire, has always been in the land. Even in 1900, the year of Yorkshire's unbeaten triumph, the men from Old Trafford made a neck-and-neck struggle of it for the greater part of the season. With the recent successes of the Yorkshire bowlers in one's mind one is apt to look back disproportionately upon the deeds of the two great Lancashire bowlers, Briggs and Mold. A great pair of bowlers these, and match-winners even as Rhodes and Hirst. Poor Johnny Briggs is dead, and his merry vigour has passed for ever from the cricket field. Arthur Mold has had a long career for a fast bowler, and in the nature of things — apart from his differences of opinion with umpires—it must be as good as ever. But this bowling partnership, all the years it lasted, was a remarkable source of strength; certainly it was the point in Lancashire's cricket that came home most emphatically to Lancashire's opponents. The partnership was ideal in contrast of styles. Slow left-hand breaking away from you one end, terrifically fast right-hand the other, fizzing back into you—each, too, the very best after its kind. The terrors inspired by these two champions find no full counterpart in the present Lancashire bowling. It yet remains to be seen to what extent Sydney Barnes will reproduce in county cricket his success achieved in Australia. The nether-world was unanimous in accepting him as a great bowler, and the chances are that English county batsmen will ere long be bowled into the same opinion. The northern counties, for some reason or other, turn out fine bowlers more frequently than the rest; their good things generally come off. But Lancashire needs no brilliant novelty to make its bowling respected. Three bowlers it has of proved worth—Cuttell, Webb, and Sharp. Willis Cuttell is a good example of the medium-pace right-hand bowler, just the sort that rises that valuable extra bit above the ordinary, uniting accuracy with artifice. A witty bowler of dry, unsmiling wit; a wicked eye and a wicked hand on a wet wicket. Why does he look like that? What is he doing with his hands? And while you wonder the ball has done what he knew and you did not: a wiry, badgering bowler.

From a Photo. CUTTELL. *[by Rouch.*

Copyright by "C. L."

Webb is a pace-maker, or rather a maker of paces, various. A big, strong chap this, who bowls as if he were thinking of something else; you feel him absent-minded, yet your cunning, incessant enemy. He bowls at your wicket, he bowls outside it; he turns the ball but little, yet is always unsettling and often difficult, for he hides his pace. Now and then, not often, he forgets his length and bowls too short. Sharp is fast, also right-handed, and bowls with a rush and a dash; you remember as you play him that he is a footballer, fiery and hard, and how he hurries down the field at outside right for Everton. But he is not fast like Arthur Mold. Mold's speed you felt beforehand; your cricket nature offered little bowling prayers the first few overs, and then perhaps faith came to you. You may play Bert Sharp, thankful for the difference, and yet be beaten. Then there is E. E. Steel, who tosses them high and mixes them up like his great brother, though not quite as well. Besides, Albert Ward's leg-breaks, thoughtful, leisurely droppers; pitched, indeed, for break

—a big break—but the ball does not always obey the twisting fingers.

Marshalled by Maclaren, Lancashire fielding ever frowned at you; if possible you shall not be spared. He creates an atmosphere of hostility, this captain; well-mannered and decent hostility, but penetrative into the marrow of the batsman. A determined, incisive captain, Maclaren; with an encyclopædia of cricket up his sleeve. And his fieldsmen follow his mood.

In the matter of batting Lancashire has not—no county has—an evenness of excellence to rival that of Yorkshire; but it has a band of several notables and tough fibre all through. Toughness is the trait, the foundation quality of such strength as Lancashire possesses in batting; big scores are made chiefly by the efforts of the notables, but even when these fail the toughness that follows usually strings together, without any vivid show of style or finish, a respectable working total, big enough to make a match of it. In the old days, with Briggs and Mold to bowl, these moderate, respectable totals were big enough to win, especially with Maclaren to fiercen the fielding and order the tactics of assault.

From a Photo. TYLDESLEY. [*by Rouch.*

Albert Ward to open the innings has long been an institution. A diplomatic batsman, mild and patient, evading difficulties by knowledge rather than overcoming them by vigour; steady, and biding his time, yet not without a pleasant grace and style. Many a weary but not unprofitable hour have most of us spent trying to hinder his square off-drive, his smartly-timed cut, his prompt glide, and the other workings of his persuasive bat. H. G. Garnett, a powerful, free-hitting notable of last year's making, has now and then done great deeds of cricket, and is dangerous whenever he plays; his punishing drive and his leg-hitting can demoralize the bowling that suits him and set the field in a tangle; a long left-hander, who hits with a sling and a fling. But Tyldesley is at present the prize player of the side, a great run-getter, who mixes wisdom, enterprise, and style; "a sweet bat to watch," they said of him in Australia. Neat and small, he waits on the bowler, then poises on his toes to his full height, lifting his bat up and back with easy freedom, then a moment's pause to make sure, then down comes the bat with all its lively weight—the bat held tight yet thrown at the ball. He shapes to his stroke with precision of foot and of balance, chooses thoughtfully what he will do, and, having chosen, does not falter in doubt. A clean player, with a pair of wrists and almost every sort of stroke for every sort of bowler on every sort of wicket. Maclaren's batting was made in Lancashire, but one thinks of him rather as an All England than as a county batsman. Then, too, his greatest feats have been performed in Australia. For Lancashire his form has been comparatively irregular, judging him by his own high standard. Yet how often has he forced himself into his best shape by a sheer effort of will and made a century against Yorkshire, the most exerting and exacting match of Lancashire's season, even when he has been known to be out of form! Most of us do not choose Yorkshire bowling as means of re-establishing our form. At his best, happy and in good health, Archie Maclaren is almost peerless. His science is complete, and his strong, full-bodied execution equals it; one of the greatest masters in the annals of the game. We, however, who play against Lancashire always hope for our own sakes that he is out of form and only half himself. The rest of the Lancashire batting takes some negotiation; bowlers suffer from Eccles, a stylish, forcible, well-

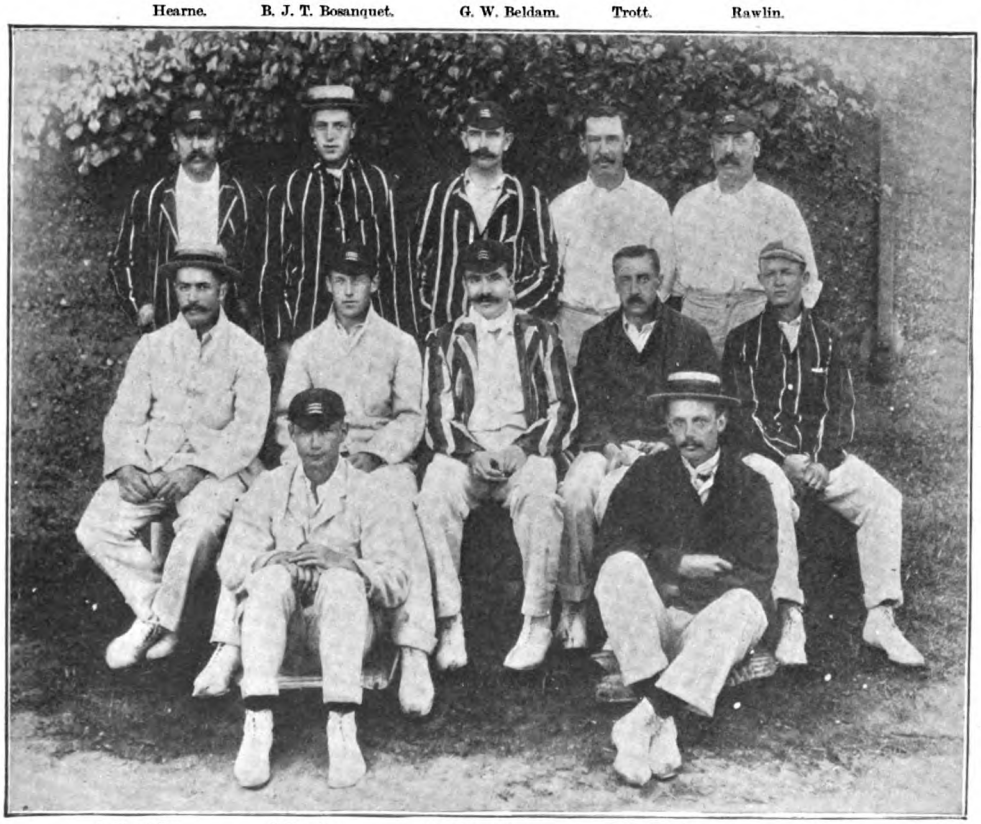
timing player; and from Hallows, a cheerful, left-hand hitter—all there at a pinch; and from Cuttell, dogged and persistent, breaking now and again into a brilliant stroke. Sharp, too, can bat with wideawake pluck; and there is no counting on dismissal of the rest for nothing. Truly a tough side to beat.

III.

THE flower of Middlesex cricket comes into full bloom at August, when there are holidays, and when people who work can play. You might almost say that Middlesex has two teams, an early and a late: the one tentative and inquiring, the other sure of itself and ready with an answer to any question. If you treat these two teams as one, your survey covers a round score of players and more. The bowlers are an abiding nucleus, but the batsmen are many and of all talents.

The batsman who, beyond all others, was of late the stand-by of his county was Pelham Warner. So central a figure is he in one's idea of Middlesex cricket that it is difficult to believe he has really passed away to affairs in South Africa, to the red sand and matting wickets of Johannesburg. What a safe bat, and how deadly in earnest to stay in! One of those batsmen with a gift of letting the bowler see little of his wicket; not a matter of legs in the way, nor of scientific padding, but of a bat that occupies to the uttermost the space allowed by law. Surely we shall see him again at Lord's, standing eagerly to attention and promising obstruction to all our bowlers, and putting into practice in a way quite his own the strokes he has learnt from others. A student of models, Warner; an off-side player by nature and by early precept, he has veered round by way of study into one who plays almost exclusively to the on-side and to leg. James Douglas and his brother R. N. are August batsmen, batsmen to sigh for; the former upstanding and nervy, jigging his bat for the ball before it comes, as though his hands were thirsty for the stroke; a cutter with the full face of the bat and a merry hitter everywhere; his

Hearne. B. J. T. Bosanquet. G. W. Beldam. Trott. Rawlin.



C. M. Wells. J. Douglas. G. Macgregor. R. N. Douglas. P. F. Warner.
W. P. Robertson. R. E. More.

From a Photo. by] THE MIDDLESEX ELEVEN. *[Hawkins, Brighton.*

brother taller and more deliberate, also a notable cutter, but later and with more slice; an elegant player of the extended forward stroke, one who smoothes the ball away swiftly through open spaces. Then there is the genial presence of H. B. Hayman, the accustomed first-wicket partner of Warner; a brisk, free hitter, almost a slasher but for the saving grace of a straight bat. This at his best, but sometimes a cloud of despondency seems to settle not on the man, but on his cricket; his face is unperturbed and cheerful, but his bat does not seek the ball with such sanguine hope. But this despondency of the bat is no portent signifying he will not make a big score; we have seen his gloomy beginning dissipated in the brilliance of a century. After wading thus far through the team you come to a stumbling-block, one likely to upset any luck you have, in B. J. T. Bosanquet, a curious batsman and a valuable. Endowed by nature with a complete belief in the possibility of making runs at all times, this tall son of Eton and Oxford plants his bat in the block-hole, stiffens his arms and wrists, and from that position, without any withdrawal for swing, stabs at the ball with an upward lift of the arms and a turn of the shoulders, sometimes hard, sometimes soft. Such is the first impression, but a closer look discovers that his elbows are not stiff, nor his wrists, and that he is making good strokes and frequent boundaries; and through it all there is a certain stubborn coolness, disconcerting to your hopes of evicting him. Sorted among the above may be G. W. Beldam, a learned batsman who takes a lot of shifting; and W. P. Robertson, another stumbling-block to hope, a smooth, clever run-getter, with a knack of doing his best at need. Afterwards comes Albert Trott, to crouch over his 4lb. bat, to scatter the fieldsmen to the confines of the ground, and to hit over the pavilion; indeed, you feel he has been waiting especially for your bowlers to help him in his soaring ambition —over the pavilion palatial and distant; it is most unsafe till he is gone. Still to be disposed of are G. Macgregor, the cunning captain and exquisite wicket-keeper, by no means guiltless of runs; and Jack Hearne, who can bat if he likes, and J. T. Rawlin, who goes in sometimes first wicket, sometimes last, and is a player. And yet this catalogue of Lord's is not complete; there are sundry other early batsmen, and in August you meet another very good one, a dangerous mixture of soundness and dash, in C. M. Wells. Such are some of your friendly enemies of Middlesex, who set you toiling up the slope or down the slope of the ground that Lord made.

B. J. T. BOSANQUET.
From a Photo. by Gillman. Copyright by "C. L."

The bowlers of this side are few but fit. Albert Trott is one and Jack Hearne is another; this used to be most all, together with a few overs from Rawlin. But, nowadays, Bosanquet is a great addition to the bowling strength, and in the complete team there is C. M. Wells. Still, Trott and Hearne are the gist of them. But for the fact that he cannot be split up into three persons, so as to bowl both ends and also come on as a change, Albert Trott contains in himself at least three bowlers, and perhaps more. Certainly there is a fast bowler in him; certainly a leg-break bowler; certainly a slow-medium —and the slow-medium is of so many sorts that it again might be split up into several. There never was such a bowler for teaching a batsman new strokes or the lack of one stroke in particular. He has some slight perversity of genius. He will sometimes try to get a good batsman caught in the country by way of a special artifice, on the most difficult of wickets, when the odds in favour of bowling him neck and heels are ten to one in his favour, and he will refuse sometimes to bowl his fast ball at the tail-end batsmen, because, forsooth, he would

lull them into forgetfulness of that fatal reserve of speed. But such rare oversights of the easier way are but wayward excesses of his art. In sum, an indigestible bowler even on the polished plate-glass pitch, this saturnine Australian with his grim, sharp run, with his rugged strength tempered into restraint and incessant artifice. How we have toiled at him, we batsmen, pitting craft against craft in endeavour to make our bats obey not his will, but our own!

His elder comrade—blameless Jack Hearne—bowls a more open-hearted ball, relying on the unadorned simplicity of length and natural spin and break. Not, therefore, simple to play; quite otherwise. Jack Hearne, from the pavilion end at Lord's, has not once but often discovered us a feeble-minded folk, half-blindly feeling forward for the ball and then—— that sudden rattle of the bails behind. Retire, friend: you should have played back to a ball of that misleading length; and very keenly back, for the ball skips quickly up and inwards. Surely Jack Hearne has run his spirit-level over the pitch at Lord's and surveyed it with delicate instruments, with such nicety does he use the slight incline to augment his power of break. Study his Saxon frankness and the gentle masterfulness of his methods: there is much in them you will find difficult before you are well set.

G. MACGREGOR.
From a Photo. by Rouch. Copyright by "C. L."

Suppose you succeed in resisting Trott's persuasion and Hearne's direct attack, you will come to Bosanquet and Wells. There are two Bosanquets: one bowls round the wicket, fast, straight stuff, somewhat bumpy and quick-rising, and crossing you a trifle with the swing of his arm; the other bowls slow, with a finger-twist from leg. But now and then, though the fingers work the same, this second Bosanquet lapses into a break from the off. Mistrust those fingers: they do not always tell the truth. Then Wells, in all kindness, tosses the ball high for you; high, but it drops on an accurate patch that flatters your hopes and disappoints your reach. You dance out to drive, and the half-volley fades elusively into good length, as though he controlled the ball on a thread from his hand. Rawlin, by the way, bowls fiercely and rather fast, with an outward swerve sometimes when the ball is new; not an easy bowler to hit or force for runs, and round-eyed with surprise if you do it. He reckons to take you by storm rather than by ambush; and if so be you are not a victim of ignorant unreadiness you may survive his assault and make your century.

The House Under the Sea.

By Max Pemberton.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE BEGINNING OF THE SIXTY HOURS.

IT was near about midday on a Saturday that we saved the poor folks from the island, and not long after midnight on the Monday that our troubles came to a head. I like to call these the "sixty hours"; and as what I have to write of them is written, as it were, from watch to watch, so swiftly did things happen, I will try to make a diary of it that you may follow me more closely.

Saturday, May 27th. At midday.

There are nine people rescued from the ship, and one of these a girl, Isabel, the daughter of Captain Nepeen, of the American navy. Her father is with her, a tall, stately man, very quiet and orderly, and quite ready to take a man's duty in the house. Of the others, the most part are American seamen, for this was an ocean-going steamer, *Silver Bell*, trading from American ports to Yokohama. All are very astonished at the things they have seen and heard both in this house and upon Ken's Island; but they are too ill to take much part in them, and the young lady lies still in a dead trance. Doctor Gray says that he will save her; but another man, knowing less, might think that she was dead.

The same day. At four o'clock.

They waked me from sleep at this hour to tell me that the men in the caverns below were beating upon the iron doors of the corridor, and appeared likely to force their way up to our part of the house. Captain Nepeen brought the news himself, and had a long talk with me. I found him a cultured man, and one who got a grip of things sooner than I had expected.

"CAPTAIN NEPEEN BROUGHT THE NEWS HIMSELF."

"Mr. Begg," he said, "it is plain that we have fallen into the hands of a very great scoundrel. I cannot imagine what kind of intellect has made use of this extraordinary place, but I can very plainly divine the purpose. It is for you and me to answer to civilization and justice. We must begin at once, Captain Begg, without any loss of time," says he.

I answered him a little sharply, perhaps, being not over-pleased that he should make so light of my own part in the matter.

"Sir," said I, "what a seaman can do I have done already, or you would not be here to speak of it. Let that go by. The news that you bring won't wait for civilities. It must be plain to you that if we are to stand a siege in this house, we must hold every gate of it. There are men in the galleries below; Heaven knows how many of them. I would name that first and let the rest come after."

He was put about at this, and made haste to express a gratitude I had not looked for. His naval training prompted him to habits of authority. I could see that he was itching to be up and acting, and I knew that he needn't wait long for that.

"Indeed," says he, warmly, "we owe our lives to you, as many a good seaman will owe it in the days to come. I should have spoken of that first. The wonders of this place drive other thoughts from a man's head. We were half dead when we saw your signal, captain. What has become of my fellow-passengers and the rest of the crew, Heaven alone knows. They put us ashore on the island after the ship was taken last night, and nine of us, as you see, are here to tell the story. I have heard the tradition of Ken's Island from the Japanese, but I never believed a word of it before yesterday. Now I know that it is true. My fellow-passengers are there, dead or dying, and at sundown I am certainly going ashore to do what I can for them."

"You are a brave man, Captain Nepeen," said I, "a very brave man. Where you go I follow. We cannot leave poor seamen to perish, cost us what it may. Yet I would not hide it from you that it is a big business, and that the man who goes to Ken's Island to-night may never return. We are now fourteen in this house, and our first duty is to leave it safe for those who trust us. With your help, Captain Nepeen, we'll answer the scum down below," said I.

He assented very heartily and began to speak of the arms that we had and of the manner of employing them. His fellows, I learned, were bivouacked in the great hall, and these he waked first while I was getting the sleep out of my eyes and asking myself "What next?" The room in which I lay was Czerny's own room; and now in the daylight the sea played cool and green upon the arched windows and showed to me such sights on the rocks without as I had never dreamed of in the darker hours. What genius had pitched upon such a house under the waves? I asked. What spirit of evil breathed upon this dreadful place? What craving for solitude sent this master-mind here to the bed of the Pacific Ocean, where it could spy upon these uncanny secrets, watching the still, green water, face to face with devilish shapes butting upon the glass, the friend of the horrid creatures which slimed upon the windows and crawled to their rocky haunts, or fought claw to claw in the sight of their enemy, man? Desperate as the plight was, I must stand a minute before the crystal panes and watch that changing spectacle of the sea's own wonders. The very water was so near that I thought I had but to stretch out a hand to touch it. The weird, wild things that crept over the rocks, surely they would enter this room presently! And Czerny could live here, cheek by jowl with these fearsome mysteries! Again I say that man knows little of his fellow-man, of his better nature or his worse.

The same day. At five o'clock.

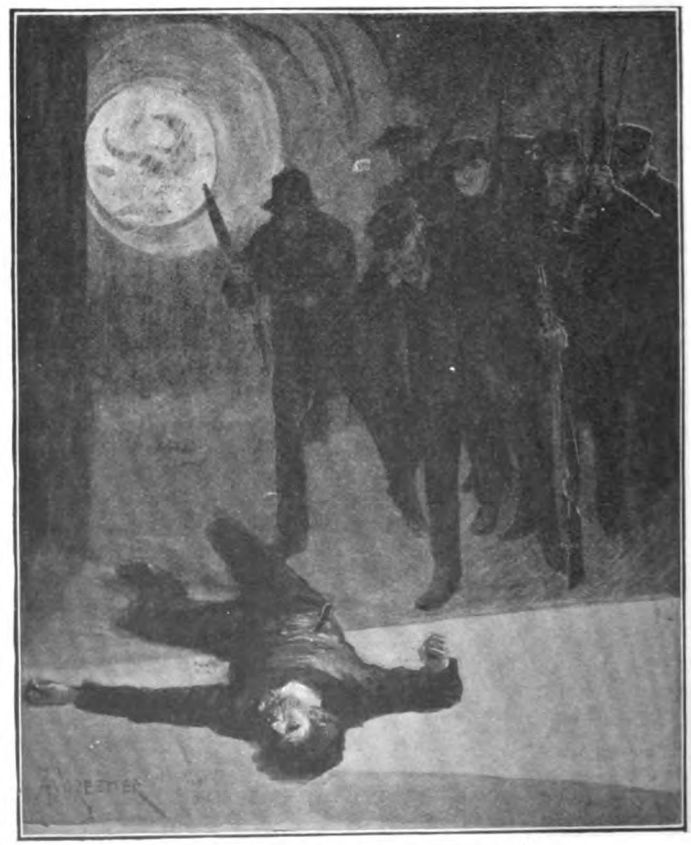
We open the lower doors and go down into the galleries. Seven men are with me and each carries a rifle. The quest is not so much for those shut down in the pit as for the life which they may send up to us. Doctor Gray has put it in a word, and it is true. The great engine, which draws the air from the sea's brink and drives it out in life-giving currents through the corridors of Czerny's house, that engine alone stands between us and eternity this day. If those below have kept that engine going until this time, it is for their own safety's sake. Rob them of food and drink, and what security have we that they will continue at the task? And yet, the deed be my witness, it was a perilous journey. No man in our company could say surely how many of Czerny's crew he would find in the black labyrinth we must face. No man could speak of the hidden mysteries lurking in passage or cavern, far from the sea-gate and the sun's light. We were going into the unknown; and we went with timorous steps, each asking himself, "Shall I live to see the day again?" each saying to the other, "Stand close!"

Now, the knocking had ceased when we opened the gates, and we stood for a little while peering down into that great corridor, which I have named already as the backbone of the lower house. Lighted it was, the lamps still burning, its barred doors shut, its branching passages suggesting a hive of rocky nests which might harbour an army of desperadoes. No sound came up to us from below save the sound of the engine throbbing, throbbing, as it fanned a breath of life and drove it upwards to us fresh and sweet upon our faces. Whoever lurked in that abyss feared to show himself or to cry a truce. We were hedged about by black mystery, and, rifle in hand, we set out to learn the truth.

There were lamps in the corridor, but in the passages branching from it no light save that which streamed down, green and silvery, from the windows which shut the still sea out. Oftentimes the seven with me would draw all close together, awed by the fantastic spectacle these glimpses of the sea's heart showed to them. At other times the nearer alarm would set them quaking, and crying "Hist!" they would listen for steps in the silence or other sounds than that of the engine's pulse and the whirring fans. The very stillness, I think, made them afraid. The horrors of the windows—above all, that horror of the nameless fish—could frighten a man as no spectre of God's earth above. If I had accustomed myself in part to these new sensations, if Czerny's house seemed to me rather a refuge than a terror, none the less there were moments when my step halted and my eyes were glued upon the sights I saw. For here it would be a monstrous shark lying still in a glassy pool; or there a very army of ferocious crabs, their eyes outstanding, their claws crushing prey, their great shells shaped like fungi of the deep; or going on a little way again I stopped before a giant port-hole and discovered a devil-fish and his nest in the deep and said that nothing like to it had been heard or told of. Here lies a great basin scooped out of the coral rock, and the green water is focused in it until it looks like a prism, and everywhere, in nook and crevice, the deadly tentacles, the frightful eyes of these unnameable creatures seem to twist and stare, and threaten us. Such fish we counted, hundreds of them, at the windows of the second cavern we entered; and, drawing back from it affrighted, we went on like men who fear to speak of that which they have seen.

"A madman's house; it could not be anything else," says Captain Nepeen, as pale as any ghost; "unless I had seen it with my own eyes, Mr. Begg, no story that ever was written would make me believe it. And yet it is true, as Heaven is above us, it is true."

"No doubt of that," said I, "a madman's house, captain, and madmen to people it. But of that we'll speak by-and-by; for the shadows may listen. Keep your gun ready; there will be others about beside ourselves. Here's the first of them—stone-dead!"



"HERE'S THE FIRST OF THEM—STONE-DEAD!"

They all came to a stand at my words, and saw that which my eyes discovered for them —the figure of a dead man, lying full and plain to be seen in the lamp's glare, and so fallen that no one might ask you how he had died.

"One," said I, "and that which killed him left behind! He's been struck down as he ran. There's the knife that did it, lads!"

A young seaman amongst us shuddered when he saw the knife still sticking in the dead man's side. The rest of us drew the body out of the light and went on again with wary steps. We were near the great dormitory at this time, the door of which I myself had locked; but it was open now and the lock broken. Lamps still burned in that vast room, food lay still upon its tables; but the story of it was to be read at every step. Chests overturned, chairs smashed, a litter of clothes upon the floor, broken bottles, an empty pistol, great marks upon the door where iron had indented it, bore witness to the struggle for light and freedom. The prisoners had fled, but life was the price of liberty. I took one swift glance round this broken prison, and then led my comrades out of it.

"The birds have flown and one of them is winged," said I. "There are five more to take, and the shadows hide them! Come on, my lads, or they'll say that eight were scared by five, and that's no tale to tell of honest seamen!"

I spoke up to encourage them, for, truth to tell, the dark and the mystery were playing strange tricks with my nerves. As we penetrated deeper into that labyrinth I could start at every shadow and see a figure in every cranny. The men that the dark patches harboured, where were they? Their eyes might be watching every step we took, their pistols covering our bodies as we hurried on to the depths. And yet no sound was heard, the great engine throbbed always; the cool, sweet air blew fresh upon our faces.

Now, the first voice spoke at the head of the engine-room stairs, from an open cavern which no lamp illumined. I had just called out to Captain Nepeen to follow me to the engine-room, and was bidding the others wait at the stairs-head, when a shot came flashing out of the darkness, and in the flame of the gun's light I saw a great hulking figure, and recognised it instantly. It was that of Kess Denton, the yellow man, whom I had left senseless at the door of Ruth Bellenden's bungalow more than twenty days ago. A giant figure, the head bandaged, the arms and chest naked, a rifle gripped in both hands, this phantom of the darkness showed itself for an instant and then vanished with an echoing laugh which mocked and angered us. At the same moment the young seaman who had shuddered before the dead fell headlong in the passage, and with one loud cry gave up his life.

And this was the first man who died for little Ruth Bellenden's sake.

We swung about on our heels as the report rang out and fired a blazing volley into the darkness of the cavern. What other men lingered there, how many of the driven ghouls who haunted the labyrinth received that hail of lead, I shall never know or care to ask. Groans answered our shots; there were cries of pain, the curses of the wounded, the derisive laughter of those that escaped. But little by little the sounds died away, echoing in other and distant galleries, or coming to us as whispered voices speaking from places remote, and leaving to us at last a silence utter and profound.

We were masters of the bout and the engine was ours.

"Captain Nepeen," said I, "do you and three others go back to the stairs-head and hold it until I come. If they are afraid to face us here, they'll never face us at all. Why, look at it. Seven men out in the light, as fair a target as a woman might ask for, and they show us their heels. Go back and hold the gate, and I and those with me will answer for the engine. Time afterwards to hunt the vermin out."

He took my order unwillingly, I could see. A greater glutton for a fight than that smooth-faced American sailor I shall never meet in all my days. Keen as a hound after quarry, he would have hunted out the vermin, I do believe, if the path had led down to the mouth of Hades itself.

"You will not go alone, captain," cried he; "that's plain madness."

"I take two to my call," said I, "and leave you the rest."

"But what—aren't you afraid, man?"

"Afraid! Of whom?" said I. "Of an old man—but that's too far ahead. I'll speak of it when I come up, captain. Perhaps it's only my own idea. But it's good enough to go on with."

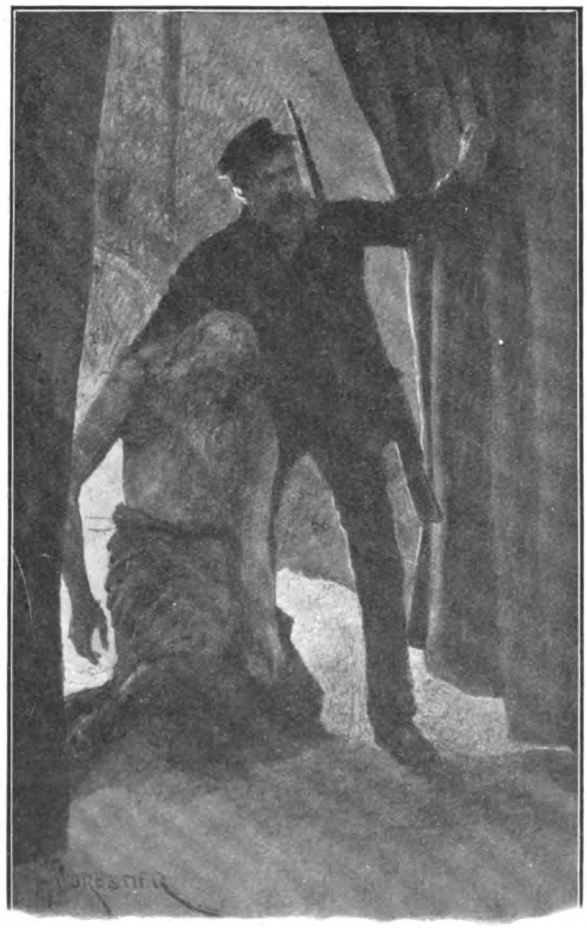
He had still something to say, and, looking first into the black cavern, which we had filled with shot, and then down the stairs toward the engine-room, he went on presently:—

"You take a big risk and I hope you'll

get out of it. How many do you expect to find below?"

"One," said I, quickly, "and he a friend. It's a strange story, captain, and wonderful, too. But it will wait."

I was at the door of the engine-room before he could answer me, and pulling back the great leather curtain I put my own idea to the proof. Just as forty hours ago, so now that gloomy cavern shimmered with the crimson light which the giant furnaces cast upon its rocky roof. Now, as then, leather-clad figures moved before its molten fires. There were the mighty boilers, the pumping engine, the throbbing cylinders, the shining cranks; but the man who staggered toward me in the white light, the man who uttered a glad cry of recognition, the man who fell at last at my feet, imploring me for the love of mercy to bring him food and drink, that man was no enemy.



"HE FAINTED IN MY ARMS."

He was Clair-de-Lune, the old Frenchman, and I had but to look at him twice to see that he was the neighbour of death.

"Clair-de-Lune, old comrade!" I cried, "you! We owe our lives to *you*, then! By thunder, you shame us all!"

He was pale as death; the sweat ran in streams down upon his naked breast; his words came like a torrent when he tried to tell me all.

"Three days in prison, and no man come to me," he said, pathetically; "then I hear your voice. I say it is Captain Begg. I am glad, monsieur, because it is a friend. I break the door of my prison and would come up to you; but no, there is no one in the house; all gone. I say that my friends die if I do not serve them. There are lads with me; but they are honest. Ah, Captain Begg, food and drink, for the love of Heaven!"

He fainted in my arms, and I carried him from the place. Again, in all providence, I and those dear to me had been saved by the fidelity of one of the oddest of God's creatures.

The same day. At eight o'clock.

I have begun to believe that the Italian is right, and that Czerny left no more than eight men in the lower house. No attack has been made upon the Americans we put in charge of the engine, nor is there any news of those mutineers who fled from us this morning, save that which comes from two of them, very pitiful creatures, broken-down and starving, who have surrendered their arms and begged for food. The others, they say, will come in presently, when the big man, whom they call Kess Denton, will let them. They protest that their comrades are but four, and two of them wounded grievously. I no longer feel any anxiety about that which is below, and I have told Miss Ruth as much. She has now been two hours with Captain Nepeen. Her way of life draws her sympathetically toward that brave and gentle man. It must be so. The world has put a great gulf between the simple seaman and those whom

fortune shelters at her heart. A plain sailor has his duty to do; the world would laugh at him if he forgot it because the years have taught him to worship a woman's step and to seek that goal of life to which her hand may lead him.

An hour later.

We are to go ashore with the dark to see if we can save any of the refugees marooned on the island. It is a desperate chance and may cost good men's lives. I do not forbid it, for I have lived and suffered on Ken's Island myself. If there are living men there now—it may be women, too—held in that trance of death from which they must awake to madness or never wake again, the commonest instinct of pity says to me, "Go." I have consulted Doctor Gray, and he is doubtful of the venture. "Mind what you are doing, I beg of you," he says. "Are there not women to save in this house?" Miss Ruth overhears him and draws me aside, and, putting her hand upon my arm winningly, she lifts her pretty face to mine and says, "Jasper, you will save them!"

I am going ashore, and Captain Nepeen goes with me.

At ten o'clock.

We put off a boat at ten o'clock and rowed straight for the open beach. It was a gloriously clear night, with a heaven of blazing stars and a sea like flowing silver. The ship's boats made so many black shapes, like ocean drift in the pools of light; and Czerny's yacht, speaking of that dread presence, lay as an evil omen in the anchorage to the northward. Ken's Island itself was uplifted like some mountain of the sea, snow-capped in its dazzling peaks, harbouring its wayward forests and lovely glens and fresh meadows which the moon's light frosted. And over all was that thin veil of the fog, a steaming blue vapour flecked with the richest hues; now drifting in clouds of changing tints, now spreading into fantastic creations and phantom cities, pillars of translucent yellow flame, banks of darker cloud as though a storm were gathering. Sounds of the night came to us from that dismal island; we heard the lowing of the kine, the sea-bird's hoot, ever and anon the terrible human cry which spoke of a soul in agony. And with these were mingled grimmer sounds, like very music of the storm: the echo of distant gun-shots fired by Czerny's men at the anchored yacht which refused them harbourage.

There were four with me in the boat, and Captain Nepeen was one of them. I had set Peter Bligh at the tiller, and Seth Barker and an American seaman to pull the oars. We spoke rare words, for even a whisper would carry across that night-bound sea. There were rifles in our hands; good hope at our hearts. Perchance, even yet, we should awake some fellow-creature from the nameless sleep in the woods whose beauty veiled the living death.

Now, I say that Czerny's men were firing rifle-shots at the anchored schooner, and that sound was a true chantey for our ears. What eyes would they have for us when their salvation lay aboard the yacht? We were nothing to them; the ship was all. And, be sure, we did not go unwatched or helpless. Behind us, at the gate we had left, our gun showed its barrel like the fang of a slipped hound. Cunning hands were there, brave fellows who followed us in their hearts while we crossed the basin swiftly and drew near the terrible shore. If we had seen the sun for the last time, then so be it, we said. It is not a seaman's way to cry at danger. His word is "must," and in a sure purpose lies his salvation.

We made the island at the westward end that we might have a clear sheet of water between Czerny's boats and our own; and we so set our course that our gun could sweep the intervening seas if any eye detected us. The land was low-lying toward the west and marshy; yet, strange to be told, the fog lay light upon it. It had been planned between us that Captain Nepeen and I should go ashore while the others held the boat. We carried revolvers in our hands, but no other arms. The death-fog was our true defence; and against that each man wore the respirator that Duncan Gray had made for him. Sleep might be our lot, but it would come upon us slowly.

"It will be straight for the woods, captain," said I, "and all our heart go with us. Your friends who were put ashore last night will never stray far from the beach, believe me. We'll search the foreshore and leave the rest to chance. As for going under, we sha'n't think of that. It would never do to begin by being afraid of it."

He answered readily enough that he had never thought of such a thing.

"Where you lead, there I follow, Captain Begg," said he. "I shall not be far behind you, rely upon it."

"And me not far from the shore when it's 'bout ship and home again," chimes in Peter Bligh. "Luck go with you, captain, for you are a brave man entirely!"

I laughed at their notion of it, and went a

little way up the beach. The respirator about my mouth, charged with some chemical substance I did not know the use of, permitted me to breathe at first with some ease. And what was more extraordinary was this, that while in the woods the fog had seemed to suffocate me, here it was exhilarating; bracing a man's steps so that he seemed to walk on air; exalting him so that his mind was on fire and his head full of the wildest notions. No coward that ever lived would have known a moment's fear under the stimulation of that clear blue vapour. I bear witness, and there are others to bear witness with me, that a whole world of strange figures and wonderful places opened up to our eyes when we began to push ashore and to leave the sandy beach behind us. And that was but the beginning of it, for more fearful things were to follow after.

I will try to describe for you both the place and the scene, that you may realize my sensations and follow me truly in this, my third journey to Ken's Island. Imagine, if you can, an undulating stretch of lush grass and pasture-land, a glorious meadow flooded with the clear, cold light; arched over with a heaven of stars; bordered about by heavy woods; dipping to the sea on two sides and extending shimmering sands to the breaking swell on the third. Say that a hot blue fog quivers in the air above this meadow-land, and is breathed in at every breath you take. Conceive a mind so played upon by this vapour that the meadows and the woods beyond the meadows are gradually lost to view, and a wonder-world quickly takes their place. Do this and you may follow me more surely to a phantom city of majestic temples hewn out of a golden rock and lifting upward until they seem to touch the very skies; you may peer with me into abysses so profound that no eye can fathom their jewelled depths; you may pass up before walls built wholly of gems most precious; you may sleep in woods beneath trees silvered over with light; search countless valleys rich in unknown flowers. And the city is peopled with an unnumbered multitude of moving figures, the sensuous figures of young girls all glittering in gold and jewels; the shapes of an army of giants in blackest armour; and there are fearful animals that no eye has seen before, and beasts more terrible than the brain can conceive.

Say, too, that this deadly vapour of the island so stimulates the faculties that earth no longer binds a man nor Heaven imprisons him. Say that he can rise above the spheres to unknown worlds, can span the seas and bridge the mountains. Depict him, as it were, throwing off his human shape and seeing the abodes of men so far below him, so puny, so infinitely small, that he begins to realize eternity. Cast him down from these visions suddenly and in their place set up black woods and the utter darkness of Nature impenetrable. Let the exaltation leave him, the sights fade utterly, the dismal abyss of the nether world close him in. Awake him from these again and let him reel up and stagger on and believe that he is sinking down to the eternal sleep. Such sensations Ken's Island will give him until at last he shall fall; and lying trance-bound for the rain to beat upon his face, or the sun to scorch him, or the moon to look down upon his dreams, he shall lie and know that the world is there, and that nevermore may he have part or lot in it.

I have set down this account of my own experiences on the island that you may compare it with the books of others who have since visited this wonderful place; but I would not have you think that I and the brave man who stood at my side forgot that human errand which put us ashore in those dismal swamps; or hung back to speak of our own sensations while others might need us so sorely. If we passed from delirium to sanity, from the height of hysterical imagination to the depths of despair and gloom, none the less the faculty of action remained, the impulse which cried, "Straight on," and left us willing still to dare the worst if thereby a fellow-creature might be saved. Burning as our brains were, heavy the limbs, we could still push on across the meadows, search with our eyes for those poor people we had come out to save. How long this power of action would remain to us, what supreme misfortune would end our journey at last, throwing us, it might be, to the grass, there to sleep and end it all, we would not so much as consider. Good men were perishing on Ken's Island, and every instinct said, "You, Jasper Begg, and you, James Nepeen, hold out a hand to them."

"Do you see anything, captain?" I asked my companion again and again; "we should be near them now. Do you hear any sound?"

He answered me, gasping for his breath:—

"Not a whisper."

"Yonder," I would go on, "yonder by the little wood: they landed there. Can you get as far, captain?"

"I'll try, by Heaven!" said he, between his teeth.

"They'll not be far from the wood," said I, "that's common sense. Shut your eyes to all the things you see and don't think about it. It's an awful place, captain. No living man could picture its fellow."

I waited for him to come up to me, and so placed myself that his eyes, I hoped, might turn seaward and not up toward the woods where such weird sights were to be seen. For this place, the angle of the great pasture-land where it met the forest, was occupied by sleeping cattle, white, and still, and frigid, so that all the scene, glimmering in the moonlight, might have been cut out of some great block of marble; and cows and sheep, and trees and hills, all chiselled by the hand of Death. That a living thing should be speaking and moving there seemed almost an outrage upon the marvellous beauty of that field of sleep. The imagination reeled before this all-conquering trance, this glory of Nature spell-bound. It were as though a man must throw himself to the earth, do what he would, and surrender to the spell of it. And that, perchance, we had done, and the end had been there and then, but for a woman's cry, rising so dolefully in the woods that every impulse was awakened by it and all our resolutions re-taken.

"THE GIRL NEITHER SAW NOR HEARD US."

"Did you hear that?" I cried to him, wildly; "a woman's voice, and near by, too! You'll not turn back now, Captain Nepeen!"

"Not for a fortune!" said he, bravely; "it would be Gertrude Dolling, the purser's sister; we cannot leave her!"

The desire was like a draught of wine to him. He had been near falling, I make sure, but now, steadying himself for an instant upon my arm, he set off running at all his speed, and, I at his heels, we crossed the intervening grass and were in the wood. There we found the purser's sister, stumbling blindly to and fro like a woman robbed of sight, while children were clinging to her dress and crying pitifully because she did not heed them.

It was an odd scene, and many must come and go before I forget it. Dark as the wood might be by day, the moonlight seemed to fill every glade of it, showing us the gnarled trunks and the flowering bushes, the silent pools and the grassy dells. And in the midst of this sylvan rest, remote from men, a lonely thicket of the great Pacific Ocean, was this figure of civilization, a young girl decked out in white, with a pretty hat that Paris might have sent her, and little children, in their sailors' clothes, clinging trustingly, as children will in confidence to a woman's protecting hand. No surprise was it to me then, nor is it a surprise now, that the girl neither saw nor heard us. The trance had gripped her surely; the first delirium of exaltation had robbed her of sight and sense and even knowledge of the children. That doleful wailing song of hers was the first chant of madness. Her steps were undirected, now carrying her to the wood's heart, now away from it a little toward the sea's beach. My order, twice given, that she should

stand and wait for us was never answered; I do not even think that she felt my hand upon her shoulder. But she fell at last, limp and shuddering, into my arms, and I picked her up and turned toward the sea.

"The children to you, and straight ahead," said I to the captain; "run for your life, and for the lives of these little ones. It will be something to save them, captain."

He answered me with a word that was almost a groan; but stooped to his task, nevertheless. He knew that it was a race for their lives and ours.

I had the burden in my arms, I say, and no feather's weight was less to me in the hope of my salvation and of those we strove for. The way lay straight down, through a ravine of the low cliffs to the beach we had left and the good boat awaiting us there. Nothing, it seemed, but a craven will could stand henceforth between us and God's fresh air that night. And yet how wrong that reckoning was! There were a dozen of Czerny's men halloaing wildly on the cliff-side when we came out of the wood; and almost before we had marked them, they were after us headlong like demons mad in wine.

Now these men, as we learned afterwards, driven by hunger and thirst to the point of raving, had come ashore that very evening; it may be to rifle the stores on the island; it may be in that spirit of sheer madness which sometimes drives a seaman on. Twenty in all when they landed, there were eight asleep already when we encountered them; and lying on the cliff's side, some with arms and heads overhanging, some shuddering in the fearful sleep, one at least bolt-upright against the rock with his arms outstretched as though he were crucified, they dotted that dell like figures upon a battle-field. The rest of them, a sturdy twelve, fired by the dancing madness, brandishing their knives, uttering the most awful imprecations, ran on the cliff's head above us, and seemed to be making straight for the cove where our boat lay. And that is why we saw that the race was for life or death.

There are moments in his life when a man must decide "aye" or "nay" without checking his step to do so. As things stood, the outlook could not have been blacker while we ran through the ravine to the water's edge. Behind, in the wood, lay the dancing death; before us these madmen with their gleaming knives, their unearthly yells, their reeling gait and fearful gesticulations. We had to choose between them, the sleep in the lonely glen, or the race downward to the shore; and we chose the latter, believing, I think, that the end must be the same, turn where we would.

"Keep your course, keep your course!" I cried to the captain as we ran on. "Hold to it, for your life—it's our only chance!"

He set one of the children on the sand, and, bidding the little one run on ahead, he drew his revolver and stood shoulder to shoulder with me.

"A straight barrel and mark your men," cried he, very quietly; "it's a cool head that wins this game. We have ten shots and the butts will do for two. You will make that twelve if you add it up, captain."

His coolness surprised me, but it was not to be wondered at. Never from the first had I heard this man utter one word which complained of our situation or of its difficulty. To Captain James Nepeen a tight corner was a pleasure-ground; and now with these yelling reptiles all round him, and the vapour steaming in the woods behind, and the sea shimmering like a haven that would beckon us to salvation, he could yet wear that cynical smile of his, and go with lighter step, and bear himself like the true seaman that he was. Of all that I have ever sailed with I would name him first as a true comrade in peril or adversity. To his skill I owed my life that night.

"One," said he, suddenly, when a great head showed itself on the cliff above us and was instantly drawn back. So quick had he been, so wild did the aim appear, that when a body rolled presently down the grassy bank and lay stark before us I could not believe that a bullet had done its work.

"One," cried he again, triumphantly—"and one from twelve leaves eleven. Ha, that's your bird, captain, and a big one!"

I had pulled my trigger, prompted by his example, and another man from the cliff above lifted his arms and fell with a loud cry. And this was the astonishing thing, that though we two were caged in a ravine like rats in a trap, and had shot two of the wretches stone-dead, no answering shot was fired from above, no rifle levelled at us.

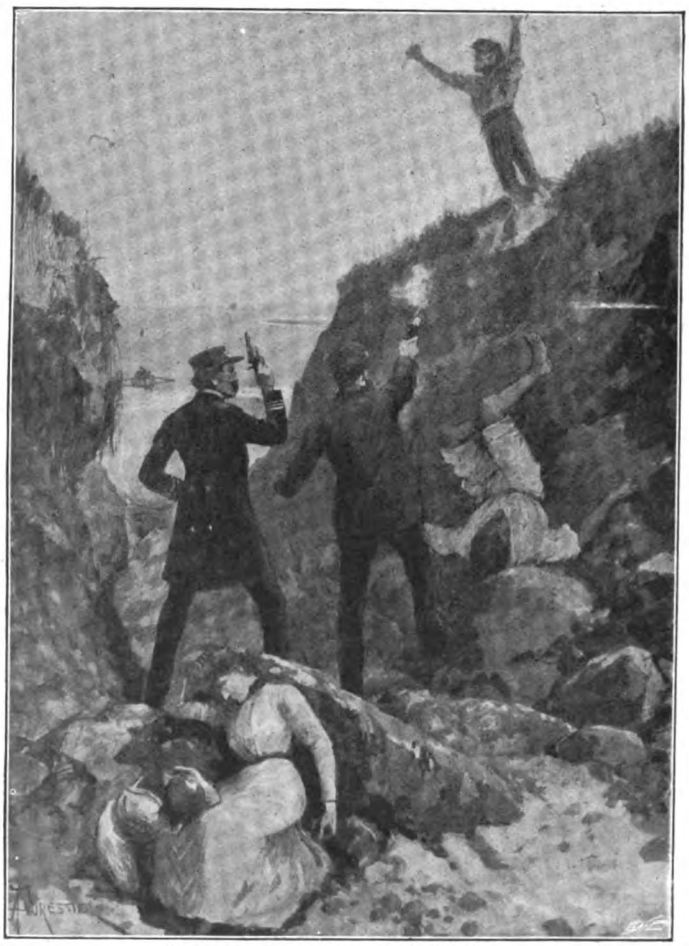
"No arms," cries the captain, presently; "and most of them half drunk. We're going through this, Mister Begg, right through, I assure you!"

Well, I began to believe it; nevertheless, there were men on the shore before us, halloaing madmen, with clasp-knives in their hands and murder in their faces. Clear in the moonlight you could see them; the still

air sent up their horrid imprecations. Those men we must pass, I said, if we would reach the boat. And we passed them. It seems a miracle even when I write of it.

Now, we had halted at the foot of the ravine and were just prepared to go headlong for the rest, believing, it may be, that one at least of us must fall, when they fired a shot, not from the gun at the watch-tower gate, but from Czerny's own yacht away in the offing; and coming plump down upon the sand, not a cable's length from our own boat, a shell burst with a thunderous explosion, and, scattering in fragments of steel, it scared the mutineers as no rifle could have done. Roaring out like stricken bulls, cursing their master in all tongues, they began to storm the cliff-side nimbly and to run for the shelter of the woods; but some fell and rolled backward to the sand, some turned on their own knives and lay dead at the gully's foot; while those who gained the summit stood all together, and wailing their doleful song they yelled defiance at Czerny's ship.

But we—we made the boat; and falling half-dead in it, we thrust it from the beach and heard our comrades' voices again.



"ANOTHER MAN FELL WITH A LOUD CRY."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE END OF THE SIXTY HOURS.

The same night. Off Ken's Island. Half-past twelve o'clock.

WE have not returned to the watch-tower rock, nor can we bring ourselves to that while there is any hope left to us of helping those whom Czerny marooned on the dangerous shore. Our gig drifts lazily in a pool of the whitest moonlight. We can still make out the ship's boats lying about Czerny's yacht, and the angry crews which man them. From the beach itself rises up the mutineers'

wail of agony, like a wild beast's cry, at one time loud and ferocious, then dying away in a long-drawn cry, which haunts the ear. Ever and anon, as the mood takes them, the gunners on Czerny's yacht let fly at us with their erring shells; but they smite the air or hurt the water, or drop the bounding fire on the shimmering spread of sand beyond us. Perhaps it is that this employment occupies the minds of the long-boats' crews and keeps them from reckoning with the master who has befooled them. They, at least, are at the crisis of their peril. Afloat there on a gentle swell they must know that any hour may bring a changing wind and a breaking sea, and a shore rock-bound and unattainable. They are playing with chance, and chance will turn upon them presently. Let them make for the island where the laughing woods say, "Come!" and the heralds of sleep will touch them upon the foreheads, and raving, dreaming, they will fall at last, just victims of the island visions. Say that their brute intelligences do not yet understand this, but hunger and thirst will teach them ere the dawn, and then reckoning must come!

All this I foresaw as we let the boat drift by the sandy bays, and spake, one to another, of to-morrow and that which it must bring. Whatever our own misfortune might be, that of Czerny's men was worse a hundredfold. For the moment it amused them to see the shells plunging and hissing in the sea about us; for the moment the desire to be quit of us made them forget how it stood with them and what must come after. But the reckoning would be sure. Let a capful of wind come scudding across that glassy sea, and all the riches in the world would not buy Edmond Czerny's life of these sea-wolves who sought it.

"They'll stand by until they know the worst, and then nothing will hold them," I said to my comrades. "If they think they can get aboard the yacht, they'll do so and make for some safe port. If not, they'll try to rush the house. Assume that they are driven hard enough, and no gun will keep them off. Let ten or twenty go down, the rest will come on. I am thinking that we should get back to the house, lads, and not leave it to younger heads. We've done what we could here, and it's plainly useless to go on with it!"

They were all with me in this, none more so than Captain Nepeen, who, up to this time, had been for the shore and the friends who might be found there.

"At least we have made every prudent effort; and there are others to think of," said he. "If they had a gunner worth a groat, we should not be where we are, captain. You must allow something to chance and a lucky shot. They may get home even yet. I will not ask you what that would mean, for you are a seaman and you know."

His words, I think, recalled us to the danger. No hope of rescue rewarded our eyes when we scanned the black woods and the lonely foreshore of the forbidden land. Dark and terrible in the moonlight, like some mighty beacon of evil rising up above that sleeping sea, it seemed to say to us, "Go, turn back; remember those who count upon you." And we pulled from it reluctantly out into the broad sea, and breathed a full breath as we left its vapours and its fetid shores.

Three shots were fired at us while we crossed the open channel, and one fell so close that we could see the cleavage of the water and feel the silver spray upon our heated faces. This quickened our oars, you may be sure, and set our course true and straight for the house, whose iron gate stood up like a fortress of the deep and opened its rocky shelter to us. Clair-de-Lune was there, too, halted and motionless by the sea's brink; Dolly Venn stood at his side; and once I thought that I saw Miss Ruth herself peering across the lapping wavelets and watching us with a woman's anxious eyes.

Nor did we go unobserved by those who had so much to gain if mischance should befall us in that last endeavour. Like pirates' junks, slipping from a sheltered creek, the demons in the long-boats espied us in the moonlight and began to row toward us and to hail us with those wild shouts which yesterday we had heard even in the House Under the Sea. Yet, I witness, they did not affright us. We knew that sure eyes watched them from the reef; no lads playing at the length of a watchdog's chain kept more surely from the dog's teeth than those night-birds from the gun's range. Shots they fired — wild, reckless shots, skimming the water, peppering the sky, whistling in the clear air above us. But the boats drew no nearer, and it seemed that we must touch our haven unharmed, when the American seaman, stretching out his arms in a gesture fearful to think of, and ceasing to row with horrid suddenness, fell backward without any word and lay, a dying man, before us.

They had shot him through the heart; and he was the second who fell for Ruth Bellenden's sake.

Sunday morning. Five o'clock.

I have known little sleep for the last thirty hours, nor can I sleep at the crisis of our misfortunes. It is a still, grey morning, with heavy cloud in the east, and lapping, rhythmical waves beating upon the windows of the house as though anon a gale must blow and all this torrid silence be swept away.

I cannot conceal it from myself what a gale would mean to us; how it must scatter the open boats, drifting there at the mercy of a Pacific sea; how, perchance, it might even lift the fog from Ken's Island and show us sunny fields and sylvan woods, a harbourage of delight to which all might flock with leaping hearts. And yet, says reason, if it so befall they jostle one with the other, the sweet and the bitter, the good and the bad, until it seems to me that I no longer get at the heart of it, but am as a man drifting without a chart, set free on some unknown sea whose very channels I may not fathom. Three hours ago when I came ashore and lifted the dead man out, and sent the sleeping girl to shelter, Ruth Bellenden's hand was the first to touch my own, her word the first my ear would catch. So clear it was, such music to a man to hear that girlish voice asking of his welfare as a thing most dear to her, that all the night vanished at the words, and Ken's Island was lost to my sight, and only the memory of the olden time and of my life's great hope remained to me.

"Jasper!" she said, "it was not you—oh, Jasper, it was not you, then!"

"'JASPER!' SHE SAID, 'IT WAS NOT YOU!'"

that you yourselves may go ashore to yonder island, what logic shall keep Czerny's men from the same good anchorage? They are as twenty to one against you. If there are houses there, and stores for the sun-time, who will shut them to this horde of desperadoes? Aye, the head reels to think of it; the hours pass slowly; to-morrow we shall know.

Now, I have thought of all this, and yet there are other things in my mind, and

I stepped from the boat and, taking her hand in mine, I drew her a little nearer to me; then, fearful of myself, I let go her hand again and told her the simple truth.

"Miss Ruth," said I, "it is yon poor fellow. I will not say 'Thank God!' for what right have I to serve you before him? He did his duty; help me to do mine."

She turned away and gazed out over the sea to the yacht still thundering its cannon

and ploughing with its wasted shot the unoffending sea. Deep thoughts were in her mind, I make sure, a torture of doubt, and hope, and trepidation. And I—I watched her as though all my will was in her keeping, and there, on the lonely rock, was the heart of the world I would have lived and died in.

"You cannot forbid me to be glad, Jasper," she said, presently; "you have given me the right. I saw you on the shore. Oh! my heart went with you, and I think that I counted the minutes, and I said, 'He will never come; he is sleeping.' And then I said, 'It is Jasper's voice.' I saw you stand up in the boat and afterwards there were the shadows. Jasper, there cannot be shadows always; the sun must shine sometimes."

She held my hand again and touched it with her cheek. I think that I forgot all the place about, the sea and the men, the distant shore and the island's shape, the still night and the dawn to come; and knowing nothing save that Ruth, little Ruth, was by my side, I went into dreamland and said, "It shall be for ever."

Monday morning. At six o'clock.

I cannot sleep and I have come to keep watch on the rock. Old Clair-de-Lune is with me, but silence is in the house below, where some sleep and some are seeking sleep. Of all who can discuss our future bravely, none speaks better sense than this simple old man; and if he rebukes my own confidence he rebukes it justly. I ask him when the sleep-time will pass and the sun-time come. He shakes his head, he will not prophesy.

"Heaven forbid it should pass," says he. "They will go ashore to the island, and we—we perish," says he. "Pray that it shall not be, captain. We have food for three week—month; but what come after? You pick up by ship, you say. But not so. When your ship come here the fiends set trap, and all is wreck and burn and steal! They take your ship and you perish, you starve. Ah, monsieur, pray that the sun-time do not come."

I lay back upon the rock and thought of it. This old man, surely, was right. Let the fog drift from Ken's Island, the woods awake, life stir again, and how stood we—where was our benefit?

"It is a fearful position," said I, "and Heaven alone knows what the end of it will be. That something has happened to Mister Jacob and my ship I can no longer doubt, Clair-de-Lune. The *Southern Cross* is on the rocks, be sure of it, and good men with her. Take it that they are picked up and set on the American coast. What then? Who finds the money for another steamer? It is not to be thought of: we must dismiss it from our minds. You say that we have food for three weeks, and the condensers down below will give us water. But it won't be three weeks before we are in or out of it, my friend. If we are starving, others are starving—those out yonder by Czerny's yacht. He'll give them food to-day; but how long will they drift like cattle for the rain to beat on? Your sense will tell you that they won't drift long, but will be asking questions and wanting their answers. Aye, Clair-de-Lune, we'll listen with all our ears when that begins!"

He had a glass with him and he began to scan the yacht very closely and the ship's boats about it. I had not noticed that there was an unusual stir in the anchorage, but he remarked it now and drew his own conclusions.

"They give rogue man arms and cutlass, captain; he go overboard too. I see them pass from boat to boat. Ah, there he is, the bread and the biscuit. They get breakfast and then come here, captain. What else you look for? They not lie there all the days. They too much clever for that. We few and little; they big and strong. Why shall they not take the house? Some die, but other mans remain. Czerny he say to them, 'Great much price if you kill the English captain.' He know that all his money is locked up down here. Why shall he not come, captain?"

I could not tell him why. My own glasses showed me the things he made mention of and others beside. Arms, I saw, were being passed down from the yacht to the small boats clustered about it. There was no sunlight to glisten upon the bright barrels of the rifles, but I could distinguish them nevertheless; and cutlasses were handed from boat to boat—a good fifty of them I counted, and there were more to come. What the meaning of it was a child might have told you. Truce prevailed between master and man in their common desire of possession. The last great attack was to be made upon us—the rock to be rushed. Even a woman would have divined as much.

"Clair-de-Lune," said I, "the end is coming at last; and it won't be very long. We're dealing with a remarkable man, and it is not to be supposed that he'll sail away and leave us here without one good blow for it. Aye, it's a great mind altogether, and there's

the plain truth. Who else but the cleverest would have thought of this place, and come here like a human vulture to feed upon ships and men? There have been many Edmond Czernys in the world; but this man I name chief among them, and others will name him also. We set ourselves against a hand in a million; stiff backs we need to wrestle with that; but we'll do it, old comrade, we'll see it through yet!"

It was a wild boast, yet, Heaven knows, a well-meant one. Perhaps, if he had pushed me to the confession, I would have told him that I was far from believing my own prophecies, and that, in truth, I realized, as he did, the perilous hazard of our position and all that defeat might mean to us. Just as he knew, so did I know that before the night came down dead men might lie on the rocks about me and be engulfed in that sea which beat so gently upon the lonely shore; that living men from the boats yonder might swarm in the galleries below, and women's cries be heard, and something follow which even I dare not contemplate. The dreadful truth, perhaps, kept our tongues away from it; we talked of other things, of Czerny and his house, and of what we would do if the best should befall.

"He wonderful man," old Clair-de-Lune went on, standing, like some old Neptune of the sea, bolt upright on the pinnacle of rock; "wonderful man, and none like him! Thirteen year ago he first find this place, and thirteen year he wreck the ships. I know, for there was a day when he tell me much and I listen. He say, 'Make great fortune and no trouble to earn him. If sailor-man drown, more fool he.' All the years back, hundreds of years, ships perish on Ken's Island. Czerny he hear the story in Japan, and he come to see the place for himself. They say he once sleep through the fog and mad afterwards. He no longer have right or wrong or care about the world. He come to Ken's Island and grow rich. Then his engineers find this rock. Once, long time ago, it have been part of the island, captain. The—what you say?—volocano, he shoot fire into the sea; but that was before the peoples. Czerny, he go down into the rock and he discover great cavern and little cavern, and he say, 'I live here in the sleep-time.' Plenty of money make fine house. He shut out the sea wherever he would come in; he build great windows in the rock; his *mécanicien*, he put up engine and draw air from the skies. Long year Czerny live here alone. Then one day come madame—ah, captain, I was sorry when I saw madame come! 'She will suffer here,' I said; she have suffered much already. Czerny is not as other men. If madame say to him, 'You good man; you and I live here always,' then she have everything, she go where she will, she become the master. But I say when I see her, 'No, never; she will not say that. She good woman.' And then I fear for her, captain; I fear greatly. I did not know she have the English friend who will save her."

He turned to me wistfully, and I read in

"WE HELD A COUNCIL OF WAR."

his eyes of that deep affection which little Ruth Bellenden has never failed to win from all who know and learn to love her.

Monday. At three o'clock.

We held a council of war in the great hall at this hour, and came upon a plan to meet the supreme attack which must be made upon us to-night. We are all of one mind, that Czerny will seek to rush the house under cover of the darkness, and in this the sunless day must help him. We cannot look for any moon or brightness of the stars which shall aid our eyes when the sun has set. It will be a dark night, cloudy and, perhaps, tempestuous. If the storm should break and Nature be our ally, then the worst is done with already and the end is sure. But we have no right to hope for that. We must face the situation like thinking men, prepared for any eventuality.

Now, I had slept a little at the height of the day, and the first news that they brought to me when I waked was of the surrender of the four that remained in the caverns below, and of the fidelity of the other two of Czerny's men who already had joined us. So far as I can make out there may be but one living man in the lower story of the house, and for him and his goodwill we care nothing.

The rest of the crowd we fought, seeing, perhaps, that fortune goes with us so far, will themselves stand on fortune's side and serve us faithfully. That much, at least, I put to my fellows as we sat round the table in the hall and made those plans which reason dictated.

"They'll serve," said I, "so long as we are on the winning side. We'll put them in the engine-room, where they'll keep the fires going for their own sakes. If they so much as look false, then shoot them down. It is in my mind, Captain Nepeen," said I, "that we'll have need of such a man as you, and three good fellows with you, at the lesser gate. You should find cover on the rocks while we hold the near sea for you. If Czerny gets a foothold there and beats that door in, I need not tell you how it will go with us. For the rest, I leave two men at the stairs-head and two in this hall to be at Miss Ruth's call. Peter Bligh and Dolly Venn go up with me to work the gun. If they rush it—

"WE SPRING TO OUR FEET; WE CRY, 'READY!'"

well, twenty there won't keep them back with rifles. But I count upon the coward's part, and I say that a man will think twice about dying for such as Czerny and his ambitions. Let that be in all your minds, and remember —for your own sake remember—what you are fighting for."

"For women's honour and good men's lives," said Captain Nepeen, quietly. "Yes; that's the stake, gentlemen. I don't think we need say any more to nerve our arms and clear our eyes. We fight for all that is most dear to honest men. If we fail, let us at least fail like true seamen who answer 'Here' when duty has called."

The same evening. At six o'clock.

We all dined together at this time in the large dining-room near by Miss Ruth's boudoir. An odder contrast than that between this fine room below and the still, desolate sea above, no mind could imagine. For, on the one hand, were the insignia of civilization—luxury, display, the splendid apartment, the well-dressed women, the table decked out with fine linen and silver, the windows showing the sea-depths and all their wondrous quivering life; on the other hand, the black shapes of night and death, the menace of the boats, the anchored yacht, the darkening skies, the looming island. We sat down fourteen souls, that might have met in some great country house, and there have gathered in friendship and frivolity. Never in all my life had I seen Miss Ruth so full of vivacity or girlish charm. Her laughter was like the music of bells; the jest, the kindly word was for every man; and yet sometimes I, at her side, could look deep into those grey-blue eyes to read a truer story there. And in the babble of the talk she would whisper some treasured word to me, or touch my hand with her own, or say, "Jasper, it must be well, it must be well with us!" Of that which lay above in the darkening east, no man spoke or appeared to think. There was ruby wine in our glasses; the little French girls capered about us like nymphs from the sea; we spoke of the old time, of sunny days in the blue Mediterranean, of wilder days off the English shores, of our homes so distant and our hopes so high; but never once of the night or that which must befall.

Monday. At eleven o'clock.

We have now been at our stations for two hours and nothing has transpired. I have Clair-de-Lune with me at the great sea-gate, and Dolly Venn and Seth Barker are at the gun. The night is so dark that the best-trained eye can distinguish little either on sea or land. Ken's Island itself is now but a blur of black on a cloud-veiled horizon. We have shut off every light in the house itself; the reef runs no longer beneath the sea like a vein of golden light, nor do the windows cast aureoles upon the sleeping water. What breeze there is comes in hot gusts like breath from heated waters. We cannot see Czerny's yacht nor espy any of his boats near or afar; but we crouch together in the shelter of the rocks, and there is water near to our hand, and food if we seek it, and the ammunition piled, and the barrels of the rifles outstanding, and the figures with their unspoken thoughts, their hopes, their fears of the dreadful dawn that must be. Whence out of the night shall the danger come? Shall it come, leaping and brandishing knives, a veiled army springing up from the shadows; or shall it come by stealth, boat by boat, now upon this quarter, now upon that, outposts seeking to flank us, deadly shots fired we know not where? I cannot tell you. The comrades at my side ask again and again, "Do you see anything, captain?" I answer, "Nothing!" It is the truth.

Monday. At midnight.

We are still upon the rock and the shadows engulf us. The lad at my side, sick with waiting, has curled himself up on a bed of stone and is half asleep; Seth Barker leans against a crag like some figure hewn out of granite; old Clair-de-Lune is all hunched up as a bundle. Nevertheless, masterly eyes scan the lapping waters. Will the night never speak to us? Will the day bring waiting? Ah, no! not that! A shot rings out clear on the still night air; a flash of fire leaps across the sea. We spring to our feet; we cry, "Ready!" The sixty hours are over and the end is near!

(To be concluded.)

The Humorous Artists of Australasia.

By Thomas E. Curtis.

[Attention is drawn to the fact that the present series of articles on the Humorous Artists of the World have already dealt with English artists in January, 1902; with those of Germany in April, 1901; with those of France in December, 1901; and with those of America in March, April, and May, 1902.]

IT is a truism that young countries get all that is good out of older and more settled ones. Particularly true is it of Australia. Its style of humour is certainly distinctive, but the influence of the best English and American comic art — particularly the American influence, on account of similarities of life and existence between the United States and Australia—is undeniable.

Until the great gold-finds of the early fifties of the last century, when thousands of adventurous spirits went there to seek their fortune — some, indeed, to lose all they had —Australia was practically an unknown land. Many stayed and there made their homes, forming a great, cosmopolitan, lively, and vigorous civilization, the spirit of which was enhanced by an energetic climate. Such times are ripe for the development of new and vigorous humour, and it was not long before the clever young men and women of the new-found land, stimulated by the variety of their daily life, yet influenced by the traditions of the older lands from which they came, brought into being what may now distinctly be called Australian humorous art.

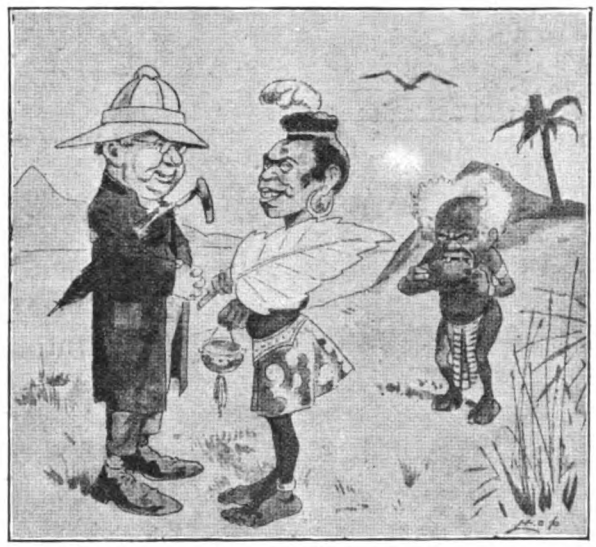
LIVINGSTONE HOPKINS ("HOP").
From a Photo. by Mr. Barnett, The Falk Studios, Melbourne.

The first humorous publication to make its appearance was the Sydney *Punch*, modelled not only in its title upon the famous London publication of that name. It ran for many years, and on its staff were men of varied ability. The most prominent of these was Alfred Clint, a man of sharp tongue and satirical pen, who ended up by becoming a scenic artist. With Clint worked Montague Scott, a kind of Australian du Maurier, and in his day a draughtsman of great merit. Some of Scott's humorous designs are now to be seen on the Sydney Post Office, but, as an Australian artist has recently pointed out, the credit of the designs of Scott and the sculptor who carried them out has been given to the Government architect of that time. It may or may not be to Scott's credit that much adverse comment has been made upon his work, but it is certainly true that many people fail to see the genuine humour in the artist's creations.

When the Sydney *Bulletin* started, about 1879, *Punch* was too feeble to stand the shock, for the *Bulletin* was an exceedingly energetic youngster, and one merely has to see it and read it to-day, in its ripe middle-age, to imagine what it was in its early youth. *Punch* existed a few years and then gave up the ghost. By this time the *Bulletin* was fairly on its feet. Amongst the first humorous artists on its staff were W. MacLeod (now the managing-director of the paper) and S. Begg (now on the staff of the *Illustrated London News*). These two clever men maintained its artistic reputation until the arrival of Livingstone Hopkins—or "Hop," as he is better known—from New York.

"Hop" belongs to the Tom Nast period of American humour—probably the best period America has ever seen. At least, it was the period of the finest humorous writings of Mark Twain, Josh Billings, and others of their school—a fine, healthy atmosphere of genuine humour, and not the forcing-frame or hot-house fun developed in recent years. "Hop" went to Australia on a three years' engagement; but finding the soil, climate, and temperament of the people most congenial has stayed twenty years, and is now a permanent fixture in the social and art life of Sydney. He is to-day more Australian than American, and is a humorist of world-wide repute, ranking, in the estimation of

many artists, with the very few of the world's real humorists. He is a man standing over six feet high, has a long, melancholy face, with large eyes and ears, like a modern Don Quixote, and wears a closely-trimmed beard. He himself tells the story of his first experience with an Australian barber. The barber accidentally cut the face of the artist, and when remonstrated with quietly remarked: "Well, you see, you are a stranger to me, and it will take me some time to get the run of your face."



THE HEATHEN IN HIS BLINDNESS: "I fear," said the new shepherd, sweetly smiling, "I fear that your father, the chieftain, does not like me!"
Cannibal Belle (apologetically): "Well, you see, Pa has turned vegetarian."
(Pa is seen in the middle distance pensively cracking a cocoanut.)
DRAWN BY "HOP" FOR THE SYDNEY "BULLETIN."

The influence exerted by Hopkins on Australian life by virtue of the political cartoons and humorous sketches which have appeared with such unfailing regularity in the *Bulletin* cannot be estimated. Long residence has given him a knowledge of the foibles of Australian human nature, which lends an individuality to everything he turns out, and the Australian would miss the signature of "Hop" from the *Bulletin* with the same poignancy of feeling which Englishmen felt when the familiar sign of "J. T." was absent from the pages of *Punch*. The influence of this man, too, on the rising generation of artists is very great. He is geniality itself, and lends a helping hand to everyone. He is a painter of considerable ability, a clever etcher, a musician, playing the violin and 'cello, both made by himself, a lecturer and after dinner speaker, and in every way an all-round man.

The popularity of "Hop" is, therefore, great not only in the art world. In his smoke-room or his den, as he calls it, may be seen not only the best-known humorous artists in Sydney, but also many evidences of his clever handiwork as a designer of furniture. On one occasion, it is reported, after contesting and losing the presidentship of the Sydney Art Society, he made a speech at a dinner of the society and humorously ended off with the remark, "Well, if you haven't elected me your president the day has not been lost. I have been spending my time profitably and now possess one of the best dog-kennels in Sydney."

In 1885 Phil May went to Australia, and the impetus given by his advent was strong and lasting. May was then almost unknown, and it was through the pages of the Sydney *Bulletin* that his work came before the eyes of the London publishers. Curiously, too, when "Phil" returned some three years afterwards to London he was hailed by these same publishers as an Australian. For some time in Sydney "Hop" and May had adjoining studios, and much of

TWO CLAY MASKS.—Hopkins, by Phil May; and Phil May, by Hopkins.

the best work done by these two men was done at that period. Their points of view and methods of work were entirely different, and on many occasions they took delight in depicting each other humorously in the *Bulletin*. It is needless here, of course, to say more about May as an Australian artist, but no account of the development of Australian humorous art would be complete without some passing mention of his well-known name. When May left Sydney a dinner was given to him, with "Hop" as chairman, by his brother artists, and that dinner marked the end of an epoch in Australian art. After quitting Sydney May worked in Melbourne during the Exhibition of 1888, when many notable people came under his observation and were depicted by his skilful pen. Mr. Melton Prior, then representing the *Illustrated London News* in Melbourne, was a favourite subject, and May's sketches of Prior calmly making a sketch of a battle on a snorting war charger, bumping about in his saddle, hat flying in air, shells bursting all around him, and medals on his breast, is among the best recollections of that happy time.

ALF. VINCENT.
From a Photo. by Mr. Barnett, The Fulk Studios, Melbourne

Imitation, more or less great, is the sincere flattery shown to the work of great artists, and the appearance in the *Bulletin* of a personality known as "Phil May II." was widely heralded. This personality was the young and exceedingly clever Alf. Vincent. The nickname was indeed flattering to so young a man—for he was but twenty—yet it was not long before he had developed a style of

HASH-HOUSE ZOOLOGY.—**Boarder**: "Bridget, there was no water in my carafe this morning."
Bridget: "Hin your phwat?"
Boarder: "In my carafe—**my** water-bottle."
Bridget (puzzled): "Well, **Oi'll** put some in roight away; but Oi always t'ought a giraffe **wuz a burrud**."
DRAWN BY ALF. VINCENT FOR THE SYDNEY "BULLETIN."

A LITERARY GRIEVANCE.—**The Youth**: "'Ave yer got the *Perleece Gazette?*"
The Shopkeeper: "Yes."
The Youth (in painfully injured tone): "Then w'y don't yer put it in the winder so's a bloke can read it?"
DRAWN BY ALF. VINCENT FOR THE SYDNEY "BULLETIN."

his own, and the Vincent drawings for the *Bulletin* are now known throughout Australia. They still bear some evidence of May's influence, but have never been slavish copies. Vincent is a native of Tasmania, and is still under thirty. After his first appearance in the *Bulletin* he contributed very little for a year or two to that paper, and was thought to be lost. His work suddenly appeared, however, in the pages of the Melbourne *Punch*, and during his three years' connection with that popular journal Vincent produced many notable drawings, the series by which he is best known being his "Colonial Premiers

A PUSHING BOY.—Lady: "Have you any tinned fish?"
Boy: "No, mum! we're just out of it; but we have some lovely tinned tacks."
DRAWN BY ALF. VINCENT FOR THE SYDNEY "BULLETIN."

About six years ago Vincent was offered a position on the Sydney *Bulletin* staff to do the familiar "Melbourne page," which had previously been done by Rossi Ashton, now well known in London, and Tom Durkin, both very clever men with different points of view. Vincent accepted the offer and has since remained with the *Bulletin*, contributing many clever drawings, both political and humorous, to that paper. It falls to the lot of few young men to be so soon appreciated, but such appreciation so

D. H. SOUTER.
From a Sketch by A. Henry Fullwood.

in England," which depicted the visit of the leading Australasian politicians to London during the Jubilee year. These humorous drawings were republished in book form and ran through several editions.

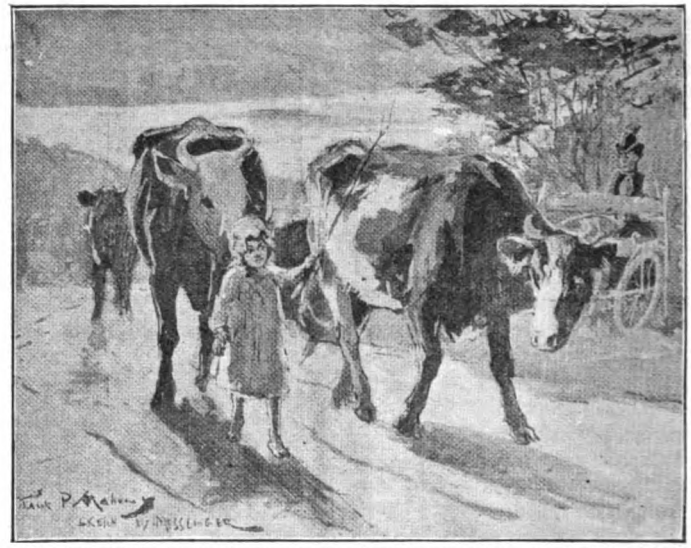
A CITY SIMILE.—Country Kid: "That's the best cow we've got."
City Kid: "Why don't you get his handlebars straightened?"
DRAWN BY D. H. SOUTER FOR THE SYDNEY "BULLETIN."

generously given should develop the rare talent that Vincent possesses.

Another well-known name is that of D. H. Souter, who draws in the decorative manner of the late Aubrey Beardsley and Will Bradley, the American poster designer. He is a Scotchman, who has been in Australia several years, and has made a specialty of humorous work from his early arrival there. He is also an expert lithographic artist, was once a scene-painter, and has a reputation for lightning sketches which few can equal in facility. In this latter work the spontaneity of his inspiration is highly appreciated. Souter is president of the Sydney Society of Artists and a trustee of the National Gallery of New South Wales, in Sydney. As a brother artist has said of him, "Souter helps to buy the nation's pictures and other works of art, and in these positions he is the most humorous of all."

FRANK P. MAHONY.
From a Photo. by H. King, Sydney, N.S.W.

Frank P. Mahony, B. E. Minns, and Fred Leist are, like Vincent, natives of Australia, and for subtle humour and draughtsmanship easily take a place in the front rank.



This is what Miss Smith, President of the New Woman Anti-Female Society, climbed the fence for the other day.

DRAWN BY F. P. MAHONY FOR THE SYDNEY "BULLETIN."

MRS. GRIGGS: "Now, William, do be keerful o' them there Christmas things."

DRAWN BY B. E. MINNS.

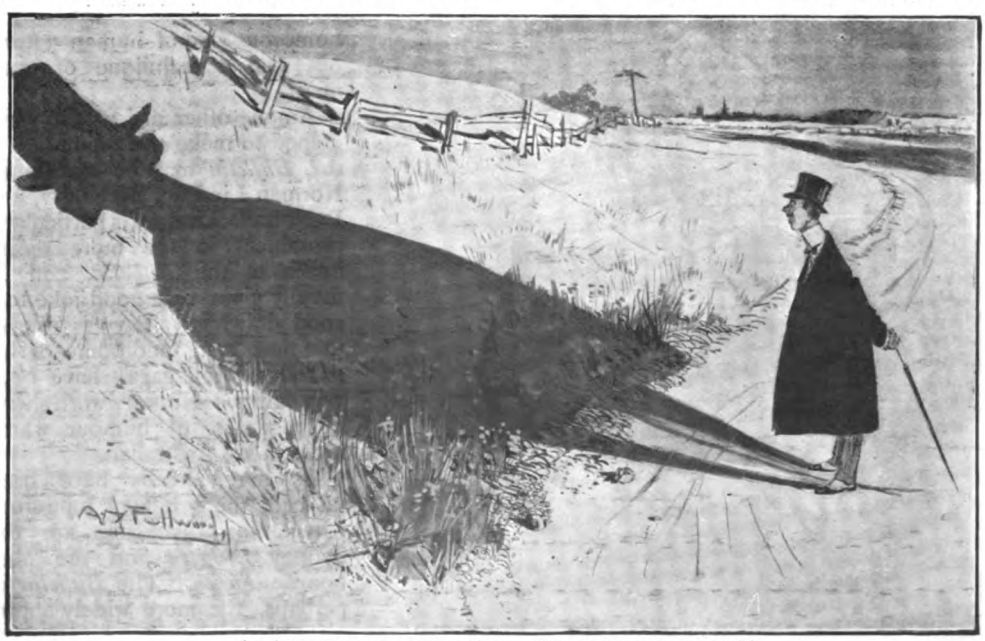
Mahony possesses a thorough knowledge of animals, which has been used to good advantage in his humorous work in the pages of the *Bulletin*. He is, moreover, a distinguished painter, and many of his canvases adorn the walls of the Sydney National Gallery. He is about thirty-eight years of age, and his training has been thoroughly Australian. Although not on the staff of the *Bulletin* his work regularly appears therein.

B. E. Minns possesses a reputation both in Australia and in London, for he is now temporarily resident in London, and his work has appeared in many of the English comic papers. The connection early formed by him with the *Bulletin* still continues, and it is a rare thing for an issue of the *Bulletin* to appear without one of his drawings. All of this work, of course, is regularly forwarded to Australia. Minns was born in the Bush, and never saw a city till he went, at the age of nineteen, to Sydney, to be articled as a solicitor's clerk. He put in most of his time, however, drawing heads and figures instead of deeds, and finally left one black art for the other, which he was better fitted for. He has seven pictures in the Sydney Gallery, paints landscapes and heads of aborigines, and was once vice-president of the Art Society of New South Wales. His growing reputation in London may give some idea of the esteem in which his work is held in Australia.

A. HENRY FULLWOOD.
From a Photo. by J. H. Newman, Sydney, N.S.W.

The humorous draughtsmanship of Fred Leist first appeared in the *Bulletin*. He had been in obscurity for many years as a designer of furniture, when he was taken up by the *Bulletin* and his talent encouraged. He is about thirty, has illustrated many tales of a humorous nature, and has a strong and individual style.

The artist most influenced by "Hop" is probably A. Dyson, who has done many drawings in the "Hop" style and manner both for the Melbourne *Punch* and the Sydney *Bulletin*. He is a young man of much promise, and, like many others, owes his encouragement to the talented Scotchmen who are so prominent in the management and editorship of the Australian humorous Press. The editor of the *Bulletin*, Mr.



AN AUSTRALIAN SHADOW.—Cholly: "Great Scott! Is that me?"
DRAWN BY A. HENRY FULLWOOD.

AT ROSENBLOOM'S MUSICALE: "Von't you sing something, Mrs. Sneiderthal?"
"Well, I'll try."
"Certainly! Certainly! That's vat I meant."
DRAWN BY BERT LEVY FOR THE SYDNEY "BULLETIN."

Archibald, has a fine sense of humour and is himself a powerful writer.

The work of Mr. A. Henry Fullwood, who, from personal acquaintanceship with many of the artists mentioned in this article, has kindly supplied us with much of the information herein contained, is likewise well known. Mr. Fullwood is now resident in London, and his drawings in the *Bulletin* showed not only a keen appreciation of the

A REASONABLE PROPOSITION.—Fighting Mac: "Gimme a match."
The Lock-up Keeper: "Look 'ere, you ain't going to smoke in there."
F. M.: "Orlright, jist open the dhure, and I'll go outside and shmoke!"
DRAWN BY NORMAN LINDSAY FOR THE SYDNEY "BULLETIN."

PRECAUTION.—"Tnat plackguard's hookin' it vith von of my coats on. Fire at him trousers, Ikey."
DRAWN BY NORMAN LINDSAY FOR THE SYDNEY "BULLETIN."

humorous side of human nature, but also a technique of great merit.

Among other artists who have helped to make the reputation of the *Bulletin* may be mentioned Norman Lindsay, Bert Levy, and P. Nuttall. Lindsay is particularly prominent in the more recent issues of the *Bulletin*, and he usually gives us a good joke to a good drawing. Levy is one of the new men, and some of his so-called "Jew gags" have been very funny. Nuttall's work shows a broadness of humour which is distinctly Australian.

As may already have been noticed, the principal humorous papers in Australasia are the Sydney *Bulletin* and the Melbourne *Punch*. The *Bulletin* is, perhaps, the more widely appreciated journal, because it contains the best work of the best writers

and draughtsmen. It is familiarly known as the "Bushmen's Bible," and each issue is eagerly read by thousands and thousands of people. It particularly encourages young and unknown art students, and the prices paid to staff men and outsiders compare favourably with the prices paid in the Mother Country. In the minds of many people the paper was at its best when Phil May was on it, but with a staff so brilliant as that which it possesses no one can dare say that the future of the *Bulletin* will be less bright than its splendid past.

HARRY ROUNTREE.
From a Photo. by the Sarony Studio, Newton, Auckland, N.Z.

The Melbourne *Punch*, which has often been referred to previously, was originally a close imitation of the London *Punch*, its principal cartoonist having been "Tom Carrington," whose reputation will always be firmly connected with the history of Australian humorous art. This paper was founded in 1855 by Mr. Edgar Ray, but it was not until after its purchase by the M'Kinley Brothers in 1872 that it began to exert a distinct influence upon social and political life, and its political cartoon has since been an acknowledged power. The story is told that one cartoon, which appeared in the old days, called forth great admiration and increased the circulation of the paper. At that time Parliamentary matters were very quiet, and the place of the cartoon in the particular issue referred to was occupied by blank paper, with these words underneath: "The Political Situation: 'A blank, my lord.' — Shakespeare." The public thought it a happy hit; but, as one who knows about it has written, "Only those behind the scenes knew that necessity was in this case the mother of invention. The artist had not been paid and had struck work, the paper was compelled to come out without its cartoon, and the editor's wit concealed the proprietors' temporary poverty."

The work of Carrington, who followed Tenniel closely in his draughtsmanship, and who has had wide experience on the now defunct *Sketcher* and the *Australasian*, did much to give the Melbourne *Punch* an acknowledged position. The paper was later served by an American, Luther D. Bradley, who was the soul of *Punch* for several years, and whose artistic record in Australia was remarkable. His conception of the late Sir Henry Parkes as an octopus is remembered with the same gratification as are the exceedingly clever pictorial skits on the first Berry Ministry and the Embassy to London now associated with Carrington's name. When, by the way, the latter artist left the *Sketcher* he was succeeded by Rossi Ashton, who later worked on *Punch*. Ashton also

THE PLEASURES OF CYCLING.—"On Sunday I went for a short ride. It was wet!"—*Extract from diary.*
DRAWN BY HARRY ROUNTREE.

did the Melbourne cartoon for the *Bulletin*.

Most of the Melbourne *Punch* work is now done by Alek Sass and G. H. Dancey. Dancey supplies full-page cartoons, generally on national subjects. The style of Sass, although it is somewhat too local in nature to be generally appreciated by the English public, is widely appreciated over-seas. Sass received his artistic training at the Melbourne Gallery.

It is a peculiarity of Australasian journalism that no papers exist wholly devoted to comic work, such as *Punch* in England or *Fliegende Blätter* in Germany. With the exception of occasional "Annuals," such as the well-known *Henslowe's Annual*, from which we reproduce a drawing by "Pasquin," a clever artist, the daily and weekly Press provide all the humour necessary for the public, and many of the weeklies have given generous space to the humorous draughtsman. Reputations, however, have been local rather than national. The drawings of J. H. Chinner, whose connection with *Quiz*, of Adelaide, began many years ago, helped to give that paper an influential position. Chinner's great merits, his facility in catching and recording likenesses and his aptness with the pencil, quickly made for him a special place in the ranks of humorous artists. In the same way the work of W. Blomfield, who for many years has done humorous work for the Auckland *Observer*, has given to this artist a reputation which, although confined to New Zealand, is no less noteworthy because his humour has been expended on subjects of a local nature. "Blo," as he signs himself and as he is popularly known, is a specialist in political and personal buffoonery, and his cartoons are well liked by the public of "Maoriland," a name given happily to New Zealand by the Sydney *Bulletin*, which promises to pass into the language. "Blo" is about forty, and his draughtsmanship is of the broad and often crude quality which results when training has been lacking. In New Zealand the American, and not the English, style of humour is, as in Australia, best liked, and a large amount of the comic work in the Press is, we regret to say, lifted from the American comic weeklies. This, however, does not prevent the development of native talent, and in this connection it may be interesting to note the rapid rise of Harry Rountree, whose abilities as a humorous draughtsman and news artist have been recently recognised in New Zealand. Rountree's work has also appeared in London papers, particularly in *The King*, and the young artist promises to make for himself an important position in art.

Two other New Zealand artists should here be mentioned—Ashley Hunter and E. B. Vaughan, both of whom have worked for the New Zealand *Graphic*. Hunter's success has lain in the facility with which he ridicules the craze in New Zealand for Governmental panaceas for all political ills. The work of Vaughan, like that of many of his *confrères*, has been too local to give him the reputation which his undoubted abilities deserve.

The future of Australasian art, and particularly that form of it which has here been under discussion, should be brilliant. Encouragement is cheerfully given by the Press and Government to artists, and the freedom of life to be found in the Colonies ought to afford to the artistic world a variety of subjects which should prevent humorous draughtsmanship from getting flat, stale, and hide-bound. The lurking danger of comic art in communities where conservatism of thought and feeling is less to be met with than in older and more staid communities is a broadness and exaggeration in humour and in expression at which many may look askance. In our selection of drawings we have attempted to reproduce those which were humorous in spirit, treated with skill by the artist, and, if the word must be used, unobjectionable. From a purely English point of view there are many drawings and jokes published in the Australasian Press which show a freedom rarely to be found either in England or America.

THE MUMMER.—Mr. Craypaire: "You must find it doocid hard to make both ends meet, eh?" Super: "Sir! I am an actor, not a contortionist."
DRAWN BY "PASQUIN" FOR "HENSLOWE'S ANNUAL."

A Tiger's Skin

THE travelling sign-painter who was re-painting the sign of the Cauliflower was enjoying a well-earned respite from his labours. On the old table under the shade of the elms mammoth sandwiches and a large slice of cheese waited in an untied handkerchief until such time as his thirst should be satisfied. At the other side of the table the oldest man in Claybury, drawing gently at a long clay pipe, turned a dim and regretful eye up at the old sign-board.

"I've drunk my beer under it for pretty near seventy years," he said, with a sigh. "It's a pity it couldn't ha' lasted my time."

The painter, slowly pushing a wedge of sandwich into his mouth, regarded him indulgently.

"It's all through two young gentlemen as was passing through 'ere a month or two ago," continued the old man; "they told Smith, the landlord, they'd been looking all over the place for the Cauliflower, and when Smith showed 'em the sign they said they thought it was the George the Fourth, and a very good likeness, too."

The painter laughed and took another look at the old sign; then, with the nervousness of the true artist, he took a look at his own. One or two shadows——

He flung his legs over the bench and took up his brushes. In ten minutes the most fervent loyalist would have looked in vain for any resemblance, and with a sigh at the pitfalls which beset the artist he returned to his interrupted meal and hailed the house for more beer.

"There's nobody could mistake your sign for anything but a cauliflower," said the old man; "it looks good enough to eat."

The painter smiled and pushed his mug across the table. He was a tender-hearted man, and once—when painting the sign of the Sir Wilfrid Lawson—knew himself what it was to lack beer. He began to discourse on art, and spoke somewhat disparagingly of the cauliflower as a subject. With a shake of his head he spoke of the possibilities of a spotted cow or a blue lion.

"Talking of lions," said the ancient, musingly, "I s'pose as you never 'eard tell of the Claybury tiger? It was afore your time in these parts, I expect."

The painter admitted his ignorance, and, finding that the allusion had no reference to an inn, pulled out his pipe and prepared to listen.

"It's a while ago now," said the old man, slowly, "and the circus the tiger belonged to was going through Claybury to get to Wickham, when, just as they was passing Gill's farm, a steam-engine they 'ad to draw some o' the vans broke down, and they 'ad to stop while the blacksmith mended it. That being so, they put up a big tent and 'ad the circus 'ere.

"I was one o' them as went, and I must say it was worth the money, though Henery Walker was disappointed at the man who put 'is 'ead in the lion's mouth. He said that the man frightened the lion first, before 'e did it.

"It was a great night for Claybury, and for about a week nothing else was talked of. All the children was playing at being lions and tigers and such-like, and young Roberts pretty near broke 'is back trying to see if he could ride horseback standing up.

"It was about two weeks after the circus 'ad gone when a strange thing 'appened: the big tiger broke loose. Bill Chambers brought the news first, 'aving read it in the newspaper while 'e was 'aving his tea. He brought out the paper and showed us, and soon after we 'eard all sorts o' tales of its doings.

"At first we thought the tiger was a long way off, and we was rather amused at it. Frederick Scott laughed 'imself silly a'most up 'ere one night thinking 'ow surprised a man would be if 'e come 'ome one night and found the tiger sitting in his arm-chair eating the baby. It didn't seem much of a laughing matter to me, and I said so; none of us liked it, and even Sam Jones, as 'ad got twins for the second time, said 'Shame!' But Frederick Scott was a man as would laugh at anything.

"When we 'eard that the tiger 'ad been seen within three miles of Claybury things began to look serious, and Peter Gubbins said that something ought to be done, but before we could think of anything to do something 'appened.

"We was sitting up 'ere one evening 'aving a mug o' beer and a pipe—same as I might be now if I'd got any baccy left—and talking about it, when we 'eard a shout and saw a ragged-looking tramp running towards us as ard as he could run. Every now and then he'd look over 'is shoulder and give a shout, and then run 'arder than afore.

"'It's the *tiger!*' ses Bill Chambers, and afore you could wink a'most he was inside the house, 'aving first upset Smith and a pot o' beer in the doorway.

"Before he could get up, Smith 'ad to wait till we was all in. His langwidge was awful for a man as 'ad a license to lose, and everybody shouting 'Tiger!' as they trod on 'im didn't ease 'is mind. He was inside a'most as soon as the last man, though, and in a flash he 'ad the door bolted just as the tramp flung 'imself agin it, all out of breath and sobbing 'is hardest to be let in.

"'Open the door,' he ses, banging on it.

"'Go away,' ses Smith.

"'It's the tiger,' screams the tramp; 'open the door.'

"'You go away,' ses Smith, 'you're attracting it to my place; run up the road and draw it off.'

"Just at that moment John Biggs, the blacksmith, come in from the tap-room, and as soon as he 'eard wot was the matter 'e took down Smith's gun from behind the bar and said he was going out to look after the wimmen and children.

"'Open the door,' he ses.

"He was trying to get out and the tramp outside was trying to get in, but Smith held on to that door like a Briton. Then John Biggs lost 'is temper, and he ups with the gun—Smith's own gun, mind you—and fetches 'im a bang over the 'ead with it. Smith fell down at once, and afore we could 'elp ourselves the door was open, the tramp was inside, and John Biggs was running up the road, shouting 'is hardest.

"We 'ad the door closed afore you could wink a'most, and then, while the tramp lay in a corner 'aving brandy, Mrs. Smith got a bowl of water and a sponge and knelt down bathing 'er husband's 'ead with it.

"'Did you see the tiger?' ses Bill Chambers.

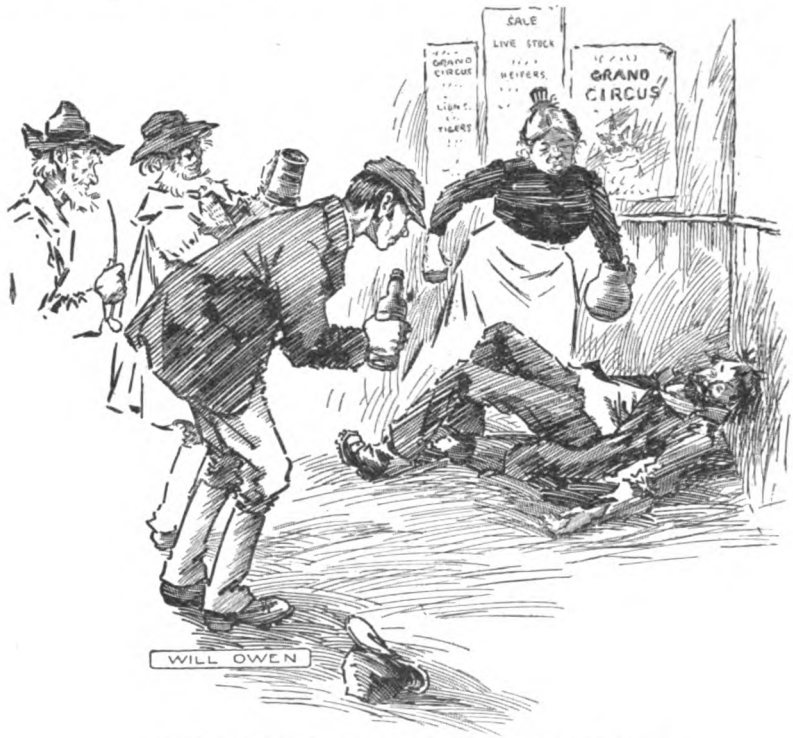
"'See it?' ses the tramp, with a shiver. 'Oh, Lord!'

"He made signs for more brandy, and Henery Walker, wot was acting as landlord, without being asked, gave it to 'im.

"'It chased me for over a mile,' ses the tramp; 'my 'art's breaking.'

"He gave a groan and fainted right off. A terrible faint it was, too, and for some time we thought 'e'd never come round agin. First they poured brandy down 'is throat, then gin, and then beer, and still 'e didn't come round, but lay quiet with 'is eyes closed and a horrible smile on 'is face.

"He come round at last, and with nothing stronger than water, which Mrs. Smith kept pouring into 'is mouth. First thing we noticed was that the smile went, then 'is eyes opened, and suddenly 'e sat up with a shiver and gave such a dreadful scream that we thought at first the tiger was on top of us.



"FOR SOME TIME WE THOUGHT 'E'D NEVER COME ROUND AGIN."

"Then 'e told us 'ow he was sitting washing 'is shirt in a ditch, when he 'eard a snuffling noise and saw the 'ead of a big tiger sticking through the hedge the other side. He left 'is shirt and ran, and 'e said that, fortunately, the tiger stopped to tear the shirt to pieces, else 'is last hour would 'ave arrived.

"When 'e 'ad finished Smith went upstairs and looked out of the bedroom winders, but 'e couldn't see any signs of the tiger, and 'e said no doubt it 'ad gone down to the village to see wot it could pick up, or p'r'aps it 'ad eaten John Biggs.

"However that might be, nobody cared to go outside to see, and after it got dark we liked going 'ome less than ever.

"Up to ten o'clock we did very well, and then Smith began to talk about 'is license. He said it was all rubbish being afraid to go 'ome, and that, at any rate, the tiger couldn't eat more than one of us, and while 'e was doing that there was the chance for the others to get 'ome safe. Two or three of 'em took a dislike to Smith that night and told 'im so.

"The end of it was we all slept in the tap-room that night. It seemed strange at first, but anything was better than going 'ome in the dark, and we all slept till about four next morning, when we woke up and found the tramp 'ad gone and left the front-door standing wide open.

"We took a careful look-out, and by-and-by first one started off and then another to see whether their wives and children 'ad been eaten or not. Not a soul 'ad been touched, but the wimmen and children was that scared there was no doing anything with 'em. None o' the children would go to school, and they sat at 'ome all day with the front-winder blocked up with a mattress to keep the tiger out.

"Nobody liked going to work, but it 'ad to be done, and as Farmer Gill said that tigers went to sleep all day and only came out towards evening we was a bit comforted. Not a soul went up to the Cauliflower that evening for fear of coming 'ome in the dark, but as nothing 'appened that night we began to 'ope as the tiger 'ad travelled farther on.

"Bob Pretty laughed at the whole thing and said 'e didn't believe there was a tiger; but nobody minded wot 'e said, Bob Pretty being, as I've often told people, the black sheep o' Claybury, wot with poaching and, wot was worse, 'is artfulness.

"But the very next morning something 'appened that made Bob Pretty look silly and wish 'e 'adn't talked quite so fast; for at five o'clock Frederick Scott, going down to feed 'is hins, found as the tiger 'ad been there afore 'im and 'ad eaten no less than seven of 'em. The side of the hin-'ouse was all broke in, there was a few feathers lying on the ground, and two little chicks smashed and dead beside 'em.

"The way Frederick Scott went on about it you'd 'ardly believe. He said that Govinment 'ud 'ave to make it up to 'im, and instead o' going to work 'e put the two little chicks and the feathers into a pudding basin and walked to Cudford, four miles off, where they 'ad a policeman.

"'E PUT THE TWO LITTLE CHICKS AND THE FEATHERS INTO A PUDDING BASIN AND WALKED TO CUDFORD."

"He saw the policeman, William White by name, standing at the back-door o' the Fox and Hounds public-house, throwing a 'andful o' corn to the landlord's fowls, and the first thing Mr. White ses was, 'It's off my beat,' he ses.

"'But you might do it in your spare time, Mr. White,' ses Frederick Scott. 'It's very likely that the tiger'll come back to my hin-'ouse to-night for the rest of 'em, and he'd be very surprised if 'e popped 'is 'ead in and see you there waiting for 'im.'

"'He'd 'ave reason to be,' ses Policeman White, staring at 'im.

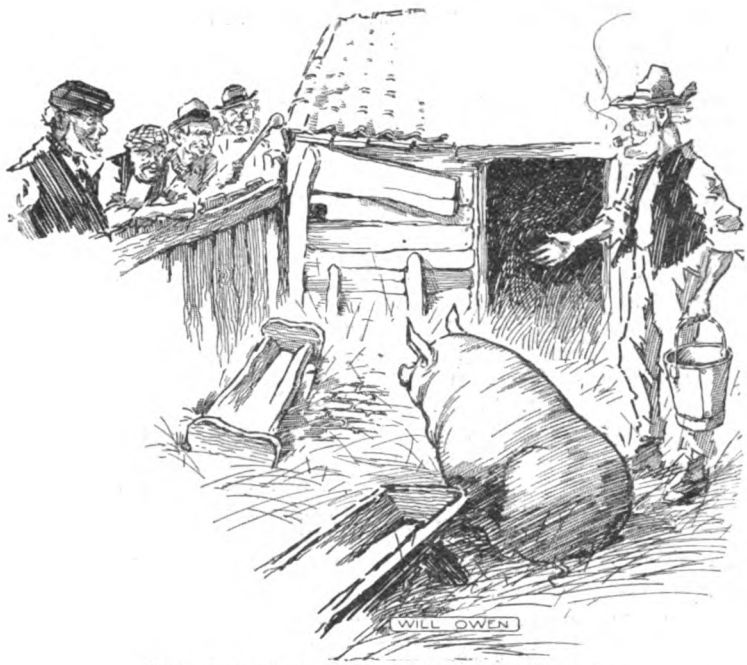
"'Think of the praise you'd get,' said Frederick Scott, coaxing like.

"'Look 'ere,' ses Policeman White, 'if you don't take yourself and that pudding basin off pretty quick, you'll come along o' me, d'ye see? You've been drinking and you're in a excited state.'

"He gave Frederick Scott a push and follered 'im along the road, and every time Frederick stopped to ask 'im wot 'e was doing of 'e gave 'im another push to show 'im.

"Frederick Scott told us all about it that evening, and some of the bravest of us went up to the Cauliflower to talk over wot was to be done, though we took care to get 'ome while it was quite light. That night Peter Gubbins's two pigs went. They were two o' the likeliest pigs I ever seed, and all Peter Gubbins could do was to sit up in bed shivering and listening to their squeals as the tiger dragged 'em off. Pretty near all Claybury was round that sty next morning looking at the broken fence. Some of them looked for the tiger's footmarks, but it was dry weather and they couldn't see any. Nobody knew whose turn it would be next, and the most sensible man there, Sam Jones, went straight off 'ome and killed his pig afore 'e went to work.

"Nobody knew wot to do; Farmer Hall said as it was a soldier's job, and 'e drove over to Wickham to tell the police so, but nothing came of it, and that night at ten minutes to twelve Bill Chambers's pig went. It was one o' the biggest pigs ever raised in Claybury, but the tiger got it off as easy as



"ONE O' THE BIGGEST PIGS EVER RAISED IN CLAYBURY."

possible. Bill 'ad the bravery to look out of the winder when 'e 'eard the pig squeal, but there was such a awful snarling noise that 'e daresn't move 'and or foot.

"Dicky Weed's idea was for people with pigs and such-like to keep 'em in the house of a night, but Peter Gubbins and Bill Chambers both pointed out that the tiger could break a back-door with one blow of 'is paw, and that if 'e got inside he might take something else instead o' pig. And they said that it was no worse for other people to lose pigs than wot it was for them.

"The odd thing about it was that all this time nobody 'ad ever seen the tiger except the tramp, and people sent their children back to school agin and felt safe going about in the daytime till little Charlie Gubbins came running 'ome crying and saying that 'e'd seen it. Next morning a lot more children see it and was afraid to go to school, and people began to wonder wot 'ud happen when all the pigs and poultry was eaten.

"Then Henery Walker see it. We was sitting inside 'ere with scythes, and pitch-forks, and such-like things handy, when we see 'im come in without 'is hat. His eyes was staring and 'is hair was all rumpled. He called for a pot o' ale and drank it nearly off, and then 'e sat gasping and 'olding the mug between 'is legs and shaking 'is 'ead at the floor till everybody 'ad left off talking to look at 'im.

"'Wot's the matter, Henery?' ses one of 'em.

"'Don't ask me,' ses Henery Walker, with a shiver.

"'You don't mean to say as 'ow you've seen the tiger?' ses Bill Chambers.

"Henery Walker didn't answer 'im. He got up and walked back'ards and for'ards, still with that frightened look in 'is eyes, and once or twice 'e give such a terrible start that 'e frightened us 'arf out of our wits. Then Bill Chambers took and forced 'im into a chair and give 'im two o' gin and patted 'im on the back, and at last Henery Walker got 'is senses back agin and told us 'ow the tiger 'ad chased 'im all round and round the trees in Plashett's Wood until 'e managed to climb up a tree and escape it. He said the tiger 'ad kept 'im there for over an hour, and then suddenly turned round and bolted off up the road to Wickham.

"It was a merciful escape, and everybody said so except Sam Jones, and 'e asked so many questions that at last Henery Walker asked 'im outright if 'e disbelieved 'is word.

"'It's all right, Sam,' ses Bob Pretty, as 'ad come in just after Henery Walker. 'I see 'im with the tiger after 'im.'

"'*Wot?*' ses Henery, staring at 'im.

"'I see it all, Henery,' ses Bob Pretty, 'and I see your pluck. It was all you could do to make up your mind to run from it. I believe if you'd 'ad a fork in your 'and you'd 'ave made a fight for it.'

"Everybody said 'Bravo!'; but Henery Walker didn't seem to like it at all. He sat still, looking at Bob Pretty, and at last 'e ses, 'Where was you?' 'e ses.

"'Up another tree, Henery, where you couldn't see me,' ses Bob Pretty, smiling at 'im.

"Henery Walker, wot was drinking some beer, choked a bit, and then 'e put the mug

down and went straight off 'ome without saying a word to anybody. I knew 'e didn't like Bob Pretty, but I couldn't see why 'e should be cross about 'is speaking up for 'im as 'e had done, but Bob said as it was 'is modesty, and 'e thought more of 'im for it.

"After that things got worse than ever; the wimmen and children stayed indoors and kept the doors shut, and the men never knew when they went out to work whether they'd come 'ome agin. They used to kiss their children afore they went out of a morning, and their wives too, some of 'em; even men who'd been married for years did. And several more of 'em see the tiger while they was at work, and came running 'ome to tell about it.

"The tiger 'ad been making free with Claybury pigs and such-like for pretty near a week, and nothing 'ad been done to try and catch it, and wot made Claybury men madder than anything else was folks at Wickham saying it was all a mistake, and the tiger 'adn't escaped at all. Even parson, who'd been away for a holiday, said so, and Henery Walker told 'is wife that if she ever set foot inside the church agin 'e'd ask 'is old mother to come and live with 'em.

"He was a quiet man, was George, but when 'is temper was up 'e didn't care for anything. Afore he came to Claybury 'e 'ad been in the Militia, and that evening at the Cauliflower 'e turned up with a gun over 'is shoulder and made a speech, and asked who was game to go with 'im and hunt the tiger. Bill Chambers, who was still grieving after 'is pig, said 'e would, then another man offered, until at last there was seventeen of 'em. Some of 'em 'ad scythes and some pitchforks, and one or two of 'em guns, and it was one o' the finest sights I ever seed when George Kettle stood 'em in rows of four and marched 'em off.

"They went straight up the road, then across Farmer Gill's fields to get to Plashett's Wood, where they thought the tiger 'ud most likely be, and the nearer they got to the wood the slower they walked. The sun 'ad just gone down and the wood looked very quiet and dark, but John Biggs, the blacksmith, and George Kettle walked in first and the others follered, keeping so close together that Sam Jones 'ad a few words over his shoulder with Bill Chambers about the way 'e was carrying 'is pitchfork.

"'ARE YOU BRAVE LADS A-LOOKING FOR THE TIGER?' HE ASKS."

"It was all very well for parson to talk, but the very night he come back Henery Walker's pig went, and at the same time George Kettle lost five or six ducks.

"Every now and then somebody 'ud say, '*Wot's that?*' and they'd all stop and crowd together and think the time 'ad come, but it 'adn't, and then they'd go on agin, trembling, until they'd walked all round the wood without seeing anything but one or two rabbits. John Biggs and George Kettle wanted for to stay there till it was dark, but the others

wouldn't 'ear of it for fear of frightening their wives, and just as it was getting dark they all come tramp, tramp, back to the Cauliflower agin.

"Smith stood 'em 'arf a pint apiece, and they was all outside 'ere fancying theirselves a bit for wot they'd done when we see old man Parsley coming along on two sticks as fast as 'e could come.

"'Are you brave lads a-looking for the tiger?' he asks.

"'Yes,' ses John Biggs.

"'Then 'urry up, for the sake of mercy,' ses old Mr. Parsley, putting 'is 'and on the table and going off into a fit of coughing; 'it's just gone into Bob Pretty's cottage. I was passing and saw it.'

"George Kettle snatches up 'is gun and shouts out to 'is men to come along. Some of 'em was for 'anging back at first, some because they didn't like the tiger and some because they didn't like Bob Pretty, but John Biggs drove 'em in front of 'im like a flock o' sheep and then they gave a cheer and ran after George Kettle, full pelt up the road.

"A few wimmen and children was at their doors as they passed, but they took fright and went indoors screaming. There was a lamp in Bob Pretty's front room, but the door was closed and the 'ouse was as silent as the grave.

"George Kettle and the men with the guns went first, then came the pitchforks, and last of all the scythes. Just as George Kettle put 'is 'and on the door he 'eard something moving inside, and the next moment the door opened and there stood Bob Pretty.

"'Wot the dickens!' 'e ses, starting back as 'e see the guns and pitchforks pointing at 'im.

"''Ave you killed it, Bob?' ses George Kettle.

"'Killed *wot?*' ses Bob Pretty. 'Be careful o' them guns. Take your fingers off the triggers.'

"'The tiger's in your 'ouse, Bob,' ses George Kettle, in a whisper. ''Ave you on'y just come in?'

"'Look 'ere,' ses Bob Pretty. 'I don't want any o' your games. You go and play 'em somewhere else.'

"'It ain't a game,' ses John Biggs; 'the tiger's in your 'ouse and we're going to kill it. Now, then, lads.'

"They all went in in a 'eap, pushing Bob Pretty in front of 'em, till the room was full. Only one man with a scythe got in, and they wouldn't 'ave let 'im in if they'd known. It a'most made 'em forget the tiger for the time.

"George Kettle opened the door wot led into the kitchen, and then 'e sprang back with such a shout that the man with the scythe tried to escape, taking Henery Walker along with 'im. George Kettle tried to speak, but couldn't. All 'e could do was to point with 'is finger at Bob Pretty's kitchen—*and Bob Pretty's kitchen was for all the world like a pork-butcher's shop!* There was joints o' pork 'anging from the ceiling, two brine tubs as full as they could be, and quite a string of fowls and ducks all ready for market.

"BOB PRETTY'S KITCHEN WAS FOR ALL THE WORLD LIKE A PORK-BUTCHER'S SHOP!"

"'Wot d'ye mean by coming into my 'ouse?' ses Bob Pretty, blustering. 'If you don't clear out pretty quick, I'll make you.'

"Nobody answered 'im; they was all examining 'ands o' pork and fowls and such-like.

"'There's the tiger,' ses Henery Walker, pointing at Bob Pretty; 'that's wot old man Parsley meant.'

"'Somebody go and fetch Policeman White,' ses a voice.

"'I wish they would,' ses Bob Pretty. 'I'll 'ave the law on you all for breaking into my 'ouse like this, see if I don't.'

"'Where'd you get all this pork from?' ses the blacksmith.

"'And them ducks and hins?' ses George Kettle.

"'That's my bisness,' ses Bob Pretty, staring 'em full in the face. 'I just 'ad a excellent oppertunity offered me of going into the pork and poultry line and I took it. Now, all them as doesn't want to buy any pork or fowls go out o' my 'ouse.'

"'You're a thief, Bob Pretty!' says Henery Walker. 'You stole it all.'

"'Take care wot you're saying, Henery,' ses Bob Pretty, 'else I'll make you prove your words.'

"'You stole my pig,' ses Herbert Smith.

"'Oh, 'ave I?' ses Bob, reaching down a 'and o' pork. 'Is that your pig?' he ses.

"'It's just about the size o' my pore pig,' ses Herbert Smith.

"'Very usual size, I call it,' ses Bob Pretty; 'and them ducks and hins very usual-looking hins and ducks, I call 'em, except that they don't grow 'em so fat in these parts. It's a fine thing when a man's doing a honest bisness to 'ave these charges brought agin 'im. Dis-'eartening, I call it. I don't mind telling you that the tiger got in at my back-winder the other night and took arf a pound o' sausages, but you don't 'ear me complaining and going about calling other people thieves.'

"'Tiger be hanged,' ses Henery Walker, who was almost certain that a loin o' pork on the table was off 'is pig; 'you're the only tiger in these parts.'

"'Why, Henery,' ses Bob Pretty, 'wot are you a-thinkin' of? Where's your memory? Why, it's on'y two or three days ago you see it and 'ad to get up a tree out of its way.'

"He smiled and shook 'is 'ead at 'im, but Henery Walker on'y kept opening and shutting 'is mouth, and at last 'e went outside without saying a word.

"'And Sam Jones see it, too,' ses Bob Pretty; 'didn't you, Sam?'

"Sam didn't answer 'im.

"'And Charlie Hall and Jack Minns and a lot more,' ses Bob; 'besides, I see it myself. I can believe my own eyes, I s'pose?'

"'We'll have the law on you,' ses Sam Jones.

"'As *you* like,' ses Bob Pretty; 'but I tell you plain, I've got all the bills for this properly made out, upstairs. And there's pretty near a dozen of you as'll 'ave to go in the box and swear as you saw the tiger. Now, can I sell any of you a bit o' pork afore you go? It's delicious eating, and as soon as you taste it you'll know it wasn't grown in Claybury. Or a pair o' ducks wot 'ave come from two 'undered miles off, and yet look as fresh as if they was on'y killed last night.'

"George Kettle, whose ducks 'ad gone the night afore, went into the front room and walked up and down fighting for 'is breath, but it was all no good; nobody ever got the better o' Bob Pretty. None of 'em could swear to their property, and even when it became known a month later that Bob Pretty and the tramp knew one another, nothing was done. But nobody ever 'eard any more of the tiger from that day to this."

The Arcadian Calendar.

June.

By E. D. Cuming and J. A. Shepherd

ANY number of flowers are out, and the bees are filling their pockets industriously. With all their sterling qualities bees are very inhospitable: the hive is a club to which no visitors are admitted; but if a honey-laden stranger come weary to the door, they bring him in, turn out his pockets, and then bundle him out. An empty-handed visitor may consider himself lucky if he escape alive. The mole, who worked even more hours per week last month than usual, lays aside his spade of an evening now, and comes out to enjoy the air; a thirsty soul, like some other miners on holiday, he drinks frequently—so often that he makes a regular path to the nearest water. He is sometimes to be seen wandering about disconsolately when his galleries have been flooded: you wonder if he is trading on his reputation for blindness and begging charity from passers-by. His sight certainly is not keen, but it is as good as he wants. Insect-eating birds, particularly such as the fly-catcher, find it difficult to do their marketing for a family in rainy weather when gnats and flies stay at home. The swallow gets over the difficulty by eating small beetles, and no doubt finds them an agreeable change; but the spotted fly-catcher must sometimes go hungry: he might profitably copy the red-backed shrike, the "butcher-bird," who impales on the thorns of some bush a choice assortment of bees, beetles, spiders, and even mice and small birds, for future use. Does this kind of thing ever happen?

"THE BLIND IMPOSTOR."

"Oblige me," said the fly-catcher, "with half an ounce of gnat,
Nice tender flies or midges for Sunday's nursery dinner;
Or else I'll take some spider-chops, but please to cut them fat,
Food's been so hard to find of late my chicks grow daily thinner.'

"This is my private larder; I—aw—do not keep a *shop*,"
The butcher-bird made answer, with magnificent disdain.
"But since your chicks are hungry you can have this spider-chop,
You needn't mind explaining and you needn't call again."

It is to be feared that if a fly-catcher *did* appeal to the butcher-bird he would run serious risk of being added to the larder himself.

The house-martin is skimming to and fro along the street, swooping up at every turn to kiss his wife as she sits on her eggs looking out of the window, or bring her a fly, or inquire whether the sparrows have been threatening her again. The sparrows hold mass meetings and pass resolutions concerning the sacred rights of numbers, and then go and hustle the martin off her nest by force to give it to some prominent sparrow agitator. It does not always pay, because the martins have been known to assemble and wall up the door with the sparrow inside

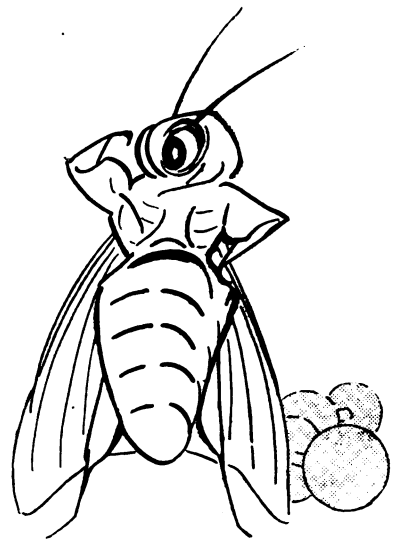
"HE CAN'T FIND ROOM FOR ANOTHER."

The swifts have resigned themselves to family duties and have made some slovenly repairs to their old nests in holes in the church-tower. A few odds and ends of straw, grass, and feathers held together with a sticky secretion produced by the bird is good enough for the two white eggs. Sometimes two hens go shares in one nest to save trouble. Domesticity is not the swift's strong point; early or late, they would far rather be out of doors playing their endless game of follow my leader than looking after their nests.

The grasshoppers are abroad, skipping from somewhere to nowhere with reckless gaiety: the grasshopper never looks before he leaps, and is horribly surprised when a record jump, made amid the applause of admiring friends, takes him into the stream. Struggles are useless, and the first passing trout relieves him of all concern with this world. The latest-hatched young trout are out of long clothes by June, have given up—that is, have taken in—their feeding-bottles, and are real trout-fry, a fruitful source of joy to all, from the kingfisher to their own fathers, mothers, uncles, and aunts. Practically all our thirty-nine sorts of dragon-fly are out now. The dragon-fly attains full manhood a few days after he struggles out of his nymph-case, and he loses little time in marrying. You see the dragon-flies running Derbies and Oaks up and down the stream, sowing their few wild oats before settling down to matrimony. The wooing of the dragon-fly recalls the methods of Mr. Billy Chope in "Tales of Mean Streets." Lizerunt, you may remember, was greatly pleased when Billy "caught and twisted her arm and bumped her against the wall, for she knew that this was love." The dragon-fly seizes the lady of his choice firmly by the neck with the pair of pincers he wears at the extreme end of his person, and parades her along the stream in triumph. And now is there great rejoicing among fish, birds, and anglers: "the May-fly is up," and is rapidly going down. The May-fly appears suddenly in swarms The big trout rises lazily to the surface and

sucks in fly after fly as they drift down stream, till he can't find room for another; insectivorous birds flutter round and revel till they perch incapable in gratified repletion, to digest and dream of to-morrow's more May-fly. And the angling clerk gets a telegram, which he opens with trembling fingers ere he comes to beg three days' leave to attend his aunt's funeral.

More moths are out—notably the goat-moth, who owes his name to the peculiar goat-like smell he has in his caterpillar phase of existence; and the humming-bird hawk-moth, who sets tradition at defiance by coming abroad at noonday to deceive the unlearned in entomology into writing to the papers eager letters headed, "Humming Bird in England." The goat-moth, by the way, remains a caterpillar for three years; this Samson among caterpillars has more muscles in his composition—4,061, to wit—than a man.



"SANDOW ECLIPSED."

The fallow doe drops her fawn in June: though an attentive and considerate mother she is sometimes apt to forget it and stroll away to feed, leaving her child asleep. The fawn sleeps the sound sleep of healthy infancy, and you may occasionally come upon him curled up in a quiet corner of the park. The squirrels, who have laid aside their thick winter clothes for distinctly second-hand summer garments, are nursing three or four children in the nest they hold on long lease in a fir-tree or in the fork of a beech. The squirrel is frequently arraigned for wilful destruction of young trees in early summer, and the evidence that he bites away the outer bark of Scotch firs, spruce, and larch, to eat the inner bark, and also eats the sprouting buds, is too strong to save him from a verdict of "guilty." Squirrels are most popular with people who don't own plantations.

The common lizard has a family, three, four, or five. This lizard is one of those creatures which are ashamed of their eggs; she never lays them, preferring to hatch them out in her own body, to which end she wastes a great deal of time basking in the sun. The sand lizard does lay her eggs: and, possibly aggrieved by the necessity thrust upon her to do otherwise than her cousin, is short of temper, not to say snappish. The warty newt exercises, in regard to her eggs, a degree of solicitude many more conspicuous animals might emulate, depositing them one by one on the edge of a leaf and then turning the edge over to keep them safe.

The cuckoo is grown hoarse now, and stammers cuc-*cuc*-koo; and the nightingale, harassed by family cares, has given up singing for the season: he puts away his music as soon as his children are hatched, and responds to all his wife's blandishments with a frog-like croak. She implores him to sing—he need not be afraid of waking the babies: perhaps she tries to goad him into song by saying that people will think he has gone to Wales, where nightingales are almost unknown. But he won't sing: he can't. Various caterpillars, having changed their skins five or six times, become conscious that there is a change coming over them, and consciousness that "something is going to happen" makes the caterpillar feel dyspeptic and out of sorts; he habitually over-eats himself, so his indisposition does not at first alarm him; but he gets worse and worse, and at last finds the only position in which he can rest comfortably is hanging upside

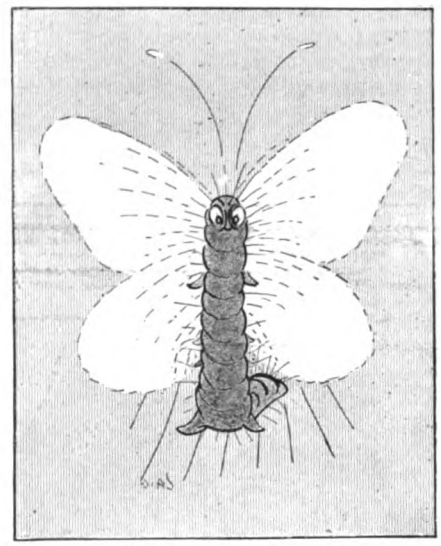
"THE NIGHTINGALE IS A LITTLE THROATY."

down or tied by a thread of self-made silk to a twig; members of some species can only find comfort by rolling themselves up in blankets -- in a cocoon, I should say. The caterpillar thinks he is going to die, though any field-mouse could explain what is the matter:—

Come, now, fling all your tremors away
As metamorphistical sorrow;
You're a very sick larva to-day,
But think what will happen to-morrow!

True, the pupic condition's a bore,
But sleep lightly and dream of the things
You will do when, a pupa no more,
You're a butterfly flying with wings!

Picture the caterpillar sinking off to sleep with a smile irradiating his wan countenance as he thinks that perhaps he will be up, freed from the chrysalis condition, a brilliantly-dressed butterfly in time for Ascot.



"WHAT IS THIS STRANGE FEELING COMING OVER ME?"

The silver-washed fritillary is abroad, as is its cousin the pearl-bordered fritillary, and that sovereign among butterflies, the Purple Emperor. The large white butterfly has no strong preference for one summer month over another, and is as likely to come out in June as later. The Red Admiral caterpillar has hatched out of the egg; this caterpillar does not court observation, drawing the leaves of his food-plant carefully about him to make a hiding-place wherein he feeds — caterpillars do little but feed; life to them is one long round of meals. The Red Admiral caterpillar feigns death if disturbed, and does it very well. The Painted Lady caterpillar has the same retiring disposition as the Red Admiral; she was born on a thistle, and for greater seclusion draws the points of the leaf together;

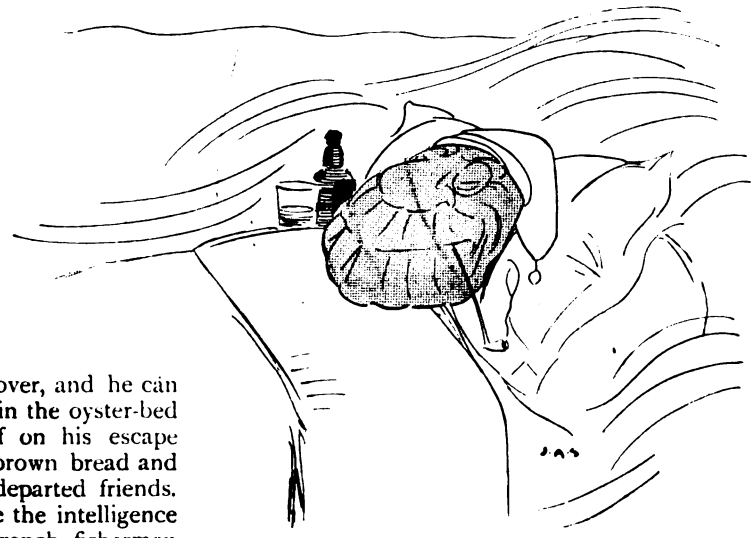
"BUTTERFLIES AT ASCOT."

she only partially succeeds in hiding herself. She is an irregular character; like the large white, the Painted Lady is no slave to time. The brimstone and clouded yellow caterpillars are out, too, this month. Each caterpillar, you will remember, has its own particular food-plant. The Red Admiral is born on a stinging-nettle, and on that agreeable habitation he spends his caterpillarhood. The Painted Lady's abiding-place is the thistle and she declines to live anywhere else. This explains the conduct of a caterpillar who, when you charitably place him out of harm's way on a leaf, curls up in a temper and ungratefully tumbles off it. You have chosen the wrong plant and have hurt his feelings.

June also brings peace to the heart of the apprehensive oyster; the season is over, and he can lie back on his pillow in the oyster-bed to congratulate himself on his escape from a shroud of thin brown bread and butter, and to mourn departed friends. It is unjust to disparage the intelligence of the oyster. The French fishermen have schools wherein they teach him to keep his mouth shut when exposed to the air, that he may travel safely from the coast to Paris. When we think how difficult it is to teach more highly organized beings to do this at the right time, it must be conceded that the oyster shows promise.

The reticence of the hedgehog has left naturalists somewhat in the dark concerning his family affairs, but it seems tolerably certain that he may be congratulated now on the birth of a family of five or six, which his wife is nursing in a nest very like that in which she spent the winter.

The black cormorant and his near relative the shag, who is often mistaken for him at a distance, are rearing their children. One hesitates to intrude upon the privacy of the shag; first, because he has sixteenth-century ideas about domestic hygiene, and also because he and his wife have such an unlovely method of feeding their babies. The parents swallow their own fish dinner, and about an hour afterwards invite the children to literally "come in and see what I've got in my crop"; only the young cormorant's wings, wedged against the corners of the parental mouth, prevent it from pursuing investigation past return. The terns, otherwise known as sea-swallows, have colonized a spot on the pebbly beach above high-water mark; each pair has moved a few stones aside and the hen replaces them with three eggs which are so like the stones that you might pass through the whole colony without knowing it, did the terns swooping overhead refrain from



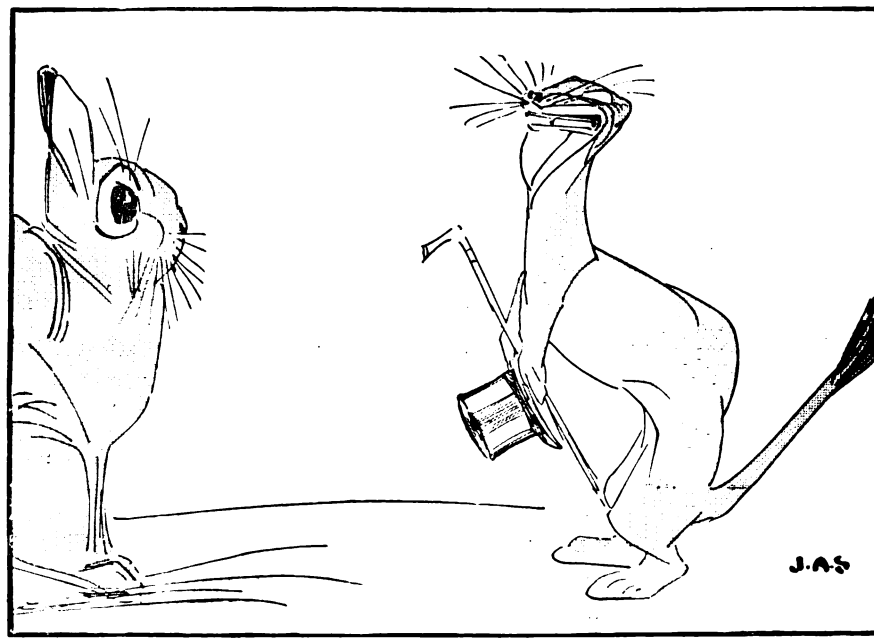
"IN THE OYSTER-BED."

vociferous warnings not to tread on them. How each bird distinguishes her own eggs is a question only a tern could answer. The guillemots make no household arrangements at all. Each hen lays one very large egg, shaped like an attenuated pear, on the bare ledge of rock. There is sound practical purpose in the shape of the guillemot's egg: the bird is in the habit of sitting with it between her legs and of jumping up on small provocation—many sea-birds appear to suffer from nerves. Were the egg a round one it would roll off the ledge the moment she moved, as she sits facing the rock and turns in the act of getting up; being pear-shaped and being placed always with the narrow end seawards, it merely rolls round on its small axis when disturbed, unless the guillemot jumps up in such reckless haste that she throws it overboard, as sometimes happens. In such event she says nothing, but quietly lays another and hopes her husband won't find out. There is wonderful variation in the blotching and marking of the great egg, also in the ground colouring,

"THE SEAL WOULD BE DELIGHTED TO WINTER WITH US."

which ranges from chalky white to pale blue; this may help the bird to identify her own property when she leaves home in a hurry with a cloud of neighbours. The fact that a second egg, if laid to replace the first, lost by accident or theft, resembles its predecessor in colour and marking tends to confirm this conjecture.

The common seal now has a child (sometimes twins, but not often) to provide for, and is even warier than usual. The baby seal can swim when three hours old, and at that mature age puts cheerfully to sea with its mother. Time was when seals frequented the English south and east coasts, but it were a reckless seal who took his life in his flipper and paid a visit to Brighton or Southend nowadays. They come up the Thames occasionally and, being harmless and strange, are naturally shot. Given a safe-conduct for self and family and frequent programmes of music — not necessarily classical — the seal would be delighted to winter at our south coast resorts. Seals are passionately fond of music and are not hard to please; they have been known to listen with gratified attention to a



"THE FASCINATING STOAT."

prolonged amateur performance upon flute or penny whistle. The young stoats are old enough to be educated, and their father takes them in hand to teach the art of fascination. The stoat is naturally of playful disposition and has a marvellously fascinating manner towards rabbits. He is a born rabbit-killer, and, it is to be supposed, imparts his secret to his children. As thus:—

He runs faster than you, therefore what you must do
Is to catch him by cunning and wile,
And I never yet knew the *cuniculus* who
Could not be deceived by a smile.

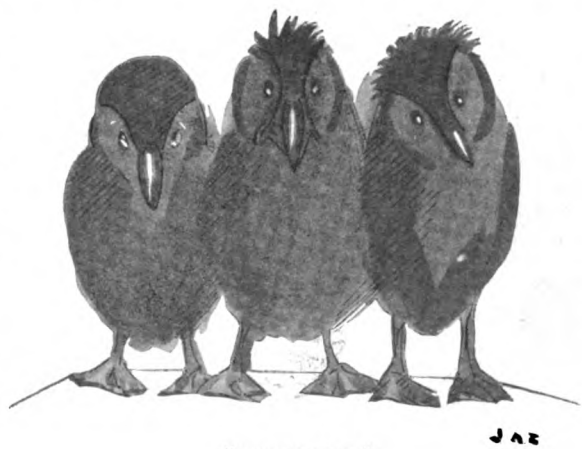
You advance with the air of a stoat to whom care
Is a stranger; your footsteps beguiling,
With a skip here and there or a leap in the air,
Till you get near enough to start smiling.

Then call up on your face, as you draw near the place
Where he sits with ears cocked and nose twitching,
Such a winning grimace as I show you, in case
You should not know the kind most bewitching.

Then you smilingly say: "What a beautiful day!
I do trust your dear children are well.
What a season for hay! And the—O, by the way!
I've a story I'm dying to tell!"

Whatever the secret of his power the rabbit succumbs to it. He will squat and stare at his enemy or, at most, run away so feebly that the bloodthirsty little savage can easily overtake and seize him by the neck; and once the stoat gets his teeth in he holds on. A rabbit rescued from the insidious advances of a stoat was picked up with his heart palpitating violently, his eyes closed, and his limbs almost useless. It was several minutes before he could be brought round.

The dabchick, respectfully known as the little grebe, is unmethodical in her household arrangements. She thinks April not too early and August not too late to nest, so we are quite as likely as not to find her at home in June. She builds a big raft-nest on the water and moors it by ribbons of reed to aquatic plants at the stream side, as if ready to cast off and put to sea the moment danger threatens. She does nothing so original, however; when she leaves her eggs (which are creamy-white to begin with and look as though rescued from a wet dust-bin ere they hatch) she covers them over with weeds which she picks for the purpose; hence their exceeding dirtiness. The dabchick has a curious habit of tucking a child under each wing and diving with them, presumably as a lesson. The great crested grebe, familiarly known as the loon, has hatched out her chicks by now, for she gets to work earlier than her small cousin; her nest is a moored raft also, and her eggs were in a shocking state from contact with the wet weeds used to cover them; but the loons are most careful parents, taking their children, who wear striped blazers in the nursery, for trips on their backs. The Slavonian grebe, who looks as though he had forgotten to brush his hair, is a regular winter visitor to Scotland and Ireland, but does not care about England as a residence. The young puffins, creatures of preternatural solemnity of demeanour and austerely garbed in black, are now beginning to inquire when they may go out: they spend the first three weeks of their lives in the hole where they first saw twilight, and are kept at home—that is, on the breeding-ground: not in the hole—till fully grown. They do not always leave then, young puffin being much esteemed by the folks of the western islands, who catch and eat the birds in large numbers.



"YOUNG PUFFINS."

The bees are swarming: in other words, the first detachment of nymphs have reached the stage when they become perfect bees, and these must quit the hive of their birth. First comes the queen bee: she passes out into the open air and, glad to escape from the heat of the hive, settles on a branch or anything handy: where she alights the thousands of workers alight, too, in a compact mass. They are holding a meeting to decide where to go and what to do, and this is the moment to hive them. They will settle down where the queen bee settles, or will follow the example of any half-dozen enterprising enough to give

them a lead, and stay in any receptacle if the queen graciously signify her approval. She is not hard to please, and will consent to be crowned in (not *with*) an old hat if that appear to offer peace and quiet.

The rooks have reared their children and with patience, qualified by much talking, have brought them downstairs for the first time. Digging for worms and grubs is an art that cannot be taught on the tree-tops, and the young rooks must receive their lessons in working for a livelihood in the fields. The magpies have brought their children out for the same purpose: perhaps because it takes time to educate an expert thief, the magpies keep their brood about them long after the youngsters can take care of themselves. The children, we may suppose, profit by example and precept even as that eminent man, Mr. Fagin, would have had Oliver Twist learn the industry in which Charley Bates and the Dodger excelled. The magpies keep their family around them till late in August. The carrion crows also introduce their brood to society; the young crow—and the old one, too, for aught I know—has his own ideas about the utility of ants; he walks over the ant-heap brushing his stiffened and expanded tail against the ground, whereby the much-disturbed ants lose their tempers and swarm over the trespasser, to his evident satisfaction. I suppose they relieve him of parasites.

"COMING DOWNSTAIRS."

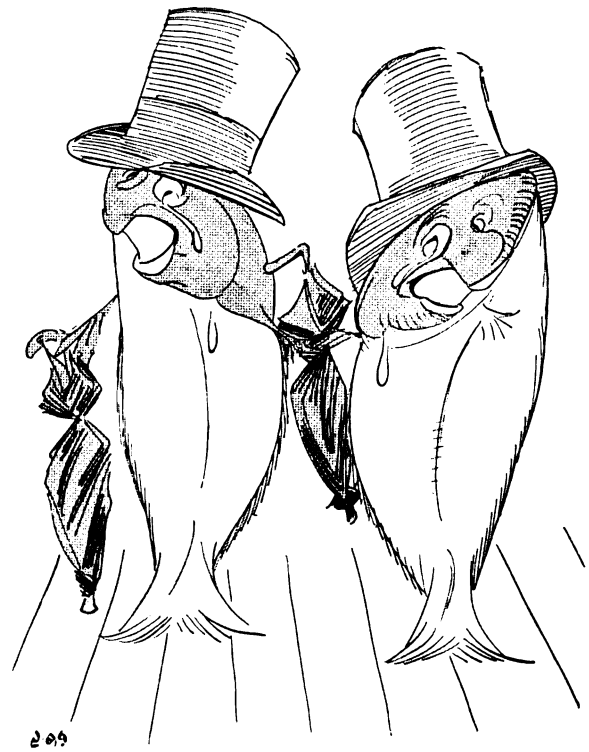
"EXAMPLE AND PRECEPT."

The night-jar, who in the early days of the month laid two eggs on the bare ground in some open patch among gorse, has hatched out the twins, who during infancy wear night-shirts of grey, downy stuff. Baby night-jars are enterprising; they are scarcely out of the egg before they begin to take

an interest in things, and they go scrambling about the neighbourhood with reckless disregard of the fact that their parents are looking everywhere for them to give them their tea. Their nursery days must be fraught with anxiety to father and mother.

The common snake bethinks her of her duty and pensively seeks the nearest manure-heap, in which she deposits twelve or fifteen leathery eggs, which she ties one to another with a string of her own manufacture. Having put them carefully out of sight she has done with them: the warm manure will do the hatching free of charge.

The turbot has produced her eggs with the lavish prodigality that distinguishes flat-fish; an eighteen-pound turbot produces from five and a half to ten millions of spawn, which are chiefly useful as food for other fish. The turbot and the sole are not agreeable characters; they lie on the sea-floor and work sand over themselves till only their eyes are exposed, and thus ambushed wait for victims—sprats and sand-eels in the case of the turbot; marine worms, shrimps, and fry in that of the sole. The latter fish, by the way, has delicately sensitive fingers on the under-side of its head, with which it feels for prey as it skims over the bottom. The sole is at his prime in June, and the fishmonger adds insult to injury by "pairing" him with some total stranger for sale:—



"SORROWFUL TWIN SOLES."

We may be cock-eye'd; flat we are indeed;
But shall a squint withhold from us the doles
Of sympathy you know to be the meed
Of good, fresh, cheap, but sorrowful twin soles?

Good taste (or flavour) maybe override
Outward defects. The breakfast bell doth toll;
Write me an epitaph when I am fried,
And say a requiem for the passing sole!

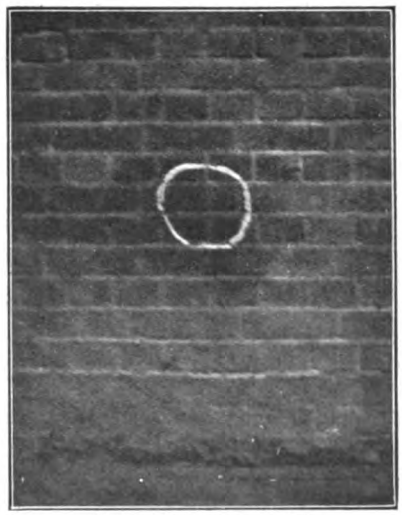
The Sign-Language of Tramps.

By Victor Pitkethley. Photographs by C. E. Reed.

THE common or roadside tramp is not a popular or interesting person. His appearance is usually unprepossessing, his honesty is frequently not above suspicion, and his distaste for work has passed into a proverb. Police and public alike eye him with suspicious dislike as he slouches along the high-road; and when he is forced by stress of weather or other circumstances to seek a night's lodging in some casual ward, the master first forces him to take a bath and then sets him some peculiarly obnoxious task, specially designed for the discouragement of his species.

The tramps, thus cut off by a barrier of dislike from communion with their more respectable fellow-creatures, have been forced, in sheer self-defence, to aid and assist one another. There is no particular bond of sympathy between tramp and tramp; but the necessity for self-preservation compels the members of this strange fraternity of wayfarers and work-haters to co-operate to a certain extent. One of the most interesting forms which this co-operation takes is the silent, but none the less powerful, medium of a sign-language, whereby any member of the brotherhood, following in the steps of a pioneer, may learn what fate has in store for him in the way of good or bad luck at the various places he visits. The writer was recently privileged to have this curious sign-language explained to him by a venerable and grizzled member of the tramp fraternity — an interesting old ruffian who confessed that he had been tramping the high-roads and by-ways of rural England for the last forty years, during which period he had done about a fortnight's honest work.

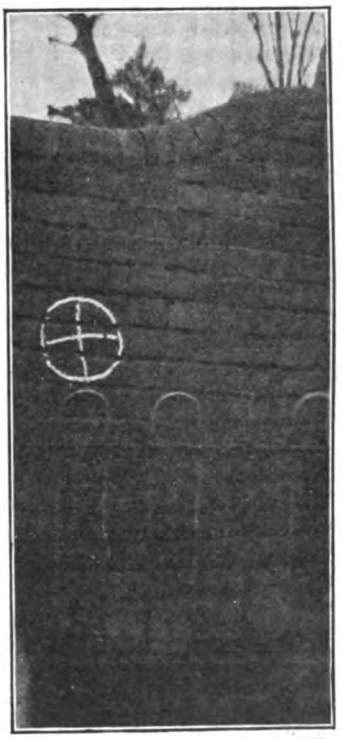
My informant first told me that the amateur tramp — the out-of-work labourer looking for a job, and similar *dilettanti*, on whom the regular tramp looks down with scorn — is totally unaware of the existence of the sign-language. Knowledge of this is jealously preserved among the professional tramps — the loafers one meets camped in secluded places in the country, or hanging round farmsteads in search of food. To these men it is invaluable, enabling them to tell at a glance what sort of reception they will meet with at any house they propose to visit. The signs have the merit of being easily made; a piece of chalk or whiting and a handy wall or fence are all that is required. When made they are quite unintelligible to the layman, and look very like the meaningless scrawls of school-children who have purloined a fragment of the teacher's chalk. That the marks are *not* meaningless, however, will be abundantly proved by the following illustrations, which were prepared under the supervision of my tramp friend.



"NO GOOD TO CALL HERE."

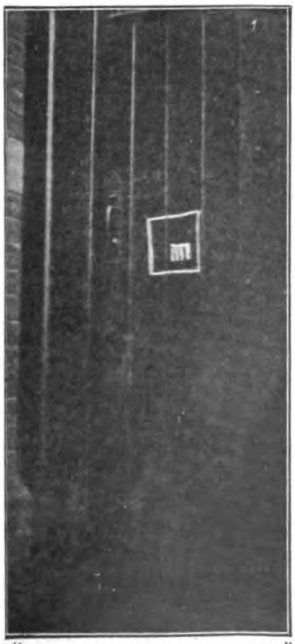
The members of the fraternity not being, as a rule, artistically gifted, the marks are distinguished by their absolute simplicity; there is no sign which cannot be drawn in an instant by the most unskilled hand. Take, for instance, the first sign we reproduce here. This shows a simple circle, drawn on a wall, and yet it conveys to the eye of the initiated tramp the unwelcome information: "No good to call here." Some other tramp has happened along this way, has called at this farmhouse with a modest request for food or money, and has been repulsed. Therefore he has left behind him a warning to any fellow-tramp who may be on the same road: "No good to call here." And Weary Willie gives the inhospitable dwelling a wide berth.

We have seen that a plain circle is an omen of evil to the tramp, indicating a stony-hearted refusal of his gentle pleadings and the possible "firing-out" of himself from the farmyard by some indignant owner. If, however, a large cross be inserted in the circle, as in our second photograph, then the sign tells a very different story—a story which sends its travel-stained reader hurrying up the path to the back door. For now it reads: "The people here will give you food." And your genuine tramp never declines food that is to be had for the asking—unless it be a pie made by the newly-married *diplomée* of the cookery school.



"PEOPLE HERE WILL GIVE YOU FOOD."

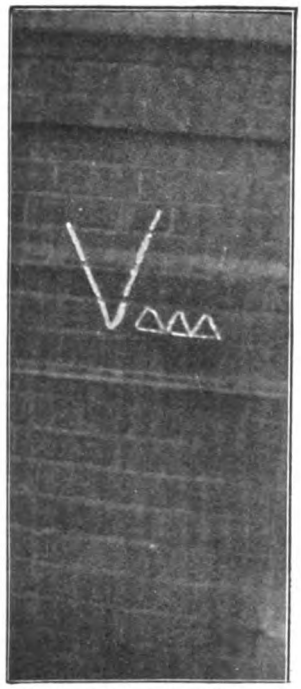
The tramp is not always allowed to approach and leave a house or farm in peace. As I have before remarked, his appearance is usually distinctly against him, and some of the species have an awkward habit of annexing little unconsidered trifles which come in their way. Moreover, farmers suspect them of an unhappy *penchant* for sleeping in stacks and accidentally setting them on fire. Hence it is that poor Weary William is as often as not forcibly ejected from the premises or else driven off by some ferocious watch-dog. When this fate happens to a tramp he is in duty bound to do his best to prevent his comrades from walking into the same trap. Therefore, if circumstances permit and no pursuit is attempted, he affixes to the farm the sign shown herewith. Primarily this means "Dog in the. garden," but it is also used as a general strong note of caution. When placed upon a private house it means just what it says—that there is a troublesome dog stationed in the garden—but when the wandering tramp sees it on the side of a barn or farmstead he usually associates it with a choleric farmer with a horse-whip or a tribe of unsympathetic labourers who are likely to throw him into the duck-pond.



"THERE IS A DOG IN THE GARDEN."

At certain times of the year, however, particularly at such busy seasons as seed-time and harvest, farmers can often do with the temporary services of unskilled men, and when tramps offer themselves they are frequently taken on. A tramp who has fallen upon a place of this sort sketches on some convenient fence the following sign, which

"YOU MAY GET A JOB HERE."



"PITCH A YARN—THREE WOMEN IN THIS HOUSE."

means, practically, "Food and money here if you care to work." As many tramps have a rooted objection to manual labour, it is not all of them who hail this sign with joy. Money, by the way, is usually indicated in the sign-language by tiny circles, but as tramps do not often receive money the sign is not much used.

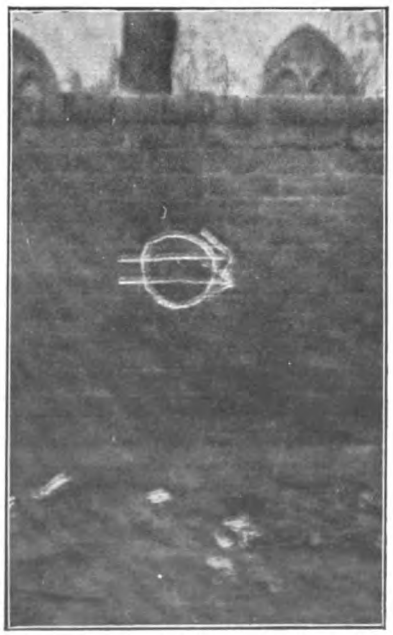
What is known among this precious fraternity as a "soft shop" is indicated by the next sign we have photographed—the large V and the three triangles. This counsels the wayfarer to "Pitch a yarn—three women in house." Women are always represented by small triangles—a crude imitation of the outline of a lady's skirt. "Pitching a tale," of course, as most people can testify from personal experience, is an art in which the average tramp is an adept. The variety of romantic stories of distress which he can pour into the ears of sympathetic old maids and trustful servants is amazing.

In striking contrast to the "soft shop" sign comes the portcullis arrangement next shown. This is an emblem which the tramp regards with absolute terror, passing the house on which it is placed with muttered curses against the occupier. For the criss-cross lines indicate that the occupier is so uncharitable as to give tramps in charge as rogues and vagabonds! If any country reader of this Magazine wishes to protect his dwelling against tramps—at any rate, against the older hands—he has only to inscribe this sign on some prominent gate-post or fence. Weary William has no desire to make the acquaintance of the village constable, with the subsequent painful interview with the local bench of magistrates.

"THE OCCUPIER OF THIS HOUSE GIVES TRAMPS IN CHARGE."

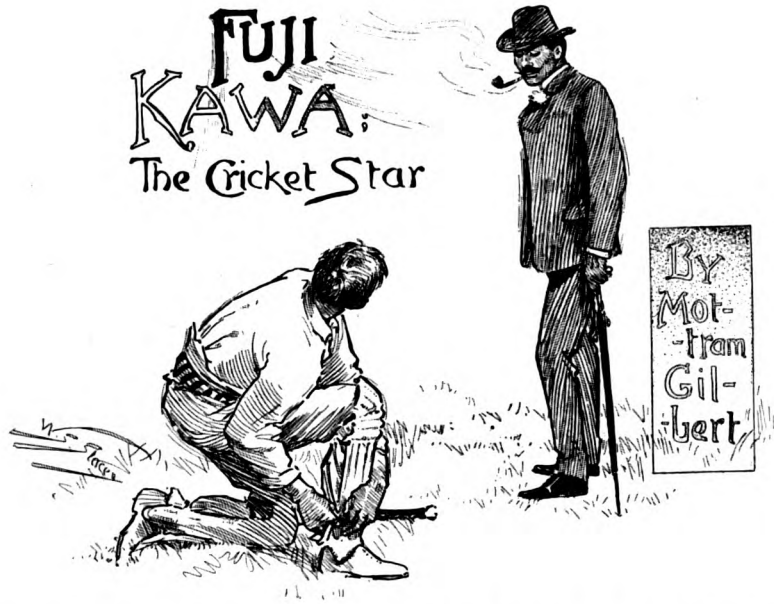
If anything could dash his hopes more than the sign we have just reproduced it is that shown in our last photograph. For this sign tells the foot-sore tramp that his journey has been more or less in vain; that he will meet with nothing but unkindness in the village; and that the best thing he can do is to drag his tired limbs onwards to some other and more hospitable hamlet. For the pioneer tramp tells us here: "Get out of this village as soon as you can; there is nothing any good to be got here." What could be more depressing after a long day's journey?

There are several other signs in the tramp language, most of them more intricate than the foregoing and some of them not well known, but we have contented ourselves with reproducing the signs most commonly used by the fraternity of the road.



"GET OUT OF THIS VILLAGE AS QUICKLY AS YOU CAN."

Fuji Kawa: The Cricket Star



FUJI KAWA, a most capable young Japanese gentleman, had been in England a little over two years. He had been sent by a progressive and enlightened Government intent upon railway expansion to investigate and report upon the best types of triple expansion engines and tubular boilers, and he worked in the drawing offices and shops of the West Central Railway Company, Limited.

He was a many-sided man, and of a most original and inventive turn of mind. Witness the ingenious way in which he adapted the turbine type of marine engine to the needs of railway locomotion. In one way or another it was his habit to improve almost everything he was concerned in. Had he not been in the very first flight as an engineer, he might have made a handsome income on the music-hall stage as a juggler. He could draw and paint beautifully, and was seldom at a loss for new and luminous ideas about any subject you might touch upon, from chess to canary-breeding.

Yet there was nothing very striking in his appearance. He was simply a little brown-faced man, with high cheek-bones and coal-black hair. Almost the only thing he could not do was to pronounce the letter "l." Otherwise his English was practically perfect.

One bright April evening Fuji Kawa turned up on the ground of the West Central Railway Cricket Club. He stood smoking his pipe behind the net, watching the batsmen with an air of abstraction.

The captain was kneeling near him, putting on his pads.

"Ever played cricket, Fudgey?"

"Yes. I prayed a bit with some Engrish boys in Japan."

"Ah! Now that's where you won't be able to make any of those improvements you are so fond of!"

"I don't know," said Fuji Kawa, quietly; "I rike my way of batting better than yours."

"Bless the man! Whatever will he say next?"

Nevertheless, when the captain's innings was over, he came back and, tossing over to Fuji Kawa the pads he had just taken off, shouted to him in merry scorn:—

"Here! Put 'em on, Fudgey. I want to see you reform English cricket!"

Fuji Kawa smiled and said nothing; then he put the pads on.

When his turn came his proceedings were of an extraordinary character. Placing one foot on each side of the block-hole, he faced the bowler full-fronted, in much the same way as a wicket-keeper does. His position suggested croquet rather than cricket.

The majority laughed at him and seemed to anticipate an exquisite piece of fooling. Those who knew him, and had learnt that there was generally an excellent reason for everything he did, watched attentively.

For the first few balls the bowlers were not

serious. Fuji Kawa played the straight ones with ease and thumped a long-hop to leg with careless vigour. Then they began to think there might be something in the man after all, and tried their best to get him out. Fuji Kawa's stumps remained intact, and he glanced many a good ball behind the wicket, both to leg and off.

"Here, Stokes," cried one of the bowlers to the ruddy professional, "take my ball. Come and get this beggar out."

Stokes bowled his best and fastest. He was a really good bowler, and often got a wicket with an express delivery which pitched inches to the off and took the leg-stump. However, he made no more impression on Fuji Kawa's defence than the others had done.

Then he tried the off-theory. The only result was that Fuji Kawa took to slipping his left hand down the handle below the right, and repeatedly hit him left-handed square past cover-point.

"I rike a bat frat on both sides," he explained. Of course there was chaff for Stokes. How did he expect to keep up his name if he got smacked about all over the field by the first foreigner he bowled at? Whereupon the worthy Stokes, whose misfortune it was to be somewhat short-tempered, threw down his ball, saying it wasn't cricket.

"Let them as talks loudest get him out," he declaimed, with no little heat. "I knows 'ow to bowl to a right-'ander and I knows 'ow to bowl to a left-'ander. But thump my weskit if anybody can bowl to a right-'ander and a left-'ander at the same bloomin' time."

And he walked away, with intense dignity.

"HE WALKED AWAY, WITH INTENSE DIGNITY."

"Can you play at Barton next Saturday, Fudgey?" asked the captain.

"If you rike," said Fuji Kawa.

The West Central were not doing well at Barton. The home team had declared their innings closed at a hundred and forty-eight for six wickets. The visitors had seven men out for sixty-one, and there was still half an hour to play.

Fuji Kawa was in next. Several disconsolate batsmen sitting in the pavilion watched him anxiously as he walked to the wickets.

He took guard, and then faced the bowler in his peculiar way.

That worthy hesitated, and looked as if about to accuse him of deliberately wasting time.

"Now, then," cover-point exclaimed, "take time off umpire!"

"I am quite ready," said Fuji Kawa.

"I can't bowl at him like that," said the bowler to the umpire; "where are the wickets?"

"Never mind, my boy. You'll soon hit his leg," was the significant whisper.

The first ball was a good one, and Fuji Kawa pushed it gently back to the bowler, without moving either foot. The next was shorter. He turned on it like a lion, and hooked it round to square-leg for four, in a way that Ranjit Sinhji himself could not have excelled. The third ball was meant for a yorker, but Fuji Kawa skipped nimbly down the pitch and got another four to leg. Off the last ball of the over he scored a neat two behind the wicket.

"I can't make him out!" said the bowler to the Barton captain as the fielders crossed over.

A bye brought Fuji Kawa to the other end. Off the fast bowler he immediately took two two's and a three to fine long-leg.

The Barton spectators, who had been merry while the wickets were falling fast, watched in silent perplexity. The captain began to alter his field. Two men were taken out of the slips and placed square and deep on the leg-side. Cover-point was ordered to betake himself to fine long-leg.

Fuji Kawa was ready for this move. He began to slip his left hand below the right and to hit left-handed to leg through the place cover-point had just vacated. Three times in succession he made a four by this stroke. The hundred was hoisted, and both bowlers were showing signs of temper. Neither of them had succeeded in hitting Fuji Kawa's leg. The West Central men thought the game was saved, and were getting jubilant. Then the other batsman made a bad stroke and was caught at cover. Eight wickets were down for one hundred and five, and there was ten minutes to play.

The fielders were told to scatter themselves equally all round the wickets and look out for chances. Fuji Kawa placed almost every ball between them with the greatest ease, and scored either two or four, keeping the bowling almost entirely to himself. The total mounted by leaps and bounds to one hundred and forty, when a rising ball hit his glove and dropped on his foot.

"'S that?" yelled an infuriated fieldsman.

The mendacious umpire raised his hand.

"Out? How out?" asked Fuji Kawa.

"Leg-before."

"Reg-before? Off my grove?"

"Good-bye, mister," said cover-point, with a broad grin; "you've got to go."

Fuji Kawa stroked his nose reflectively and went. The last man came in, trembling in every fibre of his body; but he safely negotiated the rest of the over. Then the church clock chimed half-past six and the game was drawn.

Fuji Kawa sat in the captain's room that evening, discussing the match over a pipe.

"FUJI KAWA SAT IN THE CAPTAIN'S ROOM THAT EVENING, DISCUSSING THE MATCH OVER A PIPE."

"We should have won, Fudgey, if you hadn't been swindled out. Still, I can't think what made you take to such a rummy way of batting. Isn't it dangerous with fast bowling?"

"Not more dangerous than wicket-keeping, I think."

The captain told him that what passed for fast bowling in local cricket was only called medium in county games.

Whereupon Fudgey asked whether there was a really fast bowler engaged on the county ground. On being told there was one, he took down the address of the Wessex secretary.

On the Monday evening Fuji Kawa appeared at the county nets and faced the fast bowler. After being hit twice on the thigh and once in the stomach he found the Wessex professional's pace was too great for him to be able to play a good length ball without moving his feet; but as he became accustomed to the new conditions his natural genius seemed to come to his aid and he began to play forward, first right-handed and then left-handed, in a style that was a modification of the ordinary one.

The great man slanged his methods energetically, as was only natural, but did not get him out.

On three Saturdays out of the next four Fuji Kawa made a century for the West Centrals. His fame began to be noised abroad throughout the length and breadth of Wessex.

The *Wessex Evening Pioneer* had a paragraph in its weekly cricket notes, stating that it might be worth the while of the county committee to keep an eye on the batting of a young Japanese gentleman in the service of the West Central Railway Company. His method, it was true, was what might be termed revolutionary; even more so, in fact, than that of Ranjit Sinhji himself. But the fortunes of western county cricket had been for some years steadily on the wane. Enterprise must be looked for; and the committee could not afford to overlook the claims of a batsman who averaged nearly two hundred in local matches.

The county captain warmly advocated Fuji Kawa's claims to a place in the team. But the committee told him that, although they attached very great weight to his recommendations, they felt unable to play a batsman whose methods were so unorthodox. He replied that if he wasn't going to have a voice in the selection of the team he led they might go to Hanover and get their whiskers singed. Further, they might find another captain at their earliest convenience.

As desirable captains were hard to find in Wessex the committee caved in under protest, and Fuji Kawa was given a trial on the home ground against Yorkshire.

The Yorkshiremen batted first and made two hundred and five. At the end of the first day's play Wessex were out for a paltry ninety-nine, Fuji Kawa having been bowled between his legs for seven. It did not occur to the northern cracks that they need make a big score in the second innings. Their next match was at the other end of the country, and they would all rather sleep in bed than in the train. They hoped to finish the match in two days and travel in comfort on the third. Care in such matters is well repaid before the end of a long season. After luncheon on Tuesday they sent Wessex in to make two hundred and ninety to win. Everybody thought this a hopeless task against the best bowling in England.

This time Fuji Kawa was sent in first. He began very carefully, and the score crept up to thirty before his partner was magnificently caught at extra cover. Fuji Kawa was joined by his captain, a young giant with tremendous driving powers.

Nevertheless, the little man began to score three runs for every one that his partner made. Throwing restraint to the winds, he hit all round the wicket with wonderful confidence. Glances, hooks, and forward push-strokes almost seemed to jostle each other on their way to the boundary. It did not seem to matter in the least how the field was altered. Fuji Kawa's strokes were nearly always placed between the men. After an hour's batting he completed his hundred, the total being only a hundred and forty.

The crowd cheered rapturously.

"Dash my wig," cried one enthusiast to his friend, "if he goes on like this we shall win. *Win!* D'ye hear, Tom?"

And he thumped the other violently on the back.

"Drop it, you silly juggins, and watch the game. Ain't they crowding in?"

News of what was going on had penetrated into the town. The ring of spectators, often incomplete, was gradually becoming three or four deep.

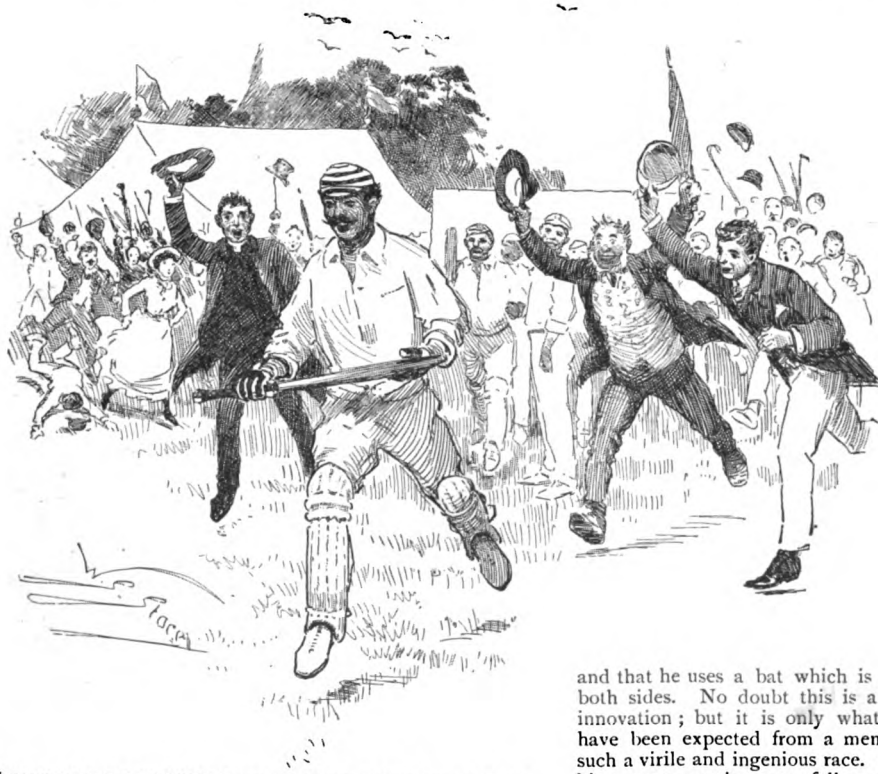
Fuji Kawa never turned a hair. He started for his second hundred with the utmost composure. Two hundred was telegraphed before the captain was neatly stumped. Yorkshire found themselves facing the prospect of an utterly unexpected defeat.

The next batsman was a slow scorer, but Fuji Kawa continued to make runs at the same tremendous pace. The curious thing was that he never seemed to be hitting hard and always kept the ball down; but the fielders had to be so much spread out for his multitudinous strokes that he always seemed to be able to find the intervals between them. The policy of "nine men on the off" was futile when Fuji Kawa was at the wicket. Seldom did he fail to score a couple of boundaries in any over. The Wessex spectators had not given vent to such roars of delight for many a long year.

The bowling was repeatedly changed, but the rate of scoring was kept up. Shortly before five o'clock a tumult of applause, louder and more prolonged than ever, greeted the little Japanese. He had broken record by scoring two hundred in his first county match. The ring had the appearance of effervescing with hats and sticks.

Another four to Fuji Kawa and the game was won.

The players made for the pavilion at a gallop, but their effort was of no avail. With one mind that crowd charged upon them from all sides, laughing, cheering, shouting, and madly throwing into the air everything that they could lay their hands upon. Each man and boy was wildly determined to get a close view of the wonderful little Japanese. Eventually he was carried into the pavilion on the shoulders of the Yorkshire players.



"EACH MAN AND BOY WAS WILDLY DETERMINED TO GET A CLOSE VIEW OF THE WONDERFUL LITTLE JAPANESE."

The police were powerless to make that crowd go. The people thronged in front of the building clamouring for a speech, but as nobody kept silent there was very little chance of Fuji Kawa's being heard. He came out on the balcony and repeatedly raised his cap. Again and again was the cheering renewed. Never had any cricketer so suddenly leaped into the very heyday of popularity. By none was he more heartily congratulated than by the Yorkshire captain.

Next day a prominent London daily gave tongue as follows :—

Much has lately been written and said concerning the rapidly advancing tide of progress in the Land of the Rising Sun. We have been told repeatedly of the remarkable adaptability of the Japanese race for assimilating the knowledge of the West and benefiting by European inventions and enlightenment. Very few people, however, could have imagined yesterday that the inborn genius of a Japanese gentleman would have surmounted the difficulties inseparable from a novice in county cricket, and broken all English records for a first appearance by scoring 204 not out. We are told that his method is absolutely original, and that he uses a bat which is flat on both sides. No doubt this is a daring innovation; but it is only what might have been expected from a member of such a virile and ingenious race. Should his success continue, we fully anticipate that a band of imitators will spring up, to multiply the troubles of the modern bowler. In that case we look for a storm of protest and much newspaper correspondence. It is rash, however, to venture upon prediction, unless possessed of knowledge. We can only speculate as to what the future will bring forth.

Fuji Kawa's success throughout the month of June was consistent and no less remarkable. Every week he headed the *Sportsman's* list of averages, with a record that gradually

ascended from one hundred and fifty towards two hundred. His portrait began to be enclosed in packets of cigarettes and thrown on the screen in places of entertainment, receiving applause as enthusiastic as that bestowed on the presentment of the German Emperor. By the end of the month he had scored more than two thousand runs and had only been dismissed eleven times.

His place in the Gentlemen's team for the Lord's match against the Players became absolutely secure. Wessex, instead of being at the bottom of the list of counties, stood in the second place, having been only once defeated.

It was the second day of the great match. Every inch of space at Lord's was taken up. Thirty thousand people had been refused admission at the turnstiles for want of room.

The Players had stayed in all the first day, making four hundred and eighty runs.

"I don't think the Gentlemen will get so many," said a man in the crowd.

"Give me ten to one that Fudgey don't mike more than that hisself, and I'll tike yer," said his neighbour.

"Shut up, you idiot!" said the first speaker, clapping his hands as the professionals came out, tossing the ball from one to another.

Fuji Kawa and a batsman of hitherto unrivalled fame followed after a brief interval, receiving a tremendous ovation. His partner took the first ball and scored a three to leg. The next was a yorker of terrific pace, and hit Fuji Kawa on the ankle. There was a unanimous confident appeal. The umpire's right hand twitched at his side. Then he slowly shook his head, thinking he "was not quite sure it would have hit the sticks." The crowd gasped with relief, and gave vent to their feelings by cheering lustily.

As it turned out, no decision ever given by an umpire on the cricket-field was more momentous than this one.

Throughout the whole of that long, hot day the two batsmen defied every bowler on the Players' side. When the tired fielders at last had respite from their labours, Fuji Kawa had made seven hundred and five!

The total was one thousand and forty-eight for no wicket.

The scene that took place when the stumps were drawn is said to have been beyond description.

The Gentlemen declared their innings closed without batting on the third day, and won by an innings and three hundred runs.

At the end of the season Fuji Kawa had attained the unprecedented aggregate of five thousand and fifty-four runs, averaging one hundred and seventy-two.

Then the newspaper correspondence began to rage in deadly earnest. The county captains held a meeting in December. Resolutions were passed—the Wessex captain alone dissenting—recommending the M.C.C. to amend the laws of the game so as to forbid Fuji Kawa's unorthodox methods.

However, they might have saved themselves the trouble. Fuji Kawa went back to Japan in January. He is now devoting himself heart and soul to the construction of railways and locomotives in that progressive land. People say he is doing magnificently.

The proposed alterations in the laws of cricket were not made, and never will be, unless another Fuji Kawa turns up.

But that is not likely.

"THERE WAS A UNANIMOUS CONFIDENT APPEAL."

From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

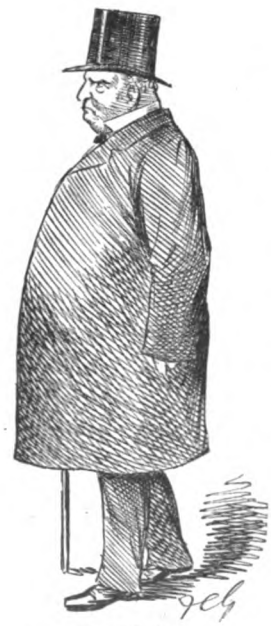
LXXIV.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

MAKING HISTORY.

AMID a succession of historic scenes witnessed in the House of Commons during the last thirty years, three are deeply scored in memory. One befell on the threshold of the Session of 1878. By grim coincidence Parliament then, as this year, guided by a Conservative Government, was summoned to meet three weeks in advance of the accustomed time. Coincidence is completed by the facts that it met on precisely the same day, the 16th of January, urged by the same impetus, the necessity of obtaining funds for warlike purposes. There was profound unrest in the East, an influence reacting on Downing Street. Before the House had been in Session ten days news came that the Russians were marching on Gallipoli. Attention was strained for the first sound of their thundering at the gates of Constantinople.

Lord Beaconsfield's Ministry declaring for war, Lord Carnarvon retired. Lord Derby proffered his resignation and withdrew it. Challenged in the House of Lords for an explanation of this conduct, he explained that he resigned when the fleet was ordered to the Dardanelles, cancelling the action when, on a fresh turn of affairs, order was dispatched stopping the eager fleet just as it approached the mouth of the famous waterway.



THE EARL OF DERBY.

I remember a piece of paper passed along the crowded benches of the House of Commons, in Sir Wilfrid Lawson's schoolboy handwriting, in which the situation was epigrammatically summed up:—

When the Government ordered the fleet to the Straits,
They surely encountered the hardest of fates;
For the order, scarce given, at once was recalled,
And the Russians were not in the slightest appalled.
And everyone says, who has heard the debates,
"It's the Cabinet now, not the fleet, that's in straits!"

A SCARE.

Crisis came before the House of Commons in the form of a demand for a Vote of Credit. It was only for six millions, a trifle compared with what we have grown accustomed to during the last two years. On the 7th of February the House was crowded in anticipation of a hostile amendment being moved from the Front Opposition Bench by Mr. Forster. Rumour of advance of the Russians on Constantinople clouded the City through the day. When the House met it buzzed about the crowded Lobby. Lord Hartington, then Leader of the Opposition, asked Sir Stafford Northcote, Leader of the House, whether there was any truth in the report. Sir Stafford read a telegram from Mr. Layard, Her Majesty's Minister at Constantinople, dated two days earlier, describing how, in spite of the armistice, the Russians were pushing on, and had compelled the Turks to abandon important positions on the line of the defence of their capital.

Mr. Forster, in view of the gravely-altered aspect of affairs, proposed to withdraw his amendment. Mr. Bright, following some minor speakers, threw doubt on the foundation for alarm.

"Our Ambassador at the Porte," he said, in tone of withering sarcasm, "has been alarmed several times."

Even as he spoke a letter was passed along the Treasury Bench to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. He showed it to a colleague seated near him, whose countenance betrayed profound perturbation. John Bright having made an end of speaking, Stafford Northcote rose, observing that he had an important communication to make. Solemn silence fell on the crowded benches, members leaning forward to catch momentous words that might mean war. The missive Sir Stafford held in

his hand proved to be a communication from Lord Derby conveying a telegram direct from Prince Gortchakoff declaring that there was not a word of truth in the circumstantial report that had stirred London to its depths and swept through the House of Commons with a storm of excitement.

The dramatic quality of the scene was intensified by the fact that the whole thing—the alarm from Constantinople, the withdrawal of the amendment, and the reassuring despatch from St. Petersburg, supplying a touch of comedy to the threatened tragedy — was completed within an hour.

THE KILMAINHAM TREATY.

The second scene I have in mind, though on a lower level of European interest, was similar in its swift movement and the appearance on the scene of a written communication that changed everything. By a strange coincidence Mr. Forster was again a leading actor in its development.

THE LATE RIGHT HON. W. E. FORSTER.

It happened in May, 1882, a week after the assassination in Phœnix Park. Mr. Forster having resigned the Chief Secretaryship and quitted the Treasury Bench was seated on the corner seat of the bench immediately behind. Question arising of the circumstances under which Mr. Parnell had been recently released from Kilmainham, that gentleman read what purported to be the letter written by him to Captain O'Shea, which presently came to be known as the Kilmainham Treaty.

It declared in colourless language that in the event of the Government refraining from introducing a Crimes Act, and forthwith dealing with the question of arrears of rent, Mr. Parnell and his colleagues "would feel themselves in a position to assist in restraining agrarian outrages."

There the matter seemed to end, and the House was proceeding to other business when Mr. Forster rose and in significant manner asked whether Mr. Parnell had read the whole of his letter. The Opposition, which in those days prominently included the Fourth Party, pricked up their ears. Mr. Parnell replied that he had read the whole of the copy supplied to him by Mr. O'Shea. The original, he added, contained another paragraph, and so far as he was concerned there would be no objection to having it read. Amid boisterous cheers from the Conservatives, Mr. Forster, taking a manuscript from his pocket, handed it to Mr. O'Shea and invited him to read the last paragraph. Mr. O'Shea, who happened to be conveniently seated on the other side of the gangway, glanced over the document, and without making any remark returned it to Mr. Forster. The ex-Chief Secretary waved it back, saying, "It's not my letter."

After more parleying across the gangway Mr. O'Shea, amid loud laughter and ironical cheers from the Opposition, read the expurgated paragraph, in which Mr. Parnell further undertook, on behalf of himself and friends, to "co-operate cordially with the Liberal party in forwarding Liberal principles."

"A REGRETTABLE INCIDENT."

The third scene, unrelieved in painfulness, happened in the present Session. In the second week of March suddenly, a bolt out of the blue, fell news of the defeat and discomfiture of Lord Methuen's column, the wounding of the General, his capture, and the seizure of guns and baggage. No one was at the time especially thinking of the war. The Paper was curiously free from questions bearing upon it. The preliminary business was over, the Speaker had risen to call on the Clerk to read the Orders of the Day, when Mr. Brodrick approached the table. There was something in his countenance and bearing that implied portentous news. Not a whisper of any had circulated in House or Lobby. If there had been an engagement, whether it had gone well or ill with

MR. BRODRICK READING LORD KITCHENER'S DESPATCH.

the British, rumour of it would certainly have spread in advance of Ministerial statement.

This consideration, flashing through the mind, suggested the wild hope that the Secretary of State for War, repository of the State secret of negotiations with the Boer Generals, was the harbinger of peace. Profound silence reigned over the crowded benches. The opening sentence of Lord Kitchener's despatch read by Mr. Brodrick crushed hope, leaving in its place a feeling approaching despair. "I greatly regret to have to send you bad news about Methuen."

The promise was amply fulfilled. Lord Methuen, grievously wounded, was a prisoner in the hands of the Boers. To their camp he was escorted with a long train of captured guns and baggage. Worse still was the mental picture swiftly drawn of 550 mounted troops wearing British uniform, chased by the Boers for a run of full four miles. When Mr. Brodrick in his reading came upon the first item in the bad news a chuckle of delight rippled over the benches where the Irish members sat, greedily attentive. As the story went on, disclosing the gallant Methuen shot in the thigh, a helpless prisoner in the hands of the man he had been chivying for two years, the chuckle became a burst of jubilant laughter, breaking into boisterous cheers. That child of Nature, Mr. Swift MacNeill, so far forgot himself as to clap his hands for joy after the manner of the little hills known to the Psalmist.

THE JOY OF SWIFT MAC NEILL.

Next to the hopeless bad taste of the demonstration was its cheap security. Had it happened in any other public resort in Great Britain, indignation would have taken a practical form that would have landed the Irish members outside. Twelve baskets would probably not have sufficed to hold the remaining fragments of the party. The House of Commons is sanctuary for even the most cowardly assailant. There were angry cries of "Shame! Shame!" from the Ministerial benches. Beyond that involuntary outburst of indignation, English and Scotch gentlemen sat proudly silent whilst one of the most generous-hearted, chivalrous-mannered of the three kingdoms was thus misrepresented on the most public platform in the world.

THE HOUSE OF MONTAGU: OLD STYLE AND NEW.

Sir Edward Montagu, Knight of the Shire for Northampton in the first Parliament of James I., would stare aghast at his lineal descendant, the present member for the New Forest Division of Hampshire, arriving at the scene of his legislative labours. Sir Edward, when he repaired to Westminster in response to the King's summons, drove in the family coach with due precaution against intrusion by the way. The Hon. John Walter Edward Douglas-Scott-Montagu arrives in Palace Yard driving his own motor-car, none daring to make him afraid. The police tried it on once, forbidding the entrance to Palace Yard of his strange vehicle. But the kinsman and modern representative of the Bold Buccleuch was not to be baffled by "a bobby." There was talk of breach of privilege, before which the police discreetly retired, and the motor-car from the New Forest to-day dashes into Palace Yard as free to come and go as was Sir Edward Montagu's palfrey 300 years ago.

THE KING OPENS PARLIAMENT.

When Sir Edward took his seat in the House of Commons he resolved to keep a diary. Unhappily, as too often attends similar resolve, it was not long persevered in. Else, in priceless prelude of other works on the same lines, we might at this day have had a "Diary of the Jacobean Parliament." As far as it goes the manuscript is full of interest. With much other of historical value, it is religiously preserved at Beaulieu, where John Scott-Montagu's father, Lord Montagu, does the State quiet service by patiently, lovingly preserving the ruins of the beautiful Abbey adjoining the family residence.

Under date March 19th, 1603, Sir Edward describes the opening of the first Parliament of King James. "The first day, being Monday, 19th March, after the King was gone to church, the Lord High Steward, who was the Earl of Nottingham, came into the

usual place in Westminster, and after he had called all the knights, citizens, and burgesses, and sworn some to the supremacy, the rest went into the Courts next the Parliament House, and there were sworn by certain of the House appointed commissioners by the Steward, and there most of them remained expecting to be sent for into the Higher House."

It will be perceived that here is marked difference in the swearing-in of a new Parliament as practised in the twentieth century. In James's time a peer, the nominee of the King, busied himself about administering the oath to the Commons. Now the business is transacted within the privacy of the chamber on whose floor no peer dare set foot.

There seems to have been some misunderstanding about summoning the waiting Commons to hear the King's Speech. Either their existence was forgotten or it was wilfully ignored. "The King's Majesty, after he was set and all the Lords placed," the diary continues—"the King demanded once or twice whether the Lower House was come. Answer being made that they were" (though indeed the House was not there, Sir Edward severely remarks), "His Majesty, putting off his cap and crown, and putting it on again, made a most excellent speech."

It was rather long, continuing almost an hour. After this the Lord Chancellor made a speech and "willed the Lower House to choose a Speaker, and to present him to His Majesty on Thursday next." This done, the diarist and one or two other Commoners, who had shrewdly made their way to the Upper House, returned to the other, which they found crowded with deluded members, waiting for a call that never came. Compared with this slight, what took place on Jubilee Day, when the Commons, summoned to Buckingham Palace to salute Queen Victoria, were not permitted to approach the Royal presence, is a mere nothing.

"WITHDRAW! WITHDRAW!"

From other letters in this connection written by newsmen and private correspondents we get peeps at Parliament in that far-off time. In 1641–2 London was ablaze with excitement about sending the Bishops to the Tower and the attempt by the King to seize members of the House of Commons. Friction between the two Houses was great. A news-letter dated 29th December, 1641, says: "Late at night the Lord Digby stood up in the Lords House and made a most invective speech against the Commons House for breaking laws and privileges entrenching upon the King, and upon them (the Lords). He bespattered the House of Commons as much as one would do his cloak in riding from Ware to London."

Inside and outside disorder reigned. In the House of Lords Lord Warwick spoke in debate on the question of toleration for Popery. "The Bishop of York, not liking it, said to my Lord of Warwick, 'Hold your tongue,' at which they cried, 'Withdraw! Withdraw!' But his Grace was obstinate and would not. Whereupon they compelled him to withdraw, and then committed him to the Black Rod."

A mob of citizens mustering in Westminster Hall, "there came some sixteen or seventeen gentlemenlike, and in a kind of foolish way said they would drive away all the citizens out of Westminster Hall, and every man drew his sword and flourished up and down the hall as if it were to invite to combat, but struck no man. They had not flourished twice the hall but about a hundred citizens, some six with swords, and as many with cudgels, and the rest with stones, came up, and first with a volley of stones let fly at them, then came up close to them, half of the gentlemen running away; the rest, some eight of either side, maintained the fight until the gentlemen were all run away or beat down."

The Bishops had a bad time at the hands of the mob. "There were certain Bishops coming to the House, and the apprentices cried, 'A Bishop! A Bishop!' and so with cries kept them from landing, they rowing up and down about an hour and at last went back."

THE FIVE MEMBERS.

The attempted arrest by King Charles of the five members of the House of Commons has been related by a stately procession of historians. Here is an unadorned account written 260 years ago to Lord Montagu by an eye-witness: "The next day, January 4th, 1642, the Commons came to the House and the five men with them, and when it was about twelve o'clock they had notice that the King would come with some hundreds to take those men by force. They, understanding, went away, and presently the King came with some 400, about a hundred of his own servants, and all the rest captains and other broken and desperate fortune men, only young Mr. Sawyer excepted. These accompanied His Majesty, who, for haste, went in a hackney coach. But when he came into the Commons House he looked about and found

none of them. 'What,' said he, 'are all the birds flown? Well, I will find them,' and so departed."

For simplicity of phrase, for brevity, and for graphic power this passage is worthy of comparison with some of the masterpieces of prose narrative that ennoble the Old Testament. The chronicler makes no attempt to describe the scene. But as we read we behold it. The Commons assembled for their ordinary work; the Speaker in the Chair; the mace on the table; and, "when it was about twelve o'clock," news that the King was coming; the hurried consultation; the swift withdrawal of the five members; the rabble at the doors of the House; the entry of the King; his swift survey of the silent ranks; his discovery that the birds were flown; "Well, I will find them," and so departed.

JUST POPPING IN—"I HOPE I DON'T INTRUDE."

IN THE CITY.

The same letter gives an equally graphic account of the feeling of the people at this outrage upon Parliament: "On the day following the King, accompanied by divers of his Lords, repaired to Guildhall, where the Common Council were sitting, and explained that he went in the way of arms to the Commons House the day before for fear of the multitude."

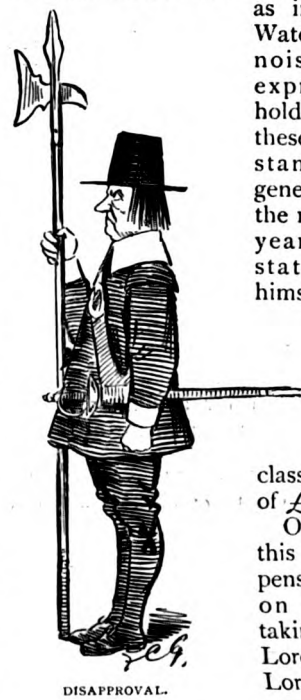
That the fear was not unfounded subsequent incidents testified. His Majesty graciously accepted an invitation to dine with the sheriff. When he went back the Lord Mayor came to wait upon His Majesty, "and after the King was gone the citizens' wives fell upon the Lord Mayor and pulled his chain from his neck, and called him traitor to the City and to the liberties of it, and had like to have torn both him and the Recorder in pieces."

As for the King, wending his way home westward, "he had the worst day in London that ever he had, the people crying 'Privilege of Parliament,' and prayed God to turn the heart of the King, shutting up all their shops, and standing at their doors with swords and halberds."

Here out of this musty letter 260 years old is subject for a fine historical picture. One can see the perturbed, but still unyielding, Charles driving through Cheapside with the stout citizens of London praying God to turn his heart, but "standing at their doors with swords and halberds."

A WAGELESS PREMIER.

A good deal of fun, more or less sly, is poked at Lord Salisbury on account of his finding in the family circle an undue proportion of men precisely suited for high Ministerial office as posts chance to fall vacant. The fact is overlooked that the Prime Minister himself draws a salary that does not exceed that of a junior Minister. It is one of the anomalies of the British Constitution that no remuneration is attached to the office of the Prime Minister, a post which, in fact, finds no official recognition. When, just before Christmas, 1900, Lord Salisbury resigned the post of Foreign Minister he was, as in debate on the Water Bill Mr. Boulnois described the expropriated stockholders, penniless. In these painful circumstances Lord Cross generously came to the rescue. For fifteen years that eminent statesman, finding himself in a position to make the necessary oath of comparative penury, has drawn a first-class Cabinet pension of £2,000 a year.



DISAPPROVAL.

One drawback to this felicity is that the pension is intermitted on the beneficiary taking office. Thus Lord Cross, appointed Lord Privy Seal on

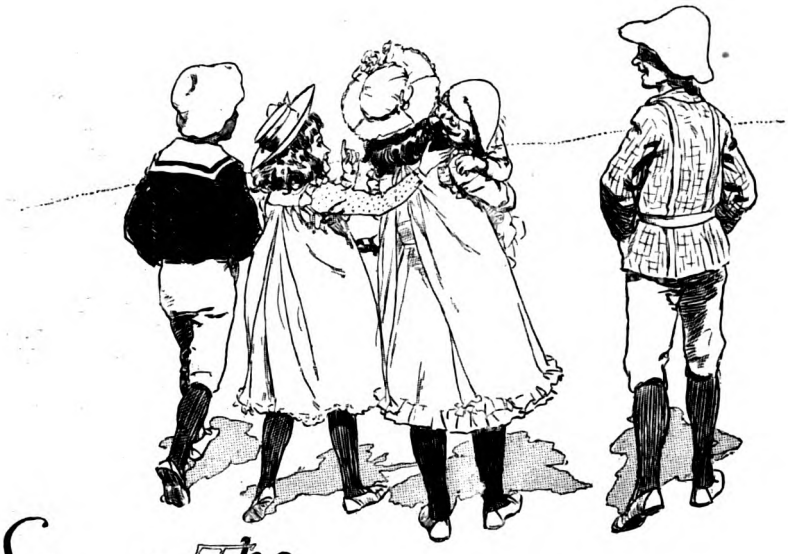
the formation of Lord Salisbury's Government in 1896, was really "no forrader" in the matter of income. Secure in any case of a tribute of £2,000 a year paid by a grateful nation, he, when after the General Election of 1900 Lord Salisbury, forming his fourth Administration, retired from the Foreign Office, magnanimously placed at his chief's disposal the Privy Seal with its salary of £2,000 a year.

LORD SALISBURY AND LORD CROSS.

OLD STAGERS.

Thus was the Premier provided for, and thus he modestly draws a salary just one-fifth of the amount of that enjoyed by his colleague and crony, the Lord Chancellor. It cannot be said by the most niggardly commentator that Lord Salisbury has been overpaid for his public work. Entering Parliament a youth of twenty-three, he has been for nearly half a century engaged in the forefront of political life. At the time he resigned the Foreign Seals he had, through an aggregate term of twenty years, drawn something like £100,000. That would have been a poor guerdon for a similar period devoted by a man of consummate ability to his private affairs.

Amongst office-holders still wearing the palm of merit, Lord George Hamilton came into his inheritance the youngest in years, and has been the most regular in obtaining recognition. When in 1874 Mr. Disraeli first came into power as well as into office, he bestowed upon his young friend, then in his twenty-ninth year, his sixth term of Parliamentary life, the post of Under-Secretary for India. Since then Lord George has never been left out of office on the appointment of a Conservative Ministry and has advanced to Cabinet rank. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach beats him alike in the length of his term of successive office and in the rapidity with which he was promoted from the ranks to a seat on the Treasury Bench. In this last respect, indeed, the Chancellor of the Exchequer beats the record. Returned for East Gloucestershire in 1864 at the age of twenty-seven, he, four years later, was made Parliamentary Secretary to the Poor Law Board. Mr. Balfour, entering Parliament one year younger, waited eleven years before he was seated on the bench he now adorns. The journey occupied Mr. Chamberlain only four years.



The Psammead, or the Gifts

By E. Nesbit.

III.—BEING WANTED.

THE morning after the children had been the possessors of boundless wealth, and had been unable to buy anything really useful or enjoyable with it, except two pairs of cotton gloves, twelve penny buns, an imitation crocodile-skin purse, and a ride in a pony-cart, they awoke without any of the enthusiastic happiness which they had felt on the previous day, when they remembered how they had had the luck to find a psammead, or sand-fairy, and to receive its promise to grant them a new wish every day. For now they had had two wishes, beauty and wealth, and neither had exactly made them happy. But the happening of strange things, even if they are not completely pleasant things, is more amusing than those times when nothing happens but meals, and they are not always completely pleasant, especially on the days when it is cold mutton or hash.

It had been decided that fifty pounds in two-shilling pieces was the right wish to have this morning. And the lucky children, who could have anything in the wide world by just wishing for it, hurriedly started for the gravel-pit to express their wishes to the psammead. Martha caught them at the gate and insisted on their taking the baby with them.

"Not want him, indeed! Why, everybody 'ud want him—a duck—with all their hearts, they would. And you know you promised your ma to take him out every blessed day," said Martha.

"I know we did," said Robert, in gloom; "but I wish the Lamb wasn't quite so young and small. It would be much better fun taking him out."

"He'll mend of his youngness with time," said Martha; "and, as for smallness, I don't think you'd fancy carrying of him any more, however big he was. Besides, he can walk a bit, bless his precious fat legs—a ducky! He feels the benefit of the new-laid air, so he does—a pet!"

With this and a kiss she plumped the

Lamb into Anthea's arms and went back to her sewing-machine.

The Lamb laughed with pleasure and said, "Walky wif Panty," rode on Robert's back with yells of joy, tried to feed Jane with stones, and altogether made himself so agreeable that nobody could long be sorry that he was of the party.

It was settled that, as soon as they had wished for the money and got it, they would get Mr. Crispin to drive them in to Rochester again, taking the Lamb with them, if they could not get out of it. And they would make a list of the things they really wanted before they started. Full of high hopes and excellent resolutions, they went round the safe, slow cart-road to the gravel-pits, and as they went in between the mounds of gravel a sudden thought came to them, and would have turned their ruddy cheeks pale if they had been children in a book. Being real live children, it only made them stop and look at each other with rather blank and silly expressions. For now they remembered that yesterday, when they had asked the psammead for boundless wealth, and it was getting ready to fill the quarry with the minted gold of bright guineas—millions of them—it had told the children to run along outside the quarry for fear they should be buried alive in the heavy splendid treasure. And they had run. And so it had happened that they had not had time to mark the spot where the psammead was, with a ring of stones, as before. And it was this thought that put such silly expressions on their faces.

"Never mind," said the hopeful Jane, "we'll soon find him."

But this, though easily said, was hard in the doing. They looked and they looked, and though they found their seaside spades, nowhere could they find the sand-fairy.

At last they had to sit down and rest—not at all because they were weary or disheartened, of course, but because the Lamb insisted on being put down—and you cannot look very carefully after anything you may have happened to lose in the sand if you have an active baby to look after at the same time. Get someone to drop your best knife in the sand next time you go to the seaside, and then take your baby brother with you when you go to look for it, and you will see that I am right.

The Lamb, as Martha had said, was feeling the benefit of the country air, and he was as frisky as a sandhopper. The elder ones longed to go on talking about the new wishes they would have when (or if) they found the psammead again. But the Lamb wished to enjoy himself.

He watched his opportunity and threw a handful of sand into Anthea's face, and then suddenly burrowed his own head in the sand and waved his fat legs in the air. Then, of course, the sand got into his eyes, as it had into Anthea's, and he howled.

The thoughtful Robert had brought one solid brown bottle of ginger-beer with him, relying on a thirst that had never yet failed him. This had to be uncorked hurriedly; it was the only wet thing within reach, and it was necessary to wash the sand out of the Lamb's eyes somehow. Of course, the ginger hurt horribly, and he howled more than ever. And amid his anguish of kicking the bottle was upset, and the beautiful ginger-beer frothed out into the sand and was lost for ever.

It was then that Robert, usually a very patient brother, so far forgot himself as to say:—

"Anybody would want him, indeed! Only they don't. Martha doesn't, not really, or she'd jolly well keep him with her. He's a little nuisance, that's what he is. It's too bad. I only wish everybody *did* want him with all their hearts, we might get some peace in our lives."

The Lamb stopped howling now, because Jane had suddenly remembered that there is only one safe way of taking things out of little children's eyes, and that is with your own soft, wet tongue. It is quite easy, if you love the baby as much as you ought to.

Then there was a little silence. Robert was not proud of himself for having been so cross, and the others were not proud of him either. You often notice that sort of silence when someone has said something it ought not to, and everyone else holds its tongue and waits for the one who oughtn't to have to say it is sorry.

The silence was broken by a sigh—a breath suddenly let out. The children's heads turned as if there had been a string tied to each nose and someone had pulled all the strings at once.

And everyone saw the sand-fairy sitting quite close to them, with something as much like a smile as it could manage on its hairy face.

"Good morning," it said; "I did that quite easily. Everyone wants him now."

"It doesn't matter," said Robert, sulkily, because he knew he had been behaving rather like a pig. "No matter who wants him, there's no one here to, anyhow."

"Ingratitude," said the psammead, "is a dreadful vice."

"We're not ungrateful," Jane made haste to say, "but we didn't *really* want that wish. Robert only just said it. Can't you take it back and give us a new one?"

"No; I can't," the sand-fairy said, shortly. "Chopping and changing—it's not business. You ought to be careful what you *do* wish."

"'POOF, POOF, POOF-Y,' HE SAID, AND MADE A GRAB."

Suddenly the Lamb perceived that something brown and furry was near him.

"Poof, poof, poof-y," he said, and made a grab.

"It's not a pussy," Anthea was beginning, when the sand-fairy leaped back.

"Oh, my left whisker!" it said; "don't let him touch me. He's wet."

Its fur stood on end with horror; and, indeed, a good deal of the ginger-beer had been spilt on the blue smock of the Lamb.

The psammead dug with its hands and feet and vanished in an instant amid a whirl of sand.

The children marked the spot with a ring of stones.

"We may as well get along home," said Robert. "I say, I'm sorry, but, anyway, if it's no good it's no harm, and we know where the sandy thing is for to-morrow."

The others were noble. No one reproached Robert at all. Cyril picked up the Lamb, who was now quite himself again, and off they went by the safe cart-road.

The cart-road from the gravel-pits joins the road almost directly.

At the gate into the road the party stopped to shift the Lamb from Cyril's back to Robert's. And as they paused a very smart open carriage came in sight, with a coachman and a groom on the box, and inside the carriage a lady—very grand indeed, with a dress all white lace and red ribbons, and a parasol all red and white—and a white fluffy dog on her lap, with a red ribbon round its neck. She looked at the children, and particularly at the baby, and she smiled at him. The children were used to this, for the Lamb was, as all the servants said, "a very taking child." So they waved their hands politely to the lady and expected her to drive on. But she did not. Instead, she made the coachman stop. And she beckoned to Cyril, and when he went up to the carriage she said:—

"What a dear, darling duck of a baby! Oh, I *should* so like to adopt it. Do you think its mother would mind?"

"She'd mind very much indeed," said Anthea.

"Oh, but I should bring it up in luxury, you know. I am Lady Chittenden. You must have seen my photograph in the illustrated papers. They call me a beauty, you know; but, of course, that's all nonsense. Anyway——"

She opened the carriage door and jumped out. She had the wonderfullest red, high-heeled shoes with silver buckles. "Let me hold him a minute," she said. And she took the Lamb and held him very awkwardly, as if she were not used to babies.

Then, suddenly, she jumped into the carriage with the Lamb in her arms and slammed the door, and said: "Drive on."

The Lamb roared, the little white dog barked, and the coachman hesitated.

"Drive on, I tell you," said the lady. And the coachman did, for, as he said afterwards, it was as much as his place was worth not to.

The four children looked at each other, and then with one accord they rushed after the carriage and held on behind. Down the dusty road went the smart carriage, and after it, at double quick time, ran the twinkling legs of the Lamb's brothers and sisters.

The Lamb howled louder and louder, but presently his howls changed to hiccuppy gurgles, and then all was still, and they knew he had gone to sleep.

The carriage went on, and the eight feet that twinkled through the dust were growing quite stiff and tired before the carriage stopped at the lodge of a grand park. The children crouched down behind the carriage and the lady got out. She looked at the baby as it lay on the carriage seat, and hesitated.

"The darling; I won't disturb it," she said, and went into the lodge to talk to the woman there about a sitting of Buff Orpington eggs.

The coachman and footman sprang from the box and bent over the still sleeping Lamb.

"AT DOUBLE QUICK TIME, RAN THE TWINKLING LEGS OF THE LAMB'S BROTHERS AND SISTERS."

"Fine boy; wish he was mine," said the coachman.

"He wouldn't favour *you* much," said the groom; "too 'andsome."

"Wonder at her now, I do, really. Hates kids, got none of her own, and can't abide other folkses."

The children crouching in the white dust under the carriage exchanged uncomfortable glances.

"Tell you what," said the coachman, firmly. "Blowed if I don't hide the little nipper in the hedge and tell her his brother's took 'im! Then I'll come back for him afterwards."

"No, you don't," said the footman. "I've took to that kid so as never was. If anyone's to have him, it's me, so there."

"Stow your gab," the coachman rejoined. "You don't want no kids, and if you did one kid's the same as another to you. But I'm a married man and a judge of breed. I knows a first-rate yearling when I sees him. I'm a-goin' to 'ave him, an' least said soonest mended."

"I should 'a' thought," said the footman, sneeringly, "you'd a'most enough. Alfred, an' Albert, an' Louise, an' Victor Stanley, an' Helena Beatrice, an' another——"

The coachman hit the footman in the chin, the footman hit the coachman in the waistcoat, and next minute the two were fighting here and there, in and out, up and down, and all over everywhere, and the little dog jumped on the box of the carriage and began barking like mad.

Cyril, still crouching in the dust, waddled on bent legs to the side of the carriage farthest from the battlefield. He unfastened the door of the carriage—the two men were far too much occupied with their quarrel to notice anything—took the Lamb in his arms, and, still stooping, carried the sleeping baby a dozen yards along the road to where a stile led into a wood. The others followed, and there among the hazels and young oaks and sweet chestnuts, covered by high, strong-scented bracken, they all lay hidden, till the angry voices of the men were hushed at the angry voice of the red and white lady, and, after a

"THE NEXT MINUTE THE TWO WERE FIGHTING HERE AND THERE."

long and anxious search, the carriage at last drove away.

"My only hat!" said Cyril, drawing a deep breath, as the sound of wheels at last died away; "everyone *does* want him now, and no mistake. That sammyadd has done us again! Tricky brute. For any sake let's get the kid safe home."

So they peeped out, and finding on the right hand only lonely white road, and nothing but lonely white road on the left, they took courage and the road, Anthea carrying the sleeping Lamb.

Adventures dogged their footsteps. A boy with a bundle of fagots on his back dropped his bundle by the roadside and asked to look at the baby, and then offered to carry him, but Anthea was not to be caught that way twice. They all walked on, but the boy followed, and Cyril and Robert couldn't make him go away till they had more than once invited him to smell their fists. Then a little girl in a blue-and-white-checked pinafore actually followed them for a quarter of a mile crying for "the precious baby," and then she was only got rid of by threats of tying her to a tree in the wood with all their pocket-handkerchiefs. "So that the bears can come and eat you as soon as it gets dark," said Cyril, severely. Then she went off crying. It presently seemed wise to the brothers and sisters of the baby who was wanted by everyone to hide in the hedge whenever they saw anyone coming, and thus they managed to prevent the Lamb from arousing the inconvenient affection of a milkman, a stone-breaker, and a man who drove a cart with a paraffin barrel at the back of it. They were nearly home when the worst thing of all happened. Turning a corner suddenly they came upon two vans, a tent, and a company of gipsies encamped by the side of the road. The vans were hung all round with wicker-chairs and cradles and flower-stands and feather brushes. A lot of ragged children were industriously making dust-pies in the road, two men lay on the grass smoking, and three women were doing the family washing in an old red watering-can with the top broken off.

In a moment every gipsy, men, women, and children, surrounded Anthea and the baby.

"Let me hold him, little lady," said one of the gipsy women, who had a mahogany-coloured face and light hair. "I won't hurt a hair of his head, the little picture."

"I'd rather not," said Anthea.

"Let *me* have him," said the other woman, whose face was also mahogany and her hair jet black, in greasy curls. "I've nineteen of my own, so I have——"

"No," said Anthea, bravely; but her heart beat so that it nearly choked her.

Then one of the men pushed forward.

"'Swelp me if it ain't," he cried, "my own long-lost cheild! Have he a strawberry mark on his left ear? No? Then he's my own babby, stolen from me in hinnocent hinfancy. 'And 'im over, and we'll not 'ave the law on yer this time."

He snatched the baby from Anthea, who turned scarlet and burst into tears of pure rage.

The others were standing quite still; this

was much the most terrible thing that had ever happened to them. Even being taken up by the police in Rochester was nothing to this. Cyril was quite white and his hands trembled a little, but he made a sign to the others to shut up. He was silent a minute, thinking hard. Then he said:—

"HE SNATCHED THE BABY FROM ANTHEA."

"We don't want to keep him if he's yours. But you see he's used to us. You shall have him if you want him——"

"No, no," cried Anthea—and Cyril glared at her.

"Of course we want him," said the women, trying to get the baby out of the man's arms. The Lamb howled loudly.

"Oh, he's hurt," shrieked Anthea, and Cyril in a savage undertone, bade her "stow it."

"You trust to me," he whispered. "Look here," he went on, "he's awfully tiresome with people he doesn't know very well. Suppose we stay here a bit till he gets used to you, and then, when it's bed-time, I give you my word of honour we'll go away, and let you keep him if you want to. And then when we're gone you can decide which of you is to have him, as you all want him so much."

"That's fair enough," said the man who was holding the baby, trying to loosen the red neckerchief which the Lamb had caught hold of, and drawn so tight round his mahogany throat that he could hardly breathe. The gipsies whispered together, and Cyril took the chance to whisper too. He said, "Sunset! We'll get away then."

And then his brothers and sisters were filled with wonder and admiration at his having been so clever as to remember this.

"Oh, do let him come to us," said Jane; "see, we'll sit down here, and take care of him for you till he gets used to you."

"What about dinner?" said Robert, suddenly. The others looked at him with scorn.

"Fancy bothering about your beastly dinner when your br—I mean the baby——" Jane whispered, hotly.

Robert carefully winked at her and went on. "You won't mind my just running home to get our dinner," he said to the gipsy. "I can bring it out here in a basket."

His brothers and sisters felt themselves very noble, and despised him. They did not know his thoughtful secret intention. But the gipsies did in a minute.

"Oh, yes," they said; "and then fetch the police, with a pack of lies about it being your baby instead of ours! D'j'ever catch a weasel asleep?" they asked.

"If you're hungry you can pick a bit along of us," said the light-haired gipsy woman, not unkindly. "Here, Levi, that blessed kid'll howl all his buttons off. Give him to the little lady, and let's see if they can't get him used to us a bit."

So the Lamb was handed back, but the gipsies crowded so closely that he could not

possibly stop howling. Then the man with the red handkerchief said :—

"Here, Pharaoh, make up the fire, and you girls see to the pot. Give the kid a chance."

So the gipsies, very much against their will, went off to their work and their children were sent to play, and the Lamb, with his brothers and sisters, was left sitting on the grass.

"He'll be all right at sunset," Jane whispered; "but, oh, it is awful! Suppose they are frightfully angry when they come to their senses! They might beat us, or leave us tied to trees or something."

"No, they won't," Anthea said ("Oh, my Lamb, don't cry any more—it's all right—Panty's got oo, duckie!); they aren't unkind people, or they wouldn't be going to give us any dinner."

"Dinner?" said Robert; "I won't touch their nasty dinner. It would choke me!"

The others thought so, too, then. But when the dinner was ready — it turned out to be supper, and happened between four and five—they were all glad enough to take what they could get. It was boiled rabbit, with onions, and some bird rather like a chicken, but stringier about its legs. The Lamb had bread soaked in hot water and brown sugar sprinkled on the top. He liked this very much, and consented to let the two gipsy women feed him with it as he sat on Anthea's lap. All that long, hot afternoon Robert and Cyril and Anthea and Jane had to keep the Lamb amused and happy, while the gipsies looked eagerly on. By the time the shadows grew long and black across the meadows he had really "taken to" the woman with the light hair, and even consented to kiss his hand to the children and to stand up and bow, with his hand on his chest, "like a gentleman," to the two men. The whole gipsy camp was in raptures with him, and his brothers and sisters could not help taking some pleasure in showing off his accomplishments to an audience so interested and enthusiastic. But they longed for sunset.

"We're getting into the habit of longing for sunset," Cyril whispered. "How I do wish we could wish something really sensible, that would be of some use, so that we should be quite sorry when sunset came!"

The shadows got longer and longer, and at last there were no separate shadows any more, but one soft, glowing shadow over everything—for the sun was out of sight behind the hill, but he had not really set yet. The people who make the laws about lighting bicycle lamps are the people who decide when the sun sets.

But the gipsies were getting impatient.

"Now, young 'uns," the red-handkerchief man said, "it's time you were laying of your heads on your pillowses—so it is. The kid's all right and friendly with us now, so you just hand him over and sling that hook o' yours, like you said."

"HE CONSENTED TO LET THE GIPSY WOMAN FEED HIM."

The women and children came crowding round the Lamb; arms were held out, fingers snapped invitingly, friendly faces beamed with admiring smiles, but all failed to tempt the loyal Lamb. He clung with arms and legs to Jane, who happened to be holding

him, and uttered the gloomiest roar of the whole day.

"It's no good," the woman said; "hand the little poppet over, miss. We'll soon quiet him."

And still the sun would not set.

"Tell her about how to put him to bed," whispered Cyril—"anything to gain time; and be ready to bolt when the sun really does make up its silly old mind to set."

"Yes, I'll hand him over in just one minute"—Anthea began talking very fast to gain time—"but do let me just tell you he has a warm bath every night and cold in the morning, and he has a crockery rabbit to go into the warm bath with him, and little Samuel saying his prayers in white china on a red cushion for the cold bath, and he hates you to wash his ears, but you must; and if you let the soap get into his eyes the Lamb——"

"Lamb kyes," said he—he had stopped roaring to listen.

The woman laughed. "As if I'd never bath'd a babby," she said. "Come, give us a hold of him. Come to 'Melia, my precious——"

"G'way, ugsie," replied the Lamb at once.

"Yes, but," Anthea went on, "about his meals; you must let me tell you he has an apple or a banana every morning, and bread and milk for breakfast, and an egg for his tea sometimes, and——"

"I've brought up ten," said the black-ringleted woman. "Come, miss—'and 'im over—I can't bear it no longer. I just must give him a hug."

"We ain't settled yet whose he's to be, Esther," said one of the men.

"It won't be you, Esther, with seven of 'em at your tail a'ready."

"I ain't so sure of that," said Esther's husband.

"And ain't I nobody to have a say neither?" said the husband of 'Melia.

Zillah, the girl, said, "An' me? I'm a single girl—and no one but 'im to look after—I ought to have him."

"Hold yer tongue!"

"Shut your mouth!"

"Don't you show me no more of your imperence!"

Everyone was getting very angry. The dark gipsy faces were frowning and anxious-looking. Suddenly a change swept over them, as if some invisible sponge had wiped away these cross and anxious expressions and left only a blank.

The children saw that the sun really *had* set. But they were afraid to move. And the gipsies were feeling so muddled, because of the invisible sponge that had washed all the feelings of the last few hours out of their hearts, that they could not say a word.

The children hardly dared to breathe. Suppose the gipsies, when they recovered speech, should be furious to think how silly they had been all day.

It was an awkward moment. Suddenly Anthea, greatly daring, held out the Lamb to the red-handkerchief man.

"Here he is," she said.

The man drew back. "I shouldn't like to deprive you, miss," he said, hoarsely.

"Anyone who likes can have my share of him," said the other man.

"After all, I've got enough of my own," said Esther.

"He's a nice little chap," said Amelia. She was the only one who now looked affectionately at the whimpering Lamb.

Zillah said: "If I don't think I must have had a touch of the sun. *I* don't want him."

"Then shall we take him away?" said Anthea.

"Well, suppose you do," said Pharaoh, heartily, "and we'll say no more about it."

And with great haste all the gipsies began to be busy about their tents for the night. All but Amelia. She went with the children as far as the bend in the road, and there she said:—

"Let me give him a kiss, miss; I don't know what made us go for to behave so silly; us gipsies don't steal babies, whatever they may tell you when you're naughty. We've enough of our own, mostly. But I've lost all mine."

She leaned towards the Lamb, and he, looking in her eyes, unexpectedly put up a grubby, soft paw and stroked her face.

"Poor, poor," said the Lamb. And he let the gipsy woman kiss him, and, what is more, he kissed her brown cheek in return—a very nice kiss, as all his kisses are, and not a wet one, like some babies give. The gipsy woman moved her finger about on his forehead as if she were writing something there, and the same with his chest and his hands and his feet. Then she said:—

"May he be brave, and have the strong head to think with, and the strong heart to love with, and the strong hands to work with, and the strong feet to travel with, and always come safe home to his own." Then she said something in a strange language no one could understand, and suddenly added:—

"Well, I must be saying 'So long'—and glad to have made your acquaintance." And she turned and went back to her home—the tent by the grassy roadside.

The children looked after her till she was out of sight. Then Robert said, "How silly of her! Even sunset didn't put *her* right — what rot she talked!"

"THE GIPSY WOMAN MOVED HER FINGERS ABOUT ON HIS FOREHEAD."

"Well," said Cyril, "if you ask me I think it was rather decent of her."

"Decent?" said Anthea. "It was very nice indeed of her. I think she's a dear."

"She's just too frightfully nice for anything," said Jane.

And they went home—very late for tea, and unspeakably late for dinner. Martha scolded, of course. But the Lamb was safe.

"I say, it turned out we wanted the Lamb as much as anyone," said Robert, afterwards.

"Of course."

"But do you feel different about it now the sun's set?"

"*No*," said all the others together.

"Then it's lasted over sunset with us."

"No, it hasn't. The wish didn't do anything to us. We always wanted him with all our hearts when we were our proper selves, only we were all pigs this morning, especially you, Robert."

Robert bore this with a strange calm.

"I certainly *thought* I didn't want him this morning," said he. "Perhaps I *was* a pig. But everything looked so different when we thought we were going to lose him."

And that, my dear children, is the moral of this story. Think of it, the next time you feel piggy yourself and want to get rid of any of your brothers and sisters. I hope this doesn't often happen, but I dare say it has happened sometimes, even to you!

Some Wonders from the West.

XL.—LOOPING THE LOOP ON A BICYCLE.

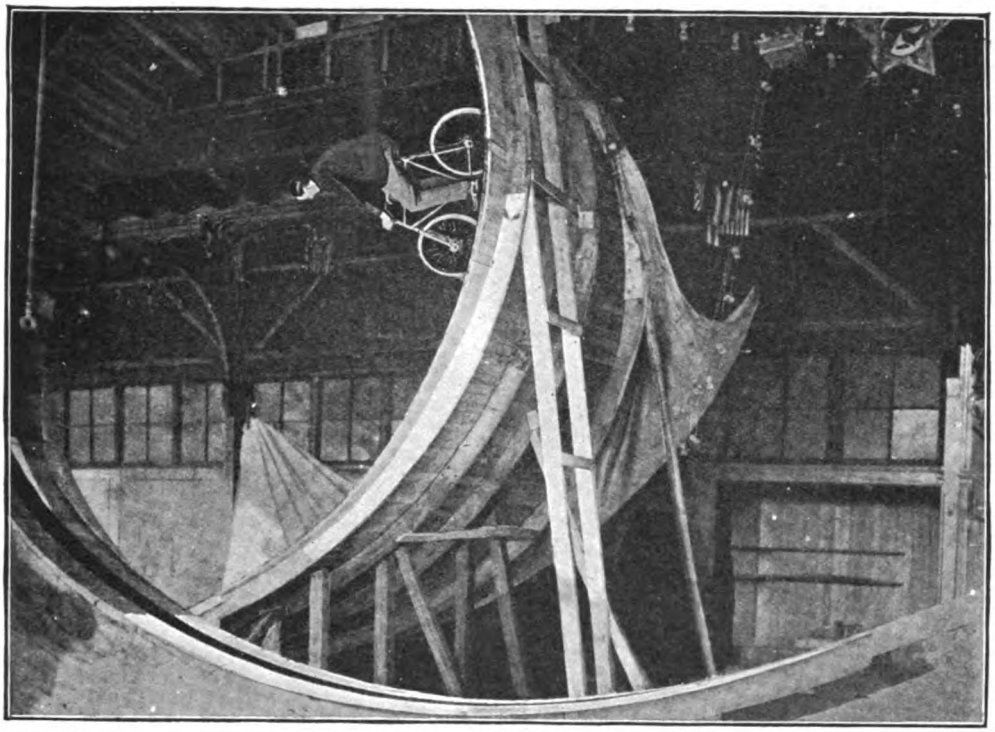
By Eric Hamilton.

ONE of the most sensational cycling feats on record was that recently performed by Mr. Robert B. Vandevoort, a young electrician of Brooklyn, New York. Few of the numerous recreative features of Coney Island, Atlantic City, and other popular American seaside resorts have appealed to the public taste so powerfully as the flip-flap or loop railway. Roughly speaking, the idea is to shoot down an incline and then round a complete circle, the car keeping the rails simply through the centrifugal force. Our illustration of the loop will most adequately convey an idea of its principle of construction, and as a hair-raising, sensational ride it would be difficult to beat. "Looping the loop" in America has become even more popular than shooting the chutes. To complete the journey in the special car designed for the purpose is a sufficiently exciting experience, but to accomplish the trip on a cycle is courting certain death. Mr. Vandevoort's accomplishment is unique, inasmuch as he is the only man who has ever successfully and safely performed the feat more than once. Other aspirants for sensational notoriety have made the attempt, but have only encountered disaster.

From a] MR. R. B. VANDEVOORT. *[Photo.*

The loop sensation was devised by Mr. A. T. Prescott, who controls the one at present in operation at Coney Island. Several years ago, when he was a boy fourteen years old, he built a model loop of wire, and used to derive great pleasure in making a billiard-ball travel right round the circle. At first he could not induce the ball to loop the loop, but by gradually increasing his starting incline, in order to obtain the requisite impetus upon the ball, and building his circle in proportion, he at last achieved success. But with the typical boyish characteristic, when he had succeeded in making it work satisfactorily he grew tired of it, relegated it to the rubbish-heap, and forgot its very existence.

Several years later he visited a popular seaside resort near Boston, and watched the popular enthusiasm with which crowds of people enjoyed shooting the chutes. They revelled in the sensational whirl down the incline, and he realized that the owners of the attraction were reaping a financial harvest from it. Instantly the idea of turning his quondam plaything to financial account flashed across his mind, and he determined to make the experiment. He went home, resurrected his old toy, and built a model from it with a loop twenty inches high. He constructed a little car, placed a glass of



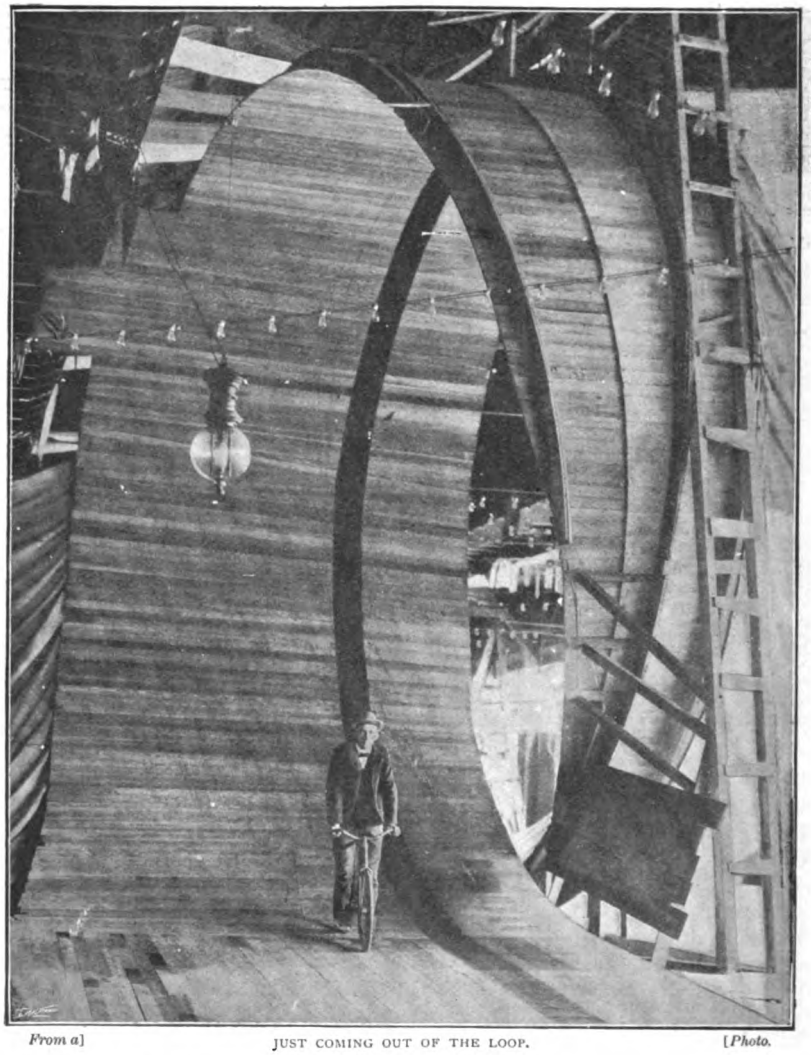
From a] IN THE LOOP. *[Photo.*

water upon it, and dispatched it through the loop. The experiment was a great success. Not a drop of water was spilled in the journey. Mr. Prescott thereupon patented his device and built a full-sized loop at Revere Beach, near Boston.

But his loop met with great opposition at first, especially from the sceptics and the medical fraternity. The former characterized it as a murdering machine, and the latter said that the shock to the nervous system of people who performed the journey would be dangerous. But Prescott laughed at their qualms, and to prove his confidence in its practicability and safety he, together with his carpenter, made the maiden trip. This initial journey took place on a moonlight night about ten o'clock. The inventor was so anxious to carry out the trial and was so sanguine of success that he could not wait until daylight to undertake it. Directly the work of erection was completed Prescott jumped into the car and urged his carpenter to accompany him. They gripped the sides of the car like grim death as it slowly started down the incline, rapidly gaining momentum as it proceeded. They held their breath as the car whizzed like lightning round the circle, and did not breathe freely again until it had come to a standstill on the top of the gradient at the other side of the loop. Although the journey had only occupied a few moments it seemed an age. Once the safety of the performance was exemplified to the public it leaped into popular favour, and is now one of the greatest money-making amusements that have ever been invented.

Immediately the loop had established itself in the popular estimation, a cyclist named Mack, aspiring to fame, made the hazardous attempt of riding round the loop. But he came a cropper instead. He had completed about three-quarters of the circle when he lost control of his machine, swerved violently off the track, and pitched into the canvas net placed on one side with terrific violence. The result was a broken ankle, which was sufficient to deter him from further attempts.

A month after Mack's unsuccessful effort another cyclist named Stewart attempted the journey, and looped the loop with conspicuous success. Stewart was so elated with his initial triumph that he essayed the trip again. But he was over-confident. He lost control of his cycle just as he was at the top of the loop, and was thrown down with such



From a] JUST COMING OUT OF THE LOOP. *[Photo.*

violence that two boards were broken. This accident damped Stewart's enthusiasm so much that he never again attempted the feat.

It was at this juncture that Vandevoort came upon the scene. He was only an amateur cyclist, but he was so strongly tempted that he resolved to make the trip notwithstanding both Mack's and Stewart's disastrous failures. He had watched the latter's two performances, observed his mistakes, and determined to profit thereby. But he was not animated with the same anxiety that characterized his two predecessors. He mentally ran over the route several times, and carefully calculated when to steer the cycle to either the right or left.

Vandevoort, however, quickly realized that the most important qualifications to ensure success were a clear head, steady nerve, and complete presence of mind throughout the journey. He did not essay the trip straight away, but quietly indulged in steady practice. He painted a black line in the centre of the track right through the loop. At first he started twenty feet from the bottom of the incline and clung closely to the central black line. When he had thoroughly mastered the twenty feet start he set off from a few feet higher up, and gradually climbed the gradient as he mastered the journey until he had finally reached the top of the incline, forty feet above the ground. When he had satisfactorily reached this point he announced that he was ready to loop the loop.

Vandevoort had obtained a special cycle

for the performance. Owing to the enormous strain to which the velocipede is submitted it was built of automobile tubing and weighed sixty pounds. The tyres are of the solid pattern, as pneumatic tyres are too dangerous, owing to their liability to burst, in which event a calamitous accident would result. There were no pedals, as it was imperative that the wheels should have absolutely free play, and the success of the feat depended upon the velocity with which the bicycle travelled down the starting incline. Therefore, in place of the pedals were two rests for the feet.

Before starting Vandevoort carefully examined every inch of the loop to make sure there were no loose boards or other obstacles which might throw him off the track. A doctor was in attendance in case of any emergencies, and also to observe what effect the ride exercised upon the nervous system of the cyclist.

Vandevoort then climbed to the top of the incline and, after requesting silence upon the part of the few privileged spectators, so that he might not be unnerved or his attention diverted from the track, he mounted his bicycle. Slowly he started, his body bent forward, his face set, and his eyes riveted upon the centre of the track. Like a flash he shot down the incline, steered his machine to the right correctly as he entered the loop, was whizzed round the circle by the force gathered in his descent of the incline, and was shot out like a cannon-ball at the other side. The complete silence which reigned was only disturbed by the humming noise of the tyres and the whistling of the air as Vandevoort swept through it; but it was finally broken by the daring cyclist crashing into the drag ropes, which he had placed at the exit of the loop to bring him to a standstill. The whole trip had only occupied a few seconds, and he had whirled round the loop like a flash of lightning.

The doctor immediately ran up to ascertain the results of the journey upon the rider. Vandevoort's pulse showed an acceleration of two beats upon what it was before he started, and his face was ghastly white. But there were no other ill-effects, and his pallor was probably attributable to the relaxation from the tremendous tension of his nerves during the trip.

The intrepid rider once more entered the loop and examined his course by the trail of his tyres. How nearly he met with disaster may be gauged from the fact that at one point his cycle went within three inches of the edge of the track. To accomplish the journey with safety it requires a quick eye, owing to the velocity at which the rider travels. If Vandevoort had not steered his cycle at the psychological moment of the entrance to the loop proper he would have been thrown out of the loop and probably killed. It was an exciting experience, and, as Vandevoort laughingly said when afterwards describing the performance, he simply "put his faith in his patron saint and let the machine go."

Now, however, the intrepid cyclist "loops the loop" on his cycle with the same equanimity that the ordinary rider coasts a hill. No other aspirants to fame, however, have yet attempted to emulate Vandevoort's sensational feat, probably remembering the fates of Mack and Stewart in this connection.

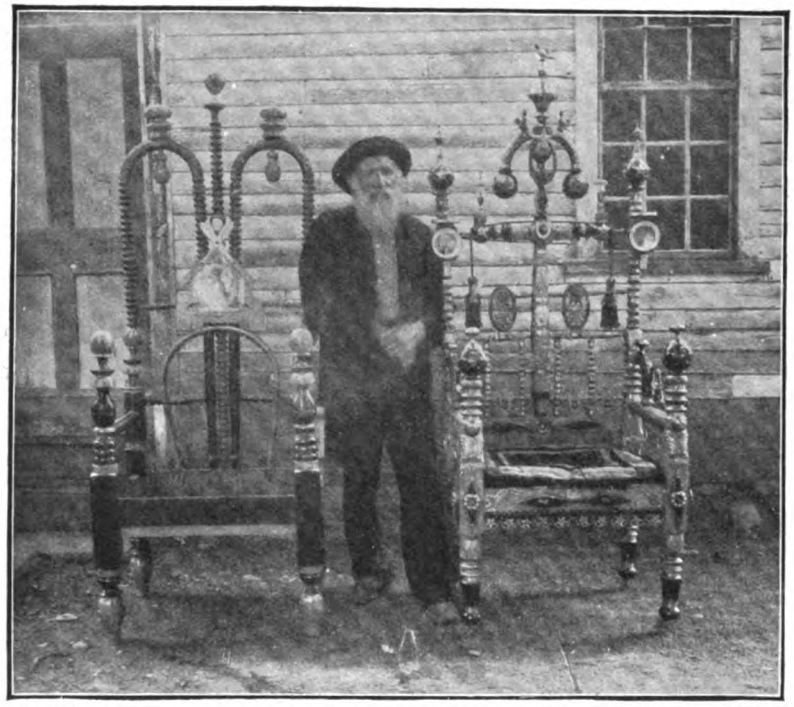
XLI.—A CURIOUS HOBBY.

In the little town of Sterling, Massachusetts, U.S.A., there lives a cabinet-maker of wonderful ingenuity and originality. This artist—for artist he is in his own line—a grey-haired old man of some seventy odd years, Sumner Reed by name, curio hunter by profession now, is working at the "building" of two of the most remarkable chairs ever made.

One of these chairs is well advanced towards completion, while the other is not much more than begun. "Wonder Jugs" Mr. Reed calls his two articles of unique furniture, and wonder jugs they are indeed. Fifty-eight years ago, when a boy of fourteen, Mr. Reed commenced work on his chairs, and he expects to keep on adding to them until he lays aside his tools for ever. As the veteran cabinet-maker is still in a state of excellent health, the work is likely to continue for some years.

The frames of the chairs are of heavy walnut, beautifully carved, but the interest does not lie in the designs wrought in the wood nor yet in the material itself, although walnut-wood is scarce enough in the States to make the frames of these remarkable chairs of great value.

The attention is riveted on the decorative features, if the term is permissible. Covering



From a] MR. REED AND HIS TWO WONDERFUL CHAIRS. *[Photo.*

the beautiful walnut surfaces, and placed upon them with the idea of permanency, is a curious conglomeration of articles fitted into the carving and arranged over the smooth surface, not with a view to the artistic effect, but with an eye to utilizing every inch of space to the best advantage.

The chair which seems entirely covered with this curious decoration, and which even Mr. Reed acknowledges to be nearly completed, presents a most striking appearance. Is it the work of some prehistoric tribe—was it once the throne of some heathen god? These are the questions which naturally arise when the chair is first seen. Surely those queer bits of iron, glass, lace, tin, etc., have some significance; they must be symbolic of some ancient rites, religious or secular.

Mr. Reed dispels this illusion with a quizzical smile and an emphatic shake of the head. Every one of the curious articles arranged so fantastically on the chairs has been collected by Mr. Reed himself.

Carriage lamps, bridles, rosettes, whistles, cartridges, buttons, fans, locks, tea-kettle spouts, dolls' heads, small chains of different metals and beads, suspender buckles, parts of baby-carriages, sleigh and other kinds of bells, shells, odd scraps of silver, steel, and iron, bits of bright silk, a queerly carved pen-holder, a clock dial, and other articles too numerous to mention, make these two chairs things of wonder if not of beauty.

Only those who have made a "wonder jug" can appreciate the time and labour involved in such a task as Mr. Reed has undertaken. A "wonder jug" is any kind of an article upon which, by the aid of a strong adhesive substance, "any old thing" is made to cling without coming off. Mr. Reed's names for his chairs, the "twin wonder jugs," is therefore highly appropriate.

When the entire surface of the chairs is completely covered with a fantastic arrangement of a myriad of articles varied and startling in their design, Mr. Reed is going to gild one chair and bronze the other. He hardly expects to live to put this last finishing touch to his work, for he anticipates spending his entire time in the collecting and arranging of the curios. He has commissioned a friend to throw this glamour of gilt over his chairs should he die before the work is finished. When completed the chairs are to be given to some museum. They will be a valuable acquisition to any collection of oddities, for they have no counterparts and cannot be duplicated. Besides which they will represent, when finished, over sixty years of labour.

Mr. Reed becomes reminiscent whenever he exhibits his wonderful chairs. Balanced on the very top of the tall back of the most nearly-completed chair is a tin canary bird. This songster is poised gracefully on the top of a much-nicked and battered top. A glance at these two toys brings a light to Mr. Reed's eye and a smile to his face. They are remnants of his boyhood days.

Sixty-six years ago, when Mr. Reed was a boy of six, his father brought him from a

Western city a wonderful tin canary bird which would chirp and sing in a most natural manner when wound up. The boy was delighted with this wonderful toy, and it was then that he first conceived the idea of making some sort of an article upon which he could place keepsakes and thus preserve them.

The little bird formed the nucleus of what proved to be a wonderful collection of curiosities. The top was the second relic stowed away. Little by little the hoard increased until young Reed had about fifty articles, each one associated with some event in his life. After puzzling for a long time as to what would be the best method of preserving these curios, he decided to make a wonder chair, and fifty-eight years ago he commenced work on the one which is now nearly completed.

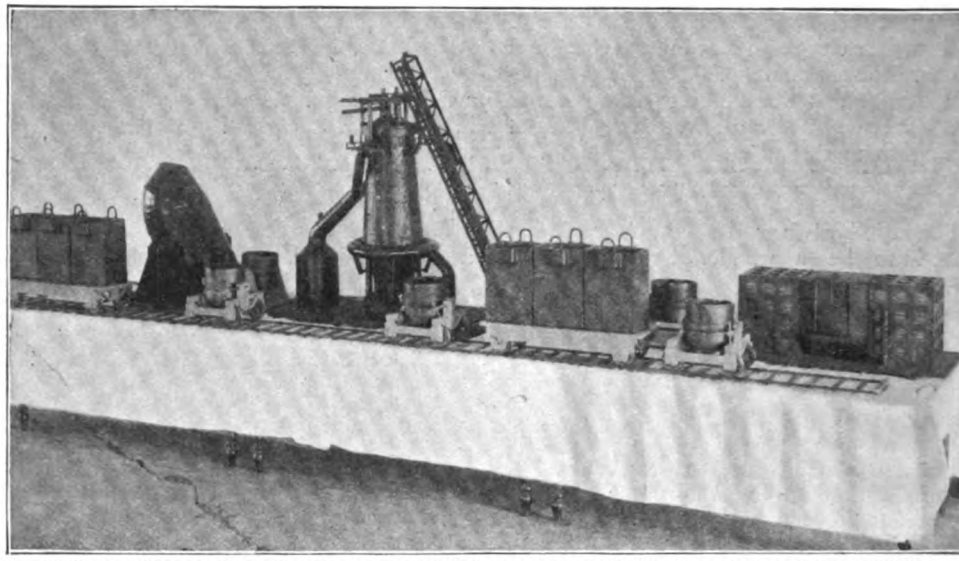
XLII.—A STEEL BANQUET.

By E. Leslie Gilliams.

THE banquet given recently to Mr. Andrew Carnegie at the Carnegie Laboratory of the Stevens Institute of Technology in Hoboken, New Jersey, U.S.A., was one of the most novel and ingenious ever prepared. The steel magnate was greeted on all sides by the metal in which he has made his millions. The great room in which the feast was held looked more like a locomotive workshop than a banquet-hall. The decorations were of the most elaborate type, but they were also severe, for it was the students' idea to make the royal supper one of steel from start to finish.

Around the long table was fixed a steel track, on which there ran a movable modern blast-furnace, and other steel dishes. When the lights were turned on the table and the wall-hangings caught the rays and sent out myriads of dancing sparks. The delicate china and cut-glass which usually grace the festive board were replaced by novel dishes of steel, fashioned in the oddest shapes. Cups, plates, and goblets were of the finest and most highly-tempered steel. The sumptuous repast was served up in beautiful steel dishes, and beside each guest's plate there was an appropriate steel souvenir. The most remarkable feature of the banquet was, however, the curious-looking centre dishes and "punch-bowls."

From a] GENERAL VIEW OF TABLES WITH THEIR NOVEL DECORATIONS. *[Photo.*

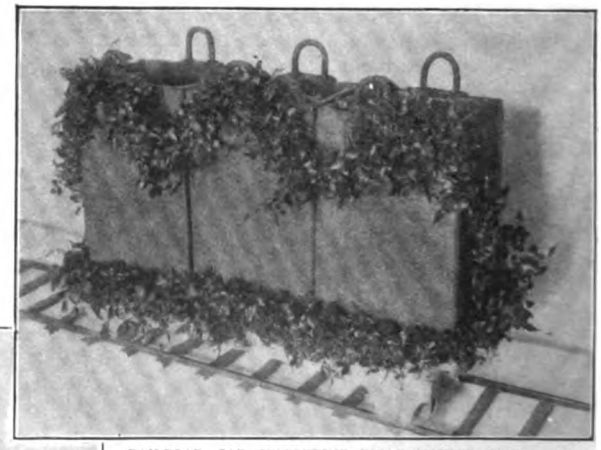


GROUP OF QUEER TABLE FURNISHINGS MANUFACTURED BY THE UNDERGRADUATES OF THE STEVENS INSTITUTE.
From a Photo.

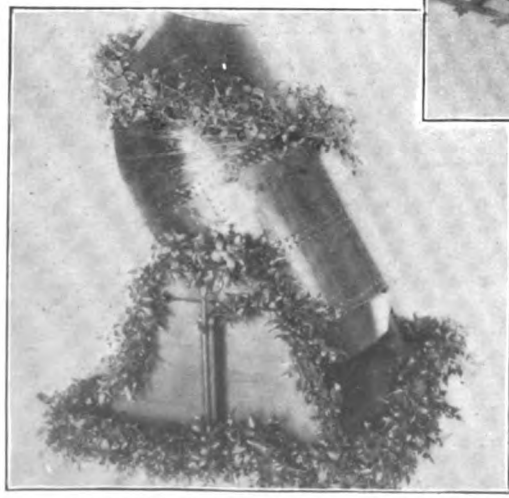
Mr. Carnegie, although he has been a guest of honour at many original entertainments, looked around him in astonishment when he first entered the banquet-hall of the Stevens Institute.

The punch-bowl attracted the steel magnate's attention as soon as he sat down—not that he knew it was a punch-bowl—no one but the designers knew the use of that queer dish. It was a model of a blast-furnace, perfect in every detail. It was about 4ft. high, and ran automatically along the track.

Every eye was turned inquiringly upon Mr. Morton, president of the institute, as he sent the furnace on its journey. The man on his right stopped its course and, to the amazement of all, tilted it up and filled his glass with punch. This queer-looking punch-bowl, travelling around the table and stopping before each guest to be tapped, caused much amusement.

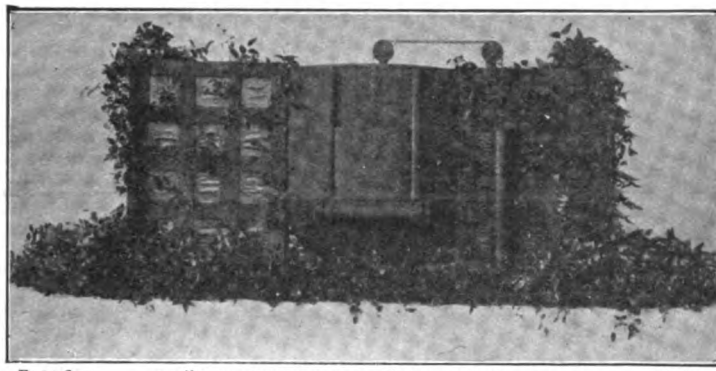


RAILROAD-CAR SUPPORTING INGOT MOULDS FILLED WITH ICE-CREAM.
From a [*Photo.*



A BESSEMER CONVERTER HOLDING SWEETMEATS.
From a Photo.

At one end of the table was an "open-hearth furnace," from which radiated very natural heat, but from which there came also a very unnatural savoury odour. All eyes were turned inquiringly in that direction when the counter-weighted door was

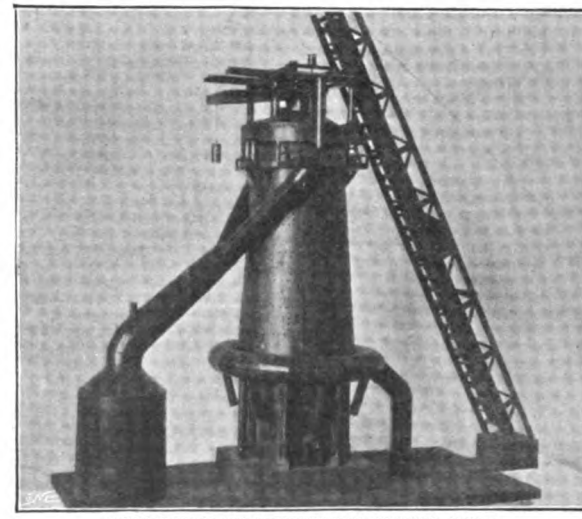


From a] AN "OPEN-HEARTH FURNACE" FOR COOKING OYSTERS. *[Photo.*

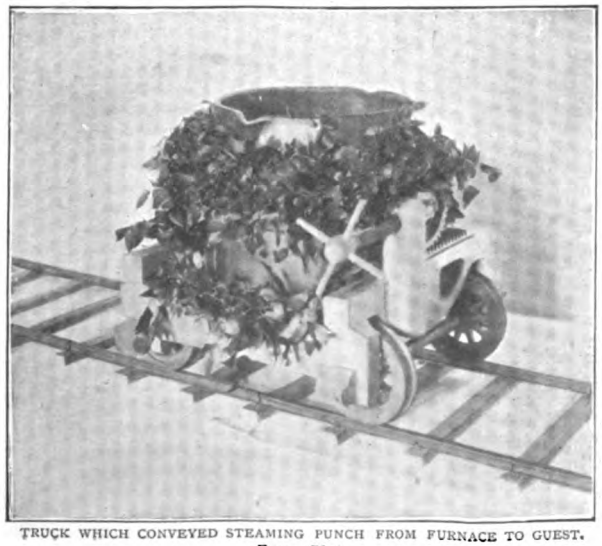
raised. The furnace was red-hot inside, and an exclamation of surprise issued from many lips when fried oysters instead of molten metal were taken from within. Each new dish presented some new surprise, and there was much guessing as to what the various objects contained.

Small flat cars loaded with cake spikes found their way around the 40ft. of railroad track to each individual banqueter. Sweets were also served from a Bessemer converter, which, after a "blow," projected a shower of sparks, and was then tilted until confections and cakes streamed out into appropriate ladles. No wonder there was a general laugh when, instead of the armour-plate which generally issues from these Bessemer converters, there came forth pastry.

Salads and ices were served in "ingot moulds." These moulds travelled along the track, and each guest helped himself. The ice-cream was moulded into all manner of queer shapes, corresponding to various engineering models, for the main plan was never lost sight of. "Steel and railroads" were the words the students kept constantly in mind when preparing for the banquet. Bread there was in every conceivable shape and form, from a whole locomotive to a railroad tie.



MINIATURE BLAST FURNACE FOR HEATING PUNCH.
From a Photo.



TRUCK WHICH CONVEYED STEAMING PUNCH FROM FURNACE TO GUEST.
From a Photo.

President Morton proposed a toast to their honoured benefactor and guest, and, after an appropriate speech, presented Mr. Carnegie with a beautiful silver casket, holding a portion of the first "T" rail ever manufactured.

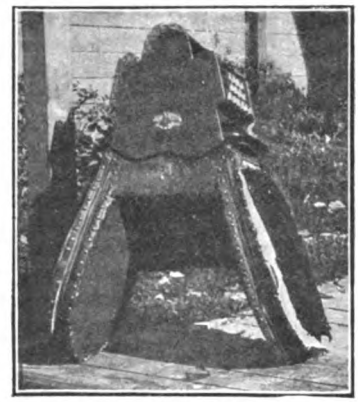
Mr. Carnegie declared that he possessed no treasure which he valued more highly, and that its presentation would ever be a pleasant memory, making the banquet at the Stevens Institute an incident never to be forgotten.

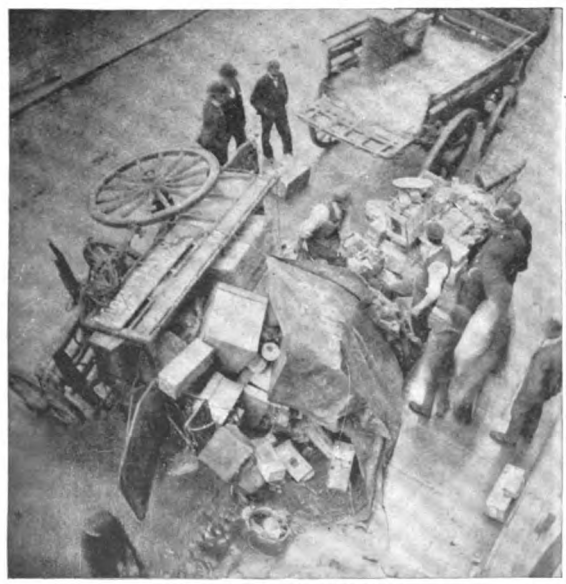
*Curiosities.**

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

WHAT INSTRUMENT IS THIS?

"Perhaps some of your STRAND readers know the name of the musical instrument shown in the accompanying photographs. It was recently found in an attic in Norristown, Pennsylvania, but no one knows its name or how it should be played. At present it is played by one person pressing on the bellows at each side while another pushes in the keys. There is a third bellows between the other two which is worked by them. The sound produced resembles that of an accordion."—Mr. L. Corson, 720, De Kalb Street, Norristown, Penn.





ALL HIS EGGS IN ONE VAN.

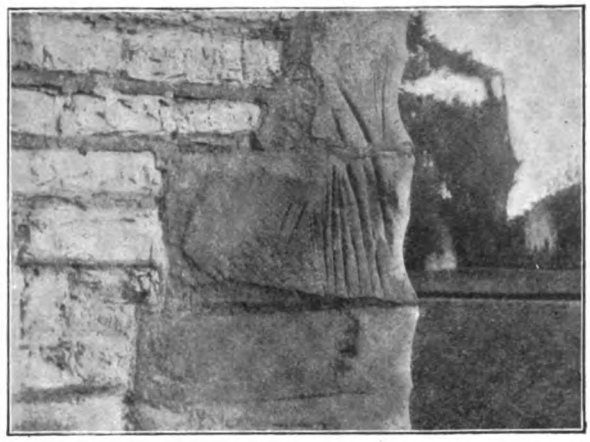
"This is a photograph, taken from my window at Cambridge, of a general provision cart, which upset in the road through the wheel breaking. The contents were thrown all over the path, and the gutter streamed with egg yolk. This photo. will seem the more curious when it is asked where the view is taken from, as will be seen by the wall in the bottom right-hand corner of the picture. The unique result is accounted for by the view being taken from a large bay window. The driver of the van was badly injured and was removed to the hospital. The tremendous crash and noise attracted the usual crowd, but I was not able to take the photo. until later, hence the small number of people standing around. Another van can be seen in the right-hand top corner of the picture, in readiness for the removal of the débris."—Mr. R. H. Meers, Shepherd's Green, Chislehurst.

A REMARKABLE LOAF.

"I send you a photograph which I took the other day of a very remarkable loaf of bread. At the Moravian Church here it is customary at the harvest thanksgiving for the members of the church to bring various offerings of fruit, bread, cakes, etc., which are piled up in the church and are then sold by auction. Among the offerings was this curious-looking loaf of bread."—Mr. T. E. Allhusen, Malvern, Jamaica.

* Copyright, 1902, by George Newnes, Limited.

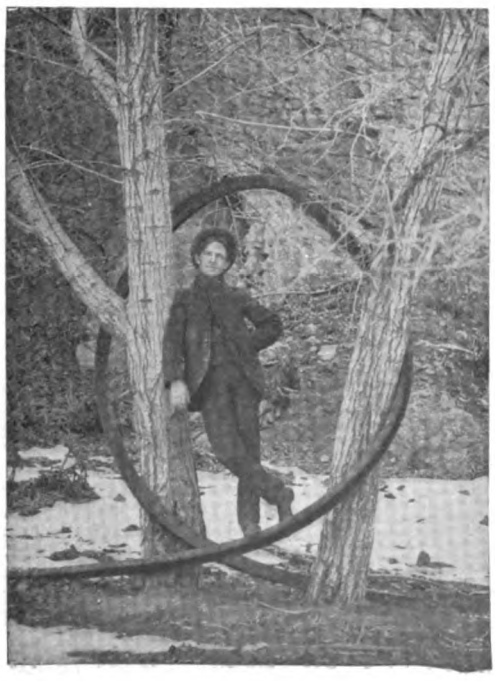
WHERE MONMOUTH'S MEN SHARPENED THEIR WEAPONS.



Our readers will no doubt remember an interesting Curiosity published in our issue for January, 1902, called "Slate *v.* Stone," showing the window-sill in a playground of a boys' school in Birmingham used by the scholars for sharpening their slate-pencils on. Here is somewhat of a parallel, though the indentations made in the respective stones owe their origin to vastly different motives. The photograph reproduced here shows a portion of the outside walls of Chedzoy Church, situate about three miles from Bridgwater, in Somerset. The photo. clearly shows the marks where the Duke of Monmouth's men sharpened their weapons before the Battle of Sedgemoor, in the reign of James II. The edges of the stones have been worn quite hollow. The cuts in the wall—clearly seen in the photo.—are quite deep, the largest being fully three-quarters of an inch.—Miss M. M. Taylor, 38, Hamilton Road, Ealing, W.

THE POWER OF THE FLOOD.

"This striking photograph shows a length of rail which was wrenched by floods from the permanent-way on the railway in the Rockies, near Grapecreek, Col., and twisted around two trees in the extraordinary manner shown."—Mr. R. A. Little, Canyon City, Col.



SCOTLAND'S OLDEST RACING TROPHY.

"Lanark Silver Bell, Scotland's oldest racing trophy, is said to have been given as a racing prize to the town of Lanark in 1160 by King William the Lion, fully 500 years before England's most ancient trophy, the Newmarket Whip, came into existence. This Lanark Bell appears to have been run for until the Commonwealth, when, horse-racing having been suppressed, it disappeared, and was only discovered again as recently as 1852 in the Lanark Town Council's repository. Since then it has been regularly contested for, the race being held at the Lanark meeting in autumn, under Jockey Club rules. The Bell, which has the burgh of Lanark arms engraved in front, stands fully 4in. high, and is a fine specimen of what was once a favourite form of prize, offered by many of the old Scottish burghs for the promotion of horse-racing. Of its antiquity there are many

proofs. It bears, for instance, the trade-marks of an Edinburgh goldsmith who lived in the reign of James VI. of Scotland, afterwards James I. of England; while besides there is engraved upon it a peculiar scroll, which antiquarians hold to be the manufacturer's mark, confirming the tradition, therefore, that the Bell was founded by King William. At one time it was the custom to attach shields bearing the names of the winners to the Bell, but these are now suspended to the pedestal upon which the Bell rests, but which is not shown in the photo. Of these shields only one is of a date prior to 1852; and this one is another proof of the antiquity of the Bell, as it bears the following odd inscription: 'Vin be me, Sir Jonhe Hamilton, of Trabroon, 1629.'"—Mr. A. Paterson, 40, Broomgate, Lanark.

THE LAST OF THE BUFFALOES.

"The enclosed photograph shows 'the last of the buffaloes,' taken on the Great Prairie that lies between Winnipeg and the Rocky Mountains, in Canada. The bones are collected and brought in by the Indians. This great conglomeration of bones will show in what enormous numbers the American bison or buffalo once existed, though now become practically extinct before the advance of the white settler; and should man in the meantime not succeed in domesticating it, it will probably ere long share the fate of the great auk and the prehistoric mammoth."—Mr. Geo. S. Waterlow, Uplands, Fareham, Hants.

A LESSON IN PERSPECTIVE.

"The accompanying may truly be designated a puzzle picture, for not one in a hundred will guess what it represents. The photographer offered a small coin of the realm to any person of his acquaintance—other than the two or three who were with him when the photograph was taken—who should be able to say what it represented. The coin is still unclaimed. Among the objects suggested were a lunar phenomenon, a skirt-dance, a snail, a screw, a sea-shell, a dog fight, a stellar nebula, a whirling mop, a motor-car gone mad, and sundry other things equally removed from fact. To take the reader into confidence, the picture is really a lesson in perspective under curious conditions. The photograph shows nearly a quarter of a mile of water-pipes, laid end to end, with some space between each two. The Birmingham municipal authorities are arranging for an increased water supply, and by the sides of some of the suburban roads lie many of the gigantic pipes which are destined to convey the water into the city. Each pipe is about 3ft. 6in. in diameter (inside) and 12ft. long. The particular lot photographed extended nearly a quarter of a mile, the distance between each two averaging a foot. The camera was placed on the floor, so to speak, and the fuzziness outside the largest circle really represents the interior of the first pipe. It will be noticed that a great many pipes appear in the picture, each becoming shorter and smaller to the eye as distance increases."—Mr. C. S. Sargisson, Birmingham.

THE MAN ON THE CHIMNEY-POT.

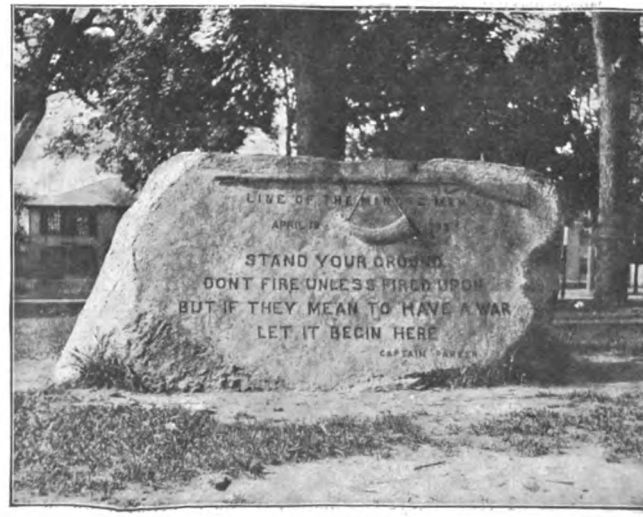
"Please accept photo. for your Curiosity page. I may say that it was taken last Boxing Day in dull weather, and it was also windy. It was snapped at the Quarry Inn, Staincliffe, near Dewsbury, Yorks, by myself, and the name of the man on the chimney-pot is George Knowles. I hope you will think it worthy of a place in your interesting Curiosity section."—Mr. J. W. Lockwood, 11, Midgley Street, Woodhouse, Leeds.

A CLEVER STAMP PICTURE.

"The stamp picture shown in the photograph took me six months to make, working at night after coming home from my usual work, say about fifteen hours every week; it measures 18in. from the foot of the vase to the top of the bud and 7¾in. across from arm to arm. The bowl of the vase is made of two-cent Columbian stamps, and the stand and neck of the vase are made of the same stamps and three-pfennig German stamps alternately. The flowers are made in their own colours with the stamps of almost every country in Europe, Africa, and America. This picture won the first prize in the class for postage-stamp work at the Artisans' Exhibition in Edinburgh last October, where I was fortunate enough to win also the second and third prizes." — Mr. Robert Callander, 16, Moncrieff Terrace, Edinburgh.

AN HISTORIC LANDMARK.

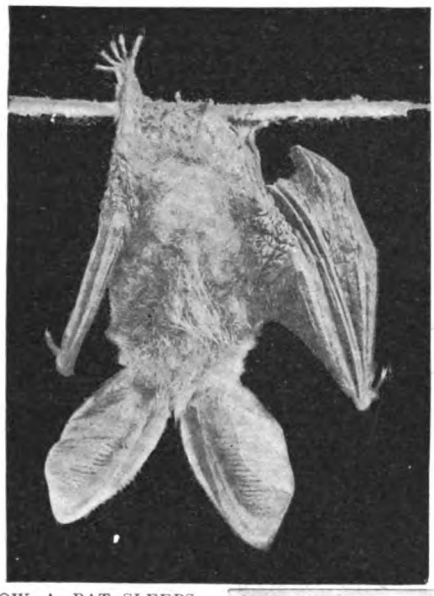
"Herewith an interesting photo. which I do not think has ever been published before. It represents the stone on Lexington Common, Mass., and marks the spot from which the first shot was fired in the Revolutionary War. In the distance to the left is the house into which the first bullet entered."—Mr. Thomas Burnside, Webster, Mass.

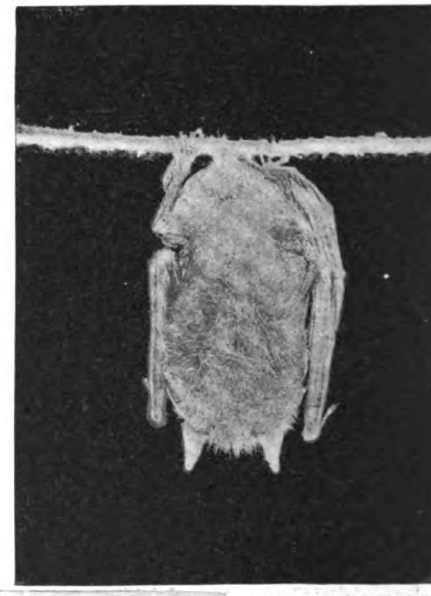


HUMAN "SCARE-CROWS."

"Everyone knows what 'scare-crows' are, and that farmers set them up in cornfields to drive away birds which eat the seed-corn. They are figures stuffed with straw and dressed to represent human beings. The figures in the accompanying photograph closely resemble two of such scare-crows, but in reality they are Roland and Edith Ellis, of Arlington, N.J., who

disguised themselves in these costumes to appear at a masquerade. The similarity to the scare-crows was so striking that their costumes won a prize for the most unique dresses."—Mr. D. Allan Willey, Baltimore.





HOW A BAT SLEEPS.

"The two photographs I send you were taken by my friend, Mr. J. Edwards, of Colesbourne, a well known naturalist. The first shows a long-eared bat preparing to go to sleep, being a dorsal view taken from life. The second, which is also taken from life, shows the bat actually asleep, suspended head downwards from a cord. When the long-eared bat really goes to sleep he turns his ears inside out and tucks them away close to his body under his arms, leaving the horny inner ears exposed. The latter are the pale triangular ear-like bodies at the bottom of the illustration."—Mr. John Davis, Head Master, Christ Church High Grade School, Cheltenham.

A CLEVER ADVERTISEMENT.

"An enterprising newsdealer in Brooklyn, New York City, is pushing his sales of THE STRAND by the aid of a sign which he placed on a fence adjoining his shop. It is quite natural that the word 'wealth,' which stands out so prominently on the sign, should arrest the attention of a passing tramp and that he should stop to read further particulars. The tramp was evidently 'out of practice' in reading, for he occupied sufficient time for me to quickly and quietly get my camera into position and to fire a snap-shot at him."—Mr. Chas. H. Townsend, Jun., 865, Sterling Place, Brooklyn, New York.

SOLUTION TO PICTURE LETTER.

Written by the late Corporal Standish, D.E.O V.R., Kuruman, S. Africa.

The following solution will explain the interesting picture letter which we published in our last issue (May, 1902):—

B Company (bee-comb-pan-knee), D.E.O.V.R.,
Duke of Edinburgh's Own Volunteer Rifles, Kuruman (Crew-man),
April 20, 1901. (Ape-reel) (twine-tie) nineteen hundred (cwt.) (hand) one.

DEAR GRACE,—Not a (hay) letter, not a line. I am awfully (awl-flea) upset at your silence. Trust you're (ewer) all well. I've little (lit-hill) news (noose), because (beak-oz.) we get (wicket) none (nun) here (ear). Boers still hanging out. Cannot tell (can-Natal) when I (one-eye) shall (shell) be (bay) back.

Hope (hoop) in time for (fir) dancing, but we're expecting (eggs-peck-tin) to be (Toby) sent to Vryburg (pronounced Fry-burg—burg being Dutch for mountain) next week (neck's-weak).

One great point about Kuruman (cur-row-man), you (yew) can go (kango—tobacco made in Transvaal) dirty. Well, one has to (aster); we've no soap (nose-Hope), which is (witches) a blessing in disguise.

Remember (ream-amber) me to your mater (meteor), Cecil (seize-sill) and Jim (Gem).

Present much (match) love (glove) to (tow) yourself (yawl-sea-elf).

I remain (eye-rim-mane), Yours sincerely (hewers-scenes-ear-lie), H. W. STANDISH.

INDEX

PAGE.

ACADEMY, HUMOUR AT THE ROYAL. By FREDERICK DOLMAN 603
(*Illustrations* from Pictures.)

AIR, THE HOARDINGS OF THE. By HERBERT VIVIAN 507
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

AMERICA, THE HUMOROUS ARTISTS OF. By THOMAS E. CURTIS 303, 440, 546
(*Illustrated* by Facsimiles and from Photographs.)

AN ALARMING SACRIFICE. By GEO. MANVILLE FENN 392
(*Illustrations* by GORDON BROWNE, R.B.A.)

ANECDOTES OF SEA SUPERSTITIONS. By J. E. PATTERSON 422
(*Illustrations* by W. S. STACEY.)

ARCADIAN CALENDAR, THE. By E. D. CUMING 32, 216, 253, 399, 520, 675
(*Illustrations* by J. A. SHEPHERD.)

AT SUNWICH PORT. By W. W. JACOBS 97, 161, 281, 448, 556
(*Illustrations* by WILL OWEN.)

AT THE FAR BASTION. By FRANK SAVILE 380
(*Illustrations* by W. B. WOLLEN, R.I.)

AUSTRALASIA, THE HUMOROUS ARTISTS OF. By THOMAS E. CURTIS 658
(*Illustrated* by Facsimiles and from Photographs.)

AUSTRALIAN BOWLERS IN ENGLAND, THE. By C. B. FRY 538
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

BARBERS' UNIVERSITY, A. By ALDER ANDERSON 346
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

BEAUTY, A KING'S GALLERY OF. By S. K. LUDOVIC 16
(*Illustrations* from Paintings.)

BOWLERS, THE AUSTRALIAN, IN ENGLAND. By C. B. FRY... 538
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

BREAKING THE ICE. By RICHARD MARSH 137
(*Illustrations* by CLAUDE A. SHEPPERSON, R.I.)

BRITANNIA, THE ROMANCE OF. By BECKLES WILLSON 131
(*Illustrations* from Pictures and Photographs.)

CALENDAR, THE ARCADIAN. By E. D. CUMING 32, 216, 253, 399, 520, 675
(*Illustrations* by J. A. SHEPHERD.)

CHANDELIER, NEARLY ROASTED ALIVE IN THE GREAT DRURY LANE.
By RUDOLPH DE CORDOVA... 113
(*Illustrations* by A. PIFFARD and from Photographs.)

CHANTREY BEQUEST, THE. By RUDOLPH DE CORDOVA 199
(*Illustrations* from Pictures.)

COUNTIES, VERSUS THREE STRONG. By C. B. FRY 633
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

CREVASSE, HALF AN HOUR IN A. By W. M. CROOK 329
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

PAGE.

CURIOSITIES 116, 236, 356, 476, 596, 716
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

DICKSEE, R.A., MR. FRANK. By FREDERICK DOLMAN 483
(*Illustrations* from Pictures.)

DIME MUSEUM, A. By HARRY FURNISS 180
(*Illustrations* by the AUTHOR.)

DRURY LANE, NEARLY ROASTED ALIVE IN THE GREAT CHANDELIER OF. By RUDOLPH DE CORDOVA... 113
(*Illustrations* by A. PIFFARD and from Photographs.)

EIGHTEEN-MILE SWITCHBACK, AN. By REGINALD H. COCKS... 232
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION CUP, TEAMS THAT HAVE WON THE. By C. B. FRY ... 455
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

FOOTBALL, PERSONALITIES OF. By C. B. FRY 147
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

FUJI KAWA: THE CRICKET STAR. By MOIRTRAM GILBERT 687
(*Illustrations* by W. S. STACEY.)

GALLERY OF BEAUTY, A KING'S. By S. K. LUDOVIC 16
(*Illustrations* from Paintings.)

GODDESS IN THE CAR, THE. By C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON 262
(*Illustrations* by PAUL HARDY.)

HALF AN HOUR IN A CREVASSE. By W. M. CROOK 329
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

HANDWRITING, THE. By RICHARD MARSH 624
(*Illustrations* by GORDON BROWNE, R.B.A.)

HOARDINGS OF THE AIR, THE. By HERBERT VIVIAN 507
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES, THE. By A. CONAN DOYLE 3, 123, 243, 363
(*Illustrations* by SIDNEY PAGET.)

HOUSE UNDER THE SEA, THE. By MAX PEMBERTON 40, 185, 314, 408, 492, 642
(*Illustrations* by A. FORESTIER.)

HUMORISTS, OUR GRAPHIC. THEIR FUNNIEST PICTURES AS CHOSEN BY THEMSELVES. By FREDERICK DOLMAN 76
(*Illustrated* by Facsimiles and from Photographs.)

HUMOROUS ARTISTS OF AMERICA, THE. By THOMAS E. CURTIS 303, 440, 546
(*Illustrated* by Facsimiles and from Photographs.)

HUMOROUS ARTISTS OF AUSTRALASIA, THE. By THOMAS E. CURTIS 658
(*Illustrated* by Facsimiles and from Photographs.)

HUMOUR AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY. By FREDERICK DOLMAN 603
(*Illustrations* from Pictures.)

ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS.
LXXVII.—THE LATE SIR ARCHIBALD MILMAN, K.C.B. By RUDOLPH DE CORDOVA ... 373
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

INTER-'VARSITY SPORTS, THE; AND SOME RECORDS. By C. B. FRY 272
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

IN THE HEART OF THE ROCK. By FRANK SAVILE 529
(*Illustrations* by W. B. WOLLEN, R.I.)

KING'S GALLERY OF BEAUTY, A. By S. K. LUDOVIC 16
(*Illustrations* from Paintings.)

LAND, SAILING ON. By JOHN L. VON BLON 473
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

PAGE.

MAGNETIC ATTRACTION, A. By ROBERT BARR 64
(*Illustrations* by PAUL HARDY.)

MAKING A POLICEMAN. By H. J. HOLMES 386
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

MAP OF PRECIOUS STONES, A. By H. J. HOLMES 580
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

MARIANNA AND THE FISH PRINCE. A STORY FOR CHILDREN. By R. E. VERNÈDE ... 224
(*Illustrations* by H. R. MILLAR.)

MERRY MONTH OF MAY, THE. By WINIFRED GRAHAM 514
(*Illustrations* by A. WALLIS MILLS.)

MUSEUM, A DIME. By HARRY FURNISS 180
(*Illustrations* by the AUTHOR.)

NEW YEAR'S GIFT, A. By WINIFRED GRAHAM 24
(*Illustrations* by GORDON BROWNE, R.B.A.)

"NOT SO EASY AS IT LOOKS." By ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS 157
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

OLD MAIDS' CHARITY. By JOHN OXENHAM 570
(*Illustrations* by A. WALLIS MILLS.)

OTHER END OF THE WIRES, THE. A MONOLOGUE. By M. WALTER-THOMAS 431
(*Illustrations* by A. WALLIS MILLS.)

OUR GRAPHIC HUMORISTS. THEIR FUNNIEST PICTURES AS CHOSEN BY THEMSELVES.
By FREDERICK DOLMAN 76
(*Illustrated* by Facsimiles and from Photographs.)

PAMPAS PLUMES. By ARTHUR INKERSLEY 620
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

PERSONALITIES OF FOOTBALL. By C. B. FRY 147
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

PICTURE-LETTER, A. By CORPORAL STANDISH 594
(*Illustrated* by Facsimiles.)

POLICEMAN, MAKING A. By H. J. HOLMES 386
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

PRECIOUS STONES, A MAP OF. By H. J. HOLMES 580
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

PRINCESS ROSETTA. A STORY FOR CHILDREN. By MARGARET MAITLAND 105
(*Illustrations* by H. R. MILLAR.)

PSAMMEAD, THE; OR, THE GIFTS. By E. NESBIT.
I.—THE FATAL GIFT OF BEAUTY 464
II.—THE GIFT OF GUINEAS 584
III.—BEING WANTED 699
(*Illustrations* by H. R. MILLAR.)

RIVER FORT, THE. By FRANK SAVILE 611
(*Illustrations* by W. B. WOLLEN, R.I.)

ROMANCE OF BRITANNIA, THE. By BECKLES WILLSON 131
(*Illustrations* from Pictures and Photographs.)

SAILING ON LAND. By JOHN L. VON BLON 473
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

SEA SUPERSTITIONS, ANECDOTES OF. By J. E. PATTERSON 422
(*Illustrations* by W. S. STACEY.)

SIGN-LANGUAGE OF TRAMPS, THE. By VICTOR PITKETHLEY 684
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

SON OF STRENGTH, THE. AN IRISH STORY FOR CHILDREN. By SEUMAS MACMANUS ... 351
(*Illustrations* by H. R. MILLAR.)

SPEAKER'S CHAIR, FROM BEHIND THE. By HENRY W. LUCY ... 169, 289, 435, 565, 693
(*Illustrations* by F. C. GOULD.)

SPORTING AND ATHLETIC TROPHIES. By HUGH B. PHILPOTT 54
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

PAGE.

SPORTS, THE INTER-'VARSITY; AND SOME RECORDS. By C. B. FRY 272
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

STORY OF HEARTS, A. By WINIFRED GRAHAM 175
(*Illustrations* by GORDON BROWNE, R.B.A.)

STORY OF THE INEXPERIENCED GHOST, THE. By H. G. WELLS 337
(*Illustrations* by W. S. STACEY.)

STROH VIOLIN, THE. By D. DONOVAN... 89
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

SWITCHBACK, AN EIGHTEEN-MILE. By REGINALD H. COCKS 232
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

TEAMS THAT HAVE WON THE FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION CUP. By C. B. FRY ... 455
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

TIGER'S SKIN, A. By W. W. JACOBS 667
(*Illustrations* by WILL OWEN.)

TRAMPS, THE SIGN-LANGUAGE OF. By VICTOR PITKETHLEY 684
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

TROPHIES, SPORTING AND ATHLETIC. By HUGH B. PHILPOTT 54
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

"TRY NOT THAT PASS." By ROBERT BARR 209
(*Illustrations* by G. WALLIS MILLS.)

UNIVERSITY, A BARBERS'. By ALDER ANDERSON 346
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

'VARSITY SPORTS, THE INTER-; AND SOME RECORDS. By C. B. FRY 272
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

VERSUS THREE STRONG COUNTIES. By C. B. FRY 633
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

VIOLIN, THE STROH. By D. DONOVAN 89
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

WONDERFUL GIRL, A. By RICHARD MARSH 294
(*Illustrations* by GORDON BROWNE, R.B.A.)

WONDERS FROM THE WEST, SOME
XXXVII.—AN "OLD MEN'S SINGING CLUB." By E. LESLIE GILLIAMS 92
XXXVIII.—A TRAIN-LOAD OF TWO MILLION EGGS. By E. LESLIE GILLIAMS 94
XXXIX.—A LADY'S GLASS DRESS. By E. LESLIE GILLIAMS 95
XL.—LOOPING THE LOOP ON A BICYCLE. By ERIC HAMILTON 708
XLI.—A CURIOUS HOBBY. By E. LESLIE GILLIAMS... 711
XLII.—A STEEL BANQUET. By E. LESLIE GILLIAMS... 713
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

GEORGE NEWNES, LIMITED, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, AND 12, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, AND EXETER STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

...our at the Royal Academy
(See Page 603)
SIX PENCE
By C. B. FRY. Three Strong ... Counti...

THE STRAND MAGAZINE

Fry's
PURE CONCENTRATED
Cocoa.

See Page XXII.

SOUTHAMPTON STREET

120 Pages.

136 Illustrations.

EDITED BY Geo: Newnes

OFFICES

No. 138 VOL 23

JUNE. 1902

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd., Southampton Street, and Exeter Street, Strand, London, W.C.

THE SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND

Life Assurance Society

The Whole Funds and Profits Belong to the Members

Accumulated Funds . £16,000,000

Annual Revenue . . £1,600,000

Persons desiring to effect Life Assurances

Should Read the Society's Prospectus

Containing valuable information for guidance in selecting an Office.

EDINBURGH: 9 ST. ANDREW SQUARE. LONDON: 28 CORNHILL, E.C., & 5 WATERLOO PLACE, S.W.

Dublin . . 41 Westmoreland St.	Leeds . 21 Park Row.	Manchester . 21 Albert Square.
Glasgow . 114 W. George Street.	Bristol . 28 Baldwin St.	Birmingham 12 Bennett's Hill.
Liverpool 48 Castle Street.	Belfast . 2 High Street.	Newcastle . 12 Grey Street.

Agencies in all the Principal Towns in the United Kingdom.

TAKE NOTICE!

Beecham's Pills do not promise more than they can perform, and they perform all they promise. Beecham's Pills are the safest and most perfectly reliable medicine ever offered to the public for Biliousness and Sluggish or Disordered Liver.

They have no equal in cases of Indigestion and Loss of Appetite.

They are simply splendid as a Tonic and Restorative of the Nervous System.

They are excellent in removing the causes of Sleeplessness.

They are remarkable in their purifying action on the Blood.

Their use brings the body to a high condition of health and fitness, and fortifies it against disease. No other preparation in the world has so many valuable qualities, and as a general or a family medicine there is nothing equal to

BEECHAM'S PILLS.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BROWNIE KODAKS.

THE No. 1 BROWNIE, giving Photographs 2½ by 2½ inches. Price 5/- only.
THE No. 2 BROWNIE, giving Photographs 3¼ by 2¼ inches. Price 10/- only.

FOR LADIES, CYCLISTS, Etc.

The FOLDING POCKET KODAKS,

from £2 2s. to £3 12s. 6d.

Mastered in a few minutes. **No Dark Room needed for changing the Films.**

Of all Photographic Dealers, or of **KODAK, Ltd., 43, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.** *Wholesale and Retail Branches:* 96, Bold Street, Liverpool; and 72-74, Buchanan Street, Glasgow. *Retail Branches:* 59, Brompton Road, S.W.; 60, Cheapside, E.C.; 115, Oxford Street, W.; 171-173, Regent Street, W.; and 40, West Strand, London, W.C.

HOLDERS OF 24 ROYAL APPOINTMENTS.

To Her Majesty the Queen.

Egerton Burnett's Royal ETB Serges

Lasting Wear. For Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children in Navy Blue, Black, Grey, Cream, &c.
Light Weights for Warm Climates.

SUMMER DRESS FABRICS, WASHING MATERIALS, FLANNELS, TWEEDS, ETC.

E. B., Ltd., make to Measure Ladies' Costumes from 26/-; The "Egerton" Cycling Skirt from 12/6; Girls' Dresses from 9/-; Gentlemen's Suits from 35/-; and Boys' Suits from 10/6.

Patterns, Self-measurement Forms, and Price Lists Post Free. Any Length Sold. Special Rates for Exportation.

Address—EGERTON BURNETT, Ltd.,
L Dept., Wellington, Somerset.

No. S 10.—The Coronation Double-Flounced Costume Skirt, as Design, made from superior Leeds Suiting, in Navy, Clerical Grey, Electric, Reseda, Black. Maker's Price **6/11**; in All Wool Covert Coating, **13/11.** Trimmed three rows good quality black satin strapping, 2/6 extra, or Brown Holland, **8/11.** Postage 6d. extra. . .

EVERITT EUERBY, BIRMINGHAM.

NOW READY.

NEW DRESS PATTERNS and JUNE MONTHLY PARCEL POST BOOK (Registered), containing UPWARDS of 1,000 BARGAINS post free

S 10
6/11
Tailor-made, Perfect Fit and Finish.
Thousands are being sold.

ENGLISH PIANOS.

Tasteful Designs. Exquisite Tone.
Guaranteed 10 Years.
Catalogue of Designs and Prices Free.
Our World-Famous Instruments, replete with every modern improvement, may be had on easy payment system, or for cash, from dealers throughout the world or direct from us.

JOSEPH WALLIS & SON, Ltd.,
PIANOFORTE MAKERS,
Show Rooms: 133 & 135, Euston Rd., London.
Telegrams—"Fiddlestick, London." Estd. 1848.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

INSIST ON HAVING

PETER'S

THE ORIGINAL
MILK-CHOCOLATE
IMITATIONS LACK THE CHARM AND DELICACY OF PETER'S.
A SWEETMEAT AND A FOOD

Sold everywhere in 1d., 2d., 3d., 6d., and 1/- Tablets; 6d. and 1/- Croquettes. Sole Agents (Trade only)—
S. J. MACKENZIE & CO., Ltd., LONDON.

"ALFOSCO" REGD

Call or Write.

Allen Foster & Co.

THE LONDON MANUFACTURERS

"ALFOSCO" REGD

Call or Write.

Buy Direct at First Cost from the Leading Firm of London Manufacturers.

Design No. 610. **30/-**

Design No. 610. 30/-.—Up-to-date **Eton Costume,** made in Allen Foster & Co.'s **"Coronate" Cloth,** all shades. Short Coat trimmed stitching and glacé silk, and small steel buttons. Lined throughout, striped lining. Bell-shaped Skirt with belt, also trimmed strappings of glacé silk and steel buttons. Sterling value for money. Perfect fit guaranteed. Price only **30/-.**

Design No. 601. 10/6.—The fashionable **Eton Coat Costume** for Spring and Summer wear. Coat trimmed with three rows of cording, and two rows of narrow braid, and six small fancy buttons. Very smart. Produced in all the New Shades of the world-renowned **Specialite Serge** or **Vicuna Cloth.** Price only **10/6;** carriage, 6d. Skirt only, **6/6;** carriage, 5d. This Costume may be ordered in the New **"Coronate" Cloth,** price only **21/-,** in all the latest **Pastel** shades.

Design No. 601. **10/6** Carriage 6d. extra.

Skirt alone, **6/6** Carriage 5d. extra.

Every Lady should see Allen Foster & Co.'s New and Fashionable "Coronate" Cloth.

Patterns and New Sketch Book sent Post Free.

Design No. 955. **10/6**

A Leading Line.—A pretty Skirt with graduated frill, lined throughout, trimmed with bands of glacé silk, made in Serge or Vicuna Cloth. All colours in stock. Superb value. Price **10/6.** This Skirt in the New **"Coronate"** Cloth will be **15/11,** carriage 5d. ex. **Send for one.** Length of **"Coronate"** Cloth for bodice, **4/6.**

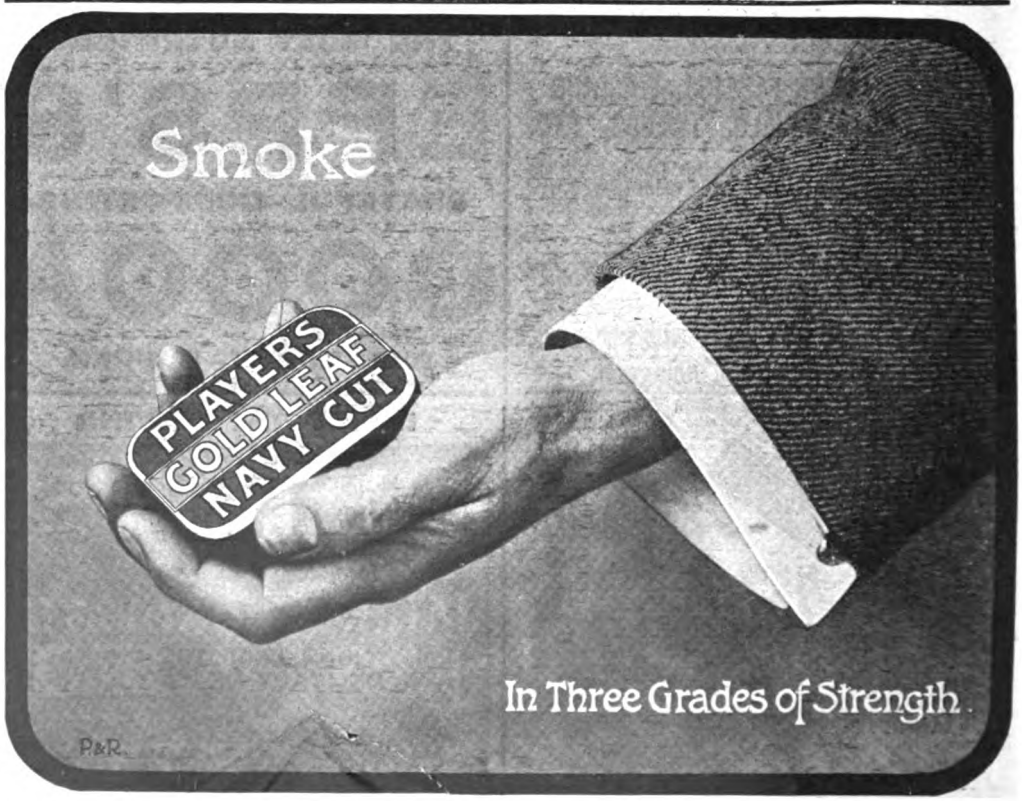
SEND FOR ONE.

VALUE FOR MONEY.

ALLEN FOSTER & CO.,

The London Manufacturers,

47, Golden Lane, Barbican, London, E.C.



SHEFFIELD CUTLERY AND PLATE, FRESH FROM THE FINISHERS' HANDS, AT GREAT SAVING IN COST.

Every description of Cutlery and Plate. Replating and Repairs. Hotels, &c., supplied. Special attention to Foreign and Colonial Orders.

Any Quantity supplied Post Free.

SOLID IMPROVED NICKEL SILVER TABLE SPOONS OR FORKS 6/6 PER DOZ. DESSERT DITTO 5/6 PER DOZ. TEA SPOONS. 2/3 PER DOZ.

WARRANTED TO WEAR WHITE THROUGHOUT.

SAMPLES OF ANY OF THESE GOODS POST FREE ON APPROVAL

"THE WONDERFUL" TEA POT.

6/6 POST FREE

OR TEA POT! COFFEE — POT SUGAR & CREAM COMPLETE FOR 23/6

ELECTRO PLATED WITH REAL SILVER.

Full Size. Strong & Elegant. Hand-Engraved.

SOLID EDGE PINᴰ, WHITE BONE BEAUTIFUL IVORY FINISH CAST STEEL BLADES TABLE KNIVES 6/- PER DOZ. DESSERT Do 5/6 PER DOZ.

ALSO IN HAND FORGED TABLE KFS. 8/6 PER DOZ. DESSERT Do. 8/- PER DOZ.

ALL POST FREE.

Half-dozen Supplied Post Paid.

The Christian Commonwealth, 15th March, 1888, says: "We can honestly say we are surprised that such articles can be supplied at so small a cost. The table knives (6/- doz.) are both strong and handsome, and would be cheap at double the price. The same remark applies to the nickel silver."

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE. Money returned or Goods exchanged if not approved. Cheques crossed "Sheffield Union Bank."

SHEFFIELD GOODS MANUFACTURING SUPPLY COMPANY (Dept. S.), **Havelock Works, Young St., SHEFFIELD.**

Put your FOOT down and INSIST on having

SOUTHALL'S PATENT BOOTS

Are made to WEAR WELL, SAVE TIME, and LOOK WELL.

... From ...

12/6

Postage 6d.

On receipt of Post Card we will send (free) our illustrated catalogue and self-measurement form, giving full particulars and prices,

London: 35, Norfolk St., Strand, W.C.

Southall & Co.,

Dept. L **KIRKSTALL ROAD, LEEDS.**

Riders of Cycles

Can only ensure having the

BEST MACHINE

. . . . *by using* . . . .

EADIE Fittings

Send for lists and illustrations of our latest innovations.

The Eadie Mfg. Co. Ld., Redditch.

PARKER'S IMPROVED WATERPROOFS

Gents' Coats, 13/6.

Ladies' Coats, 11/6.

With Silk Hoods, 11/6 to 15/6. Without Hoods, 9/6 to 13/6.

Proofed with the Best Rubber.

Made by special process which keeps them free from smell and prevents decay. All made to stand any climate.

Post Free in British Empire and Europe.

Write for Patterns.

Parker's

Proofers (Dept. 14), **LANCASTER.**

Pneumatic Cape (Patent), 8/11.

The edge of the cape is distended by one breath, and keeps the knees and machine dry. It is a marvel of simplicity and the sensation of the year. Folds to small space.

8/11. 10/6. 11/6.

THE BRIGHT DAYS ARE HERE

THAT OLD GARMENT WON'T DO.

Now is the time to look smart and elegant.

JOHN NOBLE, Ltd., deal direct with the Wearer, and provide the best value in Costumes that Money can buy.

PATTERNS POST FREE

of the famous J. N. **Cheviot Serge** and **Costume Coating.**

A FULL DRESS LENGTH of either fabric (6yds., 52in. wide) for **7/6** carriage, 8d.

COLOURS: Black, Navy, Brown, Myrtle, Fawn, Grey, or Royal Blue.

MODEL 1113.

Child's Sailor Dress, in J. N. Serge or Coating, trimmed Russia Braid in Crimson and Cream.

LENGTHS AND PRICES:

21	24	27	30	33	36 ins.
10/6	**11/9**	**13/-**	**14/6**	**16/-**	**17/6** ea.

Carriage, 7d. extra.

MODEL 1119.

An elegant Russian Coat and latest flounced Skirt, **12/9** carried out in J. N. Cheviot Serge or Costume Coating, with Collar and Revers prettily embroidered braid. Price **12/9** complete; carriage, 6d. extra. Lady's Jap Silk Chemisette, as sketch, **2/6**.

MODEL 1043.

Smartly tailored Coat and Skirt in the New Herring-bone Tweed—**10/6** Grey, Blue, Green, and Fawn effects.

Price complete, **10/6**.

Also in J. N. Serge and Costume Coating at **12/9**; carriage, 6d. extra.

JOHN NOBLE, LTD.,

48, BROOK ST. MILLS, MANCHESTER.

Please mention THE STRAND MAGAZINE when writing.

"One Swallow does not make a Summer"

But a Summer

Makes one Swallow

ROSE'S

LIME JUICE

CORDIAL

* IT PURIFIES THE BLOOD *

Registered Nos. 342,186/7.

FOX'S PATENT SPIRAL PUTTEES.

FIT ANY LEG. ALL WOOL.

CAN BE WORN UNDER TROUSERS.

FOX'S PATENT SPIRAL PUTTEES are so designed as to wind on spirally from ankle to knee and to fit closely to the leg with even pressure without any turns or twists.

Made in TWO WEIGHTS (heavy & light), and in a VARIETY OF COLOURS.

SHADE CARDS ON APPLICATION.

The Heavy Weight or "Regulation" quality is the same as originally made for His Majesty's Government and now supplied in large quantities by FOX BROTHERS & Co., Ltd., for the use of troops on active service.

FOR ROUGH, HARD WEAR, NO LEG COVERING HAS EVER BEEN INVENTED EQUAL TO THE PUTTEE.

Can be Worn Under Trousers.

SOLE MANUFACTURERS AND PATENTEES—

FOX BROTHERS & CO., LTD.,

WELLINGTON, SOMERSET.

Agents, United States and Canada—
BALE & MANLEY, NEW YORK.

WITHOUT SPATS, 6/- a Pair. Either Weight.

	LADIES (in light weight).	CHILDREN.
With Spats	10/-	7/6 per pair.
Without Spats ..	6/-	4/6 per pair.

WITH SPATS, 10/6 a Pair. Either Weight.

OLD WHITE SHIRTS

Why Buy New Shirts when you can have your old ones made New again for a quarter of the cost? Refitted with best quality Irish Linen Fronts, Cuffs, and Neckbands for **1/11.** Send us your old Shirts and they will be returned Carriage Paid in a few days. Cash with Order.

J. & S. SAMUELS, Shirt Manufacturers, 94, 96, 98 & 100, London Rd., LIVERPOOL.

MADE NEW FOR 1/11.

CYCLES — Singer MOTORS

PRICES REDUCED. LISTS FREE.

LONDON DEPOTS—17, Holborn Viaduct, and Park Mansions, 10, Brompton Road, Albert Gate, S.W.

Works: COVENTRY.

TOO STOUT

Dr. Grey's **FAT REDUCING** Pills.

will **safely reduce,** either sex, 3 to 7 lbs. weekly, and **improve Health, Skin,** and **Breathing without** irksome **dieting. ABDOMINAL OBESITY A SPECIALITY.**

2/9 per box, plain wrapper, post free to any part of the world. (Larger size, for cases which have resisted other treatment, **5/6.**)

T. GREY & CO., 116, FARRINGDON ROAD, LONDON.

SIDWAY ADJUSTABLE TABLE

Can be raised, lowered or tilted either way, and is adapted for use over bed, couch or chair, for taking meals, reading, writing, sewing, music, games, &c. Thousands in use giving the best of satisfaction. Solid Oak Top, metal parts enamelled Bronze Brown or Black.

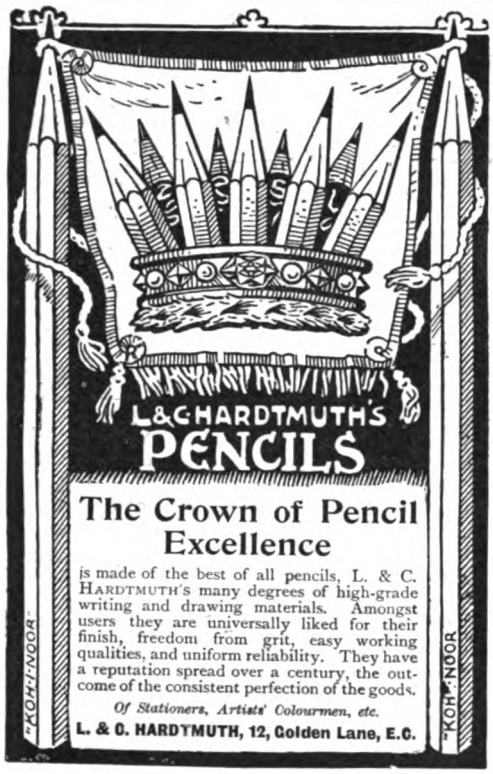
Price 24/-; White Enamel, 30/-; Oxidized Copper, 37/-; Brass or Nickel Plated, 42/-. Carriage paid.

Descriptive Booklet free.

J. FOOT & SON,

DEPT. S.T.3,

171 New Bond St., London, W.



The Crown of Pencil Excellence

is made of the best of all pencils, L. & C. HARDTMUTH'S many degrees of high-grade writing and drawing materials. Amongst users they are universally liked for their finish, freedom from grit, easy working qualities, and uniform reliability. They have a reputation spread over a century, the outcome of the consistent perfection of the goods.

Of Stationers, Artists' Colourmen, etc.

L. & C. HARDTMUTH, 12, Golden Lane, E.C.

The GEM pure water Still

DEATH LURKS IN ORDINARY WATER.

Typhoid, Enteric, and other Fevers, Dysentery, Blood, Skin, and Kidney Troubles, Rheumatism, etc., often result directly from the drinking of unpurified water.

DON'T BE A GRAVEYARD for disease germs or the dumping ground of minerals, which no amount of filtration will remove. Drink Distilled Water, as made by our Gem Still (the only perfect method of purifying water), and you can keep your system pure and DEFY DEVOURING EPIDEMICS. *Valuable Book Free* on mentioning THE STRAND MAG. **The Gem Supplies Co., Ltd.** (Dept. H), 121, Newgate Street, London, E.C.

The 30/- "GEM" TURKISH BATH CABINET

Simplest and most effective Cabinet for Turkish, Russian, or Medicated Baths at home. Half of our sales are made through recommendations of delighted users. Guaranteed satisfactory—not merely as represented. Valuable book (106 pages) free on mentioning "THE STRAND MAGAZINE."

Includes the best and safest Spirit Stove ever supplied with this class of Cabinet. Cannot explode. Gives temperatures ranging from 80° to 200°. USERS OF MORE EXPENSIVE CABINETS BUY THEM.

THE GEM SUPPLIES Co. L^TD 121 NEWGATE ST.

THE IDEAL SUMMER UNDERWEAR.

KNEIPP-LINEN

IS THE

BEST POSSIBLE UNDERCLOTHING For THE RIVER, THE SEASIDE, OUTSIDE SPORT, THE COUNTRY.

Easy, Elegant, Cool, Clean, Porous, Pleasant.

Explanatory Booklet, with name of nearest agent, post free on application.

WHOLESALE FROM

YORK STREET FLAX SPINNING CO., Ltd. (Belfast); 2, MILK STREET, LONDON, E.C.

HYGIENIC COOKING

Science Siftings says: 'Cooking by steam is *par excellence* the up-to-date method of preparing foodstuffs. It is for most purposes just about as much superior to the old-fashioned but still common practice of parboiling as is the latter to those yet more primitive methods which, as science sifters know so well, were used by early man.'

Address as above.

THE GEM STEAM COOKER

Cooks an entire meal for 4, 5, 6, or 8 persons on any flame capable of boiling water. The toughest meat becomes tender, palatable, nutritious. Vegetables retain their flavour, and are digestible. Remember, meat, custards, puddings, vegetables, bread, can be cooked together over one small flame. Illustrated pamphlet free.

This Typewriter

Writes your Letters, Invoices, &c., and your Copy, or Copies, in Book at one operation. No press-copying required.

For use in Minute Books, Code Books, Triplicate Books, Day Books, Address Books, &c.

Send for Catalogue "G" to—

The American Typewriter Co.,
87, Gracechurch Street,
London, E.C.

The Elliott and Hatch Book Typewriter.

MILKA

TRADE MARK

FOR

Suchard's Chocolate

with pure genuine Swiss-Milk.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

"Oh, What Rest and Comfort!"

A Powder for the Feet.

Shake into your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, **a powder for the feet.** It cures painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. **It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age.** Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new boots feel easy. It is a certain cure for ingrowing nails, sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. *Try it To-Day.* Sold by all Chemists and Stores, 1/1½. **Do not accept a substitute.** *Post Free* for 1/1½ in stamps.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE sent by Post. Address

ALLEN S. OLMSTED,

1, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON, W.C.

(Mention this magazine)

. . NEW . .

"AUTOMATIC" KNITTER

For Profitable Ladylike Home Employment.

A FATHER writes: "*My little girl, nine years of age, earns as much as five shillings some days.*"

A CUSTOMER writes: "*I earn my living entirely by the machine. It is a little Gem.*"

Knits Socks (a pair in 35 minutes) and Stockings, Underclothing, Fancy Goods, &c. Easily learned. Lessons free. Cash, Hire, and Work Terms from—

AUTOMATIC KNITTING MACHINE CO., LTD.,

Sadin Dept., 67, Southwark St., London, S.E.;

or 55, Oxford St., W.C.; 192, Upper St., London, N.; 58, Union St., Glasgow; 132, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin; 105, Nicolson St., Edinburgh; 62, Gt. Hampton St., Birmingham; 31, Stokes Croft, Bristol; 53, Clayton St., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

WEAK MEN and WOMEN

can obtain renewed strength and vigour by the use of

Dr. Pierce's

(latest improved)

American Electric Belt

and Appliances. Drugs do not cure. Electricity is the remedy! Buy no belt until you see Dr. PIERCE'S, for it is the BEST. Thousands Cured. Call at office or send a 2d. stamp for new "Booklet No. 2." Address:

PIERCE ELECTRIC CO.,

No. 10, City Road, Finsbury Square, London, E.C.

Please mention this Magazine.

THIS IS THE SHOE YOU WANT.

SEE TESTIMONIAL BELOW!!

Made with strong Plaited Jute Soles, which will last much longer than leather, with ordinary wear. Comfortable, healthful, noiseless.

Mr. WILLIN, Central Station Restaurant, Manchester, writes (22/5/00): "Feet never seem to get tired in them. They are non-conductors of both heat and cold, and are most comfortable."

Enclose Length of Walking Shoe.

Colour—White, Brown, or Black—	Prices (post free). Children's.	Ladies'.	Gents'.
A. Plain Shoes (without strapping)	1/6	1/9	2/0
D. Superior Canvas (as per illustration) ..	—	2/6	2/9
E. Velvet Uppers (Black)	—	3/0	3/3
Felt Slippers, best quality (Black)	1/0	1/3	1/6
Leather Soled Shoes (superior)	3/6	4/0	4/9
Rubber Shoes (White, Black, or Brown)	—	3/0	3/6
Red Rubber Brown Canvas	—	—	5/6

Off three pairs at one time we allow 2d. per pair.

N.B.—Post free United Kingdom, abroad extra. Single pairs or any quantity. Trade and shipping terms on application.

PATENT CANVAS SHOE CO., 95s, BATH STREET, GLASGOW.

You Want Crockery!

. Then buy direct from the Manufacturers and save all intermediate profits.

Look what we can give you for a Guinea—

21/-

One Complete DINNER SERVICE (47 pieces), beautifully printed on Semi-Porcelain body; One Complete TEA SERVICE for 6 persons, pure white Semi-Porcelain, finished in fine gold; One Complete BREAKFAST SERVICE for 6 persons, in pure white Semi-Porcelain.

This is undeniably the most remarkable value ever offered for **21/-**. *Money returned if not perfectly satisfactory. Just the thing for a nice Wedding or Birthday Present.* **Packed Free.**

Illustrations Post FREE on request.

IMPERIAL POTTERY CO., BURSLEM, STAFFS.

EVERY HOME IS BEAUTIFIED BY PHOTOGRAPHS AND PHOTOGRAVURES AFTER CELEBRATED PICTURES

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE 1/-

BERLIN PHOTO Co 133 NEW BOND St. LONDON. W

1/-, 2/6, and (3 times 2/6 size) 4/6 per bottle, from Chemists and Stores all over the World, or sent direct on receipt of Postal Order.

EDWARDS' "HARLENE" CO., 95 & 96, HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.

is the only Cocoa on this Market which has been awarded the Grand Prix at the Great Paris Exhibition in 1900.

HUMBER CYCLES

"In all the world unequalled."

His Majesty the King and most of the leaders of Society ride the famous Humber Cycles.

Prices from £10 10s.
Artistic Catalogue Post Free.

HUMBER, Ltd. 32, Holborn Viaduct, LONDON, E.C.
Agents everywhere.

POULTON & NOEL, LTD.

12 Gold and other Medals awarded.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET.

BELGRAVIAN ROLLED OX TONGUES

WRITE FOR BOOKLET.

(Sample tongue in **Glass**, tin, or cardboard box, 4/-.)

PRESSED BRISKET of BEEF
(Sample tin or box, 1/10.)

POTTED MEATS. (**Glasses**, Tins, and **Jars**.)
WILD DUCK, TURKEY & TONGUE, etc. Sample 6d.

PÂTÉS. (Sample tin 7d. or 1/-.)

CAMP PIES. 'P & O' SAUCE.
(Sample 1/4.) (Sample 6d.)

BRAWN, Wild Boar's Head
(Sample 1/-, in tins and **Glasses**.)
Etc., etc.

If any difficulty in obtaining from your Grocer, write to—
POULTON & NOEL, Ltd., Belgravian Works, London.

FOR THE TOILET.
Hardest Water Softened.

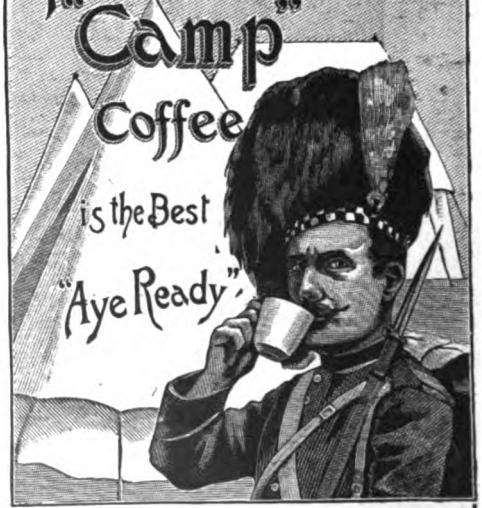
FOR THE BATH.
Exhilarating Tonic to the Bather.

FOR THE NURSERY.
PERFUMED DELICIOUSLY WITH CRAB-APPLE BLOSSOMS, VIOLET, LAVENDER SALTS, &c., &c.

FREE SAMPLE.
Send stamped addressed envelope to—

THE CROWN PERFUMERY CO.,
112–113, Fore Street.

Patersons' "Camp" Coffee is the Best "Aye Ready"

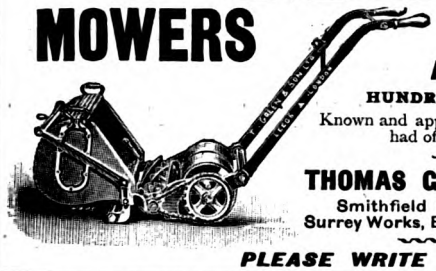


One Large Bottle of
Patersons' "Camp" Coffee
will make
RARE FLAVOUR. **FORTY CUPS** FULL AROMA.

Appointed Makers to His Majesty The King.

GREEN'S

MOWERS AND ROLLERS



ARE UNEQUALLED.

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS SOLD.

Known and appreciated throughout the world. May be had of local Ironmongers or Seedsmen.

THOMAS GREEN & SON, Ltd.,

Smithfield Iron Works, Leeds, and Surrey Works, Blackfriars Rd., London, S.E.

PLEASE WRITE FOR PRICE LIST No. 11.

THE "COMPACTUM" TENT

No. 12

Specially fitted and adapted for Bathing or Garden, to supply a much-needed requirement, and within everybody's reach, being Commodious, Durable, and Cheap.

Plain. Diameter 7ft. 6in., Height 8ft. ...£1 4 0 each.
Striped. do. do. do. ...£1 10 0 ,,

A valise to pack above in at 2s. 6d. extra.

This tent is highly recommended for its portability, weighing only, when packed in Valise, about 14lb., and measuring 34in. long by 6in. diameter.

SLY, DIBBLE & CO., Cable St., London, E.

Illustrated Tent and Flag Lists Post Free

Please mention STRAND MAGAZINE.

LORD ROSEBERY

has cleaned his slate.

What will he write thereon?

We suggest—

Needham's Metal Polishing Paste.

It stands for efficiency as a Cleaner and Polisher of Brass, Copper, Tin, Britannia Metal, Windows, Mirrors, &c.

If your dealer does not stock it, send us his Name, and we will see you are supplied.
JOSEPH PICKERING & SONS, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

For use with Welsbach, Flat-Flame, Argand, and Sugg Burners.

You simply turn on the Gas—

LIGHT

The Self-Lighter Ignites.

BUY THE ONLY GENUINE SELF-LIGHTER.

The enormous success is proved by the volume of our sales. Under the advice of the strongest scientific minds of Europe we have expended large sums of money and research to produce the most perfect self-lighting agent. Our customers receive the benefit of all improvements. Our strong patent position has enabled us to suppress the many imperfect, unreliable, infringing devices constantly offered. Send **3s.** for the only perfect, reliable Self-Lighter adapted to all standard Burners, and state type and number of your Burner.

THE GAS SELF-LIGHTING CO., LTD., 130, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.
Telegrams—"Spongelet, London." Telephone No.—5206 Bank.

MILKA

TRADE MARK

FOR

Suchard's Chocolate

with pure genuine Swiss-Milk.

TAKE A CIGAR

A thoroughly good Cigar, a fine-flavoured, well-seasoned Cigar. A PAN-SOPAREE. Specially manufactured in India for R. J. LEA. In three sizes—**No. 1, 18/6** per 100; **No. 2, 15/-** per 100; **Whiffs, 7/6** per 100. Samples, Post Free, **6d.** stamps, direct from . . . .

R. J. LEA, 45, Market St., Manchester.

Don't Forget the Brand.

PAN-SOPAREE

DENT'S TOOTHACHE GUM

STOPS TOOTHACHE INSTANTLY.

HOW TO USE IT.

Clean cavity of tooth and press firmly into it a piece of gum. If no cavity, apply to the gum as a plaster.

All Chemists, 7½d., or by post on receipt of price.

DENT'S CORN GUM CURES CORNS, 7½d.

A SWELL AFFAIR ***C. S. DENT & Co.***

(Dept. 30), 3, Farringdon Avenue, London, E.C.

GREAT SALE

CYCLES HALF PRICE

Busy men want sound, reliable mounts. Symonds' Cycles are best and cheapest, fully guaranteed, riders delighted with them. Your money back if not as represented. **Our cycles are built on honour** Catalogue Free. Address:

SYMONDS' LONDON STORES

66 Hatton Garden, London

THE CHILDREN'S HEALTH

is most often endangered by cheap and unwholesome sweets. This should not be. The children will thank you most of all for **CLEAVE'S CLOTTED CREAM CONFECTIONS**, which cannot hurt their digestions and, in fact, contain the most nutritious elements of rich, pure **DEVONSHIRE CREAM**, which will not fail to do them good.

CLEAVE'S CLOTTED CREAM CONFECTIONS.

"Made of the purest materials of excellent flavour."—*Lancet.*

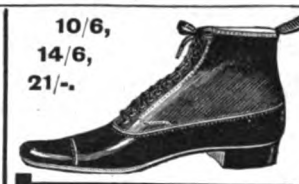
"Exceptionally choice. Uniformly delicious."
—*Court Circular.*

"Delicious harmless Dainties."
—*Family Doctor.*

Cleave's Sweets, above all others,
Ever appeal to me:
Deticious harmless Dainties,
Of Wholesome Purity.

JOHN CLEAVE & SON, Ltd., CREDITON, DEVON.

10/6, 14/6, 21/-.



WHY WEAR HEAVY BOOTS?

NORRIS' BOOTS

. . FOR . .

SUMMER WEAR

are immeasurably superior in point of **LIGHTNESS and SMARTNESS.** There is no boot made that equals them for **COMFORT and APPEARANCE.**

☛ **ILLUSTRATED LIST FREE.** ☚

For Cycling or Walking the favourite shoe is undoubtedly

NORRIS'

'PEDES-CYCLO' SHOE

No laces to break or loosen. EASE, SIMPLICITY, NEATNESS, COMFORT, all in one.

Black or Brown, **9/9, 12/6, 15/9.**

Send outline of foot standing, or boot, with remittance. Postage 6d. extra on goods under 12/-.

G. NORRIS, Dept. 5, **8, Holborn Viaduct,**

106, London Wall (Salisbury House);
55 & 56, Bishopsgate St.;
28 & 29, St. Swithin's Lane;
62, King William St., London, E.C.

Reg. No. 337866

THE SHIRT FOR YOU!

REAL IRISH MANUFACTURED

WHITE SHIRTS.

Splendidly made and warranted four fold Fronts and Cuffs, **Ready Dressed for immediate use,** either for Dress or ordinary Business Wear, with full-sized large cuffs or small wristbands adaptable for separate cuffs; to open front or back and with one or two stud-holes. Sample Shirt, **3/6,** three for **10/-,** Carriage Paid. They are the most marvellous value in the trade, being fully worth **6/6** each. When ordering **state size** of collar worn, and whether Dress or Business Shirt.

J. & S. SAMUELS,

Shirt Manufacturers,

3s. 6d. **94, 96, 98, & 100, London Road, LIVERPOOL.**

HINDE'S

Circumstances alter cases,
Hinde's Wavers alter faces.

real hair savers. **WAVERS**

SEEGER'S

It dyes the hair a beautiful Blonde, Brown, or Black, by merely combing it through.

Annual Sale 362,000 Bottles.

Of all Hairdressers, 2/-, or plain sealed case post free, 2/2, HINDES, Ltd., Finsbury, London, E.C.

HAIR DYE

MARK!

We are the Sole Proprietors and Inventors of the Queen's Royal Household Carpets and Hearthrugs, which have had the largest continued sale in every part of the British Empire. Our Artists' New Designs and Colourings are now ready, specially prepared for the Coronation Year for Decorating and Replenishing the Homes of H.M. King Edward's subjects in every part of the world. The Gigantic Illustrated Coronation Sale Catalogue of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Linoleums, Bedsteads, Table Linen, Curtains, &c., post free if, when writing, you mention "The Strand Magazine," 1/6/1902.

Patronised by Royalty.

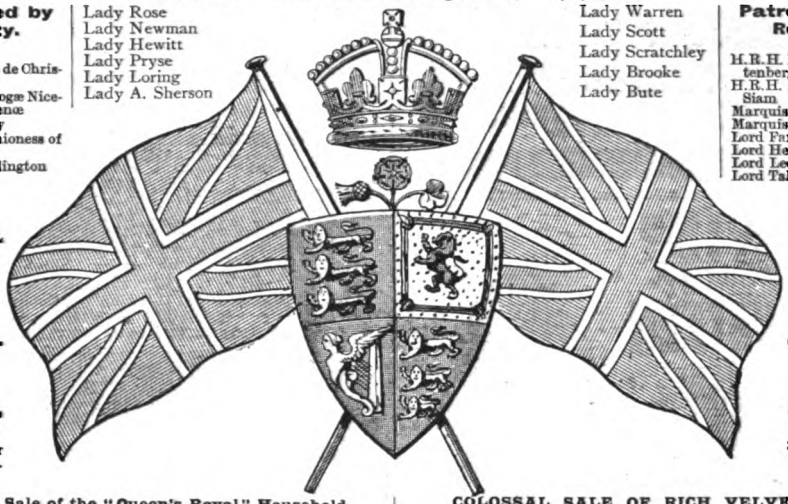
H.R.H. Eugene de Christoforo
Princess Paleologue Nicephorce-Commene
Princess de Croy
Dowager Marchioness of Londonderry
Duchess of Wellington

Lady Rose
Lady Newman
Lady Hewitt
Lady Pryse
Lady Loring
Lady A. Sherson

Lady Warren
Lady Scott
Lady Scratchley
Lady Brooke
Lady Bute

Patronised by Royalty.

H.R.H. Prince L. of Battenberg
H.R.H. Prince K. Bigit, Siam
Marquis of Breadalbane
Marquis de Biddle Cope
Lord Farnham
Lord Henry Fitzgerald
Lord Lee
Lord Talbot de Malahide



THE QUEEN'S ROYAL HEARTH-RUGS *(Registered)*, 6ft. by 3ft., **2/-** each.
Postage, 6d. extra.
SPECIAL OFFER—3 for **5/9**, 6 for **11/3**, 12 for **22/-**.

RICH VELVET PILE HEARTH-RUGS 6ft. by 3ft., each **5/6**
Postage, 7d. extra.
SPECIAL OFFER—3 for **16/-**, 6 for **31/-**.

Gigantic Sale of the "Queen's Royal" Household Reversible Rich Turkey Pattern

CARPETS (Regd.)

Trade Mark on all Goods. Beware of Imitations.

ADMITTEDLY THE CHEAPEST IN THE WORLD. Woven without seam. Altogether superior quality, with handsome border to correspond. A marvel for excellence and beauty. Thousands of repeat orders and testimonials received, giving the highest satisfaction. When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.

6 ft. by 6 ft. ..	4/11	9 ft. by 13½ft. ..	16/6
6 ft. by 7½ft ..	6/-	10½ft. by 12 ft. ..	18/-
6 ft. by 9 ft. ..	7/6	9 ft. by 15 ft. ..	19/6
8 ft. by 9 ft. ..	9/-	12 ft. by 12 ft. ..	21/-
6 ft. by 12 ft. ..	10/6	12 ft. by 13½ft. ..	22/-
9 ft. by 9 ft. ..	11/-	12 ft. by 15 ft. ..	25/6
9 ft. by 10½ft. ..	13/6	12 ft. by 18 ft. ..	30/-
9 ft. by 12 ft. ..	15/-	12 ft. by 21 ft. ..	35/6

REDUCED SALE PRICES.

Black Mount, Tyndrum, N.B., November 24th.
Lord Breadalbane writes:—"Will feel obliged by Mr. Hodgson sending to above address two more of the 'Queen's Royal' Carpets, 9 ft. by 10½ ft. Cheque £2 1s. 6d. enclosed."

COLOSSAL SALE OF RICH VELVET PILE

Real BRUSSELS CARPETS.

Extraordinarily Heavy, very Best Quality, Newest and Choicest Designs. In Old Gold, Sultan, Terra Cotta, Crimson, Sky, Navy, and the latest colours. With handsome border to correspond. Guaranteed to wear for years and give every satisfaction. The sizes and prices as follows (all ready for putting down):

REDUCED SALE PRICE LIST.

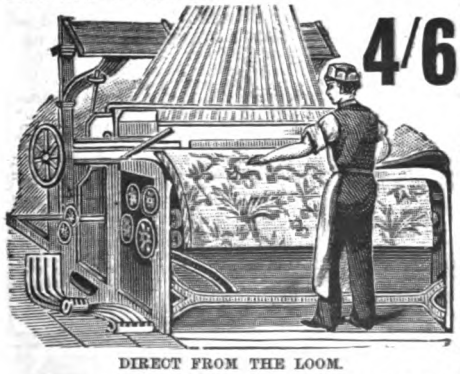
4½ft. by 7 ft. ..	11/-	9 ft. by 12 ft. ..	38/-
6 ft. by 9 ft. ..	18/-	11 ft. by 12 ft. ..	47/-
7½ft. by 9 ft. ..	23/-	12 ft. by 13½ft. ..	59/-
9 ft. by 9 ft. ..	28/-	12 ft. by 16 ft. ..	69/-
9 ft. by 10½ft. ..	33/-	12 ft. by 18 ft. ..	77/-

Velvet Pile Brussels Carpet Squares.

When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.

Also Rich Velvet Pile Stair Carpets, bordered to match, 18in. wide, **1/6** per yard; 22½in. wide, **2/-** per yard; 27in. wide, **2/3** per yard.

Melville Castle, Lasswade, Midlothian, June 1st.
The Right Honourable the Viscountess Melville writes:—"I am very pleased with the 'Royal' Velvet Hearthrugs to hand, and would like four more Hearthrugs. Her ladyship would also like two Velvet Carpets at 39/-, one ditto 60/6, to match them. Cheque £8 14s. enclosed."



4/6

DIRECT FROM THE LOOM.

To readers of "The Strand Magazine," 1/6/1902, on receipt of Postal Order or Stamps, value 4/6 (Regd.), we will send you the **Largest Genuine Reversible Carpet in Brussels Finish, with Rug,** ever sold at the Price direct from the Looms to any address on receipt of amount. Suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, etc., bordered and woven in Brussels Patterns, as an advertisement for our goods, thus saving any middle profit. Remember these are woven, and are made of a material almost equal to wool. Thousands of these carpets have been already sold at double these prices.

SPECIAL OFFER.—2 CARPETS and 2 RUGS, 8s.

THE PRUDENTIAL

BRUSSELETTE CARPETS (Regd.)

Admittedly the Marvel of the Age.

Woven and Reversible, Rich Brussels and Turkey Patterns and Colourings, superior quality, with handsome border to match. A Marvel of Excellence and Beauty. These Carpets are superb imitations of Real Brussels, and, except by the closest scrutiny, the difference cannot be detected.

6 ft. by 6 ft.	2/11 each.	10½ft. by 12 ft. ..	11/6 each.
6 ft. by 7½ft.	3/11 ,,	9 ft. by 15 ft. ..	12/6 ,,
6 ft. by 9 ft.	4/9 ,,	12 ft. by 12 ft. ..	12/9 ,,
7½ft. by 9 ft.	5/11 ,,	12 ft. by 13½ft. ..	14/6 ,,
9 ft. by 9 ft.	7/6 ,,	12 ft. by 15 ft. ..	15/9 ,,
9 ft. by 10½ft.	8/6 ,,	12 ft. by 18 ft. ..	19/6 ,,
9 ft. by 12 ft.	9/6 ,,	12 ft. by 21 ft. ..	22/6 ,,

REDUCED SALE PRICES.

When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.

A PRUDENTIAL Brusselette Hearthrug (Regd.), to match above Carpets, sent for 1/6 extra, size 2yds. long and 1yd. wide. SPECIAL OFFER.—Three Hearthrugs for 4/3, or Six for 8/-. Sterling Value.

Blairquhan, Maybole, N.B., August 3rd.
Lady Hunter Blair writes:—"Will Messrs. F. Hodgson & Sons send her another 'Prudential' Brusselette Carpet same as before, crimson and gold, dimensions 9 ft. by 10½ ft.? Cheque enclosed."

Stockton House, Godford St. Mary, Wilts, January 24th, 1902.
Lady Clan-William writes:—"The 'Prudential' Brusselette Carpets have arrived, and are quite satisfactory."
Her further orders are sent with cheque.

Cheques and P.O.'s payable to—

F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. S), Manufacturers, Importers, and Merchants, **Woodsley Rd., LEEDS.**

is the only Cocoa on this Market which has been awarded the Grand Prix at the Great Paris Exhibition in 1900.

LADIES DO NOT FAIL!

to send at once for design showing exact size of **W. J. HARRIS & Co.'s** unrivalled

DEFIANCE LOCKSTITCH SEWING MACHINE.

Works by hand or treadle. Four Years' Warranty. Admired by everyone. Especially adapted for Dressmaking, light Tailoring, and all kinds of Family Sewing. Guide Book given with each Machine. Sent to any part of the country on easy terms, 5/- per month. *Only* 40/- *complete*

Full particulars post free.

W. J. HARRIS & Co., Ltd.,
Chief Office: 51, Rye Lane, Peckham, London, S.E., 219, Old Kent Road, S.E., 391, Mare Street, Hackney, And numerous Branches.

LEWIS'S WONDERFUL VELVETEEN

WILL PLAY AN IMPORTANT PART IN THE NATIONAL FESTIVITIES AT THE KING'S CORONATION

MANUFACTURED IN ENGLAND.

This World-Famed Velveteen is equal in appearance to the best Genoa Velvet, and its durability is the wonder of all who have had it in wear. It can only be obtained *direct* from **LEWIS'S**, in **Market St., Manchester,** who will forward a large box of **Patterns,** including the New Shades that will grace the Coronation festivities, Imperial or Tyrian Purple, Royal Blue, Coronation Crimson, as sanctioned by the College of Heralds, Violette de Parme, and the new Pastel Shades, **Post Free** on application. FAST PILE. FAST DYED. EVERY INCH GUARANTEED.

Lewis's pay carriage on all orders in the United Kingdom.

SEASONABLE DRESS MATERIALS—Wonderful Value.

WRITE FOR PATTERNS. Please mention *Strand Mag.* and address—

LEWIS'S, in Market Street, **MANCHESTER.**

NEURALINE CURES

A single application
ACTS LIKE MAGIC.
Of all Chemists 1/1½, 2/9, & 4/6; or post free from
LEATH & ROSS,
58, Duke St., Grosvenor Sqr., London, W.

TOOTHACHE & NEURALGIA

TRIUMPH

PATRONISED BY ROYALTY

CYCLES

10 GUINEAS AND **15 GUINEAS**

Or from a Guinea per month.

ART CATALOGUE GRATIS.

The Best Bicycle that British Workmanship can produce.

TRIUMPH CYCLE CO., LTD., COVENTRY,
4 & 5, Holborn Viaduct, LONDON, E.C.
30, Deansgate Arcade, MANCHESTER.

MACKINTOSH'S EXTRA CREAM TOFFEE

IS DELICIOUS! DELICIOUS! DELICIOUS!
Purest of the Pure. Sold Everywhere.
A Very Large Sample Packet sent Post Free Eight penny Stamps.
J. Mackintosh Ld., The Toffee Mills, Halifax
Wholesale Dealers should stock this Toffee, as it sells at sight.

Trial Bottle Post Free **7D.**

To Colour GREY HAIR

SHADEINE, guaranteed permanent, washable, and absolutely harmless. Will not burn the hair or produce unnatural tint. Detection impossible. Contains no lead, silver, sulphur, etc. Trial Bottle, 7d.; Large Bottle, 3/9, post free. (Sent secretly packed.) State colour required.

S. T. ALEXANDRE (Est. 1861), 30, Westbourne Grove, and 85, Great Portland Street, London, W.

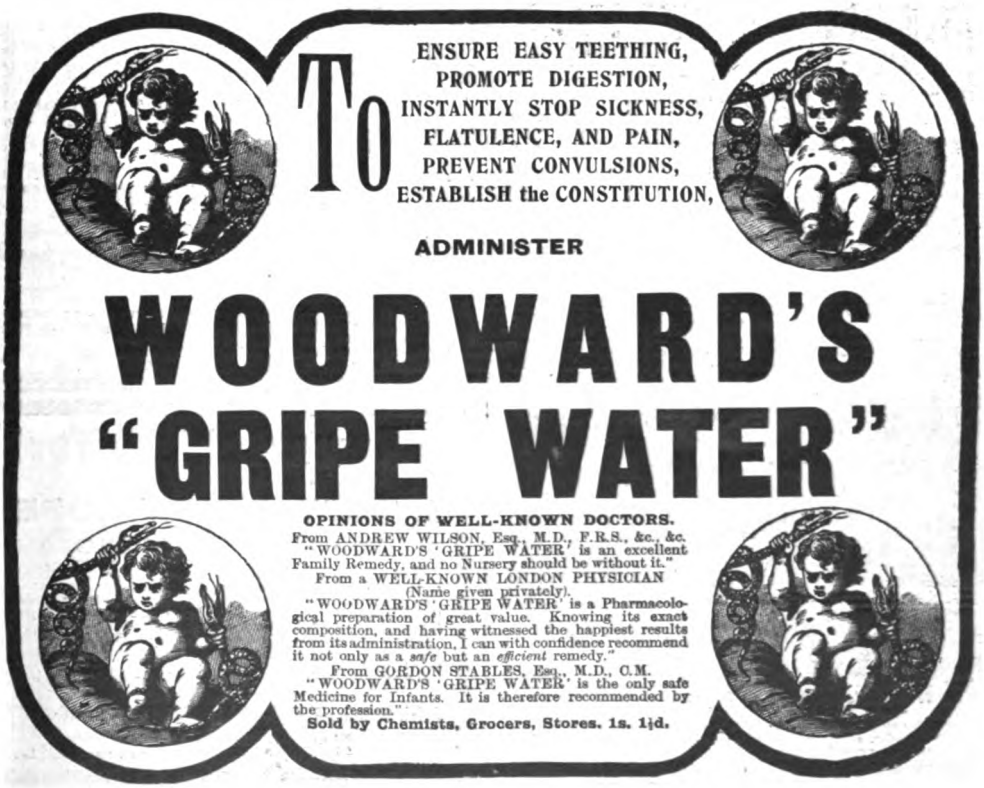
Those Perfect Curves

which give to women a beautiful figure, are produced quickly by **Diano.** It fills out all hollow and flat places, adds grace and beauty to the neck, so tens and clears the skin, adds charm and attraction to the plainest women. **Beautiful Women** everywhere owe their superb figures, perfect health and matchless loveliness to **DIANO.** Absolutely unfailing. Full information, new "Beauty Book," testimonials, etc., sealed, Free, in plain package. Address, Lady Manager M.L. Espanola Medicine Co., Dept. **283,** 203A, Regent Street, London, W.

Goddard's Plate Powder

NON-MERCURIAL, Universally admitted to be the BEST and SAFEST ARTICLE for CLEANING SILVER, ELECTRO PLATE, &c. Sold everywhere in Boxes, **1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. SIX GOLD MEDALS. GODDARD'S POLISHING CLOTHS.** 3 in a box, **1/-.** Agents: OSMOND & MATTHEWS, London.

IZAL
DISINFECTANT
NON-POISONOUS
THE
PERSONAL
SAFEGUARD
AGAINST INFECTION
IDEAL FOR DOMESTIC USE.
Used by the British Army throughout the South African Campaign. The shilling bottle makes ten gallons efficient disinfecting fluid. The safest and surest protector against Fevers, Smallpox, Diphtheria, Plague, and all Contagious Diseases. Sinks, Traps, Drains, W.C.'s, etc., can be regularly flushed at a trifling cost.
THE BEST FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.
Of all Chemists in Bottles, 6d., 1/-, 2/6, and 4/6 each.
A 50-PAGE BOOKLET,
'The Izal Rules of Health,
with full directions for disinfecting and for the prevention of disease, edited and revised by Dr. Andrew Wilson, will be sent, post free on application, by the Manufacturers, Newton, Chambers & Co., Ltd., The Laboratories, Thorncliffe, nr. SHEFFIELD.
1GALLON


To ENSURE EASY TEETHING,
PROMOTE DIGESTION,
INSTANTLY STOP SICKNESS,
FLATULENCE, AND PAIN,
PREVENT CONVULSIONS,
ESTABLISH the CONSTITUTION,
ADMINISTER
WOODWARD'S
"GRIPE WATER"
OPINIONS OF WELL-KNOWN DOCTORS.
From ANDREW WILSON, Esq., M.D., F.R.S., &c., &c.
"WOODWARD'S 'GRIPE WATER' is an excellent Family Remedy, and no Nursery should be without it."
From a WELL-KNOWN LONDON PHYSICIAN
(Name given privately).
"WOODWARD'S 'GRIPE WATER' is a Pharmacological preparation of great value. Knowing its exact composition, and having witnessed the happiest results from its administration, I can with confidence recommend it not only as a *safe* but an *efficient* remedy."
From GORDON STABLES, Esq., M.D., C.M.
"WOODWARD'S 'GRIPE WATER' is the only safe Medicine for Infants. It is therefore recommended by the profession."
Sold by Chemists, Grocers, Stores. 1s. 1½d.

CAN I BECOME AN ELECTRICIAN?

YES, you can. We teach **ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING** at your home **by mail** at a cost within the reach of anyone. **No matter where you live,** if you can read and write we guarantee to teach you thoroughly. Our Institute is **endorsed by Thomas A. Edison** and other prominent men of U.S. and Great Britain. We teach also **Mechanical Engineering, Steam Engineering, Mechanical Drawing, Telephony, Telegraphy, Electric Lighting, Electric Railways, Electric Motorman's Course, Short Electrical Course, Dynamo Tender's Course, X-Rays, Mathematics, etc., by mail.** Thousands are successful and gaining better positions and salaries studying at home by our correspondence system. Write for our **Free Illustrated Book,** "Can I Become an Electrical Engineer?" Remember a letter to New York requires 2½d. postage.

I consider the Electrical Engineer Institute as conducted by Messrs Wetzler and Martin to be of great value to those who desire an Electrical education

Thomas A. Edison

The Electrical Engineer Institute of Correspondence Instruction, Dept. S, 240-242, West 23rd St., New York, U.S.A.

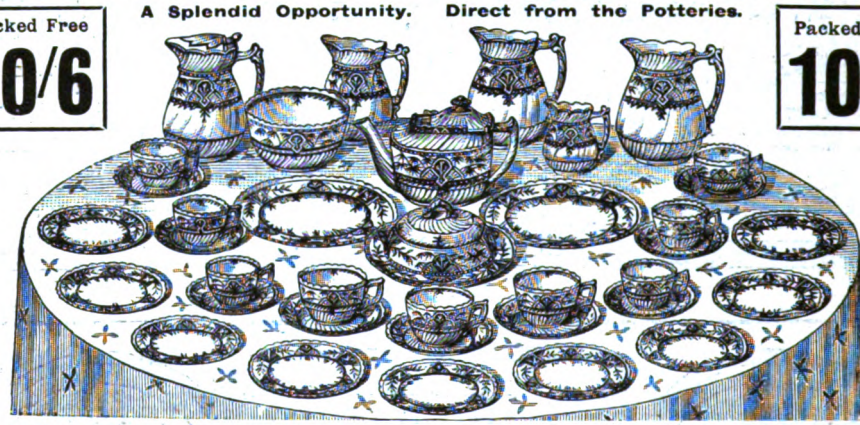
CERAMIC ART CO. Ltd., Stoke-on-Trent, Staff. Potteries.

JOHN W. COOPER. *Managing Director.*

A Splendid Opportunity. Direct from the Potteries.

Packed Free **10/6**

Packed Free **10/6**



The "Queen Anne" Combination Tea and Breakfast Service.

This Wonderful Set, in our new "Vert" Blue, Exquisitely Finished in Fine Gold, consists of

6 Tea Cups & Saucers
6 Tea Plates
3 Breakfast Cups & Saucers
3 Breakfast Plates
1 Slop Bowl 1 Cream Ewer
2 Bread & Butter Plates
1 Teapot (our patent Slide Lid)
1 Set of 3 Jugs
1 Hot Water Jug and 1 Hot Toast Dish,

Packed free for **10/6.**

A Triumph of British Manufacture.

The "Queen Anne" Dinner Service.

This Wonderful Set, in our new "Vert" Blue, Exquisitely Finished, consists of

12 Meat Plates
12 Pudding Plates
12 Cheese Plates
5 Meat Dishes (the largest measuring nearly 16in.)
2 Full Sized Vegetable Dishes
2 Sauce Boats
12 Soup Plates
1 Soup Tureen (holding 3½ pints), and
1 Stand for same.

Packed free for **£1 5s. 0d.**

THE THREE SERVICES (Breakfast, Tea, and Dinner), all in the "Queen Anne" design, COMPLETE FOR **£1 15s.**

A PAIR OF VASES FREE.

PLEASE NOTE.—During this month, to insure early business, we will give a **HANDSOME PAIR OF VASES** to every purchaser of the **£1 15s.** Complete Set.

N.B.—Crests, Monograms, and Badges made a Spécialité, either for large Private Families, or for Hotels, Schools, &c.
Sole Manufacturers of the "**UNFRACTURABLE SURFACE PLATES**" for Hotels, Restaurants, Clubs, &c., &c.

1/- TEST IT BY TRYING IT.

"BRISTOL" MARKING INK.

SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS.
FOR MARKING LINEN, COTTON, SILKS, Etc.
Sold by all Chemists, 1/-; or post free of the Proprietor,
FRANCIS T. SANDERS, SUTTON, SURREY.

MARTIN-SILENT
CYCLE TOOL BAG.
ALWAYS NEAT AND TIDY.
MORE THAN HALF MILLION SOLD

MARTIN-SILENT CYCLE SADDLES—OPINIONS:—
W. E. Simpson, Esq., writes: "I have just completed 10,000 miles on your 070 saddle and cannot speak too highly in its praise."
Mrs. Housian says she has ridden over 6,000 miles on our 075 saddle and has never known what it is to be saddle sore.
MARTINS-BIRMINGHAM, LTD., GRANVILLE ST., BIRMINGHAM.

A Remarkable Offer!

A TEST HOROSCOPE
For ONE SHILLING.

This unique offer is made to advertise "MODERN ASTROLOGY," and prove to all sceptics that Astrology is true.
Send a Postal Order for One Shilling, or 14 stamps, with the time, date, sex, and place of birth, but if you do not know the hour of your birth, send the date, &c., and we will satisfy you.
To convince everyone that we have confidence in our ability to give a reliable TEST Horoscope, we will refund the money sent to us if the Horoscope is not true.
Horoscopes will be sent type-written in French if desired.

Address S., EDITOR "MODERN ASTROLOGY,"
9, Lyncroft Gardens, West Hampstead, London, N.W.
Now Ready "The Horoscope & how to read it," 1s.

BENGER'S FOOD is not only highly nutritive, but is most easily digested, and is so delicious that it is enjoyed by Infants, Invalids, Convalescents, and the Aged.

Benger's Food

The *London Medical Record* says:
'It is retained when all other foods are rejected.'
The *British Medical Journal* says:
"Benger's Food has by its excellence established a reputation of its own."
Benger's Food is sold in tins by Chemists &c., everywhere

TOWNEND CYCLES

Our LEADING lines for 1902

ARE THE
TOWNEND ROYALS
for Ladies and Gentlemen
at
£12 12 0

Frictionless Ball Free Wheel.
Front Rim Brake.
Band Brake.
Nickelled Rims with Transparent Green Centre.
Dunlop Tyres.
Brooks Saddle.
Beautifully Enamelled and Lined Gold.

Fully Guaranteed.

Warwick Tyres on Westwood Rims.
Comfortable, Easy Saddle.
Plenty of Provision for Rapid Growth of Rider.
Very Light Running.
Perfectly Reliable.
Well Finished.

Every Part Fully Guaranteed.

AND THE
TOWNEND JUVENILE CYCLES
at
£5 10 0

NEW TOWNEND BROS.,
COVENTRY.
ESTAB. 1875.
City Agency: Benetfink & Co., CHEAPSIDE.
Manchester: 93, Piccadilly

To CYCLISTS

BARTLETT
CLINCHER
TYRES

Adopted by H.M. WAR OFFICE.
Adopted by H.M. POST OFFICE.

The First Detachable Pneumatic Invented, A.D. 1890.
Still Unequalled for Quality and Durability, A.D. 1902.

NORTH BRITISH RUBBER CO. Ltd.,
57 Moorgate Street, LONDON, E.C.
WRITE FOR BOOKLET.

FOR HOME USE AND WHEN TRAVELLING.

HARTMANN'S
(Antiseptic and Absorbent)
TOWELETTES

Insist on having HARTMANN'S HYGIENIC

Superior to any Sanitary Towel.

Obtainable at less than cost of washing from all Ladies' Outfitters' Drapers, Stores, and Chemists in *6d.* packets (one dozen), *1/-* (6d. per half-dozen), *1/4*, and *2/-* per dozen. - *"A Useful Booklet,"* **Advice on Accouchement,** and the management of Babies, will be sent post free on application. Address—
THE MANAGERESS, HARTMANN'S DEPOT, 26, Thavies Inn, London, E.C.

YOU PAY £1. 1s. Down for THESE HANDSOME SUITES,

and the balance to suit your own purse.

OUR SPECIAL

BEDROOM SUITE

CASH £10. 10s.

OR **CREDIT—**

£1. 1s. down, and 10 monthly payments of 1 Guinea; or
£1. 1s. down, and 21 monthly payments of Half a Guinea.

OUR SPECIAL

PARLOUR SUITE

CASH £10. 10s.

OR **CREDIT—**

£1. 1s. down, and 10 monthly payments of 1 Guinea; or
£1. 1s. down, and 21 monthly payments of Half a Guinea.

Money returned in full if not perfectly satisfactory.

Carriage Paid to any Railway Station in the United Kingdom.

Our Special Parlour or Dining-room Suite consists of Couch, Lady's and Gent's and 4 Small Chairs. In **Solid** Oak, Walnut, or Mahogany, luxuriously upholstered in best Imperial Saddlebags, richly embossed figured Velvet, or Crockett's best quality English Leather Cloth, the backs being padded with the same material. In ordering, please state the wood and colours of coverings preferred. Extra Small Chairs can be supplied at 1 Guinea each. Every article is spring-seated. Price, delivered free to any part of the United Kingdom, 10 Guineas Cash, or 1 Guinea Cash with order and 10 monthly payments of 1 Guinea each, or 21 monthly payments of Half a Guinea.

The Bedroom Suite consists of Wardrobe, 3ft. 6in. wide, and nearly 7ft. high, with large full-length, highly-polished mirror, &c. Dressing Table, 3ft. 6in. wide, with beautiful large bevelled mirror, &c. Washstand, 3ft. 6in. wide, fitted with fine Sicilian marble slab, &c. Two Cane-seated Chairs are also supplied with the Suite. This Bedroom Suite is supplied in American Black or Satin Walnut, Mahogany, or Oak, and is **solid throughout,** every article being well polished by hand labour. In ordering, please say wood required.

FREE

Whether you are furnishing or not, it will pay you to write for our fully Illustrated Descriptive Catalogue, Price Lists, etc.—

GLOBE FURNISHING COMPY.,

(Department E.) Pembroke Place, LIVERPOOL.

South African, Colonial, and Foreign Orders will receive special attention. Bankers: London City & Midland Bank, Ltd.

A COMFORTABLE SADDLE MAKES CYCLING A PLEASURE.

THE 'RIDEASY'

(Padded top, scientifically constructed; never gets hard). Sent on trial for two weeks on receipt of P.O. **2/6**, which forms part payment if saddle is kept and mention of this Magazine is made.

GENT'S 930B.

Price 12/6 ... Enamelled Springs.
„ 15/- ... Plated Springs.

EXTRA LARGE.

„ 15/- ... Enamelled Springs.
„ 17/6 ... Plated Springs.

Testimonials and Booklet on application.

Ladies' Patterns same price.

MIDDLEMORE & LAMPLUGH, LTD. COVENTRY.

Frilled Butter Muslin

White, Cream, Ecru, and 12 Art Shades. **CURTAINS,** frilled two sides and bottom, 3yds. long, 56in. wide, **6/9** per pair; 3½yds., **7/9** per pair. *May also be had by the yard, 56in. wide, frilled both sides,* **11½d.** *yard.* Sample Book of Plain and Fancy Muslins sent on approval. **ROLLER BLINDS,** edged with lace or fringe, from **4/-.** Sample Book of Materials on approval. **CARPETS,** *Tapestries, Cretonnes, Velvets, Art Silks, Art Linens, Plushettes, Art Serges, etc.* Patterns sent on approval. Table Covers, Cushion Squares, Mantel Borders, *Picture Book of Lace Curtains, Roller Blinds, Heavy Curtains, Carpets, Rugs, Mats, Matting, Stair Pads, Linoleum, Cork Carpet, etc., post free.*

LACE CURTAINS

Direct from the Warehouse.

THE HAPPY HOME PARCEL.—1 pair Elegant Drawing-room Curtains, 4yds. long, 2yds. wide; 1 pair splendid Dining-room Curtains, 3½yds. long, 52in. wide; 1 pair Breakfast-room Curtains, floral style, 3yds. long, 52in. wide; 1 pair pretty Bedroom Curtains, 3yds. long, 40in. wide. ALL KNITTED EDGES. 1 Lace Stand Cover; 2 Real Lace Toilet Mats. The lot carriage paid, **17/6.** White or Ecru. *Such handsome value has never before been offered.* Money returned if not approved. Picture Book of Lace Curtains, Roller Blinds, Frilled Curtains, Carpets, Rugs, Mats, Felts, Cork Carpet, etc., post free.

CORRINCE ART CARPETS

Direct from the Warehouse. Marvellous value. An entirely new Seamless and Reversible Carpet. May be had in Moss-Green, Terra-Cotta, Art Blue, and Crimson. It is the most durable carpet made, and will wear for years when subjected to the hardest wear. 6ft. by 9ft., 9/-; 7½ft. by 9ft., 11/3; 9ft. by 9ft., 13/6; 10½ft. by 9ft., 15/9; 12ft. by 9ft., 18/-; 13½ft. by 9ft., 20/3; 10½ft. by 10½ft., 18/6; 12ft. by 10½ft., 21/6; 13½ft. by 10½ft., 23/9; 12ft. by 12ft., 24/-; 13½ft. by 12ft., 27/-; 15ft. by 12ft., 30/-; 18ft. by 12ft., 36/-; 21ft. by 12ft., 42/-. HEARTHRUGS to match, 6ft. by 3ft., 3/- each. GORRINGE ART STAIR CARPET to match, 18in. wide, 10½d.; 22in., 1/0½; 27in., 1/3 per yard. Plain, 1½d. per yard less. Patterns on approval. Lists Free.

H. GORRINGE & CO., 33a Dept., NOTTINGHAM.

THE
WORLD'S BEST CYCLE.

SWIFT

From 10 to 20 Guineas.

Write for No. 38 Catalogue.

THE SWIFT CYCLE CO., LTD., COVENTRY.

LONDON DEPOT—
15 and 16, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

INTEMPERANCE

CURED. This can be done with or without patient's knowledge. Send me a stamp and I will tell you how. Send no money.—Address in confidence, Mrs. A. R. (Room 8), 195, Oxford Street, W.

KUTNOW'S POWDER

A PERFECT REMEDY FOR CONSTIPATION, DERANGEMENTS OF THE STOMACH, LIVER, AND KIDNEYS, INFLUENZA, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, LUMBAGO, AND URIC ACID TROUBLES.

Cut out the Coupon below, fill in your name and address, place it in an open envelope bearing a half-penny stamp, drop it in the nearest pillar-box, and by return you will receive a Free Sample of KUTNOW'S POWDER, which eliminates all disease germs from the system and thus ensures perfect health.

A FREE AND POST-PAID SAMPLE OF KUTNOW'S POWDER

Will be sent, once only, to any person filling up this Form and sending the same to S. KUTNOW & CO., Ltd., 41, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.

Name .....

Address .....

("The Strand Magazine.") .....

Read what "The Medical Journal" published last December concerning KUTNOW'S POWDER.

"THE MEDICAL JOURNAL," Dec., 1901, says:—

"Lithemic or uric acid storms manifest themselves very disagreeably in severe nose and throat affections and colds in the winter seasons. Most of these troubles can be traced to disorders of digestion, assimilation, secretion, excretion, and elimination. If our food be properly digested and the adipose matter promptly eliminated, there would be by far fewer cases of colds and coughs. The kidneys, the liver, and, in fact, all organs of the abdominal cavity have to be kept in good working order, like the mechanism of a good clock, therefore the main object of the physician is to keep the inner organs free from all toxicants produced by faulty metabolism. Nothing is so highly recommended for that purpose and unanimously endorsed and prescribed by the medical authorities of the present age as KUTNOW'S Improved Effervescent POWDER, of which the late Sir Morell Mackenzie, in his decisive and positive mode of expressing his opinions, wrote: 'I have tried it, and find that it answers particularly well.' And Dr. Ewald, the great stomach specialist, said: 'Its advantages appear to arise from its possessing the power to eliminate from the body the excess of bile and acids, thereby purifying the blood and strengthening the general tone by improving the assimilative processes of the debilitated system.'"

KUTNOW'S POWDER can be obtained from all Chemists and Medicine Stores at 2s. 9d. per bottle, or sent post free to any address in the United Kingdom direct from KUTNOW'S London Offices for 3s. To all foreign parts the usual postal rates must be added.

Proprietors: S. KUTNOW & Co., Ltd., 41, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.

Proprietors in U.S.A.: KUTNOW BROS., Ltd., 853, Broadway, New York.

THE "BULLDOG" VEST POCKET AIR PISTOL.

A perfect Air Pistol produced at last, guaranteed to be the lightest, smallest, most handsome and strongest shooting Air Pistol on earth. Made of solid Aluminium, beautifully polished and engraved; weighs only a few ounces, and can be put into vest pocket easily. Packed in neat box, together with a supply of Darts and Slugs. Postage, 3d. extra. Rush in your orders; first come, first served. Remember, this is no spring pistol, and measures only 4in. in all. Entirely new system. Send for list. Largest variety of Guns and Pistols in the world. **FRANK CLARKE, Gun Manufacturer, Gothic Arcade, Snow Hill, BIRMINGHAM.**

REP^E PINT 6^d

HALF PRICE AND DOUBLE STRENGTH of ordinary Household Ammonia.

FOR THE BATH AND HOUSEHOLD PURPOSES.

Send 3 Penny Stamps for Large Sample Bottle.

Agents Everywhere.

If any difficulty in obtaining, send us a post-card, and we will forward name and address of nearest dealer.

RETAINS ITS STRENGTH TO THE LAST DROP.

REP^E QUART 10½^d

CLARKE'S, 360, Old Kent Rd., S.E.

WITH

WATSON'S ENLARGER

You can make

BEAUTIFUL ENLARGED PICTURES

in less time than the ordinary small prints.

They are **more Satisfactory, Less Costly, Less Trouble.** For all Kodak or other Negatives up to ¼-plate. **Price 6/6 to 70/-**

DETAILED PRICE LIST FREE ON APPLICATION—

313, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

THE POPULAR

SCOTCH

IS

"BLACK & WHITE"

WHISKY

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

To **remove** hair use a dissolver, or better yet, use a razor. Both have the same effect. To **kill** hair growth investigate our common-sense home-treatment. Kills by **absorption.** Circular in plain, sealed envelope on application.—THE E. W. CAPILLUS MFG. CO., 205, Regent Street, London, W.

SILVER QUEEN CYCLES

From 10/- per month

Write for Illustrated PRICE LIST, post free. THE SILVER QUEEN CYCLE CO., LTD., 18Y, Gray's Inn Rd., London.

1200

MACHINES.

THE

LARGEST Contract

FOR THE SUPPLY OF

TYPEWRITERS

HAS BEEN AWARDED TO THE..

Smith Premier

THE Austrian Ministry of Law, after three months' trials and tests of eight different makes of machines, **including all the leading Typewriters on the market,** have formally decided that the **SMITH PREMIER TYPE-WRITER** must hereafter be used **exclusively throughout the 1200 Courts of the Austrian Empire,** and have awarded the contract in accordance with the above resolution.

Art Catalogue Free.

The SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO.,

14 Gracechurch Street, E.C.

Pearces' Presents

The Coronation Spoon.

In Solid Silver, **6/6,** with case, **7/6** post free. Sizes, 4⅜in. and 6¼in. Designed and manufactured by Pearce and Sons, Silversmiths. Send for Catalogue.

Solid Silver

HISTORIC GIFT FOR 1902.

If you have an 1837 Souvenir of Queen Victoria's Coronation you know its value and will be anxious to secure early the choicest Historic Souvenir of **KING EDWARD VII.** This registered emblematic spoon is a new departure in souvenirs: a rare combination of the beautiful, valuable, historic, and useful. No **marriage** presents will be complete without a set of these emblematic spoons. And for Christening, Birthday, and Presentation of every description no gift could be more highly appreciated.

THE HISTORIC GIFT OF 1902.

DESCRIPTION.—The Bust of the King, surmounted by His Crown, the reverse bearing the Rose, Thistle, and Shamrock—Great Britain and Ireland; these support the Royal Monogram, E.R.VII., 1902, and are upheld by Iris-like leaves, each representing one of our Great Possessions; the leaves uniting form the Empire Stem. The Roots of this Empire Plant run round the Royal Arms, the Emblem of our Constitution, right into the Heart of the Peoples.

THE GIVERS OF GIFTS

effect a real saving of money if they buy the present from Messrs. Pearce & Sons, Huddersfield.

Send for their Pictorial Price List of Solid Silver Historic Souvenirs and High-class Presents.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED, OR CASH REFUNDED.

PEARCE & SONS, Silversmiths, **HUDDERSFIELD.**

TWO SHIRTS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE

IMPROVED WHITE SHIRTS

WITH REVERSIBLE CUFFS,

scientifically cut and carefully finished, with all the latest improvements, in fine selected linens, beautifully laundried. Each shirt is fitted with reversible cuffs, which enables them to be worn twice, and the wearer thus obtains practically two shirts for the price of one. In ordering please state size of collar. Made in two qualities:—

The "RANELAGH," to open front or behind, as preferred, Sample Shirt, **3/11**; ½-doz., **11/6**; ¼-doz., **22/6**. Post Free.

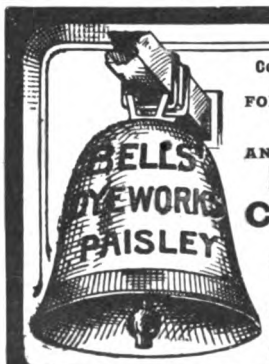
The "ADELPHI," made with a wide heavy Dress front, one stud-hole, fitted with patent side tabs and flexible waistband to prevent unsightly bulging. Sample Shirt, **4/11**; ½-doz., **14/6**; ¼-doz., **28/6**. Post Free.

Reversible Print Shirts, for business wear. **Short** front, one stud-hole. Open in front only. Sample Shirt, **3/6**; ½-doz., **10/3**; ¼-doz., **20/-**. Post Free. Patterns on application.

COLLARS supplied at manufacturers' prices. Splendidly made in four-fold linen and all the latest shapes. Every customer should order a supply along with his Shirts. ½-doz., **1/3**; ¼-doz., **2/3**; 1-doz., **4/3**, post free.

Every Gentleman should send for our No. 1 Booklet.

HOWITSON & EARSMAN, Shirt Makers,
RANELAGH PLACE, LIVERPOOL.



Celebrated Throughout the Kingdom

FOR DYEING AND FRENCH CLEANING

15 per cent. discount on Parcels sent direct by Post or Rail.

PRICE AND COLOUR LISTS FREE.

A. BELL & SONS, Ld., Paisley

Now Ready, the third **(1902)** edition of the

UNIVERSAL STANDARD CATALOGUE OF THE POSTAGE STAMPS OF THE WORLD.

Re-written and re-arranged throughout, and brought right up to date. Gives the market price of every postage stamp issued to October, 1901. With 2,554 Illustrations. Latest, Cheapest, and most Reliable.

Price 1/3 post free. Interleaved Edition, Cloth Gilt, 3/6 post free.

Price List of 1,500 **different** packets and sets of Stamps, Stamp Albums (new 1902 Edition) and every requisite for Stamp Collectors, sent gratis on receipt of penny stamp for postage. Monthly List of Philatelic Novelties, 6d. per annum, post free

WHITFIELD KING & CO., IPSWICH.

"No Better Food."

—Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., &c.

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED

300 Gold Medals, &c. **Cocoa**

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Those participating in outdoor exercise of any kind, such as Golf, Football, Cricket, Tennis, or the like, will find in FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA a beverage which will prove both stimulating and recuperative, and one which will greatly add to the powers of endurance.

P&S CORRECT FORM CORSETS

Erect carriage, with . . sloping chest and . . . straight-front lines . . . combined, produce . . . the ideal figure desired by those who would . be. . . . . .

WELL DRESSED.

P&S CORRECT FORM CORSETS

Aid you to secure this ideal. At the same time they allow ample freedom for the respiratory organs They are "full of comfort" and luxurious in wear In addition—and this can be found in no other corsets—Rustless Zairoid replaces steel in busks and supports. High-grade, yet inexpensive. Obtainable of the leading Drapers and Outfitters

"Correct Form," an interesting booklet, illustrated with photos from life, post free from

W. PRETTY & SONS, Ltd., IPSWICH.

RUSTLESS ZAIROID

WEAK EYES

that quickly tire, cannot bear bright light, and both look and feel sore, are cured by **SINGLETON'S EYE OINTMENT.** This marvellous remedy has 300 years' reputation and is sold by all chemists and stores in ancient pedestal pots for 2/- each. If kept by you it will not lose its healing virtues. Send to STEPHEN GREEN, 210, Lambeth Road, London, for the little book "How to Preserve the Eyesight." This should be seen by everyone who suffers from any eye trouble.

FWS

BLYTH'S DRESS SHIRT

White Shirts with Linen Fittings, Undressed, as from Factory

You cannot need a better dress shirt than this. The style, quality, comfort, and wear leave nothing to be desired. The best-dressed men wear these shirts and are delighted. Every time you purchase one of my Dress Shirts you may remember that you are gaining in style and saving money, as the price charged is the lowest compatible with high quality This is a Full Dress Shirt with Extra Wide Front, one stud hole in front, and large square cuffs State size of collar used when ordering.

PRICES: To Open in Front, **3/10** each, **11 3** for **3**, and **22/6** for **6**. To Open at Back, **4/-** each, **11/9** for **3**, and **22/6** for **6**. By PARCEL POST, **3d.** extra for **1**, **4d.** for **2**, **5d.** for **3**, **8d.** for **6**.

FULLY ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of all kinds of Shirts and Underclothing Post Free from

HENRY BLYTH (Dept. S), 16, 18, 19, 24, Earl Grey St., EDINBURGH.

"Calton"

DON'T DIP
IT WASTES TIME.

Use the CALTON STYLO PEN. Writes 10,000 words without refilling. It writes easier than a lead pencil. It flows at the first touch and continues right to the finish.

Sent complete in box with filler and directions, post free for 3/-. Mounted and chased. 5/-. Silver Cased 10/6.

JEWEL FOUNTAIN PEN, fitted with gold nib, Duplex feed, 5/-. Mounted, 7/6.

JEWEL PEN CO., 102, FENCHURCH STREET, LONDON, E.C.

All Kinds Repaired.

"Calton"

DIGESTIVE PEA FLOUR.
DIGESTIVE LENTIL FLOUR.

Make DELICIOUS PUDDINGS and SOUPS. GENUINE, NATURAL FLAVOUR and TASTE. Adapted to INVALIDS and WEAK DIGESTIONS. BOILING UNNECESSARY.

In 1/- Tins; Sample Tins 1/4 post free. From Chemists and Grocers, or Wholesale from the Manufacturers,

THE DIGESTIVE FOOD CO., PAISLEY.

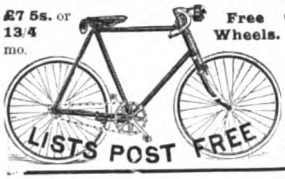
ROSY CHEEKS

And a Lovely Complexion, Skin clear as Alabaster, produced by One Box of Dr. LENNOX'S HARMLESS ARSENIC WAFERS, the only cure for Pimples, Blackheads, Sallow or Greasy Skins. Price per enlarged Box, sufficient for complete cure, privately packed with Medical and Analytical Reports by Dr. Griffiths and Granville Sharpe, 5/6, post free, from Dr. LENNOX, 38, Great Saint Helen's, London, E.C. Absolutely harmless.

JUNO CYCLES ARE THE VERY BEST.

For Ladies and Gentlemen.

£7 5s. or 13/4 mo.



Free Wheels.

Carriage paid to all parts.

Cash or 12 Monthly Payments.

£7 5s.	or	13/4 monthly.
£7 15s.	,,	14/2 ,,
£8 8s.	,,	15/- ,,
£11 0s.	,,	20/- ,,

Write at once for New Season's List (over 100 pages and 500 illustrations). **Metropolitan Machinists' Co., Ld.,** Sr. Dept., 75, Bishopsgate St. Without, London, E.C., and Piccadilly Circus, W.

COAL SAVING IN THE NEW CENTURY

NOW AN ACCOMPLISHED FACT.

The Easiest
The Cheapest
The Cleanest
MODE OF COOKING.

RIGHT UP-TO-DATE.

THE "ALBIONETTE"

By Using the PATENT PRIZE GOLD MEDAL OIL

COOKING STOVES,

MANUFACTURED FOR OVER 29 YEARS BY

"Rippingille's" ALBION LAMP COMPANY, Limited,

which are universally acknowledged to be the

BEST IN THE WORLD.

Cost of Cooking being one-Third that of Coal or Gas.

Sold by all Ironmongers, etc.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue and name of nearest agent, post free on application to Sole and Original Manufacturers. Estd. 1872. Contractors to H.M. War Office, India Office, etc. Hundreds of testimonials. It is important that all letters be addressed in full either

ASTON ROAD, BIRMINGHAM,

Or 6 & 7, Stonecutter St., Farringdon St., London, E.C.

N.B.—Our well-known "LEVIATHAN HEATING" STOVE was supplied in February, 1901, for use in the HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE HARP.

THE VASE.

THE CROWN.

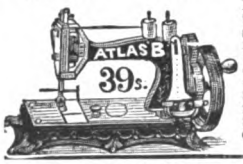
The M. J. C. will send on application, Free by Post, their Illustrated Catalogue containing Designs of over 200 Rings and other Articles of Jewellery.

Particulars & Prices of above Sketches (which can be made as Rings or Brooches) included in Catalogue

MANUFACTURING JEWELLERS' CO., BIRMINGHAM.

Established 1883.

"ATLAS" LOCKSTITCH MACHINE 39s.



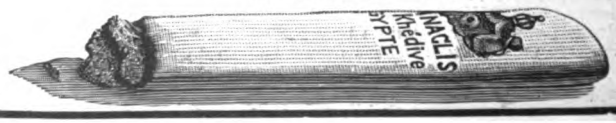
Equal in size and quality to any machine. Four years' guarantee. To ensure satisfaction, machine sent on receipt of 5s. P.O. for ONE MONTH'S TRIAL. If desired to pay 5s. MONTHLY, write for Terms, Designs, and Samples of Work.—**Atlas Sewing Machine Co.,** 186E, High Street, Camden Town, London; or 63, Seven Sisters Road, and 14, High Road, Kilburn.

"NESTOR"
EGYPTIAN Cigarettes

(NESTOR GIANACLIS—CAIRO.)

The Premier EGYPTIAN Cigarette for the last 20 years, and still of the same remarkable flavour and aroma. Beware of English-made so-called Egyptian Cigarettes, and see that each Package bears the Government stamp.

Of all Tobacconists and Stores throughout the World, and 10, New Bond Street, London, W.



FOOTS'

BATH CABINET

THE SAFE KIND

An Ideal Health-giving Luxury.

All the delights and benefits of vapour, medicated, perfumed, or oxygen baths, can now be enjoyed privately at home with assured safety and comfort. Nothing else is so effective in keeping the blood pure, preventing sickness, stopping colds, curing Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Influenza, Neuralgia, Insomnia, Blood, Skin, Liver and Kidney Complaints, Obesity, Stomach troubles, and most chronic diseases. There is scarcely a Disease that can resist the power of heat. It forces the impurities and poisonous matters through the pores of the skin, increases the flow of blood, vitalizes the whole body and creates that delightful feeling of health and vigour. Nothing else accomplishes such perfect cleanliness, clears the skin, or so quickly quiets the nervous and rests the tired. The habit of Turkish Bathing is the greatest known safeguard against infectious diseases.

Foots' Patent Cabinet

contains several exclusive features, without which a perfectly satisfactory and absolutely safe cabinet cannot be made. Its construction combines scientific simplicity with the highest efficiency, and is the only Bath Cabinet to which the bather is not fastened; it has an adjustable seat, and outside heater. No assistant is required. It can be used in any room and folds into a small compact space when not in use.

For full particulars and prices, send for "Bath Book" No. 2.
Post Free.

J. FOOT & SON,
Dept. C.B. 3; 171, New Bond Street,
London, W.

LET BALDNESS AND WEAKNESS OF THE HAIR BECOME ANCIENT HISTORY BY USING

Mr Geo. R. Sims' "TATCHO"

PITHY TESTIMONY REFLECTING THE OPINION OF EVERY USER.

The Medical Officer of Health of a City in the North of England writes, under date March 5, 1902:—

"I have used 'Tatcho' for some time, and like it much. I am seventy-three next week and have a good head of hair—so good, in fact, that I have been asked by intimate friends if it were real."

(The original may be seen on the testimonial files at the "Tatcho" Offices.)

"Cannot Do Without."

"'Glenholme,'
"8, Onslow Villas, Muswell Hill, N.,
"March 29, 1902.
"I find I cannot do without 'Tatcho.'
"Mrs. HALL."

"Twenty Years Bald."

"22, The Friars, Holy Trinity, Exeter,
"April 3, 1902.
"'Tatcho' is making my hair grow after being twenty years bald. "W. WILLEY."

"How Valuable It Is."

"Zetland House, Maidenhead,
"March 27, 1902.
"Col. H. BAGOT-CHESTER well knows how valuable 'Tatcho' is.

"'Tatcho' Only Benefited."

"151, London Road, Liverpool.
"My hair has been getting thin on top for years. 'Tatcho' is the only benefit I have experienced. "J. JEWELL."

"Songs of Praise."

"'The Beeches,' Boreham Woods, Herts,
"March 18, 1902.
"The song of praise of your 'Tatcho' is incessant by the occupants of this establishment and the many friends and acquaintances who have tried it. My own opinion is that it deserves appreciation.
"T. WINTON SMITH."

"TATCHO" is a delightful Preparation, the colour of whisky, free from all smell, neither greasy nor sticky.
"TATCHO" will entirely banish that dead and dingy look of the hair.
"TATCHO" will ward off the approach of greyness.
"TATCHO" is invaluable to those suffering from actual loss of hair and who need a powerful stimulant to force fresh growth.
"TATCHO" is not a dye, and contains no harmful ingredient.
Pin your faith absolutely to "TATCHO" for all hair trouble.

DISTRIBUTION OF ONE MILLION BOTTLES OF "TATCHO."

4/6 FULL SIZE Bottle 1/10 carriage paid.

To secure one of these Trial Bottles, apply to your Chemist or Stores, or write to us mentioning THE STRAND MAGAZINE. Post your letter to "Tatcho" Offices, 81, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C., accompanied with postal order for 1/10, and we will forward to your address direct in plain package one of the special full size 4/6 bottles of Mr. Geo. R. Sims' "Tatcho." In making this unique offer the Company is acting within the knowledge that such distribution of large Trial Bottles is making the preparation even more widely known, and is introducing it to every home in a more satisfactory manner than could be effected by any other system of advertising.

"TATCHO" is sold by all Chemists and Stores throughout the world, in bottles at **1/-, 2/9, and 5/-.**
New York, U.S.A., Depôt, No. 3, East Fourteenth Street.

Barker's

BECOMING BLACK COSTUMES

215, 217, 219, 221,

BOROUGH HIGH ST.,

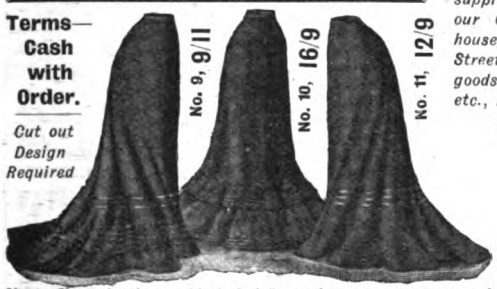
London, S.E.,

And also 34, 40, UPPER ST., N.

No matter how remotely you may be situated you can shop just as easily and cheaply by means of our ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE as if you are resident in London. You have the advantage of dealing with a practical firm, established in 1853, and holding a world-wide reputation as High-class Manufacturers.

Terms—Cash with Order.

Cut out Design Required



No. 9.—Exceptional value, black cloth flounce has 5 rows of fancy waved braid, headed by 2 rows of tiny frilled ribbon, price **9/11.** No. 10.—Quite new design in light weight, has 2 flounces, with 3 tucks at each hem, a fancy silk strapping heads top flounce, price **16/9.** No. 11.—Marvellous value, good wearing Serge, flounce has 3 glacé strappings at top, and 4 tucks at hem, lined linenette throughout, fastens at side, price **12/9.**

No. 1, 12/9

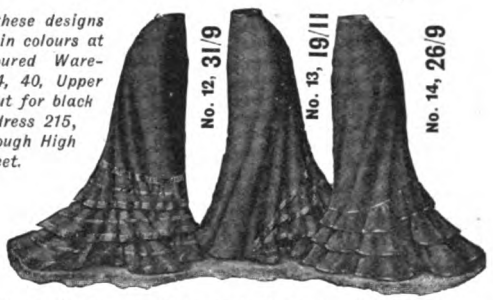
No. 1.—Smart Amazon Cloth, piped down seams and round flounce, **12/9.** No. 3.—Simply marvellous value, non-spottable cloth, smart tucked flounce, only **9/11.** Carriage 6d. on these skirts.

No. 3, 9/11

Waist and length of Skirt required when ordering.

Terms Cash with order.

Any of these designs supplied in colours at our Coloured Warehouse, 34, 40, Upper Street, but for black goods address 215, etc., Borough High Street.



No. 12.—Handsome model, in superior light-weight cloth, plain back at top, fastens at side, 3 shaped flounces, finished at edge and centre with stitched glacé bands, headed glacé strappings, lined throughout, price **31/9.** No. 13.—Newest design, fine light-weight non-spottable cloth, with tunic either side, below which 3 shaped flounces widen very fully towards back, all being edged glacé, the plain cloth front gives a distinct style, price **19/11.** No. 14.—Effective Skirt, plain back at top, fastens at side, 3 shaped flounces as sketch, edged glacé, lined throughout, price **26/9.**

A NEST FOR REST

FOOTS' Adjustable to **100 Changes of Position.**

MARLBOROUGH RECLINING CHAIR, **Rigid** or **Rocks** at **Pleasure.**

Comfort for the Invalid. Luxury for the Strong.

Conforms to every position of comfort and ease, and can be adjusted by yourself while on the Chair. The turn of a knob does it instantly. The back can be lowered to any position from upright to flat and rises automatically when desired. The seat will tilt to any angle. The leg-rest can be raised to seat level or detached and used as an independent footstool or ottoman. An adjustable Reading Desk and Table fitted when required. Springs all over. The Ideal Chair for restful reading.

Send for Catalogue No. 3. Post Free.

J. FOOT & SON, Dept. R.C. 3,
171 New Bond Street, London, W.

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED BY MEDICAL MEN.

WHITE'S MOC-MAIN Patent LEVER TRUSS

(No Steel in Band.)
Effective & light. Equally comfortable in an erect or reclining position.

SCIATIC, RIDING, & other **BELTS** *All Kinds of ELASTIC GOODS.*

Consultations, Descriptive Circular, Price List, &c., free.
J. WHITE & CO. Ld., London.
228, Piccadilly (first floor).
Two doors from Haymarket.
Est. 50 Years. Female Attendant.

Insist on having White's Truss. *Those bearing our name stamped on the brass lever are alone genuine.* Beware of inferior imitations. NOT *sold by the Stores (Army & Navy, &c.)*

KINDLY MENTION THIS MAGAZINE.

Every Woman

is interested and should know about the wonderful

MARVEL

WHIRLING SPRAY

DOUCHE.

Ask your Chemist for it. If he cannot supply the **Marvel** accept no other but send stamp for illustrated book—**sealed.** It gives full particulars and directions invaluable to ladies.

Marvel Co. (Dept. 14), **11, Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.**

RIDER AGENTS WANTED

One in each district to ride and exhibit
SAMPLE CYCLE

1902 MODELS £2 10s. to £5 10s.
1900 and 1901 Models £1 5s. to £3.

We pay carriage and allow **TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL.** Every machine fully warranted. You can **EARN A CYCLE** by distributing catalogues for us or have the **FREE USE** of one for a little effort. Write for *Catalogues and our* **special offer,** using 2½d. stamp or 1d. post-card. All accessories and sundries half English prices. Send for free sundry Catalogue. Address Dept. 317 K, **MEAD CYCLE CO., Chicago, U.S.A.**

ALUMINIUM & RUBBER BOOT HEELS.

Perfect Grip—Wet or Dry. Can be fixed in one minute. Keeps feet dry and boots wear three times longer. Ladies' size, **1/-**; Gent.'s, **1/3.** When ordering please state diameter required. *Post free from*—

THE ALUMINIUM CASTINGS CO., GREENOCK, N.B.

SHAW'S GIFT

This Handsome **Blouse** **FREE**

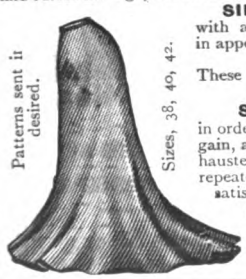
In order to clear out the Remainder of a Bankrupt Stock of Costume Cloths, we will send a Tailor-made Costume Skirt in Navy or Black for the small sum of **4/6** and 6d. for carriage, and include, free of all charge, a handsome

4/6 *Postage 6d. extra.*

SILKETTE BLOUSE,
with a Detachable Collar, equal in appearance to silk and wearing twice as long.

These Skirts are cut in the very Latest Fashion.

SEND AT ONCE,
in order to secure this great bargain, as after present stock is exhausted this offer cannot be repeated. Money returned if not satisfied. Address—



Patterns sent if desired.

Sizes, 38, 40, 42.

SHAW & CO.
THE LONDON TAILORS
(Dept. S.M.), **6, Love Lane, Wood St., London, E.C.**

HOT WATER INSTANTLY

NIGHT OR DAY
HOT BATH IN **5** MINUTES
WITHOUT KITCHEN FIRE
BOILING WATER IN A MINUTE
GREAT COMFORT AT SMALL COST

EWART'S

"LIGHTNING"

GEYSER

FOR GAS OR OIL
Always in Action at
346 EUSTON ROAD LONDON

Illus. Catalogue "Section S. M." Free.

Madame **BOND'S** *(Registered)*

HAIREMOVINE

can be really relied upon to **instantly** and **effectually remove all superfluous hair without any pain or injury** to the skin. A success of many years' standing. Preparation and **every** requisite, with Dr. Griffiths' **analytical certificate** of **value** and **harmlessness** to skin, **2/9,** post free (**plain wrapper**).—

Before using. MADAME S. BOND, 67, Bull St., Birmingham. *After using*

TO BE WORN THREE TIMES IN THE WEEK.

Madame H. M. ROWLEY'S

TOILET MASK

(Or Face Glove)

Is a **natural beautifier** for **bleaching** and **preserving** the **skin** and **removing complexional imperfections.**

It is **soft** and **flexible** in form, and can be **worn** without **discomfort** or **inconvenience.**

It is recommended by eminent physicians and scientists as a substitute for injurious cosmetics.

COMPLEXION BLEMISHES may be hidden imperfectly by cosmetics and powders, but can only be removed permanently by the Toilet Mask. By its use every kind of spots, impurities, roughness, etc., vanish from the skin, leaving it soft, clear, brilliant, and beautiful. It is harmless, costs little, and saves pounds uselessly expended, for cosmetics, powders, lotions, etc. It prevents and removes wrinkles, and is both a complexion preserver and beautifier. Illustrated Treatise post free two stamps. Address, and kindly mention this Magazine—

Mrs. H. M. ROWLEY,

THE TOILET MASK CO., **139, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.**

All Previous Offers Eclipsed. A genuine Up-to-Date Guaranteed, Complete and Properly Constructed, Warranted

TEN SHILLING PHONOGRAPH.

Our offer is the wonder of the trade. We are selling the Symonds' Premier **Phonographs** for this price **to get new customers** and show what can be done in twentieth century business methods.

PLAYS OVER 2,000 SELECTIONS.

Nearly 2,000 pieces of Band, Orchestral, and other Instrumental Music, Songs, Funny Speeches, etc., have been adapted to Symonds' Premier Phonograph, thus it is possible to give a concert and change the selections every day for a whole year.

TEN SHILLING PHONOGRAPH.—**Don't make the mistake of thinking** that because **we have cut the price of Symonds' Premier Phonograph to only 10 shillings** that it is of lesser quality than before. Instead of this, many new improvements have been incorporated in our new apparatus. It is easily managed, even a child can operate it and amuse a whole concert or dancing party. It is just the thing for the home; it will please everyone, from grandchildren to grandparents. A refined method of entertainment which adds to the attractiveness of any household. Any person who owns one of these Phonographs will find plenty of invitations to entertain friends and thus become more popular. Our **10 shilling Symonds' Premier Phonograph** is easily carried about.

OUR GUARANTEE TO YOU.

In ordering Symonds' Premier Phonograph at 10 shillings you may do so under the **absolute and unequivocal guarantee** of this big and ever-reliable establishment that if you do not find it **just as advertised** you may send it back to us at once and receive the return of every penny of your money just as cheerfully as we accept your order. If you are a new customer of ours, and wish to **satisfy yourself,** buy a 10 days post-dated money order for 10 shillings at any post office, send to us, we will forward the **Symonds' Premier Phonograph,** and if not found as represented, all you need do is to re-pack in box and return to us, at same time going to the post office and asking for your money back—which request will be complied with in proper form, **thus even the most sceptical person can take no chances under this offer!**

SWEET MUSIC, MIRTH, AND MELODY.

The List of Music, Funny Speeches, etc., is very extensive, nearly 2,000 selections or what are known as Records, including gems of all the noted composers. Among the Records will be found such as: **Honeysuckle and the Bee, Good Bye Dolly Gray, El Capitan,** Bride Elect, and all others of **Sousa's best productions,** Home Sweet Home, **Old Folks at Home, Blue Bells of Scotland,** Annie Laurie, Killarney, **Auld Lang Syne,** Daisy, **Cavalleria Rusticana** Intermezzo, also Drinking Song, **I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls, I Love You in the same** Old Way, **Private Tommy Atkins,** Love's Old Sweet Song, Lost Chord, **Just One Girl,** All Coons look alike to Me, Dinah, Hello, ma Baby, Louisiana Lou, **My Old Kentucky Home, My Honolulu Lady,** Swanee River, **Whistling Rufus,** Holy City, **Jerusalem, Calvary,** Queen of the Earth, Say Au Revoir but not Good Bye, **All Dan Leno's Funny Songs and Sayings,** Six Little Wives and other **San Toy** Music, **Listen to the Band,** Rock of Ages, Nearer my God to Thee, all the Funny Casey Speeches, **all Florodora Music, Georgia Camp Meeting, all Messenger Boy** Music, **O Promise Me,** all Belle of New York Music, and hundreds of other equally good selections as sung by the **best singers,** played by **best bands,** and recited by noted Music Hall Artists. All our Records are well made on good bases, and carefully tested before being sent out. We supply these at 1s. 6d. each in small orders, but customers who buy several can purchase as low as 1s. 2d. each. See complete list of S.L.S. Phonograph Records with prices. Special Offer. For 15s. we will send the Symonds' Premier Phonograph with 4 Records of our own selection This price includes boxing free. We sell higher grade Phonographs of nearly all makes at low prices, see Catalogue.

"A £10 PHONOGRAPH FOR 10 SHILLINGS."

One of our Customers enthusiastically writes: **"Yours is really a £10 Phonograph for 10 shillings** in comparison with many others which are being sold at the present time." Consistently with this, many others have written that our **Symonds' Premier Phonograph** at 10 shillings beats any higher priced talking machine that they ever heard. **A trial will convince you in the same way.**

YOU CAN ORDER BY POST.

We do the largest letter-order business in certain specialities in the whole world, often receiving as many as **3,000 orders by post from different customers in a single day.** We send our goods everywhere. It is our motto that you can deal with us as satisfactorily by post as if you were to call. The price of **Symonds' Premier Phonograph** complete is only 10 shillings. When sent away from our establishment, **a wooden box** and careful packing in wood wool will be necessary, for which we charge actual cost, 9d. extra, which can be added in stamps when you remit to us, but please do not forget the stamps. There are three safe ways to send money. One is to buy a postal order for 10s., cross it, and make it payable at **London G.P.O. to Symonds' London Stores.** Another way is to send money order payable same as postal order. The third safe way is by putting money in letter and registering it. You cannot possibly lose a farthing if you send as directed, therefore it is just as safe in dealing by post as if you were to buy at a shop in your neighbourhood and pay much greater price for an inferior **Phonograph.** If you want further information before ordering, write for our **Illustrated Catalogue of Phonographs and Records.** When writing for Catalogue or ordering goods mention THE STRAND MAGAZINE. **Address:**

SYMONDS' LONDON STORES,

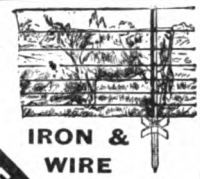
Headquarters: 66, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON, E.C.

Branches: If you live near, you can write or call at Symonds' London Stores, 70, Lombard Street, **Birmingham;** or 14, Peter Street, near Deansgate, **Manchester;** or 246, Edgware Road, **London,** W.; or 126, Tottenham Court Road, **London,** W.; or Elephant and Castle, opposite Spurgeon's Church, **London.**

TO EXPLAIN
ALL THAT
SECCOTINE
(REGISTERED TRADE MARK)

Will do would take a very long time. Briefly, it may be said it
STICKS EVERYTHING,
SMALL OR GREAT,
Costs little, and is always ready. It is sold everywhere. You can have a **SAMPLE FREE** by writing to the Sole Proprietors :—
McCAW, STEVENSON & ORR, Ltd., BELFAST;
31 & 32, Shoe Lane, Ludgate Circus, LONDON; 93, Hope Street, GLASGOW; 7, John Bright Street, BIRMINGHAM.

Write to—
MANUFACTURERS OF
BAYLISS, JONES & BAYLISS, LTD
WOLVERHAMPTON.
LONDON SHOW ROOMS:-
139 & 141 CANNON ST. E.C.
CATALOGUES FREE.



IRON & WIRE FENCING, GATES, &c.

IRON HURDLES.
Also
Unclimbable RAILING.
Low Prices.

FITS CURED
From the first dose of **Ozerine** fits cease. It has cured permanently the very worst cases of Epilepsy when every other remedy had failed. Price **4/6** and **11/-**, post free. Thousands of Testimonials. A Sample Bottle sent free if this Magazine is mentioned. Test it.
I. C. NICHOLL, Pharmaceutical Chemist, 25, High St., Belfast.

GREY HAIR REGD NECROCEINE

ONE LIQUID. Necroceine.

Stains Grey Hair, Whiskers, and Eyebrows any shade desired. Does not stain the skin. Is applied in a few minutes. It is harmless, Washable, Lasting, and Restores the Colour to the Root, making detection impossible, and is undoubtedly the Cleanest and Best Hair Stainer in the World.

ONE LIQUID. Necroceine.

No. 1, Light Brown; No. 2, Golden; No. 3, Dark Brown; No. 4, Black.

Sent, secretly packed, by post, for 1s. 3d., 2s. 3d., 3s. 3d., 5s., and 10s.

Medical Certificate sent with each bottle.

WRITE FOR UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS.

LEIGH & CRAWFORD DEPT 28, 32 & 33 BROOKE ST. HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.

ORGAN BOOK FREE

IT'S WORTH A POSTCARD
to get this interesting and handsome book. Full of useful hints on Organ Buying for the Home, School, or Mission.
Write to-day—*now*—and save money.
J. H. OSBORNE,
15, Charterhouse St., London, E.C.

MACKENZIE'S SWEETS

SOUTOUMA
THE FAMOUS SWEET
Most Delicious Creamy Flavour.
1d., 3d. and 6d., Sold Everywhere.
Wholesale:—S. J. Mackenzie & Co., Limited, London.

Best in 1894? **The** Best Now.

Palmer Tyre

The **ONLY** High Grade Tyre now on the Market.

The **ONLY** High Grade Tyre now on the Market.

FULLY GUARANTEED.
Write for Manual containing 11 Sectional Road Maps and 1 Key Map of the British Isles.
THE PALMER TYRE, LTD., Dept. W., BIRMINGHAM.

Premier Bath Cabinet

2/6 per month, easy payments.

A TURKISH BATH

can with the Premier Cabinet be taken at home at a cost of 1½d. **The Turkish Bath** is preventive and curative, keeps the healthy strong, strengthens the weak; **cures Rheumatism** and all Blood Diseases, as will no other treatment, by forcing all impurities through the pores.

The Premier Cabinet is constructed on four steel frames, with hygienic rubber-faced cloth, folding up into two inch space, is self-purifying, and therefore superior to those Cabinets built of wood or on wood frames, which warp and absorb effete matters.

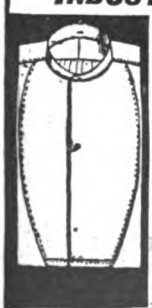
With the Premier Cabinet is included a perfect Safety Heater, and a 100-page Book of Advice and Formulas, whereby Hot Air and Vapour Baths may be enjoyed with all the ease and luxury that the most expensive Turkish Bath-rooms can furnish.

We employ no Agents. We sell direct at Makers' Prices, **30/-, 50/-,** and **70/-,** and pay carriage. We guarantee satisfaction, and allow 30 days' Free Trial. Send 2/6 to-day, and secure one of these valuable and healthful retaining Cabinets, or write for our No. 3 Illustrated Book, giving full particulars. Kindly mention STRAND MAGAZINE.

PREMIER TURKISH BATH CO.,
Dept. 8, 119, Regent Street, London, W.

There is no reason why you should have a corn or an ugly wart a single week longer. Wood's Vegetable Remedy cures at once and cures permanently. It completely removes the corn, and makes you easy. With Wood's Special Appliance (as shown in illustration) you can attend to your corns in a few seconds, and the cure is as certain as it is speedy. Hundreds of grateful people have testified to its efficacy. A bottle will be sent by return for Postal Order for **1/-** to **R. WOOD, Chemist** (by Royal Warrant to the King), 50, HIGH STREET, WINDSOR. NOTE.—Postage 8d. extra to foreign countries and Australia; 3d. for other Colonies.

INDUSTRIES OF IRELAND.



From the "Irish Tourists' Journal": Messrs. Harper & Co. are foremost in the shirt and collar trade. Their factory is a model one, and they easily outsell competition.

Ideal White Shirts

Killarney, ½ doz. **9/-** Avenue, ½ doz. **12/-**
Erin, ½ doz. **15/-** Emerald, ½ doz. **18/-**
Shamrock, ½ doz. **21/-** Undressed **6/-** per doz. less.
Say size of Collar worn.

Best 4-fold all linen Collars

½ doz. **3/6** 1 doz. **6/9**

Ideal Double Collar

State Size.

½ doz. **4/6** 1 doz. **8/9**

Or can be made to pattern Collar. Illustrated Price List, post free. You will save 25 per cent. by ordering direct from the Manufacturers.

HARPER & Co., 45, Royal Avenue, BELFAST.
Patterns of Cambric & Wool Shirts, & Irish Poplin Scarfs, post free.

BORAX
Starch Glaze

When the sun shines

on a man's collar, you can tell at a glance if it has been 'got up' with Borax Starch Glaze. If it reflects the sun's rays like enamel and is 'just right' for stiffness, it has.

Should it look a dull white and be crumpled or limp, you may be certain starch alone has been used.

A pinch of Borax Starch Glaze in the liquid starch makes all the difference.

Good laundresses never forget it.

One Penny Packet from the nearest Grocer will add you to the host who regularly use it.

Facsimile of label.

Free sample for the asking.

Name "STRAND."

By Special Appointment — Makers to King Edward.

The Patent Borax Co., Ltd., Birmingham.

No wires, no acids, no liquids. **NO DANGER!** Invaluable in emergencies. No. 1, **12/6**, gives over 5,000 flashes; refill Cartridge **1/6**. Post paid on receipt of price. Illust. Catalogue from **British Mutoscope and Biograph Co., Ltd., 19, Great Windmill St., London, W.**

GOITRE CAN BE CURED.

Famous Doctor Discovers a Medicine that Cures Without Pain or Scar, and Sends it Free to all who write.

THE greatest triumph of the medical profession is in the discovery just made of a sure cure for goitre. Physicians and surgeons have stood aghast at the awful increase of this terrible disease, but were powerless to stop

DR. JOHN P. HAIG, World-Famous Physician, and Discoverer of a Sure Cure for Goitre.

and up to this time firmly believed it to be absolutely curable; yet one of them, noted the world over for his deep wisdom and marvellous skill, has at last found the true cure, and it is so simple it can be used by any person to cure themselves in their own home. Out of the thousands of cases already treated not one has failed of a perfect cure and without any pain or scar. The doctor is so delighted with the marvellous success of his new discovery he is sending it in large, free, trial packages to all who suffer. It cures any goitre in a few days, and all he asks is to send your age, size and location of your goitre, and how long you have had it. Write to-day to Dr. John P. Haig, 3704, Glenn Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S.A., and be quickly cured without any pain or scar.

Remember a letter to America requires 2½d. postage. Write your name very plain and be sure to give your full address so there can be no mistake in delivery.

"KKOVAH" JELLIES

REAL FRUIT FLAVORED

BRIGHTEST, CLEAREST & BEST.

PINT SIZE PACKET FREE ON RECEIPT OF NAME & ADDRESS OF GROCER AND 2½d TO COVER POSTAGE ONLY.

SUTCLIFFE & BINGHAM, LTD. Nº 21 "KKOVAH" WORKS, MANCHESTER.

TYPEWRITERS

BOUGHT, SOLD, REPAIRED, EXCHANGED, and lent on HIRE.

M.S.S. Typewritten.

Agents for "THE CHICAGO" Price £10-10-0 Cash or by Instalments.

TAYLOR'S Typewriter Co., Ltd.

74, Chancery Lane, LONDON.

"NEGO."

No Paper Required. THE FIVE-SECONDS FIRELIGHTER. No Waste of Cinders.

THESE Firelighters are a scientifically prepared composition, with enormous inflammatory properties. All that is necessary when lighting a fire is to break the block into three sections and place in the stove, surrounding the same with coal. When ignited a steady fire will immediately result. One of these Firelighters is quite sufficient to boil a kettle in a few minutes.

Sold everywhere in packets of 10, price **3d.**; or twenty packets will be sent post free on receipt of **5s.** P.O.

A Sample of these Firelighters will be sent post free on application.

SOLE WHOLESALE AGENTS FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM—

GENDALL & CO.,

34, NORFOLK STREET, W.C.

THE SPRING SCOURGE

HAY FEVER.

"HAKKA"

Instantly Relieves and Cures

INFLUENZA, HAY FEVER, HEAD COLDS, &c.

SPEEDY AND EFFECTUAL.

Of all Chemists, etc., or post free, **2/3,**

A. P. BUSH & Co., 1, Cresham Buildings, E.C.

BENSON'S

£20 "LUDGATE." Cash.

Best London Make.

In Hunting, Half-Hunting, or Crystal Glass, 18-ct. Gold Cases, **£20**; Silver, **£8 8s.** WARRANTED. Gold Chains, **£3** to **£20.**

Please mention this Magazine when writing.

ENGLISH WATCHES . . AND . . ENGAGEMENT RINGS.

Opals and Brilliants, **£8.**

Gem Rings, **£10** to **£100.**

Brilliants, **£10.**

Brilliants, **£18.**

Pearl and Brilliant, **£14.**

Brilliant, **£10.**

Or on "The Times" System of

Monthly Payments

of £1. At same Cash Prices.

NOTE.—Watches, Clocks, Chains, Rings, Imperial Plate, Fitted Bags and Suit Cases can be had on "The Times" popular system of Monthly Payments of £1. *Guide Book and Order Form post free.*

BENSON, Ltd., LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

HALL'S WINE

THE MARVELLOUS . . . RESTORATIVE.

After a decade of practical experience, Hall's Wine is easily first as a restorative after any illness. Following an attack of Influenza, Typhoid, or any severe malady, it acts like a charm on the physical and nervous systems. The beneficial effects are evident from the first day, and convalescence is so rapid that it is no exaggeration to say that it is magical.

Fatigue from overwork or too much excitement disappears at once on taking a glass or two.

Anæmic and weakly persons derive the greatest possible benefit from this wine. It has been the means of saving hundreds of valuable lives.

HALL'S WINE is sold by Licensed Grocers, Chemists, and Wine Merchants, at 3s. and 1s. 9d. per Bottle.

Name of Nearest Agent sent by return of post.

STEPHEN SMITH & CO., Ltd., BOW, LONDON, E.

WHITE MOUNTAIN FREEZER

The outcome of a modern

WHITE MOUNTAIN FREEZER

is a perfect string of delicious ices and frozen delicacies that are tempting enough to make everybody (especially those with a home) want so simple and inexpensive a bit of machinery.

You have often intended getting a freezer, and are already familiar with the name. We will be pleased to show you how easily it can be manipulated, and can convince you of its superiority.

For sale by Spiers & Pond's Stores, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; William Whiteley, Ltd., Westbourne Grove, W.; J. Shoolbred & Co., Tottenham Court Road, N.W.; and all Ironmongers throughout the Kingdom.

'LET'S TALK OF GRAVES'

THE "EXPRESS" (Regd.) ENGLISH LEVER, £2 10s. *Shakespeare*

That word "EXPRESS" on the dial of a watch is a guarantee that it is Pure

BRITISH Manufacture throughout and NOT a foreign-made movement in English Cases.

TERMS. Send 5s. and the watch will be forwarded to you. If satisfied, complete the purchase in nine more monthly payments of the same amount; or, HANDSOME BONUS PRESENT for full cash payment. If the watch fails to meet with your approval, return it, and your deposit will be refunded.

Send for No. 1 Catalogue of Watches, Jewellery, Cutlery, etc., Post Free.

GOOD AGENTS WANTED. Persons in regular employment should write for terms and particulars.

J. G. GRAVES, 15. Division Street, SHEFFIELD.

KRUNO 7/6

COMPLETE PHOTOGRAPHIC OUTFIT.

Post free, 6d. extra.

This wonderful little camera carries 6 plates, 3¼in. by 2¼in., and takes *pictures equal to many sold at £2 2s.* Everything necessary to produce a picture is included. **Nothing more required.** Send for "PRICE LIST C," FREE.

Sole Makers: **MOULT BROS., 141, Oxford St., London, W.**

The DOMEN BELT CORSET

The PATENT BELT ATTACHED gives COMFORT & SUPPORT & an ELEGANT FIGURE to those inclined to CORPULENCY

CHAS E DAWSON

MALLOWEEN

CREATES A PERFECT COMPLEXION

Makes the skin as smooth, white, fine, and beautiful as a baby's—Cleanses thoroughly. Removes Blackheads, Pimples, Tan Freckles, and prevents the skin from ageing.

It may be used alike IN THE NURSERY as well as for ORDINARY TOILET PURPOSES, with equally beneficial results.

RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL FACULTY.

Dr. Archer Farr, late Medical Officer of Health, Lambeth, says: "It is a scientific production, and, in my opinion, most efficient for the purposes for which it is recommended—viz., for improving the Complexion, Defacing Wrinkles, and for promoting generally a healthy action of the Skin."

Price 1/6 or (double the quantity) 2/6 per Bottle, post free.

Malloween

TOILET POWDER,

Unlike other Toilet Powders, can be applied to the most delicate Skin without fear of injury. It will not clog the pores, and thereby produce that patchy appearance which is so disfiguring, nor will it, in young children, especially young babies, set up an irritation which causes so much discomfort to parent and child.

Price (Pink, Cream, or White), 1/6 per Box, post free.

Of all Chemists, Druggists, &c., or will be sent post free on receipt of stamps direct from the **HOLME PREPARATIONS CO., 34, Norfolk Street, London, W.C.**

CURES SKIN & BLOOD DISEASES.

Clarke's Blood Mixture, the world-famed Blood Purifier, is warranted to Cleanse the Blood from all impurities from whatever cause arising. For Eczema, Scrofula, Scurvy, Bad Legs, Ulcers, Abscesses, Glandular Swellings, Gout, Rheumatism, Skin and Blood Diseases, Blackheads, Pimples, and Sores of all kinds, it is a safe and permanent remedy.

Thousands of testimonials of lasting cures have been received from all parts of the world.

Drum in position.

DEAFNESS

AND HEAD NOISES RELIEVED BY USING

WILSON'S COMMON-SENSE EAR-DRUMS.

A new scientific invention, entirely different in construction from all other devices. Assist the deaf when all other devices fail, and where medical skill has given no relief. They are soft, comfortable, and invisible; have no wire or string attachment.

Write for Pamphlet. Mention this Magazine.

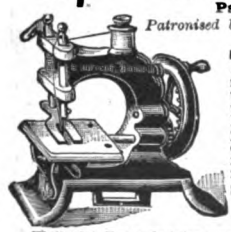
WILSON EAR-DRUM CO.,

D. H. WILSON, 59, South Bridge, EDINBURGH.

6/- SEWING MACHINE. 6/-

Patented.

Patronised by H.I.M. the Empress Alexandra of Russia.



THIS machine does work which will bear comparison with that of other machines costing higher prices. Entirely made of metal, with plated fittings, improved stitch regulator, etc. It works at great speed. It has no complications like the old-fashioned intricate machines, therefore no experience is required. It works fine and coarse materials equally as well.

Sent in wooden box, carriage paid, for 6/9; two for 12/-.

Extra needles 6d. and 1s. packets.

Write for Press Opinions and Testimonials, or call and see the machine at work. Address—

SEWING MACHINE CO., 28 Dept.,

32 & 33, Brooke Street, Holborn, London, E.C.

Raphael Tuck & Sons'

Post Cards.

THE **First £1000 Prize Competition**

Having aroused so great an interest in Post Card collecting everywhere,

A **Second Competition with £2000**

IN 300 PRIZES

Open Free to Collectors of

"Tuck's Post Cards"

HAS NOW COMMENCED!

SOLD EVERYWHERE

Lists & Rules at all Stationers, Booksellers, etc

ALCOHOLIC EXCESS

DRINK and DRUG HABITS

Completely conquered, controlled, and eradicated, without restraint, at patient's own home by "TACQUARU" Specific Treatment (Turvey's Method). Testimonials received from officials of LONDON DIOCESAN BRANCH OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE SOCIETY. *Truth*, November 21st, referring to our advertisement, says: "The advertiser is able to adduce definite evidence that his method has had really good results." Write in confidence, or call for particulars—

The Medical Superintendent, "TACQUARU" Co., 18A, Amberley House, Norfolk Street, Strand, London, W.C.

THE IDEAL SIGHT RESTORER

WE RESTORE SIGHT!

GLASSES RENDER DEFECTIVE VISION CHRONIC.

Write for our ILLUSTRATED TREATISE ON THE EYE, Mailed Free.

THE IDEAL COMPANY, 239 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

COL. JAMES WILLCOCKS,

In his "Reminiscences of Sport in West Africa," says the

BERKEFELD FILTER

IS THE BEST.

The Perfection of Water Filters.

DOMESTIC Filters. From **13/9** to **33/-**

DRIP and TABLE Filters. From **8/9** to **46/6**

PORTABLE Filters. For Tourists, Travellers, &c. From **7/6** to **72/-**

Apply for Illustrated Price List to the SOLE MANUFACTURERS—

NORDTMEYER, BERKEFELD & CO.,

73a, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., LONDON, E.C.

Insist on having the BERKEFELD Filter only.

FREE

HANDSOME CLOCK

Absolutely Given Away Without Cost.

NO MONEY

A GENUINE

CUCKOO CLOCK

Costs from

£5 to £10.

Don't waste your money buying a CUCKOO CLOCK. If you want a CLOCK that will equal for time any CUCKOO CLOCK made, send us your name and address at once and agree to sell one of our "Coronation" Watches.

We send you the Watch at once on sale or return, simply on receipt of your word.

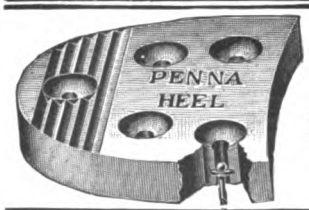
If you do not find it the greatest watch bargain ever offered, and superior to those sold at 20s. each by others as

SOLID 9ct. GOLD,

return it. Otherwise sell it at the reduced price of 10s. and receive the above magnificent Clock, carriage paid, for your trouble. These clocks are genuine wall clocks, keep perfect time, and have the latest improved *semi-automatic* movement, winding without key. We are giving away these valuable clocks to quickly introduce our "Coronation" Watches. Write to-day, as this offer may not appear again.

WATCHMAKERS' ALLIANCE, Ltd.,

184, Oxford Street, London.



DON'T SLIP!

"PENNA" RUBBER CUSHION HEELS.

All other Rubber Heels have a tendency to SLIP on damp pavements. **"PENNA"** Heels have a device making them impossible to slip. They have the same advantages as all other rubber heels, wear as long, are lighter, relieve the NERVES, COST LESS, are easier fitted to any boots, old or new, and DO NOT SLIP.

Men's, 1s. 3d. per pair. Ladies', 9d. per pair. ***Write for Particulars.***

HOWISON & CO., 4, SNOW HILL, LONDON, E.C.

BIOGRAPH POST-CARDS

The most artistic photographic reproductions of Royalties and Celebrities. Amongst the subjects are Pope Leo XIII., the Prince of Wales's children, Mr. Tree as "King John," Maclay and Sefton as "Hubert and Arthur," Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Miss Julia Neilson, Miss Evelyn Millard, Miss Edna May, Mr. Cyril Maude. To be obtained from all Stationers.

Send for Sample Packet of 6, post free, 7d.

THE BIOGRAPH STUDIO, 107b, Regent St., London, W.

THE NEW HOBBY—

A HOBBY THAT *PAYS* and leads to a new profession by which from **£5 TO £6** can be earned weekly. **WRITE TO-DAY** for full particulars **FREE**, kindly mentioning this magazine, to

T. DIXON (Dept. 5), **195, Oxford St., LONDON, W.** [*Est. 1878.*]

Indigestion.

These are the Symptoms :—

Pain after Eating,
Fluctuating Appetite,
Flatulence,
Nausea,
Impoverished Blood,
Biliousness,
Drowsiness after Meals,
Heart Palpitation,
Shortness of Breath,
Sallow Skin,
Coated Tongue,
Depression of Spirits,
Occasional Headaches,
Heartburn,
Disturbed Sleep,
Dizziness,
Constipation,
Waterbrash,
Sour Stomach,
Sluggish Liver.

This is the Remedy :—

Guy's Tonic

Is a Specific for Indigestion and its subsequent Disorders. By removing the cause the troublesome symptoms enumerated above speedily disappear. This gratifying result is achieved because Guy's Tonic actually performs some part of the Digestive work itself, and so strengthens and invigorates the Stomach that it is shortly able to carry on its processes without assistance. Health means first of all a good Digestion. How necessary then to take Guy's Tonic at once!

Guy's Tonic creates Appetite; Aids Digestion; Prevents Flatulence, Nausea, Heartburn and Pain after Eating; Corrects Biliousness; Cures Indigestion and its effects—absolutely. Guy's Tonic is a British preparation, well-known and highly esteemed throughout the Empire. It is of purely Vegetable origin, from the formula of an eminent London Physician. Guy's Tonic is pleasant to take, and its wonderful efficacy is proved by the testimony of over five thousand grateful patients. Guy's Tonic is a straightforward remedy that may be relied upon to do just what is claimed for it, though everything else has failed. It may be truthfully described as an unique medicine—one that has no equal in its particular scope anywhere. A trial will prove its merits in your own case.

A Six-Ounce Bottle of Guy's Tonic, price 1s. 1½d., is on sale at all Chemists.

"He loves me."

Ask your Chemist for

"A fourpenny tablet of

Erasmic soap"

Erasmic Soap is a delightfully perfumed Toilet Soap, soothing, healing and beautifying the Complexion.

Upon receipt of 18 Erasmic Soap wrappers the Manufacturers will send, post free, a full shilling bottle of choice Erasmic Perfume.

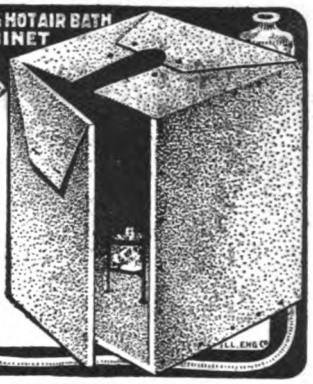
A shilling box containing three tablets of Erasmic Soap is a pretty present for a young lady.

THE ERASMIC SOAP CO., LTD., 117 OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.

CRESENT SHOWER BATH

A HEALTH COMBINATION

VAPOR & HOT AIR BATH CABINET



It is a well-known fact that the shortest road to Health and surest means of safeguarding it is the Turkish Bath, and everybody knows the Shower Bath accentuates and confirms its good effect. Nobody can doubt this. **The CENTURY THERMAL BATH** with the **CRESCENT SHOWER** forms the safest and surest health combination, obtainable at home at a nominal cost. **FREE**—Write to-day for Illustrated Catalogue No. 9 and Illustrated Booklets containing valuable hints on Health and Hygiene, and giving all particulars.

CENTURY THERMAL BATH, Ltd. (Dept. 9),
203-205, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

THE EVER-READY PORTABLE ELECTRIC TORCH

THE EVER-READY
ELECTRIC TORCH
Gives Brilliant Light when and where wanted.

6,000 Flashes without re-charging, 12/6 Post Free.

EXTRA BATTERIES, **1/6** EACH. ALSO

NIGHT LIGHTS, CLOCKS, CANDLES, HAND LAMPS, BANQUET LAMPS, READING LAMPS, CYCLING LAMPS.

And a Host of other Electric Novelties. Send Post-card for Free Catalogue to –

PORTABLE ELECTRIC LIGHT CO. (Dept. 2), **8, Newman St., Oxford St., LONDON, W.**

MORETON'S

ELECTRO-GALVANIZING SOLUTION

(E.G.)

Is unaffected by heat (up to 400 deg. Fahr.), atmospheric and climatic conditions. Imparts a lasting brilliant, silvery appearance.

For Coating: GAS AND COKE STOVES, BATHS, CYCLES, GARDEN SEATS & RAILINGS, LAMP STANDARDS, PICTURE FRAMES.

ALSO

Cylinder Tops, Engine-Room and Yacht Fittings, and all kinds of Machinery and Iron and Woodwork.

Sample Tins, 1/-, 2/-, 3/-, post free of the

METALLIC PAINT CO., Ltd., CARDIFF,

and all Ironmongers, Shipchandlers, &c., &c.

WATERMAN'S Ideal Fountain PEN

is a

Sceptre of Power

to all who write.

Kings are crowned; Fountain Pens are not. If Fountain Pens were, Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen would be. It is the uncrowned king of all Fountain Pens. No other Fountain Pen works so easily, so cleanly, so surely. Mr. Bennet Burleigh, the war correspondent, took one to Omdurman. He says it is the only pen he ever had that did not dry up or blubber in the desert. It cannot dry up, unless empty; the new spoon-feed, fitted only to this Pen, makes leakage impossible.

In many styles, from 10/6, of good-class stationers, &c.; in one quality only—the best.

L. and C. HARDTMUTH, 12, Golden Lane, London, E.C.

BATES' "FRIZZETTA"

(Regd.)

KEEPS THE HAIR IN CURL OR WAVE.

Perfectly Harmless, Colourless, Sweetly Perfumed; is not sticky or greasy, but keeps the Hair in Curl for days.

DAMP AND HEAT DEFIED.

Contains nothing deleterious, and will not injure the Hair.

Sold Everywhere at 1/6.

Post Free, 1/9 from

F. W. BATES, BROOKS'S BAR, MANCHESTER

FOOTS' PORTABLE SHOWER BATH

The Invigorating Luxury of a Shower Bath is now within the reach of all.

A perfect Shower Bath can be taken in your own room without the least trouble.

No splashing or wetting of the hair.

Makes the body fit, stimulates the circulation, hardens the system, promotes health and beauty.

Is also an ideal Hot Water Bottle and Fountain Syringe.

Will pack in Bag or Trunk.

Price complete 18/6, carriage paid. Booklet free.

J. FOOT & SON,
DEPT. C.B. 3,
171 NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.

TRUE HAIR GROWER

When I was bald I came into possession of the secret of a genuine hair grower. My hair grew to its present length in about **40 days.** Hundreds of other similar cases I am selling the marvellous preparation. To introduce it I will post you a **trial box** in sealed plain parcel for only 2 stamps. **Try it, as I did, and convince yourself.**

Address, mention STRAND MAGAZINE,

JOHN CRAVEN-BURLEIGH,
110, St. Martin's Lane, London.

GENUINE

WATER-COLOUR MINIATURES 8/6

What is more beautiful and what gives greater pleasure than a lovely miniature, and for such an extremely low price?

On Opal, size 2in. by 2½in. and Framed, 8/6.

On Ivory, size 1¾in. by 2in. and Framed, 21/-.

Numerous Testimonials.

"Devonshire Place, London.

"Miniature to hand. Simply lovely. I am delighted with it. "A. DELAINE."

Send P.O. and a photograph with particulars as to colouring.

For a Limited Period only.

AN EXCEPTIONAL OFFER.

A large portrait, delicately coloured in the latest Parisian style, size 18in. by 16in., for which 2 guineas is usually charged, from any photograph. Likeness guaranteed. Will be forwarded on receipt of **6/6,** or framed in a beautiful frame and sent carriage paid on receipt of **10/6.**

S. GREENWAY, *Artist,* **38, Fernshaw Road, Chelsea, London.**

The 'County' A The 'County'

WONDERFUL WATCH

£4-17-6

A magnificent solid 14-ct. Gold Half-Hunting Watch with a thoroughly substantial Gold Case (stamped), fitted with Chronometer Balance and Breguet Hair Spring; adjusted for all climates.

Sent for your approval and at our own risk to any part of the United Kingdom on receipt of

£4-17-6.

Full Hunting Cases if preferred, and polished plain, upon which monogram may be engraved for **5/-** extra, or engine turned as desired.

In heavy Solid 18-ct. Gold Cases,

£7-15-0

We invite inspection. Indeed, we will send this Watch on your forwarding us a Money Order made **payable ten days after date of issue,** thus giving you an opportunity of thoroughly examining the Watch, and returning it to us if you do not approve of it, and obtaining your money back from **the postal authorities.**

There is no obligation to purchase the Watch if we send it to you. **The decision rests absolutely with yourself.**

FREE!

On receipt of post-card mentioning this Magazine, we will send you Free an interesting booklet, containing invaluable information concerning every description of Watch or Jewellery.

COLONIAL ORDERS receive careful attention from a member of the firm, and are dispatched promptly after being subjected to special tests. Postage, British Possessions, **2/6** extra; elsewhere, **5/-.** Address letters: Foreign Department. Sent at the Company's own risk.

OURSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE'S OPINIONS.

We are one of the largest Chronometer Makers in the world. **As actual Manufacturers** we begin with the raw material and end with the finished article. **As Retailers** we supply you at makers' prices and guarantee you a saving of **25**% (5s. in £) upon your outlay. We control, therefore, both the **quality and the price,** so that clients secure an article of **exceptional quality** representing the **highest possible value.** Hence the thousands of congratulatory and thankful letters we receive yearly, of which the following are but short extracts:—

"JOHN ORME, 401, Bramall Lane, Sheffield.

"I may say that it has proved a magnificent timekeeper. Its appearance leaves nothing to be desired."

"W. GRAHAM, Steam Saw Mills, Strabane.

"I left your Watch on a window sash on a very frosty night to test the Chronometer Balance, and it was not affected in the least. This was a severe test."

"F. J. RUSSELL, Raglan Terrace,
"Cwn Haven Road, Blanevon.

"I am more than pleased with my Watch, and so is everybody I show it to."

"W. G. ROSS, Brigstock Road,
"Thornton Heath, Surrey.

"I have found the Watch during the six years I have worn it an excellent timekeeper. It is quite unaffected by climatic changes."

H. WHITE MANUFACTURING CO., The Great Northern Chronometer Makers,

104, Market Street (corner of Fountain St.),

MANCHESTER.

THE CELEBRATED

COLUMBIA RECORDS

for Graphophones and Phonographs are now sold at the

REDUCED PRICE 1/6 each

for the ordinary or "P" size.

Grand or Concert Records now 5/- each.

Grand Blank Cylinders, for Recording, now 3/6 each.

These are the GENUINE COLUMBIA RECORDS, of the same high quality and purity of tone that obtained for this make the only GRAND PRIX awarded at the Paris Exposition (1900) to Talking Machine Records.

PRICE REDUCED. QUALITY UNCHANGED

New EXTRA LOUD

High Speed Moulded

RECORDS

Just out. The Loudest and Smoothest small records ever heard. Almost as loud as the Grand size. Adapted to all machines using small records. Astonishing Volume. Noted for Durability.

Price 2s. each.

Write for Catalogue of "XP Records" for full information.

Columbia Phonograph Company, Gen'l.

Room F.

122, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.

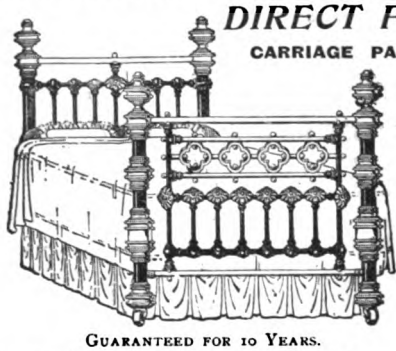
BEDSTEADS, WIRE MATTRESSES, BEDDING, COTS, BEDROOM FURNISHINGS

Quality, Fit, and Finish best possible.
Cheaper, Newer, and Cleaner than Shop Stocks.
Large Stock. Prompt Delivery.

DIRECT FROM WORKS.

CARRIAGE PAID. PACKING FREE.

Discount for Cash, or Credit Terms arranged.



ESTABLISHED 1889.

GUARANTEED FOR 10 YEARS.

Please mention "Strand" when writing.

"NAT. TELEPHONE" 1226, Birmingham.

ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS, GIVING FULL DETAILS, POST FREE.

CHARLES RILEY (OFFICES AND SHOWROOMS), **MOOR STREET, BIRMINGHAM.**

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE. This is our pattern B Plain. Price 5/-

THE **"BRITISH" STYLOGRAPHIC PENS.**
Prices: 5/-, 7/-, 8/-, & 12/6, post free.
Money returned if the pen is not liked.

The **"SPECIAL" STYLO** at **12/6** is much larger and handsomer: a really splendid article.
BURGE, WARREN & RIDGLEY, 91 & 92, Great Saffron Hill, London, E.C.

Oxydonor

Causes new life, teeming with health and vigor to be instilled into your system while you rest, giving vital energy to all the organs that they may perform all the functions for which Nature made them. Oxydonor is a little instrument, can be carried in the pocket and applied at any time, in all climates. With it you are Master of disease—without doctor or medicine. Millions testify to its marvellous efficacy.

Mr. George Sale, of Sale & Co., Yokohoma and Kobe, Japan, and London, England, says: "For five years I suffered severely with sciatica. Medical treatment was of no avail. I was induced to try Oxydonor, and was almost immediately relieved of pain, and returning strength followed quickly.

Col R. B. Hamilton, Reg Gen's Office, Provincial Board of Health, Toronto, Can., writes: "My experience with Oxydonor has been most satisfactory in every respect. I can vouch for it's efficiency in acute cases of LaGrippe and severe strain; it's action being quick and results permanent."

Oxydonor lasts a life time and will serve the entire family. No cost after the purchase price. Order from any of our agencies. Book of testimonials free.

Beware of dangerous imitations. The name of Dr. Sanche is engraven on the genuine Oxydonor.

Dealers wanted. We co-operate with our dealers, advising how to build up profitable business. Write for terms.

DR. H. SANCHE & CO., Dept. K.

261 Fifth Ave., New York, U. S. A. 57 State Street, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.
61 Fifth Street, Detroit, Mich. Canada: 2268 St. Catherine St., Montreal, Que.

WHITE SHIRTS FITTED WITH OUR REVERSIBLE CUFFS

Wear Twice as Long as Ordinary Shirts.

Their economic advantages are apparent at a glance. By permitting the shirts to be worn twice with absolutely fresh cuffs each time they reduce the washing bill by one-half, and the shirts with less frequent washing wear twice as long. The invention has commended itself to hundreds of thousands of customers all over the world. Many competitors attracted by our success, have entered the field, but for unquestionable value we stand alone. The Shirts are sent out unlaundried, just as they leave the mills.

CUFF FIRST DAY.

3/9 **ONE PRICE, BUT FIVE STYLES.** 3/9

CUFF SECOND DAY.

Style 1.—With Reversible Cuffs (as illustration). **Style 2.**—Large Single Square Cuffs. **Style 3.**—Narrow Wristbands for attaching Cuffs. **Style 4.**—The Business Man's Shirt, short front, large single square cuffs. **Style 5.**—Full Dress Evening Shirt, large single square cuffs, one stud hole in front. **All 3s. 9d. each; 21s. 6d. per half doz. post free.** Colonial Postage (except Rhodesia), 3s. 6d. per ½ doz. extra. *Sizes in stock,* 14 *in to* 18 *in. When ordering say size of collar worn and whether to open at back or front. Sample for* **3 9** *on request.* **Special Catalogues Free.**

PETTIGREW & STEPHENS, Shirt Manufacturers, **SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.**

Southalls' Towels.

SANITARY, ANTISEPTIC, ABSORBENT.
THE ORIGINAL AND BEST.

IN PACKETS containing one dozen, from **6d.** to **2s.** each.
From all Drapers, Ladies' Outfitters, and Chemists.
A Sample Packet containing three size 0, and one each size 1, 2 and 4 Towels will be sent post free for eight stamps on application to the Lady Manager, 17, Bull Street, Birmingham.
SOUTHALLS' SANITARY SHEETS (for Accouchement) in sizes, **1s., 2s.,** and **2s. 6d.** each.

Millions of Garments Saved Yearly by Using

MATHER'S NIGRINE.

The Jet Black Marking Fluid for marking Linen, Cotton, &c. In bottles, 6d., 1/-, 2/6, and 5/-, of all Chemists and Stationers.
W. MATHER, Ltd., DYER STREET, MANCHESTER.

SIT AT EASE!!!

By Using

SEAMLESS SEAT KNICKERS

For CYCLISTS.

The only really comfortable Cycling Knickers yet produced. No chafing, freedom of movement, smarter in appearance, double-seated, and made in the most durable fabrics.

"Cycling,"
LONDON,
May 18th, 1901, says:—
"Our experience with a pair of Patent Seamless Seat Knickers confirms our opinion that the cause of saddle soreness is not so much the saddle as the seams in knickers."

Should your Tailor not stock them, send his name to the

SOLE PATENTEES:
J. HARDING, SON & CO., LTD.,
18 & 20, New Brown St., MANCHESTER.

"ANOTHER Case for K. & M."

CYCLES.

REPAIRS. ACCESSORIES.

K. & M.'s Cyclopædia, 750 Illustrations, Free. Interesting to all Cyclists.

KIMBALL & MORTON, LD.
Sewing & Wringing Machine Manfs.
Bothwell Circus, GLASGOW.

EVERYTHING!—from a SPOKE to a MOTOR CAR.

NOTTINGHAM

LACE CURTAINS

Direct from the makers

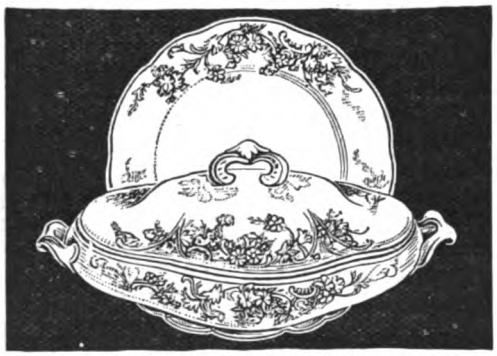
Save 50 per cent. We are now supplying the Public direct with
SINGLE PAIRS AT FACTORY PRICES.
Tapestries, Art Serges, Plushettes, Art Carpet Squares, Brussels and Axminster Carpet Squares, Oilcloth, Linoleum, and Cork Carpet, etc., etc., Samples Post Free. Design Book Post Free. Send Post-card, C. Department.—**G. HARDY & CO., Lace Curtain Manufacturers, City Buildings, Nottingham.**

STAFFORDSHIRE CHINA.

For 13/9 carriage paid (2/- extra Scotland or Ireland) we will forward direct from the factory this charming and superior China Tea Service in Peacock Blue and Gold (sample cup and saucer for twelve stamps). Please do not forget it will be carriage paid and carefully packed. A beautiful and lasting present. Contents:—

12 Cups, 12 Saucers, 12 Plates, 2 Cake Plates, 1 Slop, 1 Cream Jug.

40 PIECES.



For 18/6 we will forward, carriage paid (2/- extra Scotland or Ireland), this complete Dinner Service. Lovely new design in Peacock Blue. 36 Plates (3 sizes), 5 Meat Dishes, 2 Covered Vegetable Dishes, 1 complete Sauce Tureen with Ladle and Stand, and 1 Butter Boat. If required, we can add a Soup Tureen (full size) and 12 Soup Plates for 9/- extra. Don't forget, carriage paid. On goods for export we pay carriage to English port and ship at lowest rates. Buy china fresh and bright from the potteries.

Our No. 8 Catalogue, a real work of art, containing numerous illustrations of Tea, Coffee, Dinner, Dessert, and Chamber Services, is now ready, and will be sent to any address FREE to intending purchasers.

Please mention THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Badged and Crested Ware for Schools, Clubs, Hotels, etc.

HASSALL & CO.,

CHARLES STREET, HANLEY (Staffordshire Potteries).

THE DEAF HEAR

The New Patent

SOUND DISCS

Completely Overcome DEAFNESS and HEAD NOISES, no matter of how long standing. Are the same to the ears as glasses are to the eyes. Invisible. Comfortable. Worn months without removal. Explanatory Pamphlet Free.

The F. H. WALES CO., 171, New Bond Street, London, W.

HAVE A FILTER

and Avoid the many Dangers of BAD WATER.

MAIGNEN'S

"FILTRE RAPIDE"

is the most suitable for household use.

Lord Wolseley says: "It filtered the water both quickly and well."

Prices from 12/6.

From all Chemists and Ironmongers, or

MAIGNEN'S Ltd
15, GT MARLBORO' ST., LONDON, W.

LACE CURTAINS.

Per Pair **4/11** Carriage paid to your own door.

These beautiful curtains will heighten the appearance of any house. Made in the finest material, 3½ yards long, 60 ins. wide, heavy, well-covered, and artistic floral design. Carefully finished with scolloped edges. Cannot be bought in a shop at double the price. Send your order immediately. Price **4/11** Carriage paid to your own door. **Money returned in full if not approved of.**

Two Splendid Curtain Parcels—10/6 and **21/-**. Utmost value for money. Containing a most artistic and varied selection of Lace Curtains suitable for any good-class house.

These Curtains are the output of one of the largest factories and are sold at manufacturer's prices.

Catalogue sent Post Free to any address.

J. R. GRANT,
Pembroke Place, Liverpool

"THE SUN NEVER SETS ON BRITISH POSSESSIONS"
indicates both the extent of the British Empire and the scope of the sun.

THE "AL-VISTA"
PANORAMIC CAMERA

with its swinging lens has a scope like the sun's—as compared with other cameras.

The best camera for panoramic pictures—for any pictures.

Sole Representatives for Great Britain—
GEO. HOUGHTON & SON,
88 & 89, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Also use EIFFEL TOWER TABLE JELLIES.

MEMORY and SUCCESS.

The Secret of Success—A GOOD MEMORY.

MR. C. L. PELMAN.

The PELMAN SYSTEM of MEMORY TRAINING Ensures a Good Memory in FIVE POSTAL LESSONS.

Easy, Interesting, and Practical. Lost Memories restored—the worst made good—good Memories improved. No mere theory, but a genuine aid every moment of the day. *Any book whatever mastered in one reading.* Prospectus Post Free, giving the Opinions of Editors, Business Men, Doctors, Lawyers, Clergymen, Students, and others who have studied and succeeded by the aid of the Pelman System, TAUGHT THOROUGHLY BY POSTAL LESSONS at any time.

Address for particulars, free to all—Mr. C. L. PELMAN (Box 42), 4, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. Melbourne Branch, G.P.O. (Box 402). Mr. PELMAN'S PAMPHLET, "The Natural Way of Learning a Language," Post Free, Sixpence.

MEMORY MEANS MONEY.

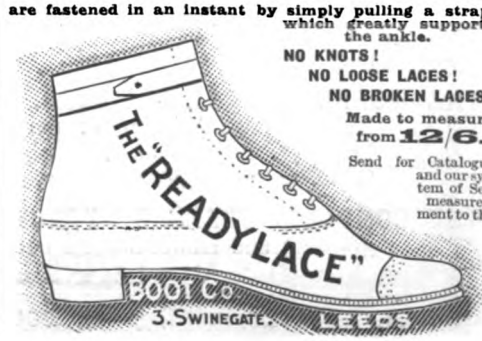
THESE PATENT BOOTS

are fastened in an instant by simply pulling a strap, which greatly supports the ankle.

NO KNOTS!
NO LOOSE LACES!
NO BROKEN LACES!

Made to measure from 12/6.

Send for Catalogue and our system of Self measurement to the



Caxton Series of Illustrated Classics.

UNDINE, AND ASLAUGA'S KNIGHT. By L. MOTTE FOUQUE. With Illustrations by HAROLD NELSON.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS FROM THIS WORLD TO THAT WHICH IS TO COME. By JOHN BUNYAN. With Illustrations by EDMUND J. SULLIVAN. Two Volumes.

IN MEMORIAM. By ALFRED LORD TENNYSON. With Illustrations by A. GARTH JONES.

THE SERIOUS POEMS OF THOMAS HOOD. With Illustrations by H. GRANVILLE FELL.

A BOOK OF ROMANTIC BALLADS. Compiled from various sources ranging from the Thirteenth Century to the Present Day. With Illustrations by REGINALD SAVAGE.

THE SKETCH BOOK. By WASHINGTON IRVING. With Illustrations by EDMUND J. SULLIVAN. Two Volumes.

The volumes are bound in Limp Lambskin, 3/- net; and Cloth, 2/6 net; also Parchment, enclosed in a Cardboard Box, 3/6 net.

There is also a Large-paper Edition (5 by 7½) strictly limited to 100 copies, on Old Water Colour paper, each volume being numbered, and signed by the artist.

Newnes' Thin-Paper Editions.

Printed in large, clear type on extremely thin but thoroughly opaque paper, with Photogravure Frontispiece and Title-page to each Volume, Printed on Japanese Vellum, from Drawings by EDMUND J. SULLIVAN.

A NEW POCKET EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE'S COMPLETE PLAYS AND POEMS. In Three Volumes, with Glossary. Lambskin in slip case, **10/6** net; and Parchment in box, **12/6** net.

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF JOHN MILTON. One Volume. Cloth, **2/6** net; and Lambskin, **3/-** net.

THE COMPLETE POEMS AND SONGS OF ROBERT BURNS. One Volume. Cloth, **2/6** net; and Lambskin, **3/-** net.

DON QUIXOTE. By CERVANTES. Translated by MOTTEUX. One Volume. Cloth, **3/-** net; and Lambskin, **3/6** net.

THE WORKS OF FRANCIS BACON, comprising the Essays, Colours of Good and Evil, New Atlantis, Wisdom of the Ancients, the Proficiency and Advancement of Learning, History of the Reign of Henry the Seventh, etc. One Volume. Cloth, **3/-** net; and Lambskin, **3/6** net.

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. One Volume. Cloth, **3/-** net; and Lambskin, **3/6** net.

GEORGE NEWNES, LTD., 7—12, SOUTHAMPTON ST., STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

New and Revised Edition, price Eighteenpence.

Cancer:

ITS NATURE & SUCCESSFUL TREATMENT.

One Shilling and Sixpence, Post Free, from the Author—

H. KELWAY - BAMBER, Westminster Chambers, 9, Victoria Street, London, S.W.

A VACCINATION STORY, by H. RIDER HAGGARD.

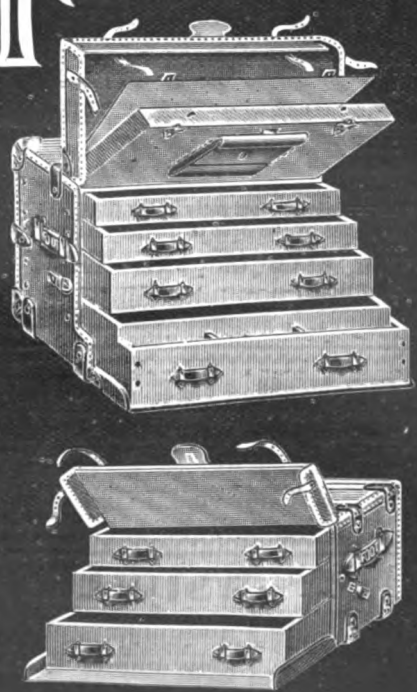
DR. THERNE,

Anti-Vaccinist.

120 Pages. SIXPENCE. Post Free, 8d.

George Newnes, Ltd., London, W.C.; and all Booksellers.

FOOTS' TRUNKS



No Crushing
No Confusion
More Convenience
Easy Access to all Parts
Contents Always in Order
Every Article Get-at-able
Saves much Time and Trouble
Adds to Comfort and Pleasure

MADE in SEVERAL SIZES and QUALITIES.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE No. 4. SENT POST FREE.

J. Foot & Son,
DEPT. B.T. 3,
171 New Bond Street
London, W.

OKTIS CORSET SHIELDS

PATENT

DOUBLE THE LIFE OF YOUR CORSET

"Prevention is Better than Cure"

and the Oktis Corset Shields put into a new Corset prevent split seams and broken bones, and more especially that ugly ridge that so soon appears, and spoils the appearance of the best fitting gown.

IT DOES NOT INCREASE THE SIZE OF THE WAIST

OF ALL DRAPERS

GLOSS Just Like CHINA

A Clever Idea

You can easily get a gloss like china on linen if you go the right way about it by using **REDFORD'S CHINA GLOSS.** Do not add this to the Starch, but rub it on before ironing, and you get a beautifully polished surface. No sticking and no trouble. A shilling box will last for months, and will be sent post free for 1s. Foreign post extra. Send post-card for free sample—S. M. REDFORD & SON, Oxford Street, Liverpool.

DO YOU LIKE PICTURES?

If so, send your name and address to THE IMPERIAL FINE ART SOCIETY, 10, Silk Street, London, E.C. (mentioning this Magazine), and enclosing one stamp for postage, and you will receive in return, in catalogue form, **MINIATURE ILLUSTRATIONS** of their beautiful Photogravures and Steel Plate Engravings.

1/1½ BOTTLES POST FREE FOR 1/3

HAVE YOU ECZEMA? OR ANY SKIN TROUBLE?

If you have, do send to the Antexema Co. 83 Castle Road, London, N.W. naming this paper, for a Free Trial Sample of "ANTEXEMA," and get it cured.

"ANTEXEMA" THE STANDARD SKIN REMEDY.

CRYSTOLEUM

painting charms everyone if Alston's Mediums are used, and his famous Prize Medal system adopted. Send 1/- for Book of Instructions and full details of Alston's new method. Complete Outfit 21/

G. ALSTON, Grimshaw Street, BURNLEY, Lancs. PAINTING

Kleinert's

DRESS SHIELDS

A ***Guarantee*** *with every pair.*
"AMBASSADOR"
"INVINCIBLE"
"FEATHERWEIGHT"
"CEM."
Try the "CHIC" & "ONANDOFF" Detachable Shields

HOOKON
HOSE SUPPORTER

ENGLISH PATENT 14817, 1899.
For the "STRAIGHT-FRONT" EFFECT.
GREATLY IMPROVES THE FIGURE.
Specially Recommended
No. 119, All Silk, at **2/3**;
Nos. 109 & 339, All Silk, at **3/6**.
Made in all Colours.

Dress Necessities

are to be obtained from all Drapers. If you have any difficulty in getting them, write to **L. B. KLEINERT RUBBER CO.**, 63, Basinghall Street, London, E.C., for the name of nearest stock-holder.

THE SECRET
OF A
GOOD COMPLEXION
is the Keeping of the Skin in a Healthy Condition.

BAILEY'S
RUBBER
COMPLEXION
BRUSH

does this in a simple, natural manner, its soft rubber teeth opening the pores and cleansing the skin from its waste products, which soap and water alone cannot do, driving sallowness and wrinkles away and leaving the

SKIN AS SOFT AS VELVET.

BAILEY'S PATENT RUBBER

Complexion Brush	3s. 6d.
Bath Brush	5s. 0d.
Toilet (large) Brush	2s. 0d.
Toilet (small) Brush	1s. 0d.
Tooth Brushes	10d. & 1s. 0d.
Glove Cleaner	6d.

From all Chemists and Stores and Dealers, or post free in the United Kingdom from

D. MOSELEY & SONS,
51 & 52, ALDERMANBURY, LONDON, E.C.
Ardwick, Manchester; and 65, Virginia Street, Glasgow.

The Greatest of all Tonics

PHOSFERINE

SHARPENED HIS APPETITE. RAISED HIS SPIRITS. DID A LOT OF GOOD.

I am directed through my brother to write you and say he received medicine and receipt all right, for which accept thanks. It has done him a lot of good, has sharpened his appetite and raised his spirits. (Signed) EMMA WRIGHT, 112, West Street, Portadown, March 20th, 1901.

Phosferine is an unfailing remedy for Neuralgia, Nervous Dyspepsia, Anæmia, Brain-fag, Depression, Impoverished Blood, Rheumatism, Sleeplessness, Indigestion, Influenza, Nervous Headaches, Debility, and all disorders consequent upon a reduced state of the nervous system.

Phosferine has been supplied by

Royal Commands

To The Royal Family.
H.I.M. the Empress of Russia.
H.M. The King of Greece.
H.M. The Queen of Roumania.
H.I.M. The Dowager Empress of Russia.
H.R.H. The Crown Princess of Roumania,
and many other Royal personages.

Proprietors, ASHTON & PARSONS, Limited, 17, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.

Bottles, 1/1½, 2/9, and 4/6; post free, 1/3, 3/-, and 4/9. Sold by all Chemists, Stores, &c.

The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size.

NEW BOOK. Now Ready.

CONSUMPTION

OR
PULMONARY TUBERCULOSIS
AND ITS
SUCCESSFUL TREATMENT.
With Short Chapters on other Diseases of the Lungs,
By GEO. THOS. CONGREVE.
An Entirely New Edition, Edited and Re-Written
By J. ALEXANDER BROWN.

SIXPENCE; post free from Coombe Lodge, Peckham, London, S.E.

KEATING'S POWDER KILLS BUGS FLEAS FLIES BEETLES

TINS 3d. 6d. 1s-BELLOWS 9d.

DON'T SNEEZE

You can at once Cure your Cold by using
DR. MACKENZIE'S
CATARRH-CURE
Smelling Bottle

It instantly Relieves and quickly Cures Cold in the Head and Headache; Arrests Influenza. Is the best remedy for **Faintness** and **Dizziness, Neuralgia in the Head, HAY FEVER, etc.**

Sold by all Chemists and Stores. Price **1/-**; or if you cannot obtain it at your Chemists (**refuse worthless imitations**) send 14 Stamps and it will be sent Post Free from
MACKENZIE'S CURE DEPOT, READING.

MUSIC FOR SUMMER EVENINGS.

CAMPBELL'S Gold Medal MELODEONS

With Organ and Celestial Tone, and Sweet Bell Accompaniments. **No Home should be without one.** The solemn Psalm, the soul-stirring Hymn, the cheerful Song, and the Merry Dance, can all be played on these charming Instruments. *No Knowledge of Music required.* Used throughout the world.
200,000 TESTIMONIALS.

Special Offer to the Readers of "THE STRAND MAGAZINE."

Campbell's "Gem" Melodeons	price only	6/9
Campbell's "Miniature" Melodeon	"	10/9
Campbell's "Paragon" Melodeon	"	14/-
Campbell's "Favourite" Melodeon	"	16/6

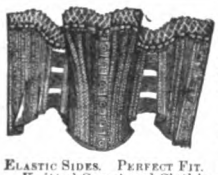
Cut out this and send P.O.O. for the amount.
Either sent carriage paid to any address in Great Britain & Ireland.

All lovers of music should at once send for Campbell's New Illustrated Privilege Price List of all kinds of Musical Instruments for Season 1902, now ready. 200,000 sent out yearly. Send 1d. Stamp to—
CAMPBELL & Co., Musical Instrument Makers, 116, Trongate, GLASGOW.
Established over 50 Years. BEWARE OF WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.

PEACH'S LACE CURTAINS

DIRECT FROM THE LOOMS. **SEND YOUR ADDRESS** for Peach's 1902 Illustrated Catalogue and Buyer's Guide. The most complete List of Lace Goods issued. Exceptional value in all Departments. Write to-day.
Lace Curtains, Madras Muslins, Capes (Ladies' and Gent's'), Real Swiss Roller Blinds, Blouses, Loom Hosiery, Guipure D'Art, Laces all makes, Collarettes, Household Linens. **POPULAR PARCEL 21/-**

Lot No. 712 contains: 1 pair Rich Artistic Drawing-room Curtains, 4yds. long, 2yds. wide; 2 pairs alike Handsome Dining-room Curtains, choice old lace design, 3½yds. long, 60in. wide; 1 pair neat Floral Pattern Bedroom Curtains, 3yds. long, 50in. wide; 1 pair new fashionable Sash Curtains; 1 Table Centre, Renaissance design; 1 Set of Duchesse Toilet Covers, one 45in. long, and 5 smaller. Ecru if desired. The Lot sent Carriage Paid for **21/-**. Customers throughout the Empire testify to their reliable worth, Marvellous Value, and Durability. First Prize Medals: Toronto, 1892; Chicago, 1893.—**S. PEACH & SONS, Lister Gate, Nottingham.** ESTABLISHED 1857.

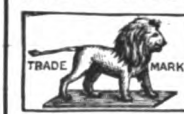


DRAB COUTIL
FLEXIBLE CORSET.

To button, **3/11**; or with busk, **4/6**; or fitted with **Unbreakable** Hercules Busks and Steels, **6/6**. All kinds of **Knitted Clothing.** Also
IMPROVED
KNITTED CORSETS.
Support Without Pressure.

ELASTIC SIDES. PERFECT FIT. *Write for Lists.* Mention STRAND MAG. Knitted Corset and Clothing Co., 118, Mansfield Rd., Nottingham.

NO LANCING OR CUTTING



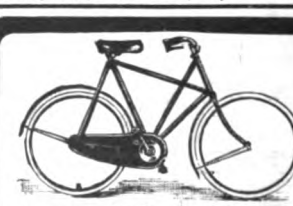
Required if you use
BURGESS' LION OINTMENT.
It has saved many a limb from the knife. Cured others after being given up by Hospitals. The BEST REMEDY for WOUNDS and all SKIN DISEASES. A CERTAIN CURE for ULCERS, ABSCESSES, ECZEMA, &c.
Thousands of Testimonials from all parts.
Sold by all Chemists, 7½d., 1/1½, &c., per box, or post free for stamps from Proprietor, E. BURGESS, Gray's Inn Rd., London.—*Advice Gratis.*

THE CHICAGO TYPEWRITER.

PRICE
£10-10-0
CASH,
or by Twelve Guinea Monthly Payments.

Write for Catalogue, post free. Address—
The CHICAGO TYPEWRITER CO., LTD.,
61, Cheapside, London, E.C

Awarded Gold Prize Medal Paris Exhibition 1900,
In Competition with all £22-0-0 Machines.



FREE!
The
BOOK
of the
The British Masterpiece. **RALEIGH**

Containing illustrated articles on cycle construction, &c. *Raleighs are recommended by all C.T.C. and other experts.* From **£10 10/-** or on easy terms.
THE BOOK, which also contains catalogue, may be obtained free from Raleigh agents everywhere, London Depot—41, Holborn Viaduct, or post free from
The Raleigh Cycle Co., Ltd., Nottingham.

THE "NEW GEM" SAFETY RAZOR

Shaves the STRONGEST as well as the MILDEST BEARDS; utterly impossible to cut the face. It is the SIMPLEST and SUREST shaving device ever invented.

THE AUTOMATIC STROPPING MACHINE KEEPS THE BLADES IN KEEN CUTTING ORDER. A novice gets as good results as an expert.

Sold by leading Cutlery and Jewellery dealers all over the civilized world, or mailed post-paid by the makers at the following prices:—

Razor, in Tin Box 8/-
Razor, with 2 blades, in Handsome Morocco Case 14/-
Automatic Stropping Machine, with Strop . . 8/-

When making your purchase be sure and take none without the above "Trade Mark" and "guaranteed ticket." It permits you to have the blades RE-HONED or RE-SHARPENED FREE OF CHARGE FOR ONE YEAR. Catalogue Mailed Free on request. *Dealers can be supplied at a large discount from all the leading jobbing houses.*

The Gem Cutlery Co. { 9 London St., London, E.C., Eng.
Works: 34 Reade St., N.Y., U.S.A.
9 Pickhuben Str., Hamb'g, Germany

EVERY DAY—
Somebody's Birthday.
Present a

'Swan' Fountain PEN

Sold by Stationers.

Any unsuitable Pen exchanged.

See Catalogue Post Free.

Mabie, Todd & Bard,
93, Cheapside, London, E.C.
95a, Regent St., W.;
3, Exchange St., Manchester; and
37, Ave. de l'Opera, Paris.

QUANTITY GENUINE SHEFFIELD CUTLERY & PLATE QUALITY

THE MOST MARVELLOUS VALUE EVER OFFERED.

54 PIECES for 42/-

FIT FOR ANY TABLE IN THE LAND.

READ OUR SPECIAL OFFER.

Send postal order for 5/- and we will send you post free our marvellous Cecil Parcel. You can pay the balance in six monthly payments of **5**/- and one of **7**/-. If you send us cash within seven days we will present you with a most handsome Bread Knife. Deposit returned at once if you are not entirely satisfied.

All classes of Cutlery and Plate on the gradual payment system.

A FACT WORTH NOTING.

We have not yet had to return a single deposit owing to our goods not giving satisfaction.

Send for our Illustrated Catalogue and Copy of Thousands of Entirely Unsolicited Testimonials.

CONTENTS OF PARCEL.

1 Carving Knife, Best Ivoride Handle
1 Carving Fork, Best Ivoride Handle
1 Steel, Best Ivoride Handle
½ doz. Table Knives, Best Ivoride Handles
½ doz. Dessert Knives, Best Ivoride Handles
½ doz. Pure Nickel Silver Table Forks
½ doz. Pure Nickel Silver Dessert Forks
½ doz. Pure Nickel Silver Dessert Spoons
½ doz. Pure Nickel Silver Tea Spoons
½ doz. Pure Nickel Silver Egg Spoons
Two Pure Nickel Table Spoons
Two Pure Nickel Mustard Spoons
Two Pure Nickel Salt Spoons
1 Pair Pure Nickel Silver Sugar Tongs
1 Oak Butter Slab, Silver Plated Mounts
1 Butter Knife

The above well Worth Double.

We will send you a Sample Table Knife and Fork, Carriage Paid, for **1/3.**

The blades are genuine Sheffield Steel of fine temper and finish. The handles best Ivoride (not bone). The original firm J. Burnand & Son began making cutlery of the highest quality more than 50 years ago, hence the sterling value we are able to offer—a combination of experience and good workmanship. The plate is fine Nickel Silver (not brass or white metal), warranted to wear white throughout.

BUY DIRECT FROM THE WAREHOUSE

BURNAND, BOOTH & Co LTD

Westminster Works, ARUNDEL STREET, SHEFFIELD

AND SAVE MIDDLE PROFITS

Hobbies

IF YOU WANT A CAMERA

Send Sevenpence for Hobbies New Handbook on **HAND CAMERAS AND HOW TO USE THEM.** It contains invaluable advice on the selection and use of a Camera.

Hobbies No. 2 Hand Camera is a Magazine Camera, holding six Quarter Plates. The body is made entirely of Metal, covered with the usual Leather Cloth, and the Camera is fitted with the most modern movements.

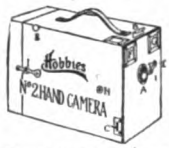


DIAGRAM OF CAMERA.

A, Lens; B, Diaphragm Slide; C, Shutter Release; D, Guide for Time and Instantaneous Exposures; E, Plate Changer; F and G, View Finders.

POST FREE, 13s.

Complete Developing and Printing Outfit ..	**6/6**
Light Two-Fold Tripod	**2/9**
Dark Waterproof Camera Case	**2/9**

All Post Free.

SEND STAMP FOR PHOTOGRAPHIC CATALOGUE.

Hand Cameras	**5/6** to **42/-**
Stand Cameras	**30/-** to **90/-**

Any Camera may, if desired, be paid for by Weekly Instalments.

HOBBIES LIMITED, 128, Paternoster Sq., London, E.C.

Also at the Hobbies Supply Stores—

166, ALDERSGATE ST., E.C.
153, BISHOPSGATE ST. WITHOUT, E.C.
79, WALWORTH RD., S.E.
11, LIME ST., LIVERPOOL.
75, HIGH ST., BIRMINGHAM
326, ARGYLE ST., GLASGOW
118, POWIS ST., WOOLWICH

GOOD! IT'S MASON'S

A 6d. BOTTLE of

MASON'S EXTRACT OF HERBS

Makes 8 Gallons of the Finest Non-intoxicating

HERB BEER.

There is no thirst-quencher in the world to equal it. Most Palatable, Refreshing, Delicious, and Healthful. Enjoyed by abstainers and non-abstainers alike.

Imitated but not Equalled. *Of all Chemists and Stores.*

Also Try **MASON'S WINE ESSENCE** and **MASON S COFFEE ESSENCE.**

Sample Bottle of either of above Post Free for **9d.** Two assorted, **1/3.** Three assorted, **1/8.** Agents Wanted.

NEWBALL & MASON, NOTTINGHAM.

HINKSMAN'S Asthma RELIEVER

ASTHMA

Sufferers find **Hinksman's Asthma Reliever** invaluable. Those who try it once usually recommend it to their friends. It is safe, its effect is immediate, and it gives satisfaction. 1s. per tin from all Chemists, or post free, 1s., from J. HINKSMAN, CARLUKE, N.B. Send for a free trial packet.

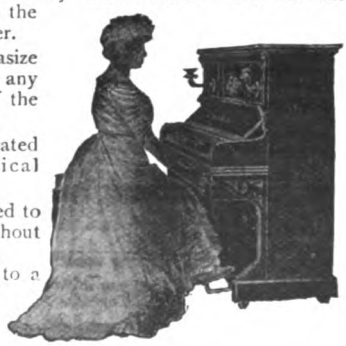
. . THE . .

PIANOTIST

IS THE ONLY

PIANO-PLAYER

that does not at any time interfere with the use of the Piano in the ordinary manner.



It can emphasize a melody in any desired part of the keyboard.

It can be operated without physical exertion.

It can be fitted to any piano without ultimate injury.

When fitted to a piano is unnoticeable and not an unsightly and clumsy addition.

It is universally endorsed by all prominent piano manufacturers.

It can be conscientiously warranted for 5 years, there being no perishable rubber used in its construction.

MARK HAMBOURG says: "Far superior to any other."
ADELINA PATTI says: "Most effective."

FREE RECITALS DAILY. WRITE FOR CATALOGUE T.

Price **35 Guineas,** Fitted Complete.

94, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

YOUR ANIMATED PORTRAIT

In book form containing Photographs from 60 different Negatives.

Post Free **25/-**

MARVELLOUS LIFE-LIKE EFFECTS.

Send . . .

2/6

for Post Free

SAMPLE BIO-GEM

of any of the following:—

Repeats **5/-** EACH.

BIO-GEMS

THE KING AT SANDRINGHAM,
THE PRINCE & PRINCESS OF WALES,
THE ROYAL CHILDREN,
CECIL RHODES AT OXFORD,
SIR THOMAS LIPTON,
DAN LENO, SANTOS DUMONT.

Write for Particulars to—

THE BIOGRAPH STUDIO,
107B, Regent Street, London, W.

GLOBE METAL POLISH

COSTS NEITHER

a

NOR

but can be obtained everywhere at prices within the reach of everybody. ***"GLOBE" METAL POLISH*** is unsurpassed for imparting a brilliant and lasting polish to Silver, Brass, Copper, Tin, and all kinds of metal. It contains nothing injurious to the skin nor will it scratch or injure the finest Metal-work.

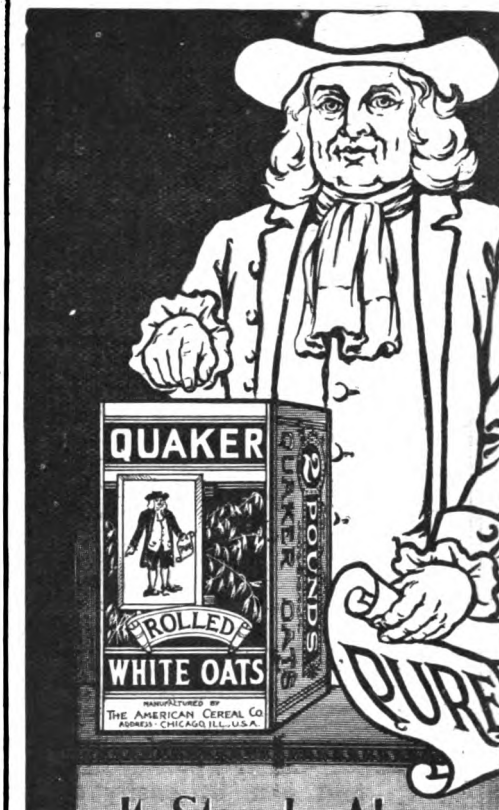
It is used in the Royal Household, and, furthermore, was selected for use on board H.M.S. *Ophir* during H.R.H. The Prince of Wales' recent voyage round the Globe, because metal polished with it is unaffected by climatic changes.

Everybody who uses the Globe Polishes says they are the best existent.

GLOBE METAL POLISH
GLOBE FURNITURE POLISH
GLOBE PLATE POWDER

are obtainable of all Grocers, Stores, etc. If any difficulty in securing them, write to us and we will see that you are supplied.

RAIMES & CO., LTD., Tredegar Road, Bow, London, E.,
Or STOCKTON-ON-TEES.



It Stands Alone

The secret of its supremacy over all similar foods rests in its superiority over them. Nothing but intrinsic merit could have forced it to so high a place in the world's esteem.

You are missing something good if you do not eat it.

THE EASY FOOD

Quaker Oats

THE WORLD'S BREAKFAST

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE

FOR RICH AND POOR.

"FRAME-FOOD"

FOR BABIES FROM EARLIEST INFANCY.

UNIQUE! WHY?

It contains the soluble phosphates and albuminoids *extracted* from Wheat, is therefore highly nutritious, and can be easily digested by the weakest infant. No other food can claim anything higher than this; and these two facts—nutrition and digestion—are indispensable in building the foundation of a strong and healthy constitution. Thousands of unsolicited testimonials. Sold in Tins, 16-oz. 1s.

FREE TEST.—¼-lb. Sample Tin of FRAME-FOOD, or 5-oz. Sample Jar of FRAME-FOOD JELLY, sent free on receipt of 3d. to pay postage; both samples sent for 4d. Postage.

(Mention this Magazine.)

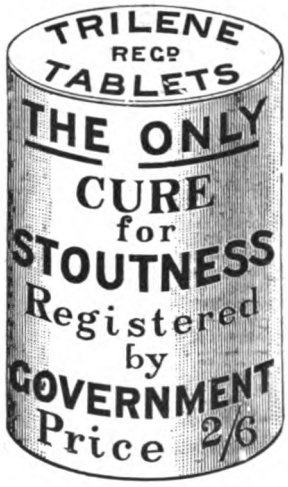
FRAME-FOOD CO., Ltd., BATTERSEA, LONDON, S.W.

ALL FAT PEOPLE

Can be CURED by taking

Trilene Tablets

(Regd.)

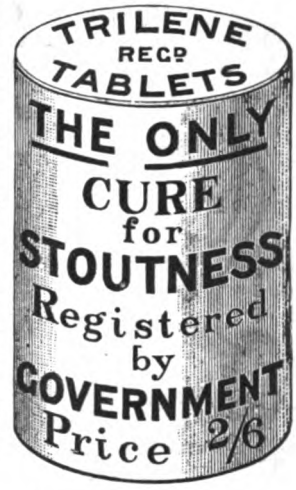


for a few weeks. They will safely REDUCE WEIGHT and CURE CORPULENCY PERMANENTLY, whether Abdominal or General. They are small, agreeable, harmless, sent privately, and never fail to improve both Health and Figure without change of Diet.

AN ENGLISH COUNTESS writes:—
"Your Trilene Tablets act admirably."

An Interesting Book on Obesity accompanies each Box.

Send 2s. 6d. to ***Mr. O. Wells, The Trilene Company,*** *66, Finsbury Pavement, London.*



SAMPLES OF TESTIMONIALS.

"87, Alexandra Road, Norwich, 19th Oct., 1896.
"GENTLEMEN,—In reference to Trilene Tablets, I may say that my wife found the greatest possible benefit from the use of them—their action was rapid and exceeded our utmost expectations, as they were also most beneficial to the respiratory organs. My wife was many years growing too stout, but although the disease was, I consider, chronic, the Tablets soon reduced the same completely. "Yours faithfully, **J. R. CANHAM.**"

Extract from **"The Lady,"** 3rd Sept., 1896: "Many stout persons have suffered untold agonies in unavailing efforts to reduce their bulk, either by means of severe dieting or by taking more or less deleterious drugs; but all these pains would have been saved if they had only invested in a case of the wonderful Trilene Tablets, which are guaranteed absolutely harmless, containing neither mercury, arsenic, nor any other mineral poison, and which are an unfailing Cure for Obesity."

PRINCESS LIECHTENSTEIN OF LANDSBERG, Austria, writes: "Pray send me your Tablets directly."

LADY CONSTANCE CONRAD writes from Wiesbaden: "I am highly pleased with your Tablets."
West Cornforth, Ferryhill.

Mr. WILLIAM USHER says: "A sister of mine, who was 17st., was greatly reduced by your Tablets to 15st."

Miss JANE CARTER, of Forthampton House, Tewkesbury, says: "The Tablets are of the greatest value. I am reduced many stone, and shall be pleased to recommend them."

Mr. THOS. BLAKELY, of 37, The Grove, Bedford, writes: "I have lost a little over 42lb. since taking your Tablets, and my case causes much local interest."

COUNTESS SECKENDORFF, of Berlin, says: "I took them myself successfully, and am recommending the Tablets to friends."

Mrs. W. A. RADFORD, of High Street, New Brinsley, Eastwood, writes: "Before taking Tablets I was 46in. round waist; now I am 32in. I hope soon to be 23. I could hardly move or get up; now I get about easily. Please use this as you wish."

Mrs. T. BOSTON, Cambridge Villas, Clifford Street, South Wigston, says: "I congratulate you on your wonderful Tablets. My weight at first starting them was 11st. 7lb., and I now weigh 9st. 11lb."

Mr. J. Y. NEWTON, "The Priory," Elton, Peterborough, writes: "I have lost 14lb. in weight, and never felt better in my life."

COUNTESS FÜRSTENBERG writes: "The Tablets act speedily and well."

Mrs. CROSSLEY, of Rose Hill, Torver, nr. Coniston, says: "There is a very decided diminution of fat. I am delighted, and cannot speak too highly in praise of Tablets. My heart is better, and I can breathe so much easier. You may refer to me as often as you like."

Miss DUGGLEBY, 16, New Road, Driffield, writes: "The girl who took your Tablets is reduced about 2½st."

Mrs. ROLLITT, of North Farm, Letwell, says: "Tablets have done a world of good—reduced 14lb. already without altering diet."

Mrs. WEAVER, of Greenpits Villa, Station Road, Ross, Hereford, says: "Have been reduced from 13st. 8lb. to 11st., and you may make any use of this statement. I can highly recommend them."

Mrs. PEARCE, Armstrong Road, Benwell: "Reduced from 12st. to 9½st., and do not get any heavier."

Col.-Sergeant WHITTLE, of East Lancashire Regiment, Burnley, Lancs, says: "A man in our regiment in 1891 lost several stone from taking your Tablets."

COUNT EHRENWAUD, of Lidtrop, Sweden, writes, 9th Oct., 1899: "The person who took Tablets lost 18lb. during the cure."

Mrs. H. COX, 28, Watnall Road, Hucknall Torkard, says: "I have from one supply lost 19lb. in weight."

Mrs. MARY WILLIAMS, of Old Yard, near Redol, Bagillt, Wales, writes, Nov. 22nd, 1898: "Your Tablets reduced me 2st., and have benefited me greatly."

Mrs. FENTON, 11, Wood Street, Tyldesley, writes: "Been fat all my life, but now your Tablets tell a tale. I have lost 17lb. already and am delighted."

Mr. GIBBS, 147, Richmond Park, Kimberworth, Rotherham, says: "Since I began with them they have reduced me 2st. 3lb., and I am pleased to say I am a great deal better in health and in every way."

Mrs. KAY, of "The Cross Keys," Upwood, writes: "Great benefit from Tablets. To my surprise they reduced me 8lb. the first week."

Mrs. OPENSHAW, of 255, Deane Road, Bolton, writes: "I have received great benefit, and am reduced in weight about 12lb."

THE TRILENE CO., 66, FINSBURY PAVEMENT, LONDON.

About that Summer Dress!

About that Summer Dress you've no doubt thought a lot, but did it ever occur to you that a simple postcard request to JOHN NOBLE Ltd. brings direct to your door the MOST REPRESENTATIVE collection of DRESS PATTERNS in the Kingdom. Most charming colors. Highest Quality of Make.

RARE SILKS in rich profusion of Design and Colour including—

BRITISH SILKS	TAFFETA SILKS
JAP SILKS	PRINTED SILKS
LOUISINES	STRIPE SILKS
CHINE SILKS	REPP SILKS
SURAH SILKS	BLACK SILKS
SILK BLOUSINGS	TRIMMING SILKS&c

Prices from **8¼**d. to **7/6** the yard.

COSTUME CLOTHS.

The leading makes of Great Britain and the Continent, in Wool and Silk and Wool. Prices from **12¾**d. to **5/6** the yard.

WASHING FABRICS.

An artistic collection for Seaside and Hot Weather wear including

PLAIN MUSLINS	IMITATION PONGEES
PRINTED MUSLINS	STRIPED DELAINES
PLAIN DIMITIES	CREWEL CLOTHS
PRINTED DIMITIES	PRINTED ZEPHYRS
MERCERIZED	DUCK CLOTHS
COTTON FABRICS	WHITE DRILLS, &c.

Prices from **3¾**d. to **1/9** the yard.

SEASIDE SERGES, NOBLE'S Serges are worn throughout the World. Over 500 different varieties in stock. In Navy Blue, Black and Colours. **Write for Patterns.**

PATTERNS of the complete collection or of any single make sent ***Please mention "Strand Mag." when writing to—*** **Post Free.**

JOHN NOBLE, Ltd., 48, BROOK ST. MILLS, MANCHESTER.

30 Days' Free Trial.

Restoration of Nervous Strength and Muscular Power gained by wearing the RICHARDSON PERFECTED ELECTRO-GALVANIC BELT. Every Weak, Nervous, and Enfeebled Man and Woman should test it for themselves.

This scientifically constructed and successful curative appliance will be sent on Thirty Days' Free Trial, so that all sufferers may experience the benefit of renewed strength and vigour—without cost.

Thousands of people are daily struggling with some form of disease that undermines their strength and powers. Every weak, nervous, and enfeebled man or woman will find electricity as applied by the Richardson Electro-Galvanic Belt a wonderful restorative to robust health and vigour.

To all sufferers from Exhaustion of Nerve Force, Indigestion, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Asthma, Bronchitis, Sleeplessness, Gout, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, and Kindred Ailments, Anæmia or Poorness of Blood, and Irregular Circulation or Varicocele, we can offer special help. As a nervine tonic and invigorating agent, Electricity, as we skilfully employ it, has no equal in the whole field of therapeutics, and may be relied upon to restore weakened constitutions to pristine strength and energy.

Readers of this paper are earnestly desired to investigate the curative claims of the Richardson Belts. A graphic descriptive and illustrated pamphlet, together with numerous testimonials, will be sent post free on application. Every thinking person should read this pamphlet.

Free Trial for One Month.

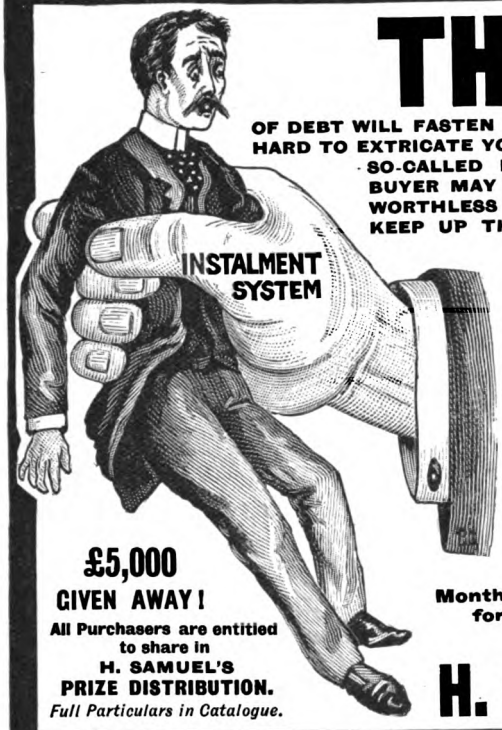
We ask the readers of this Magazine to remember that this offer is made by a firm with nineteen years' reputation in the City of London. We desire that every sufferer should wear this marvellous Belt and test its healing virtues for thirty days, as we are certain that it will cure, and that the wearer after the month's trial will then prefer to keep rather than return the Belt.

Do not fail to write at once, and remember that, after giving the Belt a trial, if you are not perfectly satisfied, return it to us; it costs you nothing to try it.

Call or Write. **A. M. RICHARDSON & CO., Medical Galvanists,**

36, VULCAN HOUSE, 56, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C. ESTABLISHED 1882.

THE GRIP



OF DEBT WILL FASTEN ITSELF UPON YOU AND YOU WILL FIND IT HARD TO EXTRICATE YOURSELF ONCE YOU BECOME ENSNARED BY SO-CALLED EASY PAYMENT SYSTEMS. THE HONEST BUYER MAY NOT ONLY FIND HIMSELF SADDLED WITH A WORTHLESS ARTICLE, BUT PAYS FOR THOSE UNABLE TO KEEP UP THE NEVER-ENDING SERIES OF PAYMENTS.

H. SAMUEL'S SENSATIONAL OFFER!

Send a Post-card Now for the

GREAT BARGAIN BOOK

The shrewd buyer's friend! OPENS THE DOORS of the FACTORY to all! Reveals the secret of how to SAVE MONEY! 260 Pages, 3,000 Engravings.

Silver Watches 6/6, Gold Diamond Rings 7/6, Gold Brooches 2/9, Alarm Clocks 1/-, Cutlery, Plate, &c. Every article supplied on a Month's Free Trial. Take a pen and write now for this Magnificent Book, sent absolutely

FREE TO ALL!

£5,000 GIVEN AWAY!

All Purchasers are entitled to share in H. SAMUEL'S PRIZE DISTRIBUTION.

Full Particulars in Catalogue.

H. SAMUEL (Dept. R), MARKET ST., MANCHESTER.

FREE TO THE RUPTURED

GEORGE JORDAN (*from a Photo*)

Dr. W. S. RICE, the well-known Specialist in the Cure of Rupture, will send a **FREE SAMPLE** of **Developing Lymphol** to all afflicted persons that write to his London Address. Mr. GEORGE JORDAN, of 27, Bishopstone Road, Gloucester, (see Photo) suffered seventeen years with a severe Rupture, and was cured in three months by the Rice Method. Mr. JORDAN has kindly consented to answer any enquiries concerning his cure.

All Samples and Books are sent by post, securely sealed. Address all letters to

Dr. W. S. RICE, 1, Stonecutter St., London, E.C.

Zox Cures Neuralgia.

FREE SAMPLES OFFERED!

NEURALGIA is a Disease of the Nerves. All who suffer from this tantalising pain, or from Headache, Toothache, or nerve pains generally, will be glad to know of an immediate remedy, which is certified free from injurious substance by Dr. A. B. Griffiths, F.R.S. Further, the Proprietors of the Remedy have such belief in its efficacy that they offer to send *two free sample powders to any reader of* THE STRAND MAGAZINE *who will send them a stamped envelope.* Hundreds of unsolicited testimonials. ZOX is sold by Chemists, etc., at **1s.** and **2s. 6d.** per box, or can be had post free from THE ZOX CO., 11, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON, E.C.

VINOLIA

SOAP

NEVER CAUSES

SOAP

BLOTCHES.

4d.

Brinsmead

PIANOS

Art Models in Sheraton, Adams, Early English, Art Moderne, Louis XIV., Louis XV., &c., ON VIEW AT John Brinsmead and Sons' (Ltd.), 18, 20, and 22, Wigmore Street, London W.

New Catalogue of BRINSMEAD PIANOS DE LUXE posted free on application.

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Contents for June, 1902.

FRONTISPIECE : "AN EPISCOPAL VISITATION."

PAGE.

603 HUMOUR AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.
By FREDERICK DOLMAN. *Illustrations* from Pictures.

611 THE RIVER FORT. A TALE OF THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER.
By FRANK SAVILE. *Illustrations* by W. B. WOLLEN, R.I.

620 PAMPAS PLUMES. By ARTHUR INKERSLEY. *Illustrations* from Photographs.

624 THE HANDWRITING.
By RICHARD MARSH. *Illustrations* by GORDON BROWNE, R.B.A.

633 VERSUS THREE STRONG COUNTIES. HOW IT FEELS TO PLAY AGAINST THEM. By C. B. FRY. *Illustrations* from Photographs.

642 THE HOUSE UNDER THE SEA. By MAX PEMBERTON.
Chapters XXII. and XXIII. *Illustrations* by A. FORESTIER.

658 THE HUMOROUS ARTISTS OF AUSTRALASIA.
By THOMAS E. CURTIS. *Illustrated* by Facsimiles and from Photographs.

667 A TIGER'S SKIN. By W. W. JACOBS. *Illustrations* by WILL OWEN.

675 THE ARCADIAN CALENDAR.—JUNE.
By E. D. CUMING. *Illustrations* by J. A. SHEPHERD.

684 THE SIGN-LANGUAGE OF TRAMPS.
By VICTOR PITKETHLEY. *Illustrations* from Photographs.

687 FUJI KAWA ; THE CRICKET STAR.
By MOTTRAM GILBERT. *Illustrations* by W. S. STACEY.

693 FROM BEHIND THE SPEAKER'S CHAIR.—LXXIV.
By HENRY W. LUCY. *Illustrations* by F. C. GOULD.

699 THE PSAMMEAD ; OR, THE GIFTS. By E. NESBIT.
III.—BEING WANTED. *Illustrations* by H. R. MILLAR.

708 SOME WONDERS FROM THE WEST. *Illustrations* from Photographs.
XL.—LOOPING THE LOOP ON A BICYCLE. By ERIC HAMILTON.
XLI.—A CURIOUS HOBBY. By E. LESLIE GILLIAMS.
XLII.—A STEEL BANQUET. By E. LESLIE GILLIAMS.

716 CURIOSITIES. *Illustrations* from Photographs.

MSS. and Drawings must be submitted at the owner's risk, and the Editor will not guarantee their safety, though when stamps are enclosed he will endeavour to return them. MSS. should be typewritten.

THE STRAND MAGAZINE, *including Christmas Double Number, will be forwarded direct from the Offices of George Newnes, Ltd., to any part of the world, post free, for one year, on receipt of* 10*s. Cases for binding any volume of* THE STRAND MAGAZINE *may be obtained to order from Booksellers for* 1*s., or post free for* 1*s.* 3*d., direct from the Office.*

Promote Vigorous and Healthy Growth.

The 'Allenburys' Foods.

Children are saved from many of the digestive troubles and other disorders, hitherto deemed inseparable to hand-fed infants, by the "Allenburys" system of feeding.

A pamphlet on Infant Feeding and Management (48 pages) free.

Allen & Hanburys Ltd., Plough Court, Lombard Street, London.

HOVIS

TRADE MARK.

Hovis Bread has the charm of always being nice, and the great advantage of being most nutritious and easily digested. Most Family Bakers make it daily. Any further information will be gladly supplied by HOVIS, Ltd., Macclesfield. *NOTE.*—Every loaf is stamped "HOVIS."

6/- WITH ORDER.

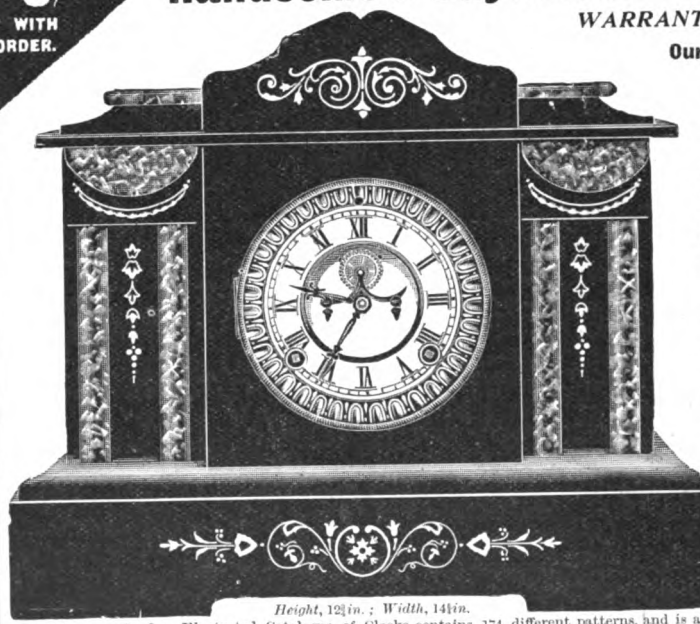
. . THE "ABBOTSFORD" . .

Handsome 8-Day Marble Striking Clock

WARRANTED TEN YEARS.

Our Wholesale Price to You,

£2.12.6.



Height, 12¾*in.*; *Width*, 14½*in.*

TERMS: To establish the exceptional value securable by purchasing from us as Direct Importers and Manufacturers, we are prepared to send this 8-Day Marble Striking Clock on receipt of Postal Order value 6/- for 7 days' trial. If approved, purchase to be completed by monthly instalments of 6/-, or one payment of £2.3.6 only, which allows 3/- discount for cash.

DESCRIPTION: Handsome and well-proportioned Black Marble Case, relieved with Brocatelle and Pompeii Marbles, Gilt Dial with sunk centre and visible Escapement. Gilt Rococo Solid Bezel, with Bevelled Plate-glass front, Superior, well finished 8-Day Movement, Striking Hours and ½-Hours on Cathedral-toned Gong.

SENT SECURELY PACKED CARRIAGE PAID.

CLOCK CATALOGUE Our Illustrated Catalogue of Clocks contains 174 different patterns, and is acknowledged to be the most comprehensive before the Public. POST FREE TO ANY ADDRESS.

6/- MONTHLY.

WATTS & CO., Ltd., Whitminster Works Offices, **BRISTOL.**

THINGS OF THE **PAST !!**

A WONDERFUL INVENTION

FOR THE

LAME

As Supplied to the War Office for the Wounded from South Africa.

THE O'CONNOR EXTENSION CO.'S PATENT APPLIANCES

Enable those with Shortened Limbs and Weak Ankles to dispense with Unsightly Instruments; to Wear Ordinary Shoes; and to look like other people.

Write for particulars of a recently-perfected support for

FLAT FOOT.

Gold Medal, London; Highest Awards, Chicago and Paris.

Address:—**THE O'CONNOR EXTENSION CO.,**

Surgical Appliance Makers to His Majesty's Government,

2, BLOOMSBURY STREET, LONDON, W.C.

PAMPHLETS FREE on mentioning THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

PLEASE STATE PARTICULARS OF CASE.

Exquisite Models. Perfect Fit. Guaranteed Wear.

THE Y & N DIAGONAL SEAM CORSETS

Will not split in the Seams | Nor tear in the Fabric.

Made in Black, White, French Grey, 2 Cocoas, 2 Golds, 2 Biscuits, etc. 4/11, 5/11, 6/11, 7/11 per pair and upwards.

THREE GOLD MEDALS.

"The best make of Corsets is the Y & N."—*Gentlewoman.*

CAUTION.

See that the Registered Trade Mark, "Y & N Diagonal Seam," is imprinted on every corset and box.

No others are genuine.

Sold by Drapers and Ladies' Outfitters throughout the United Kingdom and Colonies.

CALLARD & BOWSER'S

BUTTER-SCOTCH

(The Celebrated Sweet for Children).

"Really wholesome Confectionery." *Lancet.*

Not Enough Time to Eat.

Many thousands of the busy dwellers in this world often find that the exactions of duty, pleasure, or other matters, cause some curtailment in the regular time for meals. An agreeable way of taking nutrition and sustaining elements into the body is by eating

MELLIN'S CHOCOLATE,

which is a delicious sweetmeat containing an abundance of the rich, nourishing elements contained in MELLIN'S FOOD.

Sold Everywhere, in 6d. Packets only.

MELLIN'S WORKS, PECKHAM, LONDON, S.E.

GREENLEES BROTHERS'

LORNE WHISKY

BEST VALUE IN THE MARKET

ASSURES PURE WATER.

THE ONLY FILTERS AWARDED GRAND PRIX, PARIS, 1900.

THE PASTEUR FILTER

OFFICIAL GOVERNMENT STATEMENT—

"Wherever the Pasteur Filter has been applied Typhoid Fever has disappeared."

J. DEFRIES & SONS, Limited,

146 & 147, HOUNDSDITCH, LONDON, E.C.

Washing clothes

has always been done, till now, by slowly dissolving the grease of the dirt in soap-water. Naptha cuts quicker and deeper—loosens and starts the dirt—soap eases the rubbing it out. Less backache.

This is the whole philosophy of Fels-Naptha soap. 2½d a bar of grocers and oilmen.

Trial sample and instructions free.

FELS-NAPTHA Monument London E C

ROWLAND'S KALYDOR

FOR THE SKIN

COOLING, REFRESHING, HEALING

Prevents Freckles, Tan, Sunburn, Redness; Heals Insect Stings, Irritation; produces Soft, Delicate Skin. Bottles, 2s. 3d. & 4s. 6d. of Stores, Chemists and ROWLAND'S, 67, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON.

PRESERVE YOUR HAIR

BY USING

ROWLAND'S

MACASSAR OIL

It will prevent it falling off or turning grey, eradicate scurf, promote a luxuriant growth, and is especially recommended for Ladies' and Children's Hair. For Fair or Grey Hair, use **Golden Macassar Oil.** Sizes, **3/6, 7/-, 10/6.** Sold by Stores, Chemists, and

A. ROWLAND & SONS, 67, Hatton Garden, London.

"JIM THE PENMAN."

By DICK DONOVAN.

FIRST LARGE EDITION EXHAUSTED.

In dealing with "Jim the Penman," otherwise "Captain" Bevan, who was tried and convicted in March, 1857, at the Central Criminal Court, the author seems to have gone to the fountain head for his information, and some of the details he gives of the man's career are positively startling.

Human phenomena are found in all grades of society, but "Jim" stands out as a monumental genius in the world of crime. He was no ordinary vulgar commonplace criminal, but a Napoleon, and his life was a wild, weird romance which puts fiction in the shade. The meteor-like life of "Jim the Penman" furnishes us with the text for a sermon, a theme for the moralist, a subject for a book.

The Pall Mall Gazette says: "'Jim the Penman' is a book that is sure to be read with interest."
Aberdeen Free Press: "A most readable and exciting story."
Blackburn Daily Telegraph: "Work of absorbing interest."
Glasgow Herald: "A very exciting story."

SIX SHILLINGS.

GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd., 7–12, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.

The *Pianola*

PIANOLA IN USE WITH UPRIGHT PIANO.

THE PIANOLA is an instrument with the aid of which anyone can play the piano. It is not a musical instrument in itself, nor is it a short cut to making the fingers mediums of technical dexterity. The PIANOLA is a substitute for the human fingers, for, like them, it strikes the keys of the piano. It enables you to play any composition on the piano with faultlessly correct technique. The PIANOLA is operated through the medium of perforated paper music rolls. The roll of the particular composition desired to be played is placed in the instrument, and the pedals are pumped by the feet. By pneumatic action the fingers of the Pianola are thus made to strike the proper keys of the piano. Changes from fast to slow and graduations of loud and soft are entirely under the control of the performer by the manipulation of the three levers with which the Pianola is provided. Consequently in playing the piano through the agency of the Pianola, the expression is governed by the performer, and varies with his musical ability and mood. He has the double delight of hearing music and actually producing it.

The PIANOLA makes it possible for you to produce music on the piano which no performer would dream of attempting by hand. It makes the piano a much more interesting instrument, and makes it available to hundreds of thousands of people who otherwise could not use it.

Anyone can play the piano by means of the Pianola at once, but the more you play the better the result will be. The improvement will be in expression, and, therefore, in music in its proper sense.

It is a significant fact that the Pianola is the only instrument of its kind that has been endorsed by all the world's great pianists, including Paderewski, Rosenthal, Sauer, De Pachmann, Hofmann, Moszkowski, Bauer, and Correño.

We shall be glad to have a call from you at any time. Please write asking for Catalogue F, our latest issue.

The price of the PIANOLA is £65 on the hire system, and £52 net cash.

The Orchestrelle Company

225, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

THE **PIANOLA** IS SOLD AT NO OTHER ADDRESS IN LONDON.

AGENTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL TOWNS.

[COPYRIGHT.

MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.

For your birthday, mother dear,
The nicest present I have here,
Guess, dear mother, what I've brought,
It was father's kindly thought.

It is the best that he could find
For ironing days to ease your mind;
It is a Dalli! Aren't you glad?
Nothing like it you've ever had.

The "Dalli" is acknowledged the most up-to-date and best Box Iron, doing away with the worries of the old system. No Gas, no Fire, no Smell. Hot in a few minutes and remains hot. No changes of irons. Self-heating with smokeless Fuel. Can be used anywhere without interruption, even out of doors, doing double the work in half the time. More economical than any other iron. Price of the "Dalli" is **6**-. Price of the "Dalli" Fuel is **1 9** per box of 128 Blocks. To be had of all Ironmongers or Domestic Stores. If any difficulty apply to:—

THE DALLI SMOKELESS FUEL CO., 27, Milton Street, London, E.C.

RHEUMATISM AND PARALYSIS

THEIR COMPLETE HOME CURE

BY W. H. Veno

PRICE 6d

PUBLISHED BY THE VENO INSTITUTE 59 CEDAR ST. MANCHESTER. ENG

15,000 to be GIVEN

FREE TO SUFFERERS.

APPLY AT ONCE.

This handsome illustrated treatise gives a full description of RHEUMATISM & PARALYSIS with instructions for a complete home cure. The most successful treatment in Gt. Britain, recommended by the Ministry and endorsed by Medical Men. The preface is by a graduate of the University of Wurtzburg.

If you are suffering, send a post-card to-day and you will receive the book by return. Address, Veno-Institute, 59, Cedar St., Manchester.

When writing mention "Strand."

Seven Reasons why you should Buy

THE INTERNATIONAL STUDENT'S ATLAS

OF MODERN GEOGRAPHY.

A Series of 105 Physical, Political, and Statistical Maps, compiled from British and Foreign Surveys, and the latest results of International Research.

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

J. G. BARTHOLOMEW, F.R.S.E., F.R.G.S., &c.

Royal 4to, cloth, 6s. net; post free, 6s. 6d.

1.—BECAUSE it contains new features not shown in any other Student's Atlas published in this country.

2.—BECAUSE such an Atlas, giving more prominence to the special illustration of Physical Geography, is much wanted.

3.—BECAUSE it is designed to illustrate not only one, but all, Text-Books of Physical and Political Geography.

4.—BECAUSE the Physical and Political features are shown on separate maps without confusion or crowding.

5.—BECAUSE it is an Atlas giving special prominence to the mapping of all British Colonies and Possessions.

6.—BECAUSE it is a Complete Reference Atlas for all students' general uses, with an Index to 40,000 names.

7.—BECAUSE any other Atlases approaching to this standard of excellence and completeness cost double the price.

GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd., 7—12, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.

FAIRBANK'S GLYCERINE-TAR SOAP

It Cleanses and Heals

In hard or soft water it lathers more freely.
Cleans more surely. Soothes more quickly.
Gives greater comfort than any other

IT'S PINE TAR **TOILET SOAP** NOT COAL TAR

Removes dirt and grime like magic. Keeps the skin smooth, soft and white.

FRAGRANT AS THE PINES.

It is Pine—Healing Pine. Refreshing in the Bath.

Large Trial Tablet FREE for Id. to pay for postage.

Send your address and penny stamp to Dept. A.1.,

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Monument Street, **LONDON, E.C.**

ALSO MAKERS OF "GOLD DUST" SOAP POWDER.

THE "COUNTRY LIFE" LIBRARY.

Wall and Water Gardens. By Miss JEKYLL, Author of "Wood and Garden." Containing instructions and hints on the Cultivation of suitable Plants on Dry Walls, Rock Walls, in Streams, etc. With 133 full-page Illustrations. 8vo, 186 pp. Buckram, 12s. 6d. Net.

"WALL AND WATER GARDENS. He who will consent to follow Miss Jekyll arlght will fiad that under her guidance the old walls, the stone steps, the rockeries, the ponds, or s reamlets of his garden will presently blossom with all kinds of flowers undreamed of, and become marvels of varied foliage. More than a hundred photographs help to enforce MISS JEKYLL'S admirable lessons."—*The Times.*

The Century Book of Gardening. Edited by E. T. COOK, Joint Editor of "The Garden," and Garden Editor of "Country Life." A Comprehensive Work for every Lover of the Garden. 624 pages. Superbly Illustrated. 21s. Net.

"No department of gardening is neglected, and the illustrations of famous and beautiful gardens and of the many winsome achievements of the gardener's art are so numerous and attractive as to make the veriest cockney yearn to turn gardener."—*The Times.*

Gardens Old and New. (The Country House and its Garden Environment.) Over 450 Superb Illustrations, printed on treble thick Art Paper, portraying in a manner never before attempted the greatest and most interesting Gardens and Homes in England. £2 2s. Net.

"The object of this magnificently-illustrated volume is to depict the many-sided character of old and of modern gardenage, and to indicate the possibilities that lie before possessors of gardens. As is set forth, 'the system of the book is one of example more than of precept.' There is no attempt to advocate the claims of any particular style. On the contrary, examples have been chosen from the most divergent systems, with a view ro showing how the appropriateness of each depends on the particular kind of house for which it is intended, and also on the site which the designer has at his disposal. As a consequence of this the beautiful volume illustrates not only the garden, but the house as well; and we know of none that deals so exhaustively with the finest examples of English domestic architecture."
—*Glasgow Herald.*

Lilies for English Gardens. Written and Compiled by Miss JEKYLL. 8s. 6d. Net.

"LILIES FOR ENGLISH GARDENS is a volume in the 'Country Life' Library, and it is a'most sufficiently high com mendation to say that the book is worthy of the journal. MISS JEKYLL'S aim has been to write and compile a book on Lilies which shall tell amateurs, in the plainest and simplest possible way, how most easily and successfully to grow the Lily—which, considering its great beauty, is not grown nearly so much as might be expected."
—*Westminster Gazette*

Gardening for Beginners. (A Handbook to the Garden.) By E. T. COOK. With a Preface by Miss JEKYLL. 12s. 6d. Net.

"The volume is addressed to beginners, and takes throughout a careful heed of their requirements. Everything is explained from the first."—*The Scotsman.*

WILL BE PUBLISHED IN JUNE.

Roses for English Gardens. By Miss JEKYLL and Mr. E. MAWLEY. 12s. 6d. Net.

Though there are already several excellent books treating of the cultivation of Roses in England, there has not as yet been one that attempts such an exposition of the possibilities of the beautiful use of Roses as is shown in the new Rose Book that is to appear in June.

The book will be a complete Rose Manual, for the whole method of growing Roses from the more strictly rosarian point of view is exhaustively dealt with in the second part by no less an authority than Mr. EDWARD MAWLEY, the eminent Rosarian and Secre ary of the National Rose Society.

Published at the Offices of "COUNTRY LIFE," 20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden W.C., and by GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd., 7-12, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.

CARTERS, 6a, New Cavendish St., Portland Place, London, W.

Illustrated Catalogues Post Free.

THE "LITERARY MACHINE,"

For holding a book or writing desk in any position over an easy chair, bed, or sofa, obviating fatigue and stooping. Invaluable to Invalids and Students. **Prices from 17/6.**

INVALID COMFORTS.

BATH CHAIRS, from £1 10s.

SELF-PROPELLING CHAIRS, from £2 2s.

ADJUSTABLE COUCHES, BEDS, from £1-17-6

CARRYING CHAIRS, from £1 1s.

SPINAL CARRIAGES.

Bed Rests	7/6
Leg Rests	10/-
Crutches	10/6
Bed Baths	12/6
Commodes	25/-

BREAKFAST-IN-BED TABLES from £1 10s.

Bed Lifts	£4 4s.
Reclining Boards	1 10s.

Walking Machines. Portable W.C.'s. Electric Bells. Urinals. Air and Water Beds, &c.

WOODS' PATENT GALVANIZED STEEL WIRE MATTRESSES & BEDSTEADS

Carriage Paid, and Liberal Cash Discount allowed.

GUARANTEED FOR FIVE YEARS.

EXHIBITED

Carrying ONE TON

AT

Liverpool,
Manchester,
AND OTHER
Exhibitions.

Catalogues and Prices free on application to the

LONGFORD WIRE CO., LTD., WARRINGTON.

London Office—61, St. Mary Axe. Liverpool Office—159, Duke Street.

Please mention this Magazine.

JEWSBURY & BROWN'S ORIENTAL TOOTH PASTE

Eighty Years in use. Sold Universally. Pots, 1/6 & 2/6.

The Hound of the Baskervilles,

An Adventure of Sherlock Holmes,

By A. CONAN DOYLE,

Is NOW READY in volume form, Price *6s.*, and the thousands of novel readers who never care to read a story in serial form have now an opportunity of enjoying without a break the most exciting and thrilling story which has appeared in recent years.

The Souvenir Edition of CONAN DOYLE'S Great Detective Stories,

SHERLOCK HOLMES.

4 Volumes in a Slip Case, *14s.*

THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES. Cloth, gilt top.

THE SIGN OF FOUR. Cloth, gilt top.

THE LAST ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES. Cloth, gilt top.

A STUDY IN SCARLET. Cloth, gilt top.

Or each Volume sold separately, *3s. 6d.*

UNIFORM WITH THE ABOVE.

THE EXPLOITS OF BRIGADIER GERARD.

With 24 Illustrations by W. B. WOLLEN. Cloth, 3s. 6d.

"In these days of pessimistic problem novels, when the element of romance seems to be fading out of fiction, it is delightful to come upon these tales and glories of a soldier's life. They are buoyant, vital, steeped in the stir and freshness of the open air, abounding in tragedy and gaiety. . . . . It is a fascinating book, and one to be read."—*Daily News.*

GEORGE NEWNES, LTD, 7–12, Southampton St., Strand, London, W.C.

THE KEY-NOTE OF CREATION—CHANGE!

Behold, we know not anything; I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to All.—Tennyson.

"Tell me what you LIKE, and I'll tell you what you ARE."—*Ruskin.*

TEACH DISCIPLINE, SELF-DENIAL; make ITS PRACTICE PLEASURABLE and you CREATE for the World A DESTINY more SUBLIME than EVER ISSUED from the brain of the WILDEST DREAMER. A SUNNY HOLIDAY.—WISDOM, HEALTH, LONGEVITY, and PROSPERITY.

WHAT HIGHER AIM CAN MAN ATTAIN,
THAN CONQUEST OVER HUMAN PAIN?

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

is Health-giving, Soothing, Cooling, Refreshing and Invigorating, and will be found a Natural, Simple and Effective Remedy for

All Functional Derangements of the Liver, Temporary Congestion arising from Alcoholic Beverages, Errors in Diet, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Vomiting, Heartburn, Sourness of the Stomach, Constipation, Thirst, Skin Eruptions, Boils, Feverish Cold with High Temperature and Quick Pulse, Influenza, Throat Affections, and Fevers of all kinds.

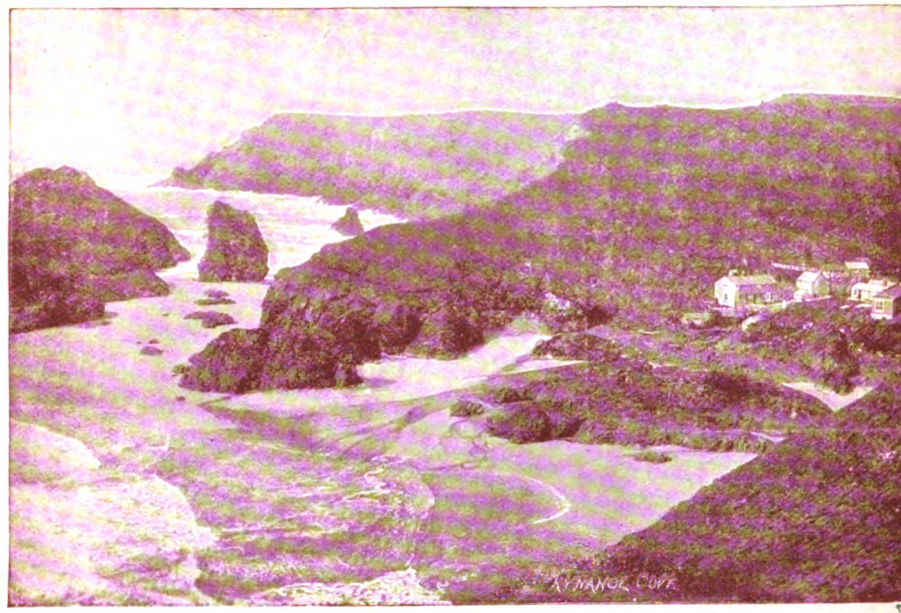
FIFTEEN YEARS' EXPERIENCE.—"You may be interested to know that I have used 'FRUIT SALT' for more than fifteen years, and it is the only medicine I need. It was ordered for me by a most eminent Physician, and I have recommended it to very many from time to time.—Yours faithfully, (Signed) Rev. —— (September 20, 1900)."

The effect of Eno's 'Fruit Salt' on a Disordered or Feverish Condition is Simply Marvellous. It is, in fact, Nature's Own Remedy, and an Unsurpassed One.

CAUTION.—Examine the bottle and Capsule and see that they are marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' otherwise you have been imposed upon by a WORTHLESS imitation.

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, London, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S Patent.

DEVON AND CORNWALL



Contain coast and inland scenery approaching in grandeur to that of Norway, and in softness, with sub-tropical vegetation, to that of Italy. There are many places of interest rich in legendary and historic lore. Golf, Boating, Bathing, Fishing, and other outdoor diversions without number are provided.

The Climate is without rival for equability.

The districts are not crowded or spoilt, and they can be reached by intending visitors by means of a short journey by the trains of the

Great Western Railway.

Every convenience and comfort are afforded to passengers by those trains; and the charges made are moderate. Visitors whose time is limited have the advantage of night trains and sleeping accommodation.

The submerged LYONESSE lies westward of Cornwall, and the charming ISLES OF SCILLY are easily accessible from Penzance.

Medical Opinions

Vibrona

THE IDEAL TONIC WINE.

The following have been selected from a large number of similar communications received from Members of the Medical Profession, in order to illustrate the unvarying success which has attended the use of VIBRONA in cases of every-day occurrence in which a thoroughly trustworthy and efficient Tonic is the one thing needed.

Restorative and Energising.

"I have found VIBRONA very acceptable to patients, and its restorative and energising powers are marked." 81298 r.—M.D.

A valuable addition to therapeutics.

"I look upon VIBRONA as a most elegant and palatable preparation and a valuable addition to therapeutics. I shall gladly recommend it." 15398 k.—M.B.

Much preferable to Coca.

"I have pleasure in informing you that the opinion preconceived of the merits of VIBRONA has been amply justified by trial of the sample you were good enough to send me. VIBRONA is certainly a much preferable form of tonic wine to those containing Kola and Coca." 15398 a.—M.D., M.B.

Excels anything previously tried.

"The benefit to be derived from Cinchona Bark and Port Wine has been well known for the last half century. Your combination of these two substances excels anything I had previously tried as regards the elegance of preparation, and will be a distinct gain to pharmacy." 30396 c.—M.B., C.M.

The finest invalid pick-me-up.

"My experience of VIBRONA is exceedingly satisfactory. It is without exception the finest invalid pick-me-up I ever handled, the Cinchona Hydrobromate is exactly as it is represented the acme of tonics; all the therapeutic effects of Quinine minus the deafness and other untoward drawbacks. You are at perfect liberty to make what use you please of my observations." 23398 m.—M.B.

Personal experience confirms claims.

"I tried VIBRONA in the case of a member of my family, and I can safely say that, as far as my experience of it goes, the results are all that you claim for it, and the benefit derived in this particular case was undoubted. I shall have no hesitation in recommending its use in suitable cases." 2698 h.—M.B.

Gratifying results in Dyspepsia.

"I have used VIBRONA with gratifying results in atonic Dyspepsia. I consider it a valuable tonic." 30396.—M.B., C.M.

Recommended in Neuralgia.

"I can cordially recommend VIBRONA as a tonic, but more especially as an anti-intermittent in cases of Neuralgia." 171295 l.—M.D., M.C.

Result quite magical.

"Feeling rather run down and suffering from headache I took half a wineglassful of VIBRONA. The result was quite magical. I can with confidence recommend it." 15398 m.—L.F.P.S., L.M.

Of great value in all debilitating diseases.

"I am of opinion that VIBRONA is of great value in the treatment of all debilitating diseases such as chlorosis, phthisis, dyspepsia, etc." 11898 h.—M.B.

Exhausting attack of Diphtheria.

"I used VIBRONA for my sister after an exhausting attack of Diphtheria. She convalesced rapidly with it. I can assure you I have recommended and shall recommend it, as I consider it an excellent preparation." 23696 m.—M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

Influenza—most effectual.

"I have used your VIBRONA in cases of convalescence from Influenza, and found it most effectual. I found it produced no bad symptoms whatever, and I shall be only too pleased to use it as a substitute for quinine *per se* when it cannot be taken by patients through idiosyncrasy. I have used it myself lately on coming home much fatigued; it soon put me on my legs again. The wine medium makes it a very pleasant way of taking the drug." 9498 d.—L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S.

N.B.—It is scarcely necessary to remark that whilst scrupulously respecting the wishes of the Medical Profession, in withholding the names and addresses of our correspondents, we guarantee the bonâ fide character of every communication of which we may now, or at any other time, make use. The original letters are always open to the inspection of any Member of the Profession, and this fact will sufficiently attest their genuineness.

Vibrona **THE IDEAL TONIC WINE** is supplied in bottles containing **40 Tonic doses** by all leading Chemists, Wine Merchants and Stores throughout the World or direct from

FLETCHER, FLETCHER & CO., LD., HOLLOWAY, LONDON, N.

RECOMMENDED BY THE HIGHEST MEDICAL AUTHORITIES.

Vibrona

The Ideal Tonic Wine

SUPPLIED TO THE
ROYAL HOUSEHOLD

OF CHEMISTS, WINE MERCHANTS AND STORES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

When ordering your new cycle

recollect that you can have genuine

DUNLOP TYRES

with either wired or beaded edges, guaranteed for 13 months. Of all cycle agents.
55s. per pair.

See the trade mark (Dunlop's head) on the inner tube as well as the outer cover.

DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRE CO., LTD.,
Para Mills, Aston Cross, Birmingham; and branches.

Trade Mark.

To the Proprietors of . .

WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap

HOME FOR ORPHAN BOYS, HERNE BAY.

Vice-Presidents: Rev. R. F. Horton, D.D., and Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A., London. Hon. Surgeon: O. K. Bowes, Esq., M.D. Hon. Dentist: R. H. Moore, Esq., L.D.S. Hon. Sec.: Rev. C. Pockney. Founder and Hon. Director: Mr. H. W. Squirrell.

We are using your Coal Tar Soap in our Home and think very highly of it. Although our boys attend the public school we are kept free from infectious disease, we believe by the use of antiseptic soap.

(Signed) *H. W. SQUIRRELL.*

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, Ld., BELFAST,

And 164, 166 & 170, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

(Awarded Grand Diploma of Honour, Edinburgh, 1890; Two Prize Medals, Paris, 1889).

LINEN COLLARS, CUFFS, & SHIRTS.

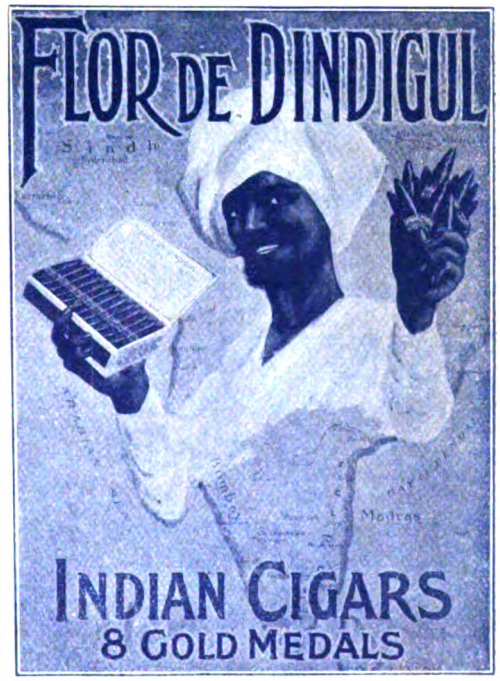
Collars. Ladies' 3-fold from **3/6** doz. Gents' 4-fold **4/11** per doz.
Cuffs for Ladies or Gentlemen from **5/11** per dozen.

PRICE LISTS POST FREE. *Write for Samples of Damasks, &c.*

Matchless Shirts. Fine quality Long Cloth, with 4-fold Pure Linen Fronts, **35/6** per ½-doz. (to measure 2/ extra).

Manufacturers to His Gracious Majesty the King.

N.B.—To prevent delay, all Letter-Orders and Inquiries for Samples should be sent direct to Belfast.



BORD'S PIANOS

25 per cent. Discount for Cash or 14s. 6d. per month (second-hand, 10s. 6d. per month) on the Three Years' System. — Lists free of PIANOS EXCHANGED.

C. STILES & CO., 40 and 42, Southampton Row, London, W.C.

BECHSTEIN PIANOS

These magnificent Pianos for Hire on the Three Years' System, at advantageous prices and terms.—Lists and particulars free of **CHAS. STILES & CO.,** 40 and 42, Southampton Row, London, W.C.

To Keep in Health you need a health-giving Beverage, which must be pure and unadulterated.

Cadbury's cocoa

is universally admitted to be a health-giving drink—most refreshing, invigorating, and sustaining. The *Lancet* pronounces it "the standard of highest purity"; and *The Analyst* says it is "the typical Cocoa of English manufacture."

PEARS

Soapmakers

By Royal Warrants

TO THEIR MAJESTIES

The King and Queen.

Replaced with Commercial Microform

1993

BOUND IN LIBRARY.
OCT 10 1904